Board Works Jan 1 01

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 ADVANCE

Vol. 23. No. 18 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 12, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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About the ....House

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

The only way to get good buckwheat, which is the first requisite for first-class cakes, is to go to a reliable house or to a farmer, get a small quantity and try it; then if it is good, buy a suuply, and keep it in a cool, dry place. Buckwheat cakes may be quite difficult to make if one is inexperienced; but like many other things, if properly understood, the task is simple, writes a correspondent.

In many families these cakes fill a place in the winter's food supply equal to canned goods, for with management a crock of batter may be kept in a cool cellar all the season. When a quick lunch is wanted they will come very handy. They are the poor man's friend, for it is said a person can endure hard work longer without fatigue, after such a breakfast, and almost go without a noon lunch.

Most cook books tell us to grease the griddle and fry buckwheat cakes brown, something impossible to do without a great deal of grease, which spoils the flavor of the cakes. But there is an easy way of making them brown and extremely light, if patience is observed in learning how. I know the reader will exclaim, "Oh! It cannot be done," when I say, do not grease the griddle; but I ask you to try it, and try again.

Take a little batter and put a tablespoonful in the middle lid of the range, when it is pretty hot. If it smokes or steams profusely the lid is too hot, so try again. Do not be in a hurry to turn; the cake should be cooked through before turning, and you should carefully loosen around the edges before slipping the knife entirely under. It will be a good brown on the under side, for it will not come off till it is so; and if the batter was not sour the cake will be full of holes like a honey-comb. After turning, the pale side will very soon be a light, appetizing brown. Practice with these tiny cakes till you find how easy it is to do it, and surely you will be delighted to get rid of the undesirable odor, and you can make make them as large as you wish.

For a large family there should be two long griddles, one to put directly over the fire until it is very hot, when it should be removed to the back and the other one placed on the fire. Put the cakes at once on the hot griddle and alternate the griddles. In this way there will be little danger of burning.

Buckwheat is considered rather heating, and if used too freely will cause unpleasant effects upon the skin, producing redness. For this reason I use considerable common flour — certainly a third and sometimes a half, according to the strength of the buckwheat. Corn meal is disliked by many, and should not be used without previous cooking; just baking in the cake is not enough to make it digestible.

I use a three-gallon crock, and mix enough to half fill it, using one dry yeast cake, or half of a compressed cake. When well risen I put the batter down cellar in a cool place, and take out only enough for one meal. If sour add soda, but only to this smaller quantity, then if too much has been used, it will show itself in the odor, or by a yellow tinge, when the trial cake is baking, and a little more batter may be added from the reserve. I have made cakes with great satisfaction in this way for over 30 years.

RUNNING A FURNACE.

With all the ingenuity of man he has failed to yet utilize nearly all the heat there is in coal. There are many farmers like myself in these times of coal famine, we must run them as economically as possible, writes Mr. R. Holden.

The first and most essential point is a good draft. Without that it will be a hard matter to get satisfactory results. Assuming everything favorable, the rest is very simple and easy to manage. Never cover all the fire when putting in fresh coal. Have your scoop narrow enough to pass through the door, so as to lay the coal in, instead of throwing it in. When you throw it in, all the fine dust will ignite before it strikes the fire and the result will be a puff of smoke out of the door. If the fire is low or most out, shake the ashes from under vary carefully. Do not poke or break it up, but give it a little coal, and full draft; it will soon brighten up. Right here is the most essential point. Whenever you put in fresh coal, give it all the draft you can for a few minutes, long enough to burn up all the dust as soon as possible. Then shut the draft and open the check, which will prevent much of the heat from going up the chimney.

To keep the fire over night, put one scoop of ashes on the fire, and leave the check open; it will, in this way, keep ten or twelve hours. Before putting in fresh coal, scrape the ashes off and shake out. I have used a furnace six years. The first year I used 11 tons of coal. Now seven tons will run us nicely. The conditions are the same now as then. I heat one large sitting room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom and parlor when necessary. The best made furnace throws off more or less heat, and it is with much difficulty one can keep canned fruits and vegetables, without a separate cellar. To obviate this in a measure, I have put a jacket around the hot air pipes, leaving one inch air space. This will, to a certain degree, stop radiation from that source.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

Among all fruits, the apple stands first with the larger number of persons, as being obtainable in good condition more days in the year than any other fruit.

Apples placed ready for the children when they awake in the morning, to eat as appetite demands, will be found a turning point where little ones are troubled with many petty ailments. There are few children who would not eat an apple before breakfast if allowed the privilege. It is a mistake not to let them have it.

The nervous system, always calling for phosphorous, is quieted by a full fruit diet. Apples relieve the nausea of seasickness, and are a help to those who are trying to break themselves of the tobacco habit.

A good, ripe, raw apple is said to be completely digested in 85 minutes. This easy digestion favors longevity. The phosphorous renews the nervous matter in brain.

A way to use up the half glasses of jam which collect from time to time is to fill the centers of cored apples with the jam and bake all together. The result is an improvement over the ordinary method of cooking the apples by themselves. In making apple tapioca pudding this jam will be found to add an appreciated flavor to a rather insipid dish.

Apples, like tomatoes, can be more quickly and easily pared by pouring boiling water over them, and allowing them to stand in the water for five minutes. This would be advisable when a large number are to be pared.

REAL ECONOMICS.

Several years ago an exchange published some letters from housewives showing how they economized, and a quotation from one is as valuable to-day as when it was printed. She writes:

"Experience has taught me that granulated sugar is cheapest. The best molasses is as dear as sugar. Icing and fancy cakes are expensive. Icings made with milk are cheapest. Bake layer cakes in dripping pan and divide afterward. Good cookies keep best. Pies are cheaper than puddings. Grated pumpkin will cook while preparing crust. A tablespoonful of corn starch equals one egg in pumpkin pies. Mock mince pies are healthiest. It takes more time to make knick-knacks than substantials.

A pot roast is the cheapest beef if cooking while baking. Puddings steamed hours take too much fuel; fuel is worth saving. Cheap food requiring long cooking is not cheap. Peas, beans, asparagus and celery cook tender sooner when a little soda is added. Druggists' bi-carbonate of soda is best. Potatoes keep bread moist. Dampened cornmeal on a carpet prevents dust in sweeping. Good materials, quiet colors, and modest styles serve best, and do not need frequent changing. In fact, in each duty try to remember: "Economy is a virtue, but Parsimony is a vice."

FOLK-LORE OF THE BOOT.

The custom of wishing a friend "a happy foot" is to be found in all parts of Europe, and it goes to show how much superstition is connected with your footwear. It is to be assumed that the well-fitting boot or shoe, which enables a person to walk in comfort, is symbolical of happiness. The accidental placing of the right boot on the left foot, or the breaking of a lace, is a bad sign from the popular point of view. To tie the boot of another individual is indicative of humility and lowly position, and the Chinese worship the boot of an upright judge. There is a curious superstition in some parts of England which advises that when the youngest daughter marries before her sisters, the latter should dance at her wedding without boots in order to ensure husbands for themselves. On St. Valentine's Eve, according to a similar custom, girls should hang their boots outside the window if they wish to secure lovers. Some actresses carefully preserve the boots they wore when they scored their first success, and wear them only on important occasions.

CATS ELECTROCUTED.

The town of Winchester, Mass., is now almost entirely bereft of cats. The Superintendent of the State Fowl Hatchery, finding that the animals wrought great havoc among his poultry, fixed up wires, and at night ran a powerful electric current through them. During the past two years over two hundred cats have been electrocuted.

Examining Medical Professor—"Now, sir, tell me how you would treat a case of typhoid fever." Student—"Well, sir, I should first — I should first—I——" E.M.P. (impatiently)—"Yes, yes; go on." Student (seized with a brilliant idea)—"I should first call you in for consultation." Passes with honors.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
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Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

The Haunted Barn

For two or three years there had been talk in Roslyn that the Widow Jones had "set her cap" for Silas Pardon, who was an old bachelor and well to do. There was no particular reason why he had never married. He had simply been "waiting round," as he expressed it, and he thought it more than likely that he would some day ask the Widow Jones to be his. There was no great rush about it, however, not on his part. The widow had clear and undisputed field, and all was lovely when a dark cloud suddenly spread over the horizon—that is to say, the Widow Beeman moved on to a farm adjoining that of Mr. Pardon. She came from the west, and things soon began to hum. She had to consult Silas on several matters, and not a month had passed before there was talk that the Widow Jones had a rival. The latter not only heard the talk, but she recognized the fact. One woman can read another like a book about most things, and in a case of love one widow can calculate almost exactly on what another widow will do.

For the next three months Silas Pardon had a pretty good thing of it. Hardly an evening passed without his being invited over to dinner by one widow or the other, and at brief intervals he received hat bands, neckties and other practical evidences of the esteem in which he was held. The race was about an even thing. The two women were of about the same age, had about the same amount of property, and when Silas sat down to think it over he couldn't say which he liked the best. It looked as if he would be a sure winner, no matter which widow he finally decided to marry. While in this happy frame of mind he went to the barn one evening to sack up some wheat for market, and in the midst of his work he heard a voice calling his name. It was a woman's voice, and, knowing that no woman could be there, Silas put it down as a ghost and got badly rattled. In fact, he got so scared that he ran out of the barn and left the work to be finished next day. His little adventure was duly related to both widows, and, singularly enough, both looked thoughtful and were evidently struck by an idea. They did not poohpooh the idea of ghosts, as he expected, but rather encouraged it. In fact, both advised him to visit the barn next evening and see if the voice wouldn't enter into conversation. Neither widow knew that the other had been informed, and the advice was strictly private and confidential. Silas had a creepy feeling as he promised, but he also had a curiosity to learn what the voice might have to say. If there was a pot of gold or a deposit of coal or oil on his farm a ghost ought to know about it and could perhaps be induced to give it away.

At 8 o'clock at night, armed with a club, a lantern and a clear conscience, Silas sauntered out to the barn in a way that appeared careless, and, getting down hammer and nails, he began work. It wasn't five minutes before he heard his name called, and his knees went weak and his heart gave a jump. Then, as he listened with all his ears, the muffled voice of a woman continued:

"Silas Pardon, pause and think before it is too late!"

He was pausing and thinking with a cold streak along his backbone, when a second muffled voice exclaimed:

"Yes, Silas Pardon, take no rash step or you will regret it all your days!"

Silas didn't pretend to be up on ghosts; but, according to all he had heard, they didn't go about in pairs. One ghost was always considered perfectly competent to do the trick. Here were two voices and two ghosts, however, and he realized that he must fight for his life.

"Silas," continued the first voice, "if you are thinking of marrying the Widow Jones, beware!"

"That Beware!" hit the cowering man like a club, and as he squeezed back against the fanning mill the second voice added:

"Look out for the Widow Beeman, Silas! She is trying to snare you. I have risen from my grave to tell you this!"

"By thunder," said Silas to himself as he turned cold all over, "I'd give a flock of sheep to be out of this! I'm a dead man, that's what I am!"

"The Widow Jones loves you not. If you marry her, you will be wretched to the end of your days!"

"Beware of snares — beware — beware! The Widow Beeman wants you for your farm alone!"

Silas might have heard more, as he felt helpless to move and seemed to be under a spell, but all of a sudden something fell. The noise broke his chains, and he made two jumps and was out doors. Without exactly knowing what he did he turned and fastened the door after him, and then set out on a run for the house of the town constable. If there were ghosts about, it was the business of the constable to see that they were duly arrested and punished according to the laws provided for cases of trespass. He had scarcely left the barn when one ghost cried out through the darkness:

"You miserable thing, you! But I might have known you'd do it!"

"And of course you had your little plan," sneered the other.

"Oh, I could scratch your eyes out!"

"And I'd like to pull your hair out by the roots!"

Then the ghosts began moving about and trying the doors and calling each other names, but they were prisoners and could only weep and scold about it. It was an hour before Silas returned with the constable. The officer had a shotgun, and as he stood ready to enter the barn he called out:

"Now, then, you ghosts, listen to me! If you make any resistance, I'll blow your blamed heads off!"

There was no resistance. As the door was flung open two ghosts, each much the worse for wear and tear, stepped out and quietly walked away in different directions in the darkness. Silas had his club raised, and the officer had his gun leveled, but they did not shoot or strike. Both stood with open mouths and bulging eyes for a minute, and then Silas lowered his club and exclaimed:

"Waal, Henry, I'll be hanged!"

And the constable lowered his gun and felt of his head to see if it was on his shoulders and replied:

"Waal, Silas, so'll I!"

Nothing more was said for five minutes; then as they walked up to the house to get a drink of cider before parting the officer sententiously observed:

"Silas, wimin are curus critters."

Silas got a pitcher and glasses, drew the cider and poured it out; then, looking up at the kitchen ceiling, replied:

"Yes, Henry, they be."

THEY FEEL OVEN HANDLES.

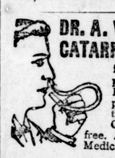
How Bakers Tell the Temperature of the Oven.

"Bakers have a curious way of telling just what the temperature of the oven is," said a baker who has been in the business for more than a quarter of a century, "and they can tell, too, with almost marvellous accuracy. You take a man who is an expert in the business, and he can tell what the temperature of the oven is by simply touching the handle of the oven door. Bakers have other ways, of course, of testing the heat of the oven. For instance, when baking bread they sometimes throw a piece of paper into the oven, and if it turns brown the oven is at the proper temperature, or, when baking other things, they will throw a little flour into the oven in order to test the heat. But the baker's fingers are the best gauge, and when you come to think of the different temperatures required in baking different things, it is no small achievement to even approximate the heat of the oven by touching the handle of the oven door.

"Bakers say that during the rising time of a loaf of bread, after it has been placed in the oven, it ought to be in a temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit. During the baking process the inside of the loaf must register at least 220 degrees. In baking rolls, buns, scones, fancy cakes, muffins, and things of that sort, the oven must show a heat of 450 degrees higher. When the oven is at 400 degrees, it is fit for cream-puffs, and other fancy confectionery. At 350 degrees, what are technically known as ginger-nuts and snaps, and so on, may be baked. It requires a still lower temperature to bake wedding cakes. But whatever temperature the baker wants, he can tell when he has it by simply touching the handle of the oven door.

THE FRENCHMEN'S MONEY.

Great Britain has habitually been spoken of as the world's creditor. If we take into consideration, however, not only outright loans, but also investments of capital from which dividends are derived, we must give a high place to France. Recent official statistics show that French capital is invested in practically every country on the globe. The total amount invested abroad is reported at nearly $6,000,000,000. A part of it is doubtless overestimated, being based on the nominal and not the actual value of securities. Nevertheless, with all due deduction, the sum of French foreign investments is enormous, and may well be reckoned to counterbalance that huge national debt which is the bogie of French financiers. It is not surprising to find that France has sent more than $1,300,000,000 into Russia and more than $500,000,000 into Spain, where she owns from three to four-fifths of all railway stocks. But she has invested more than $190,000,000 in England and $16,000,000 in Germany, her latest and dearest foe. There is not one country in Europe in which French capital is not invested. In Asia, also, it is to be everywhere found, even Persia having nearly $400,000 of it. It is similarly spread all over Africa, the British territories, not including Egypt, having no less than $305,000,000 of it.


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.

HAD HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

On one occasion, when a boarder had devoured almost everything eatable on the table within his reach, and when the landlady had supplied him until her strength and patience were well nigh exhausted, she suddenly broke out with:

"I shall certainly have to raise the price of your board!"

"Don't think of doing such a thing," he replied, "it is nearly killing me now to eat all I pay for, and should rouse raise my board and compel me to eat more, it will be the death of me."

Barber (testing razor)—"Do I hurt you, sir?" Baird—"No; not so badly as the last man who had me in his chair." Barber (highly gratified)—"Who was that?" Baird—"The dentist."

You Cannot Live Without Sleep.

Unless the Nervous Energy Daily Consumed is Made good by Rest and Sleep Physical and Mental Bankruptcy is Inevitable—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Sleep is as necessary to life as is food or water. A single night of wakefulness unnerves most people, and when sleeplessness becomes chronic it soon leads to mental and physical collapse, prostration, paralysis or insanity.

Sleeplessness is an unmistakable symptom of nervous exhaustion. Opiates may give temporary relief, but have a terrible reaction on the nervous system. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures sleeplessness, just as it cures nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, restlessness and all the other symptoms of nervous exhaustion, by actually increasing the nerve force of the body.

To the nervous and exhausted, who feel that they are losing their grip on life, find it difficult to concentrate their thoughts, and to remember what they hear or read; to the despondent and discouraged, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food comes, bringing new hopes and ambitions. By noting your weight while using it you can prove that new, firm flesh and muscle are being added to your body. At the same time you will feel the thrill of new, rich blood in your veins, and new vigor and energy in every nerve fibre.

Mr. W. Hawken, of 3 Roden Place, and who is employed in Haight's Candy Works, Toronto, Ont., states:

"I was troubled for a long time with very severe headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite, and could not rest or sleep well. The regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my appetite. I sleep splendidly, and the headaches are entirely gone. As a matter of fact, I feel like a different person, and can recommend this medicine very highly, as I know it has been the means of curing me."

The blood-making, nerve invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food commends it to all who are weak and exhausted. Gradually and naturally it builds up the system, and, being composed of powerful restoratives, its effects are as certain as the laws of nature. Fifty cents a box; 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A FEW PERTINENT FACTS

UPON THE CEMENT INDUSTRY OF THIS COUNTRY.

People in the Rural Districts Should Look Into This Matter.

In view of the great number of cement companies being formed for which the public, mostly farmers and persons having small savings in the rural districts are being asked to provide the money, anything which throws light upon the subject will be read with interest. We reprint from the Peterborough Examiner the following:—

Much discussion is now going on in the press on the subject of the threatened enormous overproduction of cement in Canada. We notice in a recent issue of The Times a reference of the opinion of Engineer Rush on the subject. A few facts relative to this will not, we trust, be without interest to your readers. In the year 1902 the consumption of cement in Canada reached its highest point, namely, 1,645,000 barrels. Of this 645,000 were made in Canada and 400,000 barrels imported. Prior to 1902 only three companies were engaged in this manufacture. In the year 1902 no less than five additional companies got under way. Several of them, however, did little more than get started and supplied only about 100,000 barrels. In the year 1903 we shall have all the old factories in operation and with largely increased outputs, and also the five new companies above mentioned. The output will then be for 1903, 1,660,000 barrels, that is to say over 600,000 barrels more than the total consumption of last year. In view of these facts you will perceive that the warnings contained in the Monetary Times and Mail and Empire as to the danger of overproduction were well timed and should be carefully heeded by the investing public. But when we tell you that in addition to the five new companies so started last year we have ten new companies now being floated in the country which are to have, according to the promoters, a combined capacity of 10,200 barrels per day equal to an annual capacity of about 3,500,000 barrels, the utter folly of putting money into more cement enterprizes will be apparent. Here is a list of the ten new companies with their promised output:

	Barrels per day.
The Manitoba Portland Cement Co., of Winnipeg	1,000
The Western Canadian Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The St. Mary's Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The Colonial Portland Cement Co., Wiarton	1,000
The Raven Lake Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The Blue Lake Portland Cement Co., Brantford	600
The Superior Portland Cement Co.	600
The Kingston Portland Cement Co.	1,000
The Belleville Portland Cement Co.	2,000
The International Portland Cement Co., Hull	1,000

Making a daily product of 10,200

It is clear then that whatever money is made in Canada out of the cement industry hereafter, will be made in promoting companies and not in operating them. It is alleged that gentlemen who two years ago floated the Durham Company cleaned up half a million of dollars out of the floatation on a capital of 1,000,000. The same gentlemen are found promoting, in different parts of the country, several new companies on a scale still more ambitious than the Durham Company. For instance the Belleville Portland Cement Co. is to have a capital of two and a half millions of dollars and an output of two thousand barrels per day. Can they be putting any of their own money in them? If the floatation of the Durham company could yield the promoters a half a million of dollars the thought of what there must be in store for the floaters of the Belleville Co. with a capital of two and a half millions, fairly makes ones mouth water. These promoters far surpass Engineer Rush, as dispensers of satisfaction. They gravely assure us that cement can be made in this country and profitably exported to the United States notwithstanding the American duty and notwithstanding the fact that nearly all cement machinery comes from the United States and is subject to heavy charges for freight and duty and that the coal for burning the cement is all imported from the United States and costs here double what it costs there and that the actual cost of burning cement alone is more than they pretend they can make cement for.

But then, let the promoters take courage—a sucker is born every minute and the fools are not nearly all dead yet.

A Persian ambassador has lately been appointed to the Court of Athens, the first for 2,393 years.

HOLOCAUST OF LUNATICS

SCENES AT THE FIRE AT COLNEY HATCH ASYLUM.

Some of the Maniacs Fight Like Fiends With Their Rescuers.

Accounts by mail of the fire last week at the Colney Hatch Asylum, in England, accentuate the horror of that catastrophe.

In the dark hours of the morning, between half-past five o'clock and half-past six, fifty-one insane women were burnt to death in their beds, or were suffocated before the flames reached them. Nothing but the charred bones and unrecognizably mutilated corpses remained. Some say that the dead lay in rows on their iron bedsteads.

Three hundred female patients retired to bed on Monday night in the dormitories of the temporary buildings erected seven years ago at the west end of the great asylum, looked after, as usual, by female attendants in the proportion of about one attendant to every ten patients. Before six o'clock on Tuesday morning the whole of these temporary buildings were engulfed in flame from one end to the other. Here were three hundred and twenty demented human beings, laboring under many and varied hallucinations, confronted in a moment with the prospect of immediate and awful death.

The whole staff of the great asylum, medical and general, numbering in all some three hundred persons, threw themselves into the work of rescue as far as might be, with the good effect of saving 270 of the poor demented creatures under their charge.

THE FIRST ALARM.

At 5.35 a nurse on duty noticed flames issuing from the store-room, and at once gave the alarm. The fire bell, or "buzzer," was sounded, and in a few moments the whole vast establishment was astir. The fire brigade on the premises, consisting of nine men, was promptly in action, but the small force could have little effect, for a strong wind was blowing from the southwest. The fire had got hold, and in a few minutes flame flashed high and belched out in great lurid sheets, which lighted up the country for miles around in every direction and lighted with its glare the most contiguous districts of London. Huge volumes of smoke were wafted towards the northeast over the main building, and carried far away into the sky.

CRIES OF THE VICTIMS.

It is said in the locality that shrieks and screams were heard, but such was the force of the howling wind and such the confined and contracted space of the burning fiery furnace, that it is improbable that the cries, heartrending and fearful, and, indeed, ghastly, as they must have been, could have been heard beyond the walls of the asylum grounds.

Ward X 5 and X 4, which were nearest the outbreak of the fire, and where the holocaust was greatest, were locked, and the patients were suffocated before they could be reached.

A small milk boy appears to have warned the police, and they made their way to the scene. Outsiders generally could not be admitted, and could obviously have been but little use if they had obtained ingress to the grounds. What they aver they saw was that the Honrsey Fire Brigade was the first to arrive in aid of the local force. After that engines rattled in from all the districts around, and eventually from the Metropolitan stations, with Captain Wells in command.

Within four hours the whole fire was quenched. But it had done its work of destruction, and had reduced all the buildings where it had raged to the veriest and most abject wreck that could have been brought about even by stress of war. Not one vestige of roof remained. The very outlines of the wards were gone. A ghastly array of lines of iron bedsteads remained on view, each with the iron plate or bed-head, tilted over in one direction or another.

SUFFOCATED AND BURNED.

That the majority of the victims were suffocated in their beds and afterwards burned to cinders is apparent. Eight, whose remains were found near the southwest door, seem to have made a hard struggle for life. The doors, of course, were locked, and when they were battered in by the rescuers it was too late, the high wind only aiding the flames in their work of destruction. The nurses and doctor escaped in their sleeping attire, that being all that they have saved of their personal belongings. The patients saved.

Varying accounts of the rescue from three of the wards were all scenes reached the anxious and excited outside crowd, but little in the way of direct personal narrative. One official declared that the terror of some of the patients was heartrending, while others seemed utterly unable to appreciate the gravity of their peril. Many rushed aimlessly to and fro, unconsciously hindering the work of their would-be rescuers; others completely lost what little self-control they ordinarily possessed, and fought, he said, like fiends with each other, and some apparently overcome by abject terror, and yet afraid that the rescuers intended harm to them, and deliberately ran away from safety and crouched beneath their beds or in other places of imaginary shelter. "In fact," said this official, "had every inmate been perfectly sane, escape would have been difficult in some cases and impossible in others, but being what they were, the marvel is that so many were got out alive."

GRUESOME SIGHTS.

Hardy firemen, inured to shocking spectacles of poor distorted humanity, were sickened with their task of removing, with the aid of helpers, the bodies to shells or coffins to hearses and carts or tumbrils to an improvised mortuary in the grounds, there to await the view of the Coroner's jury.

And there were groups of searchers at work carrying from the smoking ruins mangled bodies and placing them in their coffins. It was an awesome and solemn spectacle. The watchers, when they saw dimly the searchers bend low and rise again with something on their hands, gasped rather than said outright: "They have found another one." Given that this dread work had to be done, it was well done and promptly, but with befitting reverence, feeling, and care. By three o'clock, or soon after, every nook and cranny of the wide range of ruins, at least two hundred yards long by one hundred yards wide, had been thoroughly searched; and the tale of death was told.

BRAVE RESCUERS.

When asked how the patients behaved themselves, De. Seward, the Superintendent, said, "Some were panic-stricken, some were excited, and others were quite calm. It was just what one would expect in the case of a fire at such a place."

On all hands testimony is borne to the heroism of the staff. Dr. Seward dragged out scores by his own unaided efforts, and other officers bravely followed the example of their chief. They rushed into the rooms even when nearly suffocated and blinded by the smoke, and in their courageous attempts to save life faced what looked like death to themselves. Not less heroism did the nurses put into the perilous work. One of them, seeing a terrified old woman crouching down to escape, if might be, the scorching fire, dauntlessly tried to bring her out. She ran forward to get a hold of her, but was beaten back by a wave of flame senseless and exhausted. If assistance had not been immediately at hand, she must have suffered death for her plucky effort to reach the distracted patient. When it was found impossible to remain in one dormitory any longer, the officers and nurses ran to the next. The doors, which were of course locked, were battered in and the unhappy inmates caught by strong arms and carried, howling piteously, to places of safety. They were all attired only in their nightdresses, and were terrified by the noises of the fire. Many instances of rescue of patients from the very jaws of death are related, but it is sufficient to say that the staff, from the highest to the lowest, acted nobly.

FOUGHT LIKE FIENDS.

It was a terrible ordeal for the little band of nurses. They picked up their patients in their arms — two or three nurses to a patient — and carried them out bodily. Many of the patients struggled against being removed, and struck at their rescuers. But the nurses battled bravely, and carried their burdens along the corridor, and out into the ground or into the main building. As the rescuers burst into the rooms in their scores the lunatics became frightened, and fought as only mad persons can against being removed. One woman who was legless bit the shoulder of a man who was carrying her, so that he nearly dropped her in his pain. But he carried her out.

Dozens of the rescuers were more or less injured. One nurse had a finger bitten clean off. Others had black eyes and bruises and scratches. Their hair was torn. But they fought on and carried out the lunatics. Some of them they set down not far from the blaze, and there the mad creatures sat immovable, watching the flames with childish eyes, laughing as they flared up, and never attempting to move even when the flames threatened to burn them where they stood or sat. Some of the wretched creatures fell down in fits — they were the epileptics. The worst cases of all — the suicidal cases — were in the dormitory X 5, where the majority of the deaths occurred. They were the most difficult of all to cajole or coerce, and as the fire engulfed their room first they were the first to perish.

A LURID HELL.

"It was like a lurid picture of hell when I got there," said a police inspector. "I saw such sights as I shall never forget — idiot women laughing at the flames and having to be pulled away from the zone of danger, some falling into fits, and others fighting furiously with their rescuers.

"When we arrived," said a member of the Southgate Fire Brigade, "they had got most of the patients away into the main building, but some of us heard a knocking at one of the doors, and attacked it with our axes. But we couldn't get in, and the heat and smoke drove us away. I don't see how those who knocked could have escaped. We could not save the building, and the water pressure from the main was so low that we had to use our dam and engine pressure. When the building collapsed and we pulled the red-hot corrugated iron off there was nothing to see but twisted iron badsteads, and on them small heaps of calcined bones — the patients who had died in their beds."

"Some of them tore and fought like cats," said a male attendant. "One woman was got out without a stitch on her."

"I think they fancied we had made the fire, and meant to throw them into it," said another.

CHANGE OF AIR.

What is commonly termed a "change of air," is really a very complex change, of which an alteration in the composition of the air breathed is probably the least important item. All the senses are interested and excited by new stimulants, surrounding objects present new aspects, new sounds, and new scents. A strange hand cooks the food, and thus the sense of taste receives fresh stimulation, the drinking water is varied with advantage, and the stomach has different work to do. Few men carry their occupation with them, and thus there is added a rest from work, or a change of occupation, which comes to the same thing. The amount and kind of exercise is altered, the hours of sleep are not quite the same, new acquaintances introduce new ideas, and the brain has fresh occupation. The results of such a complex change cannot be explained or foretold. If a man is doing badly in one place, a change may do him good, and the most skilled physician can often say little more. It is like the old medicine with forty ingredients, one of them may hit the mark. In nine cases out of ten such a change has a value such as no drugs can assure.

Master (to arithmetic class)—"How many make a million?" Young Smart—"About one in a million, I should say, sir."

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