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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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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An..... Unheeded Word

The veteran war correspondent, Phil Conrad, sat on deck, smoking and talking old times with the captain, who once commanded a government transport and wore the "R. N. R."

"Col. Quartermain says he owes life and everything else to you," said the captain.

"Which I deny," Conrad replied. "I simply held my tongue where he was not at fault and I had no business to meddle. I'd just come through the enemy's lines with despatches in the African war. I was near the British position when, quite unexpectedly to us both, I ran plump into Khabeer Khan the most dangerous leader in the district—also alone.

"It was only a question of first call. I got it. The Khan surrendered without a protest and walked humbly before me into camp.

"It was a big plume for me, of course, however little I deserved it, when early in the evening I handed over my prisoner and delivered my despatches. I'd been twenty hours on foot and, after eating all I could conveniently cover, I went to bed in the tent allotted me and was asleep in no time.

"Heavens, how the fellow shook me before I dragged my eyes open! And there stood Quartermain, holding a lighted vesta and looking like a ghost. It was his first commission and he was the scaredest thing I ever saw. He simply gasped 'Khabeer Khan has escaped,' and stood staring till the vesta burned his fingers. Then he jumped, threw it away, lighted another and began to stare again.

"I didn't care. It was rather pleasing that I had captured him and brought him to camp alone, when the whole detachment couldn't keep him there a single night; but it worked the mischief with me to be pulled out of sleep that way by a green junior lieutenant, and I swore at the youth. You ask him. He'll admit it, in spite of the epaulets he wears to-day. I swore till he dropped his second vesta, and didn't dare to light a fresh one. 'What the deuce ails you, anyway?' I asked, 'coming 'round to wake me up? Do you think I've got him here under the bed, or will go out again and find him for you?'

"He was meek as a lamb, and replied: 'I didn't come for that. He's gone for good. I only came to ask a favor of you, for my mother and sister. I'm all they've got, you know. They gave up everything to purchase my commission, and at the very start this beastly fluke will knock me out of it. God knows I would keep still if I could suffer alone, but on top of the rest to have them buried in shame is tough, and I thought if I could explain it to you you'd let me down easy in the papers for their sakes. This is the last chance I'll have free, so I had to wake you up. I'm sorry.'

"I'd have promised anything, hands down, to get him away, but the poor fellow had to rehearse the whole or collapse. The khan had been ironed and put in the two-room hut used as a guard-house, and Quartermain, with four sepoys—for goodness knows why—detailed as special guard.

"One of the sepoys, named Balaya, confessed that he was a relative of the khan and asked to be relieved. It was an extremely honorable thing for him to do, don't you know, for a Hindu is bound by every law he knows to defend a relative, even if it includes the murder of an English officer. Quartermain understood it and sent word to the colonel commanding, asking that Balaya be removed. But that colonel was an ineffable ass, who considered himself another Suwarrow. He attended to every detail himself, with the utmost idiocy possible, and woe to him who dared suggest a change. He sent back word that Quartermain could obey orders or go into the guardhouse with the khan for insubordination.

"Quartermain had to watch the four Sepoys, especially Balaya, as closely as he watched the prisoner. It was a hard position. He hung the lantern inside and stationed himself at the window, while the khan paced up and down and finally threw himself on the floor under his blanket—head and all—native fashion.

"Quarterman knew his life was in danger from those outside every time he looked away from them and through the window, and as long as the khan was quiet on the floor he thought he'd be safer in the room with him, with his back against the door. An hour later something possessed him to wonder if the prisoner was dead. With his pistol in one hand he drew back the blanket with the other. The khan was gone, irons and all, and Balaya was under the blanket.

"Of course, I promised what Quartermain asked and told him that if it really came to anything serious I could do a great deal more; so he went off comforted and I was asleep in a second.

"Hours later—that didn't seem minutes—I started up, wide awake and clutching my pistol. I knew that some one out of order was in the tent. It was the first grey light of morning and as soon as my eyes were used to it I discovered a figure wrapped in a woman's saral, outlined on the other side. One of the officers had given up his bed to me for the night, and it was probably some camp follower accustomed to coming there at that hour. Angry over another disturbance, I threw my head down on the pillow, muttering that I was the wrong man. But the woman replied:

"'It is the sahib whom I seek. Bhowanee give him rest."

"'She will without your help," I replied, but the voice went right on: 'It is the sahib who made Khabeer Khan prisoner. He is gone again. The trail of the serpent has crossed his track. A hare leaped upon the right. An ass brayed at the starting. He is safe.' Her voice was nothing if not musical and oriental courtesy is always soothing. I was dropping off to sleep again when through the fog I caught the words: 'I went with him, sahib, until he sent me back to you.' Then I was up again instantly.

"Sent back to me, to kill me, did he, because he couldn't do it himself? Well, why didn't you make a try while I was asleep? Did I wake up too quick for you? It isn't the easiest thing in the world to do while I'm awake. Get out of those shadows. Pull the flap and stand in the light where I can have a look at you. We might meet again.'

"She did just that, and as the light fell over her—my word, she was a beauty. For a moment I sat and stared. I never saw a handsomer woman in my life. She held the curtain back with a bare arm as perfect as ever sculptor made, and in the same soft music said: 'It was you, sahib, and not the khan who spoke those words; but if it would save the life of one whom I love to kill you, I would not wait Khabeer Khan's bidding. I would do it now while you are awake and armed. I'd do it with these empty hands.' And with all respect to my proverbial powers of self-preservation, I honestly believe she could and would. Heavens, how her eyes flashed and her teeth clicked and glistened! Then she went on like a summer breeze: 'These are the words of Khabeer Khan. He said: "The sahib is both brave and kind. Go to him. He will hear you and help you to save Balaya if he can."'

"'Balaya?' I muttered. 'The fellow who took the khan's place last night?' And I saw tears glisten like diamonds on her cheeks as she replied, 'He is the light of my eyes, the breath of my body, the father of my children.'

"'Yes, yes; but he's a traitor!' I interrupted, for the thing was getting too sentimental for me. 'What would your khan say was right for a man who cheated him as Balaya has cheated us?'

"She answered instantly, 'Death. But, sahib, I am not the khan, neither am I Balaya. They do not speak. It is I who plead for him. Balaya expects to die. He told the English officer what he was and asked to be sent away. He might have killed the officer or fled with the khan. He did his duty to a relative, then waited to die for it as a British soldier. It is I who am pleading for his life.'

"I knew that I had not one spark of influence with the colonel. I did not think she would have, but I advised her to go to him. She replied: 'I went to his bed sahib, as I came to yours and looked in his face. But there was nothing there for me.'

"'And after that you want me to try?' I exclaimed. 'My word, he'd only laugh at me.'

"Her reply was peculiar, but there was a certain wisdom in it that was profound. She said, He will answer, "Let him die!" But go to him, sahib. Let him once be truly told that Balaya is not a traitor deserving death. Give him the opportunity to show mercy. He will not show it, but then, when the time arrives that the sun of my heaven must be touched by clouds that shall darken it the voice of a woman will speak to him. He will hear and will heed it. He will bow his forehead in the dust to me, and the fountain of my life shall not be unjustly quenched.'

"If I were an artist my life would not be endurable till I accomplished the impossible and portrayed that woman as I saw her then, her head thrown back and her long hair like a living thing caressing her bare shoulders and throbbing throat. Her fingers tightened on the curtain and her breasts heaved till they almost burst the silk chouli restraining them, and her whole body shook in a deep, quivering sigh. Her olive cheeks were crimson. Her eyes were like fire. Her dark lips parted over teeth that glistened like snow.

"Suddenly it changed. She fell on her knees beside the bed, clutched my hand and sobbed: 'Oh, sahib, promise me that you will go to him! Give him the chance to be merciful, for I do not want to speak.'

"I said: 'I'll see the colonel the first thing in the morning, but I warn you now that it will amount to nothing.' And I pushed her away. It was getting too much for me. She reached the curtain, lifted it and, pointing to the reddening east, said: 'It is decreed than an hour after sunrise Balaya shall be shot.' Then the curtain fell behind her.

"I never got quicker into my clothes. The colonel received me with a surly grunt, and heard me through because I would not stop. By way of reply he detailed his fiendish plan for the execution. It was to take place in the presence of the entire force, he himself to give the signal from a raised platform. And Balaya was to be shot, not by a squad, but by his own Sepoy brother, standing alone, in front of a squad with fixed bayonets. 'To teach the natives that it is not blood relatives, but friends or foes, in the British army.'

"It seems incredible, captain, but I assure you it is true. Choking with indignation and regardless of everything, I remarked: 'Of course, you can execute such plans as you arrange, while alone, in command of a division, but there are two important elements which may be disaffected to your injury.'

"'For example?' he grunted. And, though I knew it was serious business for me. I was too mad to care, and replied: 'You have five Sepoys there to one English soldier. Suppose they rebel. Then there are those in the seats of the mighty at home who will not endorse your course.'

"You should have seen the devil in his eyes as he answered. 'I'll attend to my Sepoys without your aid, and I'll give you a front place on the platform where you can take in the whole and make a grand account of it for your friends in the seats of the mighty.' How much more he intended or could have accomplished I don't know. Perhaps he could even have found a way to give me Balaya's medicine. He was ominously civil and kept me close to him on the raised platform.

"Balaya was blindfolded and bound to a post a little on our right. As far on our left stood a line of regulars and in front of them one poor Sepoy, his cap covered with a deep white puggery which almost hid his face and fell in heavy folds over his shoulders and around his throat, the native insignia of mourning. The Sepoy regiments were drawn up next, to receive the full force of the object lesson, and behind them the home regiments.

"The colonel made a brief address, and not a mad one, on the duty lof the soldier to defend the Queen and Empress even against his own father and mother. Then the poor Sepoy in white stepped three paces forward and threw his rifle to his shoulder. We could only see his eyes through the folds of his puggery, but they were riveted on the colonel, watching for the signal, when he counted three and dropped his handkerchief—which was the fatal sign.

"It was fiendish—hideous! And the eyes of that poor Sepoy seemed to flash fire through the white folds of the puggery. I thought of the woman and looked about for her, but she was not there. It would have been dangerous for her to have spoken then. I thought how fortunate that she had realized it; more likely that what she said to me was but the poetic imagery of oriental fiction. Yet cold perspiration dripped from my forehead and I shut my eyes as the colonel said 'Three!' and dropped his handkerchief.

The report of the rifle was followed by a groan, a heavy fall on the raised platform and a gasp of horror from those around me. I opened my eyes to see the colonel shuddering in death agony at my feet, and like the hand-writing on the wall, to hear again: 'The voice of a woman will speak to him. He will hear it and he will heed it. He will bow his forehead in the dust to me.' Verily, he heard and heeded!

"Before a sould could recover from the shock, Khabeer Khan's savage followers burst upon our rear with their blood curdling battle cry. Led by the khan they had crept up close, under cover of the excitement.

"We were fortunate in being able to make a successful retreat, with only a 'heavy loss' to report. Balaya, his wife and brother disappeared. I simply reported the colonel among the dead. It was quite sufficient.

"Quartermain was promoted for valiant conduct, which he foolishly credited to the reports which I sent home. The conduct was his. Nothing but the reports was mine.

"Not another soul knew that it was Balaya's beautiful wife, disguised as his Sepoy brother, who fired the shot, and I did not see it. My eyes were shut. There would have been no sense in my raking up the ungodly facts as I knew them. It would only have roused ill-timed indignation at home. The colonel was dead, and he was alone to blame.

"Quartermain deserved promotion as he has shown ever since. It was the voice of a woman that saved him, if he was really in danger, and you can tell him I said so."

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

She Nursed the Sick And Ruined Her Health

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Gradually Grew Weaker and Weaker.

Mrs. John Myles, Sr., of South Woodslee, Essex Co., Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering and it was on account of over exertion in this regard that her health broke down and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her and she resolved to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been thoroughly restored and by recommending this treatment to others has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a weakened and discouraged sufferer from diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Myles, writes:—"When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was confined to my bed with what the doctors said was nervous prostration. My stomach was very weak and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous chills and trembling would come over me at times and I seemed to be getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains on top of the head which caused me much suffering and anxiety.

After using half a dozen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I began to gain in weight and to feel stronger. Since then I have been gradually restored to health and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty as well as a privilege to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous disorders. Several persons to whom I have described my case have used it and been cured and I am sure that I owe my present good health, if not life itself to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizzy and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression, and despondency are overcome by this treatment, working, as it does, hand in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain and lasting, and by noting your increase in weight, you can prove to your satisfaction that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added. Fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

THE MOTOR CAR ENTERS MANY NEW FIELDS.

Lumbering Camp and Warpath Are Invaded by Horseless Carriages.

With the wholesale invasion of auto vehicles, and the consequent rejection of the slower means of transit, the horses are eating their heads off in their stalls, while steam engines and other primitive modes of locution rust away in idleness.

The day of the long faithful four footed beast of burden, who has patiently dragged after him every kind of wheeled contrivance made by man, is gone with the appearance of auto power. Everywhere one turns one sees the horse and old time vehicles giving way to motor cars. A municipality runs by auto power street cleaners and sprinklers that penetrate the smallest and all trackless streets, a trolley company owns repair wagons so compact as to obviate the usual congestion caused by the original big, clumsy wagons, and store deliveries; a big item in the routine of every day life, are made in a small fraction of the time formerly consumed.

Then the need of the noisy trolley is done away with in many city streets—much to the relief of the inhabitants of the fashionable quarters—by the auto omnibus, which rolls swiftly and noiselessly through the streets and saves the time and patience of every one.

Besides this, by means of this all conquering power, the difficulties of hauling and making a way through trackless wastes and forests have been overcome by motor vehicles, when even the horses and wagons, going at snail's pace, could scarcely make way and the use of steam engines was an impossibility.

WARPATH IS INVADED.

Even the warpath is invaded by the horseless carriage, which leaves destruction in its wake while escaping from it.

This death-dealing carriage recently made its appearance in London in the shape of a round steel shell spiked on top with three formidable guns, as a contrivance for road and coast defence in time of either naval or land battle.

Its principle object is to act on the defensive on the coast roads, or with certain modifications for effensive work over smooth or rough roads; for keeping open lines of communication, hauling guns into position, or for carrying and hauling stores and men. As it is impervious to bullets of small caliber it may also be effectively employed to dampen street riots or for searchlight operations.

The main object of the car, however, is that of coast defence, and it could, if employed in sufficient numbers, make it impossible for any landing party of the enemy to come ashore, for this war car would soon be able to destroy or sink any invading forces.

The great mobility and therefore the great range of action, the fact of its being able to carry sufficient fuel for some 500 miles, the invisibility of the car itself, the absence of noise, as well as its general construction, all add to its great scope and utility.

IN LUMBERING CAMPS.

Amid snow, ice, and trackless forests, lumbering and hauling logs are now carried on with the greatest ease and speed, for the snow traction auto, the biggest thing in automobiles, has successfully smoothed away all the difficulties attending the work.

This huge machine, in successful operation in Gen. Russel Alger's extensive Michigan pineries, plows its way through snow drifts and over rocks, stumps, everything in the way of obstacles in an uncleared country, leaving behind it a smooth and hard packed ice road. At the same time it carries an enormously heavy load of lumber and moves at the rate of about twelve miles an hour.

The big auto was made strictly for work and looks much like an unusually large box car, with doors and windows on all sides, and a big chimney protruding from the top.

The snow traction auto, however, is not the only machine that can overcome difficulties in transit.

Of even more importance in keeping a municipality up to the requirements of modern progress is the unique automobile street sweeper and sprinkler that a Frenchman gave to she world.

There are the trolley sweepers and sprinklers, to be sure, but this little French machine which has won such universal favor is far more serviceable—being small, compact, and manipulated equally well in highways and byways.

No tracks are needed for the running of this machine, which goes into places that have probably never felt anything but a semi-occasional scrub from the human street sweeper's broom.

A great advantage about the auto street cleaner lies in the fact that it raises not a particle of dust, and in sprinkling the streets it does not flood them, making passage disagreeable for pedestrians.

For speed and comfort in the way of street carriages nothing can exceed the automobile bus, which first made its appearance in London streets and has rapidly made its way into the popularity of other big cities on both sides of the Atlantic.

This auto-bus slows up for a passenger, and is off again, all in one-half the time it took the original bus to stop. The remarkable ease and facility with which the huge vehicle is made to thread its way through the crowded traffic of the city streets has been a great card in its favor among pedestrians, and the fact that it is self-controlled and needs no expert drivers has found favor in the eyes of street railway companies, so the automobile-bus has undoubtedly come to stay.

A company which supplies the railroad ticket offices and hotels with time tables, maps, and folders of all the roads runs an automobile Pullman car to make the rounds of the offices. On both sides of the vehicle are wooden compartments, or "pockets," closely resembling the pigeon holes of a railway mail car used for sorting letters. These pockets are filled with railroad and steamship folders, and two men in the car are busily engaged in selecting an assortment of the folders, carrying them into the ticket office, and placing them in the standing racks.

The neat racks are furnished and kept filled by the one concern without trouble to the roads, and within twenty-four hours after a change in train schedules the new time tables are available to the traveling public.

RAILWAY RUNS ONE COACH.

In the railway world, the latest novelty is the motor coach which is running on the London and Southwestern railway between Havant and Fratton. It contains two compartments for passengers—first-class and third. The coach thus carries forty-two passengers all told—which is about the number you may sometimes see distributed throughout a long train during slack hours. The passengers can enter at either end by means of little platforms fitted with sliding gates, like the platforms of trams. A little compartment in front of the main body of the coach is intended for luggage.

The engine, a part of the first carriage, looks small, but it is wonderfully compact and quite powerful enough for the work required of it. It can get up a speed of thirty miles an hour in thirty seconds from starting, a feat which is far beyond the ordinary full-grown engine.

SAFE PLACE FOR THIEVES.

London is Their Paradise and Their Mecca.

London is a big place and one that naturally harbors many criminals, and a London paper, descanting on its advantages as a port of refuge for those who have gone from the narrow path, thus compares it with other resorts of like nature:

London, it says, is probably the safest of hiding places for criminals whom the police seek, despite the fact that the metropolitan police force is the most efficient and successful in the world. The fact is that to find a hiding criminal in London (with its teeming millions of people of all nationalities) is a tremendous task; and in the case of alien criminals the magnitude of the task is doubled by the fact that the "descriptions" supplied to Scotland Yard by foreign authorities are proverbially meagre and unreliable when they are not absolutely idiotic.

Despite, however, the advantages London offers fugutives from justice, when a British criminal commits a big crime, whereby he obtains the necessary funds, he generally gives the "Axis of the Empire" a wide berth, and endeavors to get somewhere abroad under a vague sort of impression that anywhere is safer than the country in which he

COMMITTED HIS CRIME.

The question of whither he shall hie himself is one which he must find considerable difficulty in answering, and the difficulty is yearly being increased by the concluding of more and more extradition treaties and the awakening of those countries with which we already have such treaties to a more proper sense of their obligations. Owing to the existence of scores of extradition treaties, almost every country is nominally as unsafe to fugitive criminals (excepting those wanted for political crimes) as our own snug island, but nominally is not actually, for which difference the emigrating evil-doer has every reason to be thankful.

More than half the treaties our government holds with foreign countries for the extradition of our criminals who fly the country are practically dead letters. Were it not for this fact there would be only one actual refuge for our fugitive lawbreakers, whereas there are dozens. The Bonin Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, and off the coast of Japan, constitute the sole remaining nominal refuge for the criminal classes, and this refuge is not favored by any but the lowest and most criminal.

Men who have committed crimes for which death, life-long imprisonment, Siberia, or, perhaps, torture, would be due punishment, have flown to

THE BONIN ISLANDS

from all parts of the world, and have set up a small colony of all that is most brutal in human nature; but the gentlemanly criminal, the bland fraud from the city, who decamps with tens of thousands of pounds, prefers a less certain safety with an element of comfort, and would probably rather be arrested than be forced to patronize the Bonin Islands, particularly as there is now every hope of this refuge being covered by an extradition treaty in the near future.

Where, then, do criminals fly? What is the haven of rest for the weary, police-hunted criminal? There are many, and Jabez Balfour showed a wonderful discretion when he hit upon the Argentine as his place of refuge.

The Argentine is still a happy hunting ground for British criminals, and Jabez Balfour's capture was an exceptionally good strike of luck for law and justice. There are scores upon scores of British criminals safely retired in the Argentine Republic's country.

BRITISH INVESTMENTS.

The great increase that has occurred in British investments abroad is apparent in some figures mentioned by Mr. Ritchie, a few days ago, in the British House of Commons. Income tax statistics, he said, showed that whereas in 1881-2 the income derived from investments abroad was £20,600,000, ten years later it was £34,600,000, and in 1901-2 no less than £62,600,000.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

RESTORE FERTILITY.

Many of our farmers who are often heard to say that farming does not pay, are really working on a run-down farm. There are many farms which, while still in a fair state of fertility, have not yet reached their greatest capacity for production. It has been truthfully said, that the person who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is looked upon as a benefactor to his kind, but the farmer who can make one grow where none at all existed before is doing a greater work, because the difficulties to be overcome are greater.

Where the farmer must purchase a farm that is run down, he must first consider the condition of the soil, and next the chemical condition. It is essential that the physical condition must be good before the chemical constituents can become effective. In this connection, we often find an abundance of plant food present in the soil but not in an available condition to be taken up by the plants, and it depends upon a good physical condition before it can become available. Nearly all soils are improved by the addition of humus or vegetable matter, which increases the soil's power to absorb and retain moisture which is of great importance.

Applying barnyard manure in abundance, is a natural way for restoring soil fertility, but in many cases this plan is not feasible, and it becomes necessary to employ

CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS,

and the growing of such crops as the legumes, for instance, that will supply free nitrogen to the soil and large quantities of humus. Lime often may be applied to advantage. It acts on the soil mechanically and chemically, it alters the texture of the soil and increases its power to absorb and retain moisture, and increases its fertility, by assisting in the decomposition of the mineral substances and the organic matter contained in the soil. Lime has a tendency to make a clay soil more friable, and a light, sandy soil more compact.

A good way to improve a run-down soil is to manure it well in the spring with barnyard manure, if available; if not, then employ artificial fertilizers containing potash, and phosphoric acid, omitting any large quantities of nitrogenous elements which can be furnished by leguminous crops. After plowing manure under, an application of twenty bushels of lime should be given, and the earlier this is done in the spring the better. After the ground is thoroughly prepared, it can be sowed to cow peas, soy beans or one bushel of peas to the acre drilled in.

The farmer who would have his farm sustain a high state of fertility and not become run down, should keep the farm crops and feed them to the stock and sell the meat, butter and cheese, and inaugurate a careful system of rotation. We believe that the above suggestions are worthy of consideration, and if thought over carefully, will show the cause in many cases of worn-out or run-down farms.

THE SHORTHORN.

On the farm, to the man of little money and many children, the Shorthorn is a bonanza, supplying milk and butter and a good, salable calf at weaning time. The farm is one of her greatest strongholds. Here she stands without a rival. The Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein are great milk and butter cows, but calves are not to be considered when seeking cattle for the feed lot. It is not necessary to mention the other beef breeds as the farmer's or poor man's cow, for none of them give milk enough to decently raise a calf. A milk-pail or churn is almost useless wherever they are bred.

As sires and mothers, as rangers and feeders, as money-makers on the block, on the grill, the Shorthorn comes nearer perfection than any other breed of beef-producing cattle. These are not mere assertions, but are backed up by long years of recorded tests; notably, the American Fat Stock Show at Chicago, where the records of seventeen years show the prize for the champion beef steer was won once by a pure-bred Angus, twice by pure-bred Herefords, twice by cross-bred Hereford Shorthorn, four times by pure-bred Shorthorns and eight times by grade Shorthorns.

FOUNDATION STOCK.

When a breeder purchases cows for foundation stock he will always demand three points, individuality, performance and pedigree. Cows with fleshy udders, or small udders or poor fore-udders, or small teats are to be avoided, as are those also that have short and heavy bull-like necks. The model udder reaches well forward in a graceful curve, and extends high up behind. Many beginners make the mistake of supposing that those animals are of a superior type that are dainty and delicate and lacking in size. As a matter of fact, slender, graceful animals are likely to be deficient in vigor and to prove disappointing. The performance of an animal is one of the best gauges of her value. The average man cannot afford to buy world beaters, but he will do well to pay the additional price which is asked for superior as compared with inferior performers. The record of the animal to a large extent fixes the value.

FARM TOPICS.

The farmer who adopts a wise rotation of crops, who raises upon the farm the products for the support of his stock and his family, who seeks to increase his stock of manure from every available source, and applying it back to his land, will not likely complain of his farm running down.

Strength, endurance and speed in a horse are not developed by violent usage, but rather by a judicious amount of exercise given so as to develop but not strain. When the training goes beyond a certain point it becomes injurious, so that the development of muscle, strength and the power of endurance, comes within the trainer's province.

Though not grown as extensively as some other roots in Canada, mangolds are a valuable crop to grow. No other crop can be grown continuously on the land from year to year and get a good yield as can mangolds. At the great Rothamsted Experimental Farm in England, mangolds have been grown continuously on the same piece of land for 27 years.

IN AN OVERTURNED SHIP.

A Captain's Experience on the Sailing Ship Erndte.

A wonderful story was told to the maritime court at Danzig recently by the captain of the steel sailing ship Erndte. It resembles some of Jules Verne's wonderful tales.

Captain Engellandt sailed from Memel with a cargo of planks for Oldenburg. The captain remained at the wheel during a gale which overtook the vessel next night, and at four in the morning went to his cabin to change his wet clothes.

He had just got into dry underclothing when the vessel capsized, and he found himself standing on the roof of the cabin, the door of which the sea had hermetically closed.

By unloosening the boards of what was now the roof, he got into the hold, which contained only loose sails. Fortunately some shelves of a high cupboard standing in the cabin remained intact, and from them he collected two tins of condensed milk, some prunes, rice, sugar and sausage. He also found a hammer.

For twelve days the man lived in his prison, eating as sparingly as possible and drinking sea-water, which appears to have had no ill effect. He spent his free time in hammering on the steel bottom of the ship to attract the attention of chance passing vessels, and slept at nights, for after the first few days the sea was smooth. He knew when it was day, for a dim light penetrated the water.

On the twelfth day the Norwegian steamer Aurora saw the wreck and sent a boat to take it in tow. Engellandt had fallen asleep, but hearing footsteps over his head he began knocking with his hammer and shouting. The Aurora's men returned to their ship for tools, and bored a hole through the bottom of the wreck where they had heard the knocking. When they drew out their drill a man's finger followed, and they soon learned that Engellandt had food for four days more and wished to be towed to land, for it was impossible to release him in the open sea.

The Aurora towed the wreck safely to Neufahrwasser, where with considerable difficulty it was attached to a huge crane, a plate was unloosened, and the imprisoned captain freed. He was perfectly conscious, and even able to walk alone. The three men who had constituted his crew were probably drowned when the vessel capsized.

WHAT HE SAID.

Nelly had been waiting in the parlor for her lover's return, for what seemed to her an age. Her heart turned to bloodstone as she thought of him, young, slender, but brave to rashness, closeted alone with her stern father in the grim old library! The door opened at last, and he stood before her unscathed, a flush on his cheeks and a strange expression in his eye.

"Did you see papa, Will?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

"Yes, dearest," he answered.

"And what did he say, Will? Tell me what he said. He refused; oh, your eyes tell me he refused; he will not give me to you. But I will be, I am yours! I do not fear his harshness—we will fly."

But he only looked down into her pleading face like a man in a dream.

"Tell me, then, for I cannot wait," she burst forth again; "was he brutal and cruel to you? What did he do? What did he say?"

William Longton drew a long, deep breath, and whispered slowly, "He only said 'Thank Heaven!' and went on writing."

INFALLIBLE INSOMNIA CURE.

Two distinguished Berlin physicians, Professor Emil Fischer and Von Mering, have discovered what they regard as an infallible cure for insomnia. They call it veronal. It has been used with remarkable results, it is said, in a large Berlin hospital by Professor Lillenfeld. Lillenfeld, who expresses the firm conviction that no other medicine to produce sleep approaches veronal in certainty and intensity. He administered 450 doses to sixty patients of both sexes and various ages. Each morning after the dose the patient was fresh and felt as if the sleep had been wholly natural. In all of the experimental cases the heart and lungs performed their functions with the utmost exactitude.

Says a rural editor: "Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

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