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. 28. No. 16 | CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 26, 1903 | D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

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

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.
PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.
A. C. McLean, Chatham.

.Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE LANCASHIRE.
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

Brenton Kennedy's Monument

"I must put up a monument to him," said Josephine firmly. "I don't know yet just how I'm going to manage it, but it must be done."

Josephine's sallow little face took on an expression of determination, and her thin, faded lips settled into a yet harder line. She looked out from her doorway, over the beds of striped ribbon grass and rich crimson peonies, over the lush clover fields and the pond in the pastures below them, to the burying ground on the sunrise slope of the hill beyond.

"All of my family are buried there, and there's a real good, handsome white marble headstone to every one of them. Brenton isn't there, but a monument he shall have just the same."

Abner Dolman nodded, not knowing just what to say. Secretly he thought it a piece of folly on Josephine Kennedy's part, but he knew it would not do to say so.

"What good is a monument going to do Brenton Kennedy, when he's buried thousands of miles away? I don't know where she's going to get the money to put it up with," he said to himself as he went away around the curve of the birch trees that hemmed the little brown house in.

Josephine did not know either. It was a problem, but a problem that must be solved. She had been thinking it over for weeks, even since the news had come that Brenton died in the Klondike.

Brenton had been Josephine's brother, but she seemed more like his mother than his sister. She had been twenty years old when Brenton was born, and her mother died. Josephine had brought him up. Their father had died ten years later and Josephine and Brenton lived alone together. Josephine had a very little money coming in every year from a small investment of her father's. It was enough to live on if she practiced the most pinching economy. Josephine did not mind that. She was used to it.

But when Brenton grew up she knew he must go away. There was nothing for him to do in Springvale. Brenton was a good boy, honest and steady. Josephine did not allow herself to worry when she had to let him go. She thought Brenton would come out all right. They had a few plans for the future, when Brenton should have made enough money to come home and buy a farm in Springvale—the Morrison farm if possible. Josephine had always thought the old Morrison homestead the most beautiful place on earth.

"And I shall go and keep house for you until you get married," she told him. "Then I'll just want a corner for myself and a bit of garden. Only, you must marry a nice girl, Brenton."

Brenton went to the Klondike. Six months later Josephine got a brief letter from a stranger telling her of his death from pneumonia. She grieved so over it that her neighbors thought she would fret herself to death. Abner Dolman declared that it was only the hope of putting up a monument to Brenton that kept her alive at all.

Josephine was very determined. It would take time, but she must earn the money somehow. She knew just the kind of monument she wanted. Nothing second rate would do. She must have the best. She had picked it out from Mr. Purdy's designs already. It would cost ninety dollars, but Mr. Purdy told her he would make it eighty for her.

She picked berries all that summer, as long as they lasted, and took them over to sell at the summer hotel on the mountain. She put her pride under her feet and did days' work for her neighbors. She took in washing for the men who were building the factories at Springvale Center. When the winter came, she knit socks and stockings and sold them. But as she was not strong, her hard work told on her, and sometimes she was afraid that she would not live long enough to put up Brenton's monument.

"And if I don't do it, it'll never be done," she moaned. "It about kills me to think of it."

It took Josephine two years to earn the eighty dollars. When she added the last one to the little hoard in her shell box, there were tears of thankfulness in her eyes.

"I'll go over to the Center to-morrow and order it from Mr. Purdy," she said exultantly. "I shall have the verse mother liked so much on it.

'Asleep in Jesus—far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.'

If he was with his own it wouldn't seem so hard. But at least he shall have his monument among them."

She went up to see Emma Chase that evening, and found her crying. This was not unusual, for Emma Chase often cried. She had had a good deal of trouble. Emmy was twelve years old and had been a cripple for a long time. She was lying on the sofa looking wistfully at her mother.

"What is the matter?" asked Josephine.

"It's Emmy," sobbed Emma. "My nephew was here to see us yesterday. He's a medical student in the big hospital in Cherlotteville, you know. And he says he believes they have a new doctor there who can cure Emmy. There is a new way they've found out. If—if I could afford it. But it would take about a hundred dollars, Jim says. I can't get it any more than a thousand. I haven't more than ten saved up. It seems awful hard if Emmy can't be cured just because we're so poor."

Emma Chase would not have complained to anybody who was well off. She was very proud and she would have been afraid that they would think that she was trying to get them to help her. But Josephine was poor like herself, and Emma did not mind confiding in her. She did not know about Josephine's monument hoard.

Josephine did not answer at once. Her little face grew pinched and gray in the sunset light. She bent down and broke off one of the day lilies that grew by the hall door. The fragrance reminded her of Brenton. He had always liked day lilies. She felt too miserable to speak and Emma thought her unsympathetic. She dried her eyes with a little dignity and began to speak of other things.

Josephine said she had come up to get a slip of Emma's white pelargonium and Emma cut it for her. She went away as soon as she could and when she got home she sat down on her sagging doorstep in the sweet, windless summer dusk and cried.

"I don't know how I can do it," she sobbed, "but I must. It would be sinful not to. The living ought to come before the dead. I s'pose Brenton will understand all about it. It's some comfort to think that, but I feel as if my heart would break."

The next day Josephine took the money out of the inlaid shell box and went with it to Emma Chase.

"It's for Emmy," she said, "with your ten it will make ninety, and I guess you can manage ten more some way."

"But — but you can't afford it, I'm sure," faltered Emma. "And I don't know when I could ever pay you back."

"I can spare it as well as not," said Josephine, firmly. "And I don't expect you to pay me back. It's my gift to Emmy."

After she had prevailed on Emma to take the money, Josephine went to the Springvale commons and picked blueberries all day. She cried bitterly while she picked them.

"I'll have to begin all over again," she said drearily, "and I don't feel able, someway. I ain't a bit sorry for that, even if Brenton never gets his monument."

When Emmy Chase came home from the hospital she was cured. To be sure, she had to lie on the sofa most of her time still, and was not to be allowed to walk much for a long time. But the doctors said that with care she would eventually become quite well and strong. When Josephine went up to see her, Emma Chase cried again with joy and gratitude.

"I don't know how I can ever thank you, Josephine," she said.

Josephine's careworn face looked brighter. "After all," she thought, "I guess a living flesh-and-blood girl saved from helpless suffering, is a good deal better monument than one of white marble!"

A week later, when Josephine reached home one evening, after she had been to the hotel with her berries, she saw an express wagon under the birches. A couple of big trunks were in it. Josephine recognized Hosea Atkinson's rig. Hosea usually hauled the luggage of the hotel guests to and from the station. Josephine thought he was likely on his way to the station now to catch the night express. She wondered what he had called for.

As she opened her sagging little gate and hurried up the path, Hosea came through the hall to the front door.

"Here she is," he shouted to somebody behind him. The next minute Hosea was pushed out of sight and another man stepped out. He was tall and bronzed, with a soft, brown beard, and a pleasant faze. Josephine did not think she had ever seen him before, yet there was something about him that seemed curiously familiar. He held out his arms to her.

"Josie!"

Then Josephine knew him. "Brenton!" she gasped, and her face became as white as the day lilies. She would have fallen if he had not caught her.

"I've scared you," he said penitently. "Hosea told me you thought I was dead. I'd ought to been more careful. There, there, it's all right, Josie."

Josephine was crying and laughing together. Her first audible words were: "Oh, Brenton, you won't need a monument now."

Brenton threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Not much, I don't. Never felt less in need of one! But I must pay off Hosea and get my trunks in before I begin to talk."

While he was out Josephine found her way into the house. As yet she was dazed. She heard Brenton's shouts of laughter out in the lane as he and Hosea dragged the trunks in.

"Just fancy if I'd had that monument up!" she said hysterically.

When they were alone Brenton sketched his experiences briefly. "When I got to Dawson City I had hard luck, at first, Josie. I was too late. There were hundreds there next door to starvation. After a pretty tough time, I fell in with a party that were going prospecting, away up north, clear of even the fringes of civilization. They were all desperate like myself. I went, too. I wrote you before I started, but the letter must have gone astray. All the adventures I went through would fill a book. There wasn't no way of writing to you. We had hard times. But we struck luck at last, and just as soon as I could I started for home. I haven't made a fortune, Josie, but I've got enough to buy the Morrison farm. It's for sale, too, Hosea tells me.

"To think I didn't know you at first!" said Josephine breathlessly. "It's that big beard of yours! But how did that story of your death come?"

"Well, I can't be sure because I never knew it had come until I got home, but I guess it was this way. When I left Dawson there was a man named Burton Kennedy there sick with pneumonia. He didn't seem to have any friends to speak of. I left Dawson pretty quiet and sudden, and he must have died and they mixed him up with me. Jerusalem! You should have seen the folks at the station stare at me! They thought I was a ghost sure. But here I am afive and well, and we are going to have a good time, Josie."

"Emmy Chase is cured and you're home," cried Josephine with a long breath. "I'm the happiest woman in the world. And I am so thankful that I was prevented from putting up that monument. It would have been a dreadful bad omen!"

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.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AN EXCLUSIVE TOWN.

Workmen Share Profits With Millionaire.

A successful co-operative community has been in operation for 16 years a few miles from St. Louis.

The community is LeClaire, 18 miles from the Missouri metropolis. Its population is made up of the employes of Mr. N. O. Nelson, the multi-millionaire plumbing manufacturer, and their families.

From the start the employes were made to share the profits of the business. For a few years these profits were paid to the workmen in cash, but now he has decided to give it to them in stock, as he is growing old and wants them to take charge of the factory when he quits the business world.

These profits in stock have already eaten a $70,000 hole in the capital stock. He takes interest on his capital, and thereafter divides all earnings on a basis of each man's wages. He lives in LeClaire, and shares in the sorrows and joys of his men, takes part in their social life and helps them in their affairs. He buys every man when he starts to work at the Nelson factory a home, which can be paid for on reasonable terms from the workman's salary.

When Mr. Nelson erected his four factories he took especial care to make them large and airy. A dining-room was provided in each one, and there was ample shower baths for the workers.

One of the admonishments of Mr. Nelson is that his men keep clean. He has surrounded the town with parks and wide driveways, beds of flowers and running vines. These vines hide the barren walls of the factory buildings, while flower beds offset the dingy appearance that usually surrounds such a place. To enter LeClaire one gains the impression at first that it is

SOME BOTANICAL GARDEN,

where flowers are kept behind brick walls, instead of an industrial community turning out thousands of tons of lead pipe monthly.

No town governing board has ever been organized in LeClaire, nor do the citizens take trouble to vote at the county elections. Mr. Nelson has provided various forms of amusement at LeClaire, such as ball grounds, tennis courts, skating rinks, dancing halls and lecture courses, which keep the workers busy during their hours of idleness.

They do not court outside entertainment, and while the stranger who lingers within their gates will be treated with due respect, he will not receive a cordial welcome. No man, for that same reason, can work at the Nelson factories if his previous reputation has not been altogether good.

The most recent addition to the town's advantages is a training school for the children of poor people. Through the schools of the town its founder trains the child from its youth up, and places him or her in a way to become a partner in his great concern. All young men or women who have a desire to work their way through college, and who want a career hewn out for them need only apply to Mr. Nelson. He will do the rest.

He claims that for young persons of this age to succeed they should be taught both in mind and body; their hands should follow the advancing years, and in going through school they should be made to learn some trade or do some certain handiwork. Mental training is far from all-sufficient, claimed Mr. Nelson, so he gave a number of school houses at LeClaire to the non-sectarian church workers of St. Louis, who will carry out his ideas of securing and educating poor students. None others will be received.

WEIGHING A PERFUME.

An Italian physicist, Signor Salvioni, has devised a microbalance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass, fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end, and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 100 diameters. A mote weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

IT PUZZLED HIM.

Grimes—"My wife paid me quite a compliment last night. She told me I would make a good novelist."

Henderson—"How did she come to tell you that?"

Grimes—"That's what I don't know. I was explaining to her how I happened to be so late getting home, and all of a sudden and quite irrelevantly she said, 'Do you know, John, you would make a splendid novelist?' Naturally I felt flattered but it seems odd at times, and it still puzzles me that she should have thought of it just at that moment."

About the ....House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Potato Soup.—Put on one quart of milk to boil. Take six potatoes, one stalk of celery, one even tablespoonful of butter, half a small onion, salt and pepper to taste. Pare and boil the potatoes. When the milk boils add it to the onion and celery. Mash the potatoes and pour over them the boiling milk, add the butter, salt and pepper. Strain and serve.

Black Bean Soup.—One quart of black beans, soaked over night. In the morning add three quarts of cold water and boil six hours. (When done they should mash easily), strain and add a quart of rich stock, a few whole cloves, a scant teaspoonful of allspice, a bit of mace, cinnamon, parsley, celery and sage. Three tablespoonfuls of butter, a small onion, a small piece of turnip fried in the butter. After taking out the vegetables add an even teaspoonful of flour to the mixture and strain the second time. Add slices of lemon after it is in the tureen.

Chicken Pone.—Take two chickens of about four pounds in weight, cut into pieces to pack closely in a saucepan, cover with water, sprinkle with pepper, salt and sweet marjorum; keep the pan covered while it boils. Allow it to boil till the flesh drops from the bones. Remove from the fire, take the meat from the liquor, remove the bones, fat, skin and gristle; then cut the meat into very small pieces—it is better not to chop it, as that absorbs the juices, but it should be made as fine as possible on a plate. Boil the water down to one pint. Have ready two ounces of gelatine and place it over the fire, stirring until dissolved. Then add the seasoned chicken and let all boil together a few minutes, stirring gently to keep from burning. Pour into molds and when cool set on ice to harden. An old or tough fowl served in this way makes a very palatable dish.

Goose Dressing.—Take four apples, peeled and cored, two small onions, a pinch of sage and one of sweet marjorum. Boil them in sufficient water to cover, and when done rub through a sieve. Then add enough mealy boiled potato to cause the dressing to be dry. Add pepper and salt, and stuff the goose.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—When baked sweet potatoes have been left over, an excellent way to use them is in a sweet potato pudding. Mash the potatoes — half a pint or one cupful — smooth with a silver fork. Stir with it the beaten yolks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar, a half-cupful of molasses, a pinch of salt, a little grated orange peel, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake, stirring in the first crust that forms.

Potato Yeast. — Grate five new potatoes. Put a small handful of hops in three quarts of water and let boil one hour. Place the potatoes in a dish, add one-half cup of salt and one-half cup of molasses. Then strain the boiling hops into it and let it stand until cool. Add one cup of yeast and it will rise quickly.

A Delicious Dessert. — A delicious impromptu dessert can be evolved with a fresh pineapple and some whipped cream. Flavor the cream with a little sherry, whip to a stiff froth and pile in the center of a flat glass or china dish. Shred or dice the pineapple, and arrange around the cream, dotting the latter with a few maraschino cherries. These preserved cherries, it may be added, combine agreeably with sliced bananas and whipped cream.

Rice Cakes for Dessert.—Take a pint of boiled rice and wash in a bowl till smooth. Mix with it two well beaten eggs, a pint of salt, a pint of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a few drops of water and sufficient flour for a batter. Fry on a hot griddle, butter when hot and sift sugar over them. A dust of powdered mace with the sugar is a good flavoring for the rice cakes. Serve immediately.

TWO SWEET CAKES.

Gingerbread. — Porto Rico molasses gives a darker gingerbread than the higher priced grades. Add one cup of molasses to one cup of sour milk. Mix and sift two and a third cups of flour, two level teaspoons of ginger, one-half level teaspoon of salt, and one and three-quarters level teaspoonful of soda. Combine the mixtures, add one-quarter cup of melted shortening and beat vigorously. Pour into a buttered shallow pan and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

Sponge Cream Cake. — Two eggs and three-fourths of a cup of granulated sugar beaten together very light. Add five tablespoonfuls of boiling water (be sure the water is boiling) as quickly as possible, beat slightly, then add a cup of flour sifted twice, with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a saltspoonful of salt. Flavor slightly with lemon or vanilla or nutmeg. Beat until the flour is absorbed, no longer. Bake in two jelly cake pans 12 minutes in a quick oven. The batter is so thin the whole process of mixing can be done with the egg beater.

Whip one cup of cream stiff, sweeten with pulverized sugar, adding it a spoonful at a time while you are beating until you have it smooth enough. Flavor to taste. Put part of it on the bottom of one cake, lay the other cake on with the top up and put the remainder of the cream in a pastry bag containing a star tube in the end and decorate the surface with dots of the cream.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

How few housekeepers know anything about rice except as a basis for a cheap pudding! And yet, in digestibility and nutritive value rice takes a very high rank. The rice-eating nations are said to be famed for unimpaired digestion, and still to have much physical endurance. Rice-eating Japanese soldiers, in the war with China, were able to outmarch all others. In the south, rice takes the place of the potato and of oatmeal also, and is no doubt superior, in nutritive value and ease of digestion to either.

Cooks must learn to serve rice properly. Generally it is served as a pasty, bluish mass, uninviting in appearance. Plain boiled rice must be cooked rapidly, in plenty of water without stirring and should go to the table each kernel white, flowery and tender. Served to be eaten with butter, or with a rich brown gravy, it is excellent. It forms the foundation for many made dishes, it makes rice muffins of superior quality, also croquettes, it is a valued ingredient of stuffing for chicken or veal, and it is good to add to stock in the making of soups.

Mrs. Wilcox says the most delicious brown bread is made without molding and with only one rising. For two small loaves soak half a yeast cake in a little warm water until dissolved. Make the batter with warm water, sweetened to taste. Thicken with one-third fine flour and two-thirds Graham flour, and beat the batter five minutes. It is of the right consistency when a spoon will stand upright in the center. Put in pans, let rise till it doubles in size, and bake longer and more slowly than white bread.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Brown sugar stops the bleeding of a fresh wound.

For indigestion try the beaten white of an egg in a wineglassful of cold water directly after meals.

A mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and tincture of iodine is said to relieve corns and bunions.

Headache, toothache, backache or most any joint ache will be relieved by heating the feet thoroughly with the shoes on.

Mucilage has been found to be an excellent remedy for burns. Apply it to the burn and lay on any soft blank paper. The mucilage soothes the pain, while the paper excludes the air.

For a stiff neck, pains in the chest, etc., warm some sweet oil and rub on thoroughly with the hands, then cover with sheet wadding, the shiny side out. Wear it until you feel comfortable.

A treatment highly recommended by a scientific magazine for poisoning from ivy is to wet a slice of bread with water, dust it with common washing soda and apply to erruption, keeping the bread wet from the outside. Half an hour of this treatment is said to be a sure cure.

FIXED DATES.

Routine is exceedingly strong in Russia. There is a day in June upon which, says tradition, it becomes safe to bathe in the rivers, after the winter freeze. No matter how warm the water may be earlier, no matter how cold it may be on that day, then is the time to take the first swim. Of course the statements do not apply to all Russians, but to the average peasant only.

No man dare touch an apple before the sixth of August, however ripe the fruit may really be before that day. He does not believe it is fit to eat.

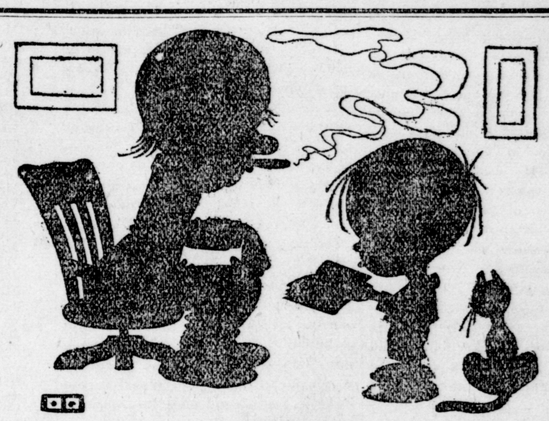
The village sportsman, although he may have observed the blackcocks fighting amongst themselves unusually early, owing to the warmth of spring, cannot make up his mind to shoot them until the appointed day has arrived.

No traveller will start on a journey on either a Monday or a Friday.

Although the delay is strongly against his own interests, the fisherman will not cast his nets before a certain day, whether the season be late or early.

No lamb is supposed to be able to reach the age of mutton should it have been born before the day named in the peasant's calendar. And so on through all the common events in their daily life does this attachment to fixed dates hedge in a Russian's existence.

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.



POP KNEW.

Tommy—Say, pop, what's the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?"

His Pop—One's married and the other is single.

"Now," said the school teacher, in her most winning tones, "which little boy can tell me about the still small voice that is within us?" "Please'm," said the freckled boy at the end of the seat, "my uncle has one." "He has?" "Yes'm. He's a ventriloquist."

FIVE YEAR OLD DRUNKARD

TIMOTHY SULLIVAN IS ALSO A CIGARET FIEND.

Pitiful Case of a Boy in an Illinois Industrial Home for Children.

Drunkard, cigaret fiend, tobacco chewer, and smoker of pipe and cigar, Timothy Sullivan, 5 years old, lies listless on a couch in the Industrial Home for Children at Woodstock, Ill., as one of the most striking cases of the kind in the annals of infant victims of drugs and liquors.

"Tiny Tim's" mother died in Elgin last September. The death caused no comment outside the immediate neighborhood. She was not all a mother might have been, but the dead may rest. The father was a laborer, addicted to drink. It was from him that the boy is said to have acquired the habit of smoking and drinking. And he smoked and drank like a veteran.

One day the father deserted the boy. Fear may have caused the flight, for the child and the father, lying in drunken stupor in the mean little cottage, day after day, had caused a growing comment. No one knows where the father went. When he was gone, however, the state came to the rescue. "Timmie," as he calls himself, went before Judge Southworth of the County Court at Geneva.

NOTORIOUS AS DRUNKARD.

There are witnesses enough to the child's degradation and to the wretchedness and squalor of his home. Men and women testified to having seen the child drunk; to his smoking cigarets and cigars; to his taste for both beer and whisky.

The judge was wonder struck. In the effort to corroborate one phase of the abnormal tastes of the child he was offered a cigar in the presence of the court. The child seized it eagerly and told the judge that of all things he liked a cigaret best.

This was five weeks ago. The judgment of the court was that Tiny Tim should be sent to the Chicago Industrial Home at Woodstock, Ill., and there he went in the care of Mrs. Styles, an officer of the court. There for a month Timmie has made his home with Matron W. E. Bardwell, wife of the manager of the institution and mother to the forty-five children whom fate has made homeless elsewhere.

Cigaret victims are not new to the home. They have been numerous enough there that the matron, at a glance, can mark them. But g all odds, Timmie is the youngest victim of the "coffinnail" that ever has come to the notice of the management.

TIMMIE'S TWO MOODS.

When Timmy Sullivan, 5 years old, was registered at the home he weighed only twenty-eight pounds. He had just two moods: Placed in a chair he would sit there, hour after hour, making no move nor asking to be moved or fed, or he would stand in one spot as long with never a complaint, or on the other hand he would become offended at some of the little ones making a home in the place and would pounce upon them like a fury, using his nails upon his victims' faces with tigerish effect.

In the main, the victim of the child's nails would be a technical aggressor; he would have bumped into Timmie, or touched him with an elbow, or crowded him in bed. When the victim had done so he found the way of the transgressor to be hard indeed. Thus one of the first movements toward the disciplining of Timmie was the cutting of his nails close and smooth to the skin. This, with an occasional slapping of the hands after an attack, virtually had robbed Timmie of the one interesting phase of his character, when the breaking out of the measles in the home and the innoculation of Timmie with the disease put him wholly out of the fight.

To-day Timmie is referred to by matron and attendants in the home as one of the most pitiful cases within the history of the place. He has been slower than any other child in the home in "clearing up" from the red rash left by the disease. His little lips are blistered as with a hot iron, and his close trimmed finger nails are in bandages to prevent his picking at his blistered lips. He lies bolstered up with pillows, with brown eyes roving about the room slowly, showing a shade of interest in most things, but without ability to lighten the expression of his face at anything pleasing to most children.

LIES DULL AND LISTLESS.

Without a word of preparation the writer took a cigar from his pocket and handed it toward the passive little hand in the child's lap. The eyes changed into an expression of intelligence, but the fingers never moved. Mrs. Bardwell was asked to offer the cigar and did so, but still the hand did not move. Then a child was asked to bring in an orange, and this, too, was refused.

"He lies there like this, hour after hour," said Mrs. Bardwell. "We give the other little ones something to eat between meals each day, but we never have been able to get Timmie to eat then, or to take food in a natural way at regular meals. He has no interest in anything, unless it be fighting; he has lost that now since he has been sick. He can talk as plainly as any one, but he seldom ever utters a word. He won't play with any of the children. Sometimes to try him I have stood him in the middle of the floor, and he stands there like a statue till he is moved by some one else; he shows no signs of getting tired in his tracks. He will lie on the couch here for hours, never asking for anything to eat. We have to force food into his mouth; I believe he would starve to death if we did not put food between his lips.

"To me he has looked always as if he were drugged and stupid from it. I think the awful show of temper that he made when he first came here was because he had been taken from the whisky and cigarets which he has been said to have used in Elgin. He would fight us if we crossed him in any way. He did not want to go to bed at night, and would tear and scratch the attendant when she tried to undress him. We have to attend to him just as if he were a baby."

INFLUENCE OF CIGARETS.

Mrs. Bardwell has had a full experience with victims of the cigaret. Out of this experience Miss Lucy Page Gaston has no more stanch believer in the evils of the paper cylinder with its unnamed and perhaps unnamable contents.

"I can tell the cigaret 'fiend' the moment I see him," said Mrs. Bardwell. "The look is in his eyes from the first moment. Within an hour I can tell by the boy's manner. The first marked actions of the boy who has been smoking cigarets is shown in his restlessness when he cannot get them. From nervousness his condition becomes hysterical and finally it amounts almost to madness.

"For instance, we had a boy here a year ago who was crazed from using them. We would find him walking about the house at night, awake, but unable to tell why he had got out of bed or what he wanted. He had no memory for anything, and while we could make him understand that it was folly for him to go about that way, he could not remember it. Night after night for two weeks that boy went around the place like a ghost. He showed the effect of the drugged tobacco for weeks after that, but I think if you should go out in the play room now you would find it hard to pick him out, though he is there.

"As to Timmie, he never has asked for cigarets or for whisky since he has been here. In fact, except when he has been in a furious temper, he has been in a comparative stupor. At times of late he has been in a state of seeming despondency. Occasionally we find him with tears streaming down his face in torrents; he doesn't make a sound at such times, but it is marked that he is despondent. There is no possible cause that we can discover for these moods. He is a riddle to us all."

In stature the child is normal, perhaps is a little taller than most of the other children of his age. He is a mere skeleton, however, and weighs even less than he did on coming into the home. Standing or sitting he holds his chin high, and outward, though in all respects he seems to have full use of himself.

He is a study with respect to the effect of cigarets and whisky upon the infant body and mind.

Bronchial Colds and Chest Pains

Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds Yield Promptly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in preference to any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. Of these the most important one is the fact that it has been tested for years and absolutely proven its right to first position.

Nearly everybody knows of the remarkable value of turpentine and linseed as remedial agents. They have been so combined with half a dozen other ingredients in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as to form a most thoroughly effective and at the same time pleasant medicine.

As is frequently the case with an unusually successful article, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is imitated. There are now hosts of preparations with names similar to this, and some even go so far as to imitate the bottle and wrapper. It therefore becomes necessary for you to be very careful when buying. Insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the wrapper.

We know that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not disappoint you, because it has stood the test of time, and the sales, which are at least triple that of any similar preparation, are steadily increasing year by year.

As a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, asthma, throat troubles, and severe cough and colds, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has a reputation which cannot be stolen by the cheap and oft injurious cough mixtures which are offered in place of it by some dealers.

Even the consumptive, who has reached the latter stages of his insidious disease, finds ease and comfort in the use of this preparation, while it is impossible to estimate the countless number of less severe cases which it has actually cured. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. S. Kethre's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

A CENSUS OF BACTERIA.

Doctor Ehrlich, a physician of Strassburg, Germany, has recently published the results of an examination made at the University of Strassburg, of the colonies of bacteria residing on the surface of unwashed fruit, taken from the markets. He computed the numbers of bacteria found on half a pound of each of the fruits named as follows:—Huckleberries, 400,000; damsons, 470,000; yellow plums, 700,000; pears, 800,000, gooseberries, 1,000,000; garden strawberries, 2,000,000; raspberries, 4,000,000; grapes, 8,000,000; currants 11,000,000; cherries, 12,000,000. Doctor Ehrlich advises that fruit be cleansed by the use of running water.

He (chuckling over a job of teakettle mending)—"Maria, I believe there was a good mechanic spoiled when I went into the shipping business." His Wife—"I don't know about that, but you spoiled a good bachelor when you got married."

Judge (to prisoner)—"Why did you leave that town?" Prisoner—"Didn't think I was strong enough, your honor, to bring the town with me, did yer?" He was sent to prison for fourteen days in order that he might guess again.

"And you asked her father for her hand?" "Yes." "Was he violent?" "Very. He said I must be an idiot to think of such a thing." "What did you reply?" "I told him that, of course, he knew his own family better than I did, but that I was willing to take my chance."