Board Works
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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

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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,
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THE TERRORS OF A STRIKE.

A Picture of Ruin, Sorrow, Hunger and Despair.

—By Emile Zola.

In the morning, when the workmen arrive at the shop, they find it cold and black with the sorrow of ruin. At the end of the great hall, the machine, with its thin arms and motionless wheels, stands dumb, lending a still more penetrating sense of desolation to the room, which, until then, had resounded with the cheerful clatter and whirring noises of the big machine, throbbing like the heart of the mill.

The master comes down from his little office, and says sadly to the workers:

"My men, there is no work — today — there are no more orders; instead, I am receiving countermands on every side, and all the merchandise will be left on my hands. This December, the month of such heavy work in other years, and upon which I had counted so much, threatens to ruin the strongest concerns. We shall have to suspend."

And as he sees the workmen looking at each other with fear in their eyes of returning empty-handed to their homes, a fear of hunger on the morrow, he adds, in a lower tone:

"I am not selfish, no, I swear to you that I am not. My situation is as terrible, even more terrible, perhaps, than yours. I have lost 50,000 francs in less than a week. I am stopping the work to-day so as not to deepen the gulf. I have not the first sou toward my bills of the 15th. You see I am not hiding anything from you. I speak to you as a friend. To-morrow, perhaps, the bailiffs will be here. That is not our fault, is it? We have struggled to the very end. I have wished from the bottom of my heart, that I could help you over this hard time, but the end has come. I have lost everything, and I have no longer any bread to share."

He holds out his hand. The men shake it silently, and for some moments remain there looking at their useless tools, their hands clinched. Every other morning the files had sung and the hammers had sounded rhythmically, and now it seemed as though all that were sleeping in the dust of failure. There were 20, there were 30, families who would not have anything to eat during the following week. Some of the women who work in the mill wipe away the tears from the corner of their eyes. The men try to look more firm. They speak bravely, saying that one does not die of hunger in Paris.

Then, when the master leaves them, and they see him walk away, bent and stooping, crushed within eight days by a disaster perhaps greater than he will tell them, they, smothering in that room, go out, one by one, their throats choked, and their hearts cold with sorrow, as if they were leaving a chamber of death. The dead is their work, the huge, dumb, machine, whose shelter is greatly in the shadows.

II.

The workman is outside, in the street, on the pavement. He has tramped the sidewalk for eight days without being successful in finding work. He has gone from door to door, offering his arms, offering his hands, offering his whole body for any work, even the most revolting, the hardest, the most deadly. Every door is shut. There is nothing, nothing.

Then the workman has offered to work at half price. The doors will not re-open. He would work for nothing if they would only take him on. It is the strike, the terrible strike that is tolling the knell of the garrets. The panic has stopped all the industries, and money, cowardly money, is hidden fearfully away.

At the close of the eighth day the end has indeed come. The workman has made one last, supreme effort, and now he is coming slowly back, his hands empty, bowed with misery. It is evening, and the rain is falling heavily; Paris is funereal in the mud. He walks beneath the heavy shower without noticing it, feeling only his hunger, loitering, that he may reach home less quickly. He leans over the side of one of the bridges of the Seine, the rising waters rush by with a continual noise and the spurts of white foam break against the piles of the bridge. He leans farther over, the mighty flood passes underneath him, throwing him a furious appeal. He draws himself up and turns away, muttering that he must be strong a little longer.

The rain has stopped. The gas blazes in the jeweler's windows. If he could but break the glass he could seize bread enough in one handful to last for years. The restaurants are lighting up, and behind the curtains of white muslin he can see the people eating. He hastens his step, he goes back along the street once more, in front of the butchers, the cook shop and the bakers, in front of all greedy Paris, who feasts in the hour of famine.

When the wife and the little one wept that morning, he promised to bring them bread that night. He dares not go home just yet and say that he lied. And while he walks, he asks himself how he will return, what he will say to make them patient a little longer. They cannot go many more days without eating. He can do very well without food, but the wife and other little one are too weak.

For an instant, the idea of begging comes to him. But when a lady or a gentleman pass beside him and he thinks of stretching out his hand, his arm stiffens at his side, and his throat tightens. He remains rooted to the sidewalk, while the properly clad people turn away from him, believing him drunk as they look upon his drawn, famished face.

III.

The workman's wife, leaving the little girl asleep, has come downstairs to the threshold of the door. The woman is very thin and clad in a gown of printed calico. She shivers in the icy breezes of the street.

She has nothing more in the house; she has carried everything to the Mone-de-Piete. Eight days without work are enough to strip the little house. The night before she sold the last handful of wool in her mattress to an old clothes man; the mattress itself has gone now; there is nothing but the cover left. She has hung that on a hook before the window to keep out some of the cold blasts, for the little girl coughs painfully.

Without saying anything to her husband, she has looked for work, but the strike has struck the women even more heavily than the men. At her stair-head there are poor, unfortunate women whom she heard weeping the whole night through. She met one standing at the corner of the sidewalk, one is dead and another has disappeared.

Happily for her, she has a husband who does not drink, a good man. They would be comfortable if the dead season had not despoiled them of everything She has exhausted her credit, she owes the baker, the grocer, the fruit man, and she no longer dares even to pass by their shops. That afternoon she had been to borrow 20 sous of her sister, but there also she found such misery that, without saying a word, she began to weep, and together with her sister, she wept for a long time. And when she went away she promised to bring her a morsel of bread if her husband came back with some.

The husband does not return. The rain is falling heavily; she takes refuge under the door, the big rain drops splash at her feet — a stream of water wets her thin dress. At intervals, seized with impatience, she goes down the steps, in spite of the heavy shower, rubs her hands over her thin hair to dry it and again settles down patiently, though she is shaken by heavy fits of fever.

The coming and going of the passers-by jostles her. She tries to make herself very small so as not to trouble any one. Some of the men peer closely into her face, and sometimes she feels a warm breath touching lightly her neck. All of suspicious Paris, the street with its mud, the brilliant lights, the rolling carriages, seem to wish to take her and throw her into the stream of it all. She is hungry. She belongs to the whole world. In front of her is a bakery, and she thinks of the little girl upstairs asleep.

Then, when her husband appears at last, veering away from the houses like a poor wretch, she rushes to meet him and looks anxiously at him.

"Well!" she stammers.

He does not answer, but bends his head even lower. Then, pale as death, she mounts the stairs.

IV.

Upstairs the little girl is not sleeping. She is waked up and is thinking, watching the end of a candle as it flickers on a corner of the table. No one knows what monstrous, heart-breaking shadows sweep across the face of this little girl of seven years, with the serious, withered features of an old woman.

She is sitting on the edge of the box which serves her as a bed. Her feet hang down shiveringly, her sickly, doll-like hands are holding against her breast the rags that cover her. She feels a burning there, a fire that she would like to put out. She is thinking.

She has never had any playthings. She could not go to school because she did not have any shoes. When she was very little she remembers how her mother took her out in the sunshine. But that was long ago. They had to work, and after that it always seemed as if there were a cool wind blowing in the house. She has not felt very comfortable, either, she has always been hungry.

She has thought a good deal about that, but she cannot understand. Is everybody always hungry, then? She has tried very hard to get used to it, but she has never been able to. She thinks she is too little, that one must be bigger to understand. Her mother knows, though, this strange thing that is hidden from little girls. If she dared she would ask who it was put you into the world to be hungry.

Then, too, it is homely in their house. She looks at the window where the empty cover of the mattress flapps in the wind, at the bare walls, the broken furniture, all the shame of the attic which the strike soils with its despair. In her eagerness she thinks she has dreamed of warm rooms filled with beautiful things that shone; she shuts her eyes again to see them, and through her thin eyelashes the light of the candle becomes a great resplendence of gold, into which she would like to go. But the wind comes blowing in, and there is such a current of air from the window that she is seized with an attack of coughing, and when it is over her eyes are filled with tears.

She always used to be afraid before when they left her all alone; now she does not care; it doesn't make any difference. They haven't eaten anything since last night, so she thinks her mother has gone out to look for some bread. The idea amuses her. She breaks her bread in small pieces and eats a few slowly, one by one; then she plays with it.

Her mother has come back; father has shut the door. The little girl looks at their hands very surprisedly. Then, when they do not say anything at the end of a long moment, she repeats in a mechanical voice:

"I'm very hungry, I'm very hungry!"

Her father, holding his head between his hands, sits in a dark corner; he stays there, utterly crushed, shaken with heavy, silent sobs. The mother, stifling her tears, again puts the little one into the box. She covers her with all the clothes in the room, and tells her to be good and go to sleep. And the child, whose teeth are chattering with cold, who feels the fire in her breast burning stronger, becomes very brave. She puts her arm around her mother's neck and whispers softly:

"Tell me, mamma, why are we always hungry?"

"It's funny! The feller said he was a great dorg for rabbits!" "Guess he meant when dey wus fried!"

WHAT A MAN DOES.

A man may be cool as an icicle under extraordinary circumstances of danger or excitement; he may preserve an even mind when a ghost comes into his room at midnight; he may assume command and act nobly and well when the ship is sinking; but let that man, let any man, upset his inkstand, and he springs to his feet, makes a desperate grasp for the inkstand, and knocks it halfway across the table, claws after papers, and swoops them through the sable puddle to save them, tears his white silk handkerchief from his pocket and mops up the ink with it, and after he has smeared the table, his hands, and his trousers with ink, as far as it could be made to go, discovers that early in the engagement he knocked the inkstand clear off the table, and it has been draining its life ink away all that time in the center of the only light figure in the pattern in the carpet. Then he wonders why a man always makes a fool of himself when he upsets a bottle of ink. He doesn't know why. Nobody knows why. But every time it is so. If you don't believe it, try it.

HER ONLY CHANCE.

Recently a lady was much annoyed with the servant, who made frequent visits to the sitting-room when her mistress was entertaining visitors. Molly on the most trivial excuses would pop her head into the room, varied occasionally by boldly advancing right in.

Mistress — "There is one thing, Molly, I would like to speak to you about. You must learn to keep out of the sitting-room when I have visitors, unless I ring the bell for you."

Molly—"Ye towld me Oi was to thry and larn manners. How kin Oi be afther doin' thet if Oi don't watch the quality as calls!"

The Samovar.

While it is generally known that the samovar is a distinctly Russian article, the fact may not be so familiar that in the land of the czar the manufacture of samovars is a privilege of the government, and the imperial crest is found upon every genuine Russian tea urn. The reason given for the government's engaging in this manufacturing business is that the samovar may be within the purchasing power of the humblest peasant, and it is therefore found in the humblest as well as the most pretentious home in the land. The real article is always heated by charcoal, but returned travelers, and particularly Americans, find it more convenient to have their samovar adapted for spirit lamp heating when intended for use in their own homes.

Not Dutiable.

"Have you any articles of value with you?" asked the customs inspector.

"Nothing," answered the returning traveler, "except a wealthy grass widow whom I expect to marry as soon as I land."

"Well," mused the inspector, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "I guess you can take her through. Seems to me she will come under the classification of baled hay, and that is free."

Etiquette.

Mrs. Blank—Is your husband going to Mrs. Jason's funeral?

Mrs. Dash—Decidedly not! She never returned my last call.

Feeling is like smoke, indicative not of heat but of the fuel.

About the ....House

FOR THE COOK.

Janacks—Take 1½ cups fine cooked oatmeal, 1½ cups Indian meal, 2-3 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 egg, thoroughly beaten, 1 teaspoon shortening. Add just a little sweet milk, a pinch of salt and stir all together. Bake in gem tins in hot oven.

Griddle Puffs—One qt new warm milk, 1 teacup sweet yeast or a yeast cake, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 beaten eggs, 5 cups flour beaten to a batter. Set to rise over night, adding butter half size of an egg the last thing. If one has cream, make the quart of milk a cup short and fill up with sweet cream using half as much butter. Some put the butter in next morning after sponge has risen. Have everything warm, flour and all. Have gem tins very hot and set on stove while dropping in puffs, a mixing spoonful to a puff. Bake in hot oven for breakfast. They may be cooked on well-greased griddle, like fritters, but are more work, and served with syrup.

Simple Soup—Get a bone of beef from the market, and boil it slowly all the morning. About an hour before dinner chop about ½ pt cabbage and 1 or 2 potatoes, onions if liked, add 2 tablespoons rice, and season with salt and pepper. To make the thickening for the soup, take 1 egg, break into some dry flour, stir until it can be rolled very thin, keeping plenty of flour about it to keep it from sticking together. Then roll as you would roll jelly cake, and with a sharp knife cut in very thin slices. These are to be dropped into the soup 15 or 20 minutes before taking from the stove. One egg prepared in this way will make thickening enough for 1 gal. of soup.

Brown Bread Roll With Cream.—One cup of sifted rye meal, one cup fine granulated wheat or fine graham flour, one-half cup granulated cornmeal, one-half cup flour, one teaspoon of salt, two level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half cup molasses, and one pint sweet milk. Mix the rye, graham, cornmeal, flour, salt, baking powder, and soda thoroughly together, then add the molasses and the milk. Grease four small baking powder cans, one-half pound size, fill them about half ful with the batter, cover them and steam two hours. Cut into slices one-third of an inch thick and serve with thickened milk or cream. Cook one level tablespoon of flour in one level tablespoon of hot butter, add one cup of hot milk and a little salt. Strain before serving if it is not smooth.

To Cook Wild Duck—Pick, singe and draw. Wash in several waters and wipe dry. Pare several small carrots, place inside the duck and parboil for one hour. Or if preferred, use a slice or two of lemon to take away the rank flavor, instead of the carrots. Allow the liquor to simmer until only a pint or so remains in the kettle. Then add a generous lump of butter, salt and pepper to suit taste. Have ready 1 qt bread crumbs, into which has been broken 1 tablespoon dry sage leaves. Over this pour the liquor in which the fowl was boiled, retaining a small quantity for basting. Add 2 eggs well beaten, and 2 onions chopped fine. Place the duck in the center of the baking pan and pour the dressing thus made around it. Bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently, and turning the duck when nicely browned on one side. Serve with fruit jelly.

Raised Doughnuts—Scald one pint of new milk, and when it is lukewarm, add one level teaspoon of salt and three cakes of compressed yeast. Cover and let the sponge rise in a warm place until very light. Then add one heaped cup of coffee crushed sugar and one-half cup of butter which have been creamed together, also add two well beaten eggs, one-half of a nutmeg grated, and enough bread flour to make a dough that you can mold without adding more flour, but be careful and not get it too stiff. Knead the dough one-half on a warm board, then roll it out one-half inch thick, cut with a small biscuit cutter, and place them on the warm board half an inch apart, and let them rise in a warm place until they are very light. Then fry them slowly, and while they are hot roll them in powdered sugar, if you like. This makes three dozen. If you do not care to have them as rich, use only one-half cup of butter and omit one egg, the remainder of the work the same as above. Be careful that they do not get too warm at any time before frying.

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Mrs. Tilson writes on the difficulty of teaching children to eat a variety, and especially those things they dislike. She says :—Let me give examples how to do it and how not. A little boy and his mother were visiting us. Our meat was codfish in cream, which he refused. His mother said he did not like white sauce or gravy, but that was nonsense and he should learn then and there, or go without his dinner. My mother, a woman of great tact, shook her head at such a positive declaration. But there was a scene, the boy cried, left the table for a while, and finally had his dinner without codfish in cream. Those parents often succeed best who somewhat like "Bre'r Rabbit" "lie low and say nuffin!" A boy who worked for me did not eat vegetables I asked whether they disagreed with him. "No," he said, "I don't like the looks and taste of the mushy things." I replied that as he had his own way to make, he might sometimes board with families who would eat principally vegetables and he go hungry, and I presumed he was willing to give everything in this world a fair trial. Had I ridiculed or commanded, he would have said in his heart, "I will not be bossed by a woman, and a little one, at that." I made a show of caution, suggested he begin with a teaspoonful every time a vegetable was served, gradually increasing the quantity he ate; then, drawing myself up to all my inches, remarked that I had great force of character and could teach myself to do anything in no time, but didn't expect other people could be so strong. Of course the boy said in his heart, "I will not be outdone by a woman, and a little one at that." When I thought he was equal only to a teaspoonful, he was ready for a tablespoonful, and when I consented to the latter, he was ready for more, being now a fair eater of vegetables and in better health.

HOW TO TREAT CAKES.

To test whether a cake is baked press it with the finger and if no impression is left it is done.

If a cake is mixed too stiff or the oven too hot it will split across the top. An experienced cook will know that if the split is straight and dry the cake was mixed too dry, but if there are curves in the split the oven was too hot.

Let a cake cool before frosting.

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.

FORCING THE PACE.

George Gordon, an old man of miserly habits, was dying. A neighbor who was on friendly terms with the old man's relatives agreed to call on the minister and beg him to try and induce the old fellow to make a will. The minister consented, and at length persuaded the miser to allow a lawyer to be sent for.

By the time he arrived the old man was rapidly sinking, but the will was smartly drawn up and duly awaited his signature. He was propped up in bed and managed to write "George Gor——" ; then he fell back exhausted.

An eager relative who stood by seized the pen and stuck it in the dying man's hand.

"'D,' Geordie, 'd!'" he urged, referring to the next letter of the signature.

The old man glared up wrathfully.

"Dee?" he snapped. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wratch!"

HE WAS BASHFUL.

Policeman—"Look here, young man, what are you doing? You've been hanging round and looking at that shop for the last half hour, and it looks very suspicious."

Smart Young Man (who has within the last few days experienced the joys of fatherhood)—"That's easily explained. My wife asked me to go out and get a feeding-bottle, and I'm just waiting till there's no one in the shop before I go in to get the thing."

Gentleman—"You ask me for a small gift, and do not even take off your hat from your head. Is that the way to act?" Beggar—"Excuse me, most honorable sir, I dare not, for yonder stands a policeman. If he should see me take off my hat it would occur to him at once that I am a beggar, and he will arrest me. At present, as we are now, he merely supposes we are old acquaintances having a friendly chat!"

A PLATE OF SOUP.

Its Effect Upon General Scott's Presidential Aspirations.

Serving dinners in courses is comparatively a modern fashion, first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott, in which he explained that he was "just sitting down to a hasty plate of soup," covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate of the presidency.

Soup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only. Later, when the social splendors of the court of the Empress Eugenie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called.

The object of an old time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet who will say that the sight of a well filled dinner table where an array of silver covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors fails to make an agreeable impression on all the senses?

Lost In Her Own Room.

"Talking about being lost," says the girl who has been visiting her grandparents in the old family homestead—"I have been lost in the city and lost in the country, but never was there anything so horrible as being lost in my own room. It was a very queer room I had at grandmamma's anyway—one of those rooms from which a flight of stairs leads down; rooms such as are only to be seen in old houses. It blew up cold the first night I was in the house, and I got up to close the window. The room, of course, was pitch dark. In getting back from the window to the bed I lost myself. I had not the slightest idea in what direction to turn, and I knew that if I was not careful I should go down those awful stairs. There was nothing to do but sit down on the floor and howl for some one to come and find me, and that was just what I did. If grandpa and grandmamma had not been unusually normal individuals, I should have frightened them to death. As it was, they only thought I had a nightmare, brought candles and located me and showed me my way to bed again."

The End of the World.

Dr. M. W. Meyer, a German scientist, in an interesting volume under the above title explains a "new theory" as to how this event will probably come about. Indeed he carries his argument still further and finally extinguishes all the energy of the universe. All of the present satellites—moons, etc.—will eventually be drawn in by the force of gravitation and become a part of their planets. These in turn will be absorbed by the sun. A series of collisions will then commence between the various suns which will finally result in one enormous sun and solar system. "And so growing in grandeur, but diminishing in number, the final catastrophe will come when there are no more suns to produce collisions (and heat) and one huge body cooled to the zero of space, void of available energy, will mark the final outcome of cosmical motion."

Cotton and Flax.

Cotton was used for making garments in India at a date so remote that it cannot even be guessed at. The fact is mentioned by Aristotle. The first seeds were brought to this country in 1621. In 1666 the culture is mentioned in the records of South Carolina. In 1736 the culture was general along the eastern coast of Maryland, and in 1776 we heard of it as far north as Cape May. The use of flax for making clothing is nearly as ancient as that of cotton and perhaps more so, plants of soft and flexible fiber having been without doubt among the first vegetable productions of the ancient world and their practical value discovered soon after the invention of weaving.

Wind Shots.

Two striking instances of the effects of "wind shots," or the currents of air caused by the enemy's cannon balls, are given in the "Autobiography of Sir Henry Smith." On one occasion his horse fell as if stone dead, but he was not hurt at all. On another occasion an officer was "knocked down by the wind of a shot and his face as black as if he had been two hours in a pugilistic ring."

Kindness Brought Tears.

Mother—Oh, you cruel boy! You are making your brother cry.

Algernon—No, mummy; I'm not. I'm only sharing my cod liver oil with him, wot you said was so nice.

Some of the people who think they were born to command do not discover their mistake until they get married.—Puck.

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Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxia

The Dreadful Result of Neglected Nervous Diseases—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Prevents and Cures Paralysis by Restoring the Wasted and Depleted Nerve Cells.

To understand paralysis and its causes it is well to remember that every movement of the body of its members is due to the contraction of muscle, which can only take place under the influence of nerve force.

As this all-important nerve force is created in the nerve centres of the brain and spinal cord, and conducted along wirelike nerve fibres to the various parts of the body, any derangement of the brain, spinal cord, or nerve fibres may result in paralysis or loss of the power of movement.

Paralysis, then, is the natural result of all neglected nervous diseases.

If you find yourself nervous and irritable, over-sensitive to light, sound, and motion, addicted to continual movement or tapping of the fingers, twitching of the muscles, sudden startings and jerkings of the limbs during sleep; if you have nervous headaches or dyspepsia, are unable to sleep or rest, feel downhearted and discouraged, and unfit to fight the battles of life; if your nerves are weak and exhausted, and your blood thin and watery, you have every reason to fear paralysis of at least some part of the body, and consequent suffering and helplessness.

Paralysis can always be prevented and partial paralysis actually cured by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The time to begin treatment is when any of the above-mentioned symptoms become apparent. These are indications of a degeneration of the nerve cells, and when nerve force becomes exhausted paralysis is bound to follow.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food acts on the system in an entirely different way to ordinary medicines. It is neither a stimulant to whip tired nerves to renewed activity, nor a narcotic, nor opiate, to deaden the nerves. On the contrary it is a food cure, which forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, and creates new nerve cells. Every day it is bringing back health, strength, and vitality to scores and hundreds who have become discouraged through the failure of doctors and other treatments to cure them. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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AN ALASKAN LANDSLIDE.

Rather Leisurely, but Eats Up Groves and Fills River Beds.

All the morning as we chopped spongy cottonwood, blew out our lungs over the fire and flipped water from the blankets a dull roar which we thought the river swelled by the rain was growing louder, louder. I said, "I guess a moraine choked pond on the glacier has broken through," and just then Jack stepped out from under the soaked tarpaulin.

"Look at that, Bobbie, look at that!" I heard him shouting. Outside he was pointing across the stream. A landslide was roaring down a gully from the very top of the Rainbow hills. It was a stupendous sight. We looked at it silently and then said, both at once, "I thought an avalanche was sudden." This thing wiggled like a huge snake down a sheer 3,000 feet of rock. The roar seemed forever to increase. Dust or smoke trailed from this thing, and enormous bowlders skipped solemnly from side to side of its path like pebbles. Water mingled with it, and when it reached the terrace it was a black stream, viscous and heavy.

Jack bet it wouldn't cross the half mile of flat to the river, but in a moment we saw bowlders shooting out over the terrace and aspen groves fall as if laid with a scythe. A cancerous fan ate out to the bank and gravely slopped over like lumpy paint, cutting deep channels down to the river.—Outing.

A Place For His Boy.

Sol Smith Russell, who saw humor in many commonplace happenings, used frequently to tell of meeting an old farmer at a railway station in a small New York town whose philosophy was particularly pat, even though his deductions were hardly complimentary to the actor, says the Chicago Tribune. Russell and his companion were awaiting the train when the old gentleman walked up, eyed the star a minute or two and asked:

"Be you the feller that cut up capers at Parker's hall last night?"

"My company and I gave a performance there last evening, yes," replied Russell politely.

"I thought so. I was there, and I had to laugh sometimes. I wanted to tell you about my boy. He's just your way—ain't no good for work. Won't stick to anything, but wants to play clown and crack jokes all the time. He's got a job at the hub factory, but all he does is to keep the men a-laughin' when they orter be workin'. You orter take him 'long with your troupe, for he's the derndest fool I ever seen!"

Stewed Apples.

To stew apples so each quarter is unbroken and so clear one can almost see through it is an art, and yet it is a simple thing to do if one only knows how. Peel tart apples very thin, cut them in quarters and remove the cores and seeds. As fast as you can peel and quarter them drop the apples in a saucepan in which you have already placed cold water to the depth of two inches. When the apples are all in, put the saucepan over a slow fire, cover it till the water reaches the boiling point, then remove the cover and let the apples simmer almost imperceptibly till you can pierce them easily with a broom splint; then sprinkle the sugar over them and let them just simmer until it is all melted. Remove the saucepan from the fire and let it stand where the apples will get cold before turning them into a dish for the table.

SPOILING A SCENE.

An Incident That Ended Mary Anderson's Straining After Realism.

Did you ever hear Mary Anderson's pet story of how she was cured of her love of realism?

In a big drama in which this great actress once took part the heroine in a scene of intense emotion is made to exclaim, "Hark, I hear the wheels of carriages!"

Now, it was easy enough to obtain the effect of wheels on gravel, but no resource of the stage mechanism was adequate to imitate the stamping of the feet of horses as they were drawn up at the door. Every device was exhausted when a bright idea occurred to the actress herself. It was that a donkey should be hired to trot up and down behind the scenes on gravel laid for the occasion. This was done, and at rehearsal all went well. The illusion was perfect.

The first night came. The heroine gave the cue. The wheels were heard, but they stopped, and the rest was silence. A pause, and again the actress spoke her words. A terrible scuffling began and then "Hee-haw, hee-haw," in stentorian tones from the back of the stage as the indignant donkey protested vigorously against his ill treatment by energetic carpenters and supers. It was one of the most serious situations of the play, yet audience and actors joined in paroxysms of mirth until the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

Big Trees of Florida.

It is difficult even to guess at the age of the ancient live oaks, but some of them must number centuries, and the oldest and greatest of them all is a monarch of the forest, with its outer branches sweeping the ground in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs as great as ordinary trunks of trees and bearing a garden of aerial ferns and air plants upon their bark. This venerable tree is supposed to be the largest live oak in Florida. Enormous grapevine trunks rise sinuously from the ground and lose themselves amid the quarter acre of foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave them support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grapevine stem to which they lent their transient aid to climbing skyward.