Board Works
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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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SELF-MADE MEN.

The Americans Have No Monopoly In This Class.

We hear so much of American captains of industry, of John D. Rockefeller, the farm laborer's son; of Edison, the newspaper boy; of Yerkes, the youthful soap jobber—that we are apt to forget British giants of perseverance says the St. James' Gazette. Livingstone worked as a factory hand until 25; the man who sought and found him in the wilds was born in a farmhouse. The great firm of W. H. Smith & Sons was begun by two brothers, so poor that the wife of one had to go into domestic service. The house of Tangye began in a little workshop, whose rent was but four shillings a week; that of Lever Brothers had a scarcely more pretentious start at Bolton. A coffee stall on a London curb was the fount and origin of Pearce & Plenty; £700 once formed the total capital of the "universal" Whiteley. Bass' brewery was founded by a carrier; the Elder-Dempster line of steamers by a ship's apprentice, now Sir Alfred Jones. The inventor of Bassemer steel was once a poor, almost starving boy in London, the poorer for having devoted his labor to an invention of whose profits the Government robbed him. So one might go on throughout the whole range of our industries. It is the sergeant and the plain constable of life's affairs who have made this nation industrially great, and carried its flag and fame to the ends of the earth.

"Did yiz iver make iny money backin' horses, Mulligan?" "Sure, Oi made twenty dollars wance." "How did yez do ut?" "Oi backed him down a cillar awn thin sued th' mon for lavin' th' door open."

A DUAL VICTORY

He stood silent on the threshold, regarding her.

She did not look up.

With feverish energy she continued her packing, thrusting her belongings ruthlessly into the yawning trunk, before which she knelt. His impassive gaze went round the dismantled room, noting the disordered dressing-table, the open doors of the wardrobe, the empty pegs where her clothes had been.

"You are going?"

"What else can I do?" Her voice trembled slightly.

"You can—trust me!"

"Trust you? When you refuse me any explanation—when you——"

She went on bundling all her finery into the trunk.

He came further into the room and put her aside.

"Heavy articles first. You will crush your fal-lals if you don't take care."

She knelt, or rather huddled, on the floor in mute misery, as he busied himself with her packing, folding skirts and skilfully depositing boot-trees.

In a few minutes he looked round with a brisk inquiry:

"Is that all?"

"Yes—thank you."

"I may strap it up then."

The lid of the trunk shut down with a prolonged creak.

He set his knee against it and fastened the strap securely; She scrambled to her feet and took up her hat from the dressing table. As she adjusted it, the black feathers nodded with a dismal effect above her suffering white face and hollow eyes.

She had no jewels to tear off and fling on the table, like the heroine of a novel. They were not rich.

Beside her wedding-ring she only wore one other, that would never leave her finger. It is just womanhood that she could turn her back on him—and cling, as to an anchor, to his little forget-me-not ring.

He leant his shoulders against the mantelpiece as she searched vainly for her gloves.

"Let us understand each other. I am hazy as to the cause of this—this—whirlwind of effect. You take my breath away."

"You know it is because you will not tell me——"

She turned and faced him, her eyes mournful, her mouth quivering.

"Why should I tell you? You go rummaging in my desk"—the flicker of amusement in his eyes hurt her more than a blow—"and come across a mysterious packet, which arouses the curiosity of Eve within your little heart. You burst in upon me, and tax me with a disloyal secret—you demand an explanation—and is it so much that I ask of you?"

His voice softened.

"Is it so much?" he repeated.

She hung her head sullenly.

"It is too much. You refuse to tell me what secret the packet holds—and you ask me to trust you."

"So we have reached a cul-de-sac," said he quietly. "You desire my confidence, and I desire your trust—unquestioning faith is what I would have in my wife."

She winced. His creed appealed to the better side of her nature, to a nobility of soul that just fell short of surrender.

"Where are you going?"

"To find a lodging."

There had dwelt a hope in the background that he would exert his authority, thwart her intention to abandon him. But he was letting her go—six months after their wedding-day.

"You have no money."

"I have three pounds."

It was a sum he had given her that morning for household purposes. In taking his money with her she was a thief, but without it she was powerless.

Nothing escaped him. If he chose he could demand his three sovereigns back from her, but he refrained—not in mercy, she knew. He was merely giving her rope to hang herself with.

"And when it is all gone?"

She flung out her hands passionately.

"I can work!"

"With these?" He crushed her small fingers into the compass of his broad palm and dropped them.

"You cannot work, and I cannot allow you to starve. There must be a sum placed at your disposal—so, you see, you will have your revenge. I am a poor man, and the expenses of a divided household will cramp me still further. I shall have to go without my cigars."

"Do you think—after this—that I would touch a penny?"

"Alas! my cigars," he reiterated, and laughed.

Her gloves caught her eye, where they lay on a chair. She drew them on slowly.

"When you have found a lodging, I suppose you will send for the trunk?"

"That is my intention."

There were, perhaps, ten seconds more left her—he might give in. She counted ten heart-beats that sounded heavily in her ears. Give in! He did not know the meaning of the phrase. He was master, as he had been all his life, by reason of a level head and iron will.

She stole a glance at him—at his cold eyes, powerful jaw, and dear, relentless mouth.

He prided himself upon justice; but mercy?—clemency? As well ask the millstones to show these to the grain it ground. He would make his own terms with her, or none. She had no further pretext for lingering.

As she moved he took the cause of their quarrel from an inner pocket of his coat and gave it into her keeping.

It was a square packet, done up in white paper, with the words—"My secret" written across it in his characteristic handwriting, and secured by a great red splash of sealing-wax, sealed with his own seal, a mailed hand.

"Take it with you," he said scornfully. "When your curiosity grows unbearable you may break the seal and view the contents—but that will be the end. You don't mistake me? The symbol of a dead faith may stand for a —dead love, too."

He opened the door for her.

She put out an uncertain hand to him, but it slid down untouched by her side.

"You will not bid me 'Good-bey'?"

"No," he said gravely; "it is you who are bidding me 'Good-bye.'"

An hour later there was nothing left her but to face her life without him.

There had been no difficulty in finding a lodging. Her sweet face and voice had appealed to the first landlady she accosted, and she had crept thankfully into a small, unlovely room out of the chill November fog.

The room was in a street of the same locality as her home—a stone's throw away from peace, happiness, and him.

But peace and happiness had been destroyed by her find that morning, and he—had hidden something from her all these months. The words, "My secret," danced before her eyes as she crouched over the fire in the unfamiliar room that was hers for to-night. She had only taken it for so long, in a desire to get out of the London streets so that she could think, and plan her future. The rent of the small room was beyond her; it had already (paid in advance) made a serious hole in her little sum of money.

But the past refused to be ousted by her future; she could not plan.

Her brain revolved about her previous happiness and present despair. His face was before her; tender, as she had been wont to see it; stern to cruelty, as she had looked upon it last. The packet, with the seal showing as a splash of blood, lay on the rug at her feet.

Yes; she would soon learn his secret; have indisputable proof that he had not always been hers (she had no doubt that she would find some love-token). But if she opened the packet—there was no turning back. Her action would kill any regard he had for her as surely as he had said it. She slipped down on the floor, burying her face in the prickly horsehair seat on her chair. She must not think of the past—she must not think——

A clock somewhere struck eight.

They would now be cosily settled at the fire in his den, he and she. She would have pushed away his papers and brought her own chair to his elbow. He would puff blue clouds into space from a huge cigar, while she lit (scorching one side) a mild, very mild, cigarette her own self, and put it delicately between her lips, for the sake of sociability. She would hold it in her fingers while it burnt out, assisted by a very few puffs—and he would pretend not to see the ash growing long as she held it down——

Obeying a wild imoulse, she seized the packet from the rug and poked it between the bars of the grate. The thick substance refused to ignite, but a little scorched patch widened at one corner. The next moment she had taken hold of it again—burning her fingers against the bars—and drawn it out. If she burnt it would he believe that she had not opened it? She had refused to believe him.

Misery might ever be hers if she destroyed the proofs of her surrender.

She stood up, the precious packet held to her heart, and stumbled out of the room—out into the night.

He was in his den, as she had fancied, in the depths of an armchair and smoking furiously. His thoughts were hidden from her when she opened the door. So that he seemed anything but an object of pity, lounging in the warm fire-light.

She shivered as she went slowly forward, his well-being smiting her. Without her, he was as she saw him; without him—what was she?

"You have come back?"

"I have come back."

He rose to his feet and put her gently down into his own chair, asking no questions as he pulled off her gloves, and began rapidly to unlace her muddy boots.

"I was going to burn the packet—see!" she said wearily.

She held out the scorched corner to him, and his keen eye saw the scar of a burn disfiguring her finger.

"I was going to burn it without opening it—and then I thought that you might not believe me, so I have brought it back."

"I should have believed you," he said.

"Anyhow, the seal is unbroken," she responded spiritlessly.

He removed her hat.

She pointed to the packet she had passed to him.

"Don't let me know—I only want you—I don't care!"

"Then you have not come back because you trust me?"

"I don't want to trust; I love you," she said.

He turned the packet with its flaring red seal round in his hand.

"I believe you are getting the better of me," he breathed. "You won't trust me—but you have come back because——"

"I love you," she finished.

"You still think that I have deceived you—that my secret is of a nature that should come between us, if you could do without me?"

"It may be. But I cannot do without you, and so——"

"You refuse to learn my lesson in faith?" he said slowly.

"But—I love much—and that is expiation, is it not?"

He hesitated a moment and then laid the packet in her lap. "Open it," he said.

She looked up, white and desperate, her fingers on the seal. "Understand," she said doggedly, "that nothing I find can make any difference."

"What do you expect?"

"The proof of your love for——"

She could not go on.

"You are right; it is a proof of my love."

She broke the seal deliberately, and tore away the paper.

The back of a photograph lay uppermost, "Stolen" scrawled upon it. She turned it over and a tear fell on the face—her own face! It was an old likeness of her. She had missed it off the mantelpiece at home, some time before her marriage, missed it before she knew that he had desired to be more to her than friend——

He lifted her hand and put his lips to the burn on the finger.—Pearson's Weekly.

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THREE STRANGE PETS.

Two Cow Moose and Red Doe Tamed by Lumber Men.

One of the members of a great lumbering firm who has just returned to Hull, Que., from a tour of inspection made a discovery at one of the shanties which surprised him.

After supper he decided to examine the horses. Something in the demeanor of the teamsters gave him the impression that they were trying to hide something. This caused him to pry into a kind of annex to the row of stalls, where to his surprise he found two huge cow moose and a beautiful red doe reclining very much at their ease.

Heaps of brushwood for browsing lay around, and rude mangers showed where the grain and hay were regularly fed to the tame creatures. As this particular shanty is miles back in the bush, hay has cost $50 a ton and oats nearly $2 a bushel by the time they have been carted in there. The feeding of these deer was evidently costing a considerable sum to the firm, and explanations were demanded.

It was shown that early in December the moose had come up to the men for protection from a pack of wolves which had chased them almost to death. All afternoon the moose rested actually within reach of the men, and at nightfall followed them right up to the shanty door.

The men noticed that the wolves were also following at a distance, and in pity they persuaded the two harassed creatures to enter the then empty stable, where they have contentedly rested ever since.

The doe was the only survivor of a yard of thirteen deer, found by the roadmakers a few miles from the shanty. The others had been eaten by wolves. This one had followed a log road and, with six wolves in full cry after her, ran right into the midst of the men as they were returning home one night.

Every man in the shanty was quite willing to chip in from his wages to meet the expense of boarding their big pets and to prevent their being turned out into the deep snow to the wolves. The lumber merchant is a considerable bit of a hunter himself, and in mercy to the docile trio, and also in sympathy with the men, the shanty stable arrangements were left undisturbed.

DIDN'T APPRECIATE WAITING.

"The trouble with the young men of the present day," said the wise and venerable passenger whose eyes continually turned to the good old times, "is that they are too fast. They want to get rich all at once. They are not content to take things easy. They seem to have forgotten that everything comes to him who waits."

"Yes; I know all about that," petulantly replied the traveller for whose benefit the lecture had been delivered; "I know all about this business of waiting for things. For fourteen years I've been waiting to have luck come my way; and the only things I've got for a dead certainty up to date are a mortgage on my house, six children, the sciatica in my left leg, a huge unpaid doctor's bill, a bald spot as big as a soup plate on the top of my head, and an unearthly lot of relatives who are sweet on my wife's Sunday dinners. Go and try your waiting philosophy on some other sufferer."

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Michael Davitt, during his recent visit to America, talked one day to a reporter about the cheerfulness of the Irish character.

"The very poorest among us don't despond," he said. "No man's condition is so wretched but he can crack a joke about it.

"There was a poor, old peat-cutter one day whom the priest invited to his house to dinner.

"'Come in, Pat,' he said, 'It isn't much of a dinner—only beef, and beer, and potatoes—but, indeed, your'e very welcome to it.'

"'Sure, your reverence,' said the old fellow, his eyes twinkling, 'I'd have you make no apologies about the dinner. It's the same as I'd be gettin' at home, barrin' the beef and beer.'"

SUICIDE WIND.

In Brazil and other parts of South America the natives know and fear a certain condition of the air, which they call "suicide wind." It is not a superstition, but an actual condition of the atmosphere which seems to drive people to madness, and during its continuance self-inflicted deaths are numerous. Criminologists and scientists all over the world are interested in this peculiar atmospheric influence, which is indicated by a soft, moist, warm air that settles heavily on the earth.

About the ....House

USEFUL HINTS.

For Sore Throat.—Half a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash dissolved in a gill of water, to which a teaspoonful of glycerine has been added will be found a reliable gargle for sore throat.

A Complexion Hint.—Never eat anything that you know disagrees with you if you want to keep a good complexion. Indigestion is one of the greatest enemies of the skin, and for this reason the simpler the food one eats the better. Fruit, either fresh or cooked, and green vegetables should be part of the daily diet.

How to Treat a Sprain.—When a sprain occurs lose no time in attending to it, however trivial it may appear. Ascertain whether there has been a fracture or dislocation. If so send for a physician as soon as possible, and keep perfectly quiet until he arrives. If there is no feacture or displacement of bones, but only excessive swelling about the joint, bathe the injured member in hot water as long as possible. Bathe for 15 to 30 minutes, renewing the water occasionally, and applying with a sponge. Then wrap the injured member in strips of flannel saturated with hot water, and cover with dry cloths. Do not use the sprained member until recovered. Complete rest is the only cure for a sprain.

Simple Remedy for Sunburn.— A little lemon juice added to the water in which the face is washed will quickly remove sunburn.

Insect Bites.—To prevent insect bites rub the skin with a little vinegar and water. Scented verbena leaves are said to have the same effect.

For Bruises.—For a bruise the best treatment is an immediate application of hot fomentations. After that witch hazel, vinegar and hot water, or alcohol, put on with a bandage and often moistened.

Headache Remedy.—If your head aches or you are nervous, take off your boots and stockings, and let your feet breathe by sitting on a chair and wriggling your toes or walking up and down the room. A well-known society lady does this, and afterwards her maid gentle chafes her feet till she drops into a deep sleep.

A strong solution of common washing soda applied to each corn by wetting a small piece of linen and binding round the foot will entirely remove corns.

Keep in the housemaid's cupboard a woollen cloth which is soaked twice a week in petroleum. Use this to preserve the polish of the stained and varnished floor, rubbing it over the boards every morning after the dust has been removed.

After the juice has been squeezed from a lemon, the peel and pulp should be saved for cleaning brasses. Dip the lemon first in milk and then in brick-dust, and rub it well on to the tarnished brass.

Here is a hint for readers who have canaries and singing birds in the house. If at any time you are troubled with insects infesting the bird's cage, hang up a small bag of sulphur inside the wires. This will not harm the bird, but will keep away the pests.

For Front Door Steps.—A whiting can be made which does not come off on dresses, and is not so easily washed off in the rain as that generally used. Dissolve ½ lb. of size in a pint and a half of water; when melted in a saucepan gradually stir in 1 lb. of whiting. When cold this will be rather stiff, and will need to be applied with a stiff brush.

Care of Brooms.—The cleansing of brooms is rarely thought necessary; but they require cleaning as much as anything else, and if washed occasionally will be found to last far longer than otherwise. About once a week prepare a good lather of hot water and soap, and into it dip the broom. Shake it until it is nearly dry, and hang it up with the bristles downward until quite so.

To Seal Letters so that they Cannot be Opened.—Steam or hot water will open envelopes closed with mucilage and even a wafer; a hot iron or a spirit-lamp dissolves sealing-wax, an impression in plaster having been taken of the seal. By the combined use of water and sealing-wax, however, all attempts to open the letter otherwise than by force can be frustrated. All that is necessary is to close the letter first with a small, well-moistened wafer, and to pierce the letter with a coarse needle (the same applies to mucilage), whereupon sealing-wax may be used upon it in the usual manner. This seal can neither be opened by dry heat nor by moisture.

In cases of acute indigestion the banana is of immense service. Bananas should be eaten as a dessert, and care should be taken that they are quite ripe.

To clean zinc articles rub them well all over with paraffin oil applied on a piece of flannel; then make a lather of hot water and soap and wash them in it. This treatment will render them almost equal to new.

Turpentine will remove paint from woollen or silk fabrics. Saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and allow it to remain for a few hours. Rub the cloth between the fingers, and the paint will crumble off without injuring the goods.

Wash new glasses in cold water for the first time or two, and they will be found to have a much clearer appearance than if washed in hot.

To soften old putty apply to it a red-hot poker, and then you will find it quite easy to scrape off.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Spice Cakes.—Two-thirds cup of butter, one cup each of sugar and molasses, three eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of soda and nutmeg, one and a half teaspoonfuls cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cloves, one cup raisins and three cups of flour.

One Egg Cake.—Half a cup of butter creamed with one cup sugar, one egg beaten light, one cup sweet milk and two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and one of vanilla.

Corn Bread.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, half a teaspoonful salt, two large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one large cup milk, two cups sifted flour, one scant cup cornmeal, and two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Buttermilk Pie.—A healthful pie and well liked by many is made as follows: Into a lined pie tin pour a mixture made of 1 egg well beaten, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flaur, a pinch of salt, flavoring to suit (nutmeg is very nice) and a pint of buttermilk, fresh and good, all well beaten. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Lemon Pies.—For three small pies grate 1 lemon, add 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 eggs, Beat all and pour in cold water to make 1 qt. of the mixture. Bake with upper crusts.

Curried Sardines.—Mix together one teaspoonful each of sugar and curry powder and a saltspoonful of salt. Put these into the blazer with one cup of cream and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Stir until hot, then put in ten or twelve sardines. In the meantime heat some butter or oil in a second blazer, and in it saute some bits of bread a little larger than the sardines, and round slices of tart apple. Serve each sardine on a bit of bread; pour a little of the souce over the top and garnish with a round of apple. The slices of apple will keep their shape if the apples be cored and then cut into rounds without parting.

To Cook a Beef Heart.—Clean nicely, cut away tallow and then boil till tender. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter and a few bits of celery cut up. Stuff the heart and put it back on the stove and let it cook brown in the grease, putting a little water in occasionally to keep it moist. Serve either cold or hot.

Baking Powder Bread.—Take 1 qt. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 heaping teaspoons baking powder, 1 small potato. Sift together thoroughly, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Mash the potato and rub into the dry ingredients; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about 1 pt. of water to 1 qt. of flour. Do not make a stiff dough, as in yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan 4½ by 8 inches and 4 inches deep. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes to prevent crusting too soon. Bake immediately after mixing.

TO ORNAMENT WINDOWS.

For a window in a door, or one which looks out on an unpleasant prospect, these directions for ornamenting windows will be found useful.

To imitate ground glass, dissolve one-fourth pound of gum arabic in a pint of boiling water, then add enough whiting to make it like stiff paint. Paint the inside of the glass with a sponge or coarse brush, laying the mixture on as smoothly as possible. If clear marks are desired to lay out a border, they can be made while the glass is still wet, using a ruler and a pointed stick.

If figured ground glass is desired, first cover the glass with a thin coat of varnish and before it dries lay on a piece of figured lace or bobinet, stretching it smoothly. When dry, give two coats of varnish, after which it can be washed like ordinary glass.

Another way of ornamenting glass is to use a solution of epsom salts, salsoda or Glauber's salts, which will crystalize and make a beautiful window. Put the salts in an earthen jar and add enough hot water to barely dissolve it. Apply while hot with a brush. The three substances mentioned will each give a different appeatance, but all are beautiful.

DIVORCE IN JAPAN.

Nearly One Marriage Out of Four Is a Failure.

A recent issue of a Japanese statistical pamphlet in Japanese and French reveals some curious facts of a social character.

According to this report there were in Japan in the year 1889 297,428 marriages. The age of marriage seems to be nearer that commonly prevailing in Europe and America than most persons suppose.

Of men only 5 married under the age of 13, and only 108 under the age of 16. Nearly 5,400 married between the ages of 16 and 18. The number of marriages increased rapidly up to the age of 24, when it was rather more than 26,000. After that age fewer and fewer men married and less than a thousand married between the ages of 48 and 49, though a few men married in extreme old age.

In the case of girls there were only 58 marriages under the age of 14, and the age at which the greatest number of marriages was reported was between 20 and 21. Only about 900 women were reported as marrying between the ages of 40 and 41, but perhaps Japanese women are prone, like their Western sisters, to cease having birthdays after they pass 30. There were a few marriages of very old women, up to and beyond the age of 80.

The civil state of the women marrying is significant. More than 247,000 of the whole number are reported as maidens, and nearly 8,600 as widows, while nearly 33,500 were divorced women.

Astonishing are the divorce statistics of Japan. In this report it is shown that with fewer than 300,000 marriages reported in the year, there were more than 66,000 dovorces. The proportion of divorces to marriages was about 1 to 4.

The fact is that Japanese civilization is most conspicuously weak in the matter of the status of women. Divorce is easy.

In fact the seven causes laid down by Confucius are allowed. One of these permits a man to divorce his wife for talking too much.

Among the lower classes divorce is extremely frequent. It is less so among the upper classes, mainly because concubinage is common. The divorced wife patiently endures her lot, and leaves the house of her lord with a blessing for him upon her lips.

It is a rare thing for a woman in Japan to seek divorce, though husbands frequently give sufficient cause. The fact that the care of the children would fall upon the wife should she obtain a divorce is a sufficient deterrent to the mothers who are poor, and the condition of extreme subjection suffered by nearly all Japanese women probably deters wealthy wives from seeking divorce.

The man who marries five times in order to convince himself that marriage is a failure ought to be locked up for safe-keeping.

Some women have nerves, while some others merely have nerve.

PORT ARTHUR VALUELESS

UNHEALTHY POSITION OF THE TOWN.

Easily Cut Off by An Enemy and Large Garrison Useless.

The decision of Admiral Alexieff to make his headquarters in the central provinces of Manchuria and withdraw frlm Port Arthur was inevitable, says the London Daily Mail. Even assuming that the Russian fleet remained intact, and Japan did not possess command of the sea, it would have been poor policy to maintain headquarters down in one corner of the country to be covered by the campaign. Besides this strategic reason there are, however, others still more potent. Port Arthur is a typical Chinese fortress, and combines all the disadvantages consequent upon the Chinese character. When a Chinaman seeks a suitable spot for a fortress his first objective is to find a place, well surrounded by hills, which shall hide his presence from a passing foe. The Chinaman is never filled with a desire for offensive action, and only seeks to be left quietly alone; the defensive is the utmost action he can think of. Thus, in Port Arthur we find the town situated snugly at the bottom of a saucer, of which the rings of hills form the rim. Clinging to the water's edge the town has to face all the dangers of floods and unsanitary conditions.

CHOSEN BY CHINESE.

During the rains it is no uncommon sight to see the streets so filled with water that the ricksha coolies are nearly waist deep. The town lies in the natural course of the water draining from the hills to the sea. The hills are bare of vegetation, and the numerous fortifications which surmount them are the only crops which are raised in the neighborhood of Port Arthur. The fact that the Chinese had established a dockyard at Port Arthur led the Russians to decide upon making this place their chief fortress in South Manchuria. They would have been far better advised to have relinquished the dubious advantages of the solitary dry dock in favor of the site where the new town of Dalny now stands. Here they would have had an ample deep-water harbor, while the natural conditions compare most favorably. It was another example of the strength of the Chinese habits over invading races. The history of China teems with instances of how races lose their national characteristics and adopt Chinese ideas. This action on the part of Russia can only be explained on this ground, since what else could induce practical naval and military men to choose as a base Port Arthur, without suitable harbor accommodation for a fleet or possibility of maintaining a large garrison? And the defences are such that a large garrison, at least 25,000 men, is necessary to the safety of the fortress.

EASILY CUT OFF.

The retreat of Admiral Alexeieff to the north signalizes the fact that he expects the communications between Liao-yang and Port Arthur to be cut by the Japanese. This will then leave Port Arthur isolated to work out her own salvation or destruction. There can never be any difficulty about the isolating of the fortress by the breaking of the railway line. South of Kin-chau, the line runs along the shore itself of the Yellow Sea, and the neck of land adjoining the Port Arthur territory to the mainland is both narrow and flat at this point. A couple of Japanese gunboats could destroy the line and isolate the fortress with landing any troops. What would then be the condition of Port Arthur? The 25,000 men, packed into barracks amongst Chinese hovels would stand in the first instance, every chance of becoming infected with disease.

HUNGER AND DISEASE.

Even at the best periods of the year disease is always present in the town. The water supply depends largely upon the distilling machines in the harbor, and it does not require much calculation to know that 25,000 men require an enormous amount of water. Under ordinary conditions all the fresh supplies for Port Arthur come from Chefoo, but already these have been shut off for many days. There remain only for the soldiery the stores laid up by the authorities. These, owing chiefly to the necessity for every officer to make his commission, are not what they are made out to be. Besides being insufficient, the stock is very much smaller than it is supposed to be. Thus the garrison is confronted with disease and starvation, and these without any chance of striking at the foe. The presence of the fleet will also have assisted in the reduction of the food supply.

WEAKNESS SHOWING.

The moral effect of the Japanese attacks and the knowledge that they are abandoned, as it were, to their fate, cannot fail to be great. Granted that Port Arthur's fortifications are impregnable, hunger and disease are certain to prove more efficient foes than several army corps of Japanese. And there are serious doubts as to the efficiency of the fortifications, recent manoeuvres having disclosed serious weaknesses. But the Japanese are not going to attack Port Arthur from the land, for a considerable time at any rate. The extent of their land operations near the fortress will be the landing of troops at Kinchau and the holding of the neck of land. The more men that were poured by Russia into Port Arthur the better were the authorities at Tokio pleased. The greater the garrison the shorter the siege, was their motto. Men can and do starve for incredible lengths of time when face to face with a foe, but it is another matter to starve in silence, quite out of the rays of the limelight.

BOUND TO FALL.

And yet that is the fate of the Port Arthur garrison. Sorties are denied them, the implacable Japanese sea rings them round, and even gives to Japan command over their one neck of land. In the appointed time Port Arthur will fall, like a ripe apple, into the mouth of Japan, and will have the mortification of having to surrender without having struck an effective blow in the war. But Chinese fortresses are not designed to strike effective blows, and the garrison at Port Arthur may curse the Russian diplomat whose astuteness has been the cause of brave men's humiliation.

Every man on earth has either rheumatism, catarrh, or some other hobby.

KING'S HIGHLAND ESTATE

44,000 ACRES OF MOUNTAIN, WOODLAND AND RIVER.

Beauties of Balmoral and Its Forest Are of World-wide Fame.

The Royal forest of Balmoral embraces Balmoral, Ballochbuie, Birkhall, and Abergeldie. The boundaries of the combined forests, says Mr. A. Inkson McConnochie in a most interesting article in the "Scottish Field" which are situated in the parishes of Crathie and Glenmuick, and extended to about 44,000 acres, are:—On the north, the River Dee from Bridge of Dee (Ivercauld) to near the Muick confluence, on the east, Birkhall, thence westward by the Muick, Loch Muick, Dubh Loch, Cairn Taggart (3,430 feet) and Meall at Sluichd (2,771 feet); and so to Bridge of Dee by Creag nan Leachda (2,549 feet) and Allt na Claise Moire. All the peaks of Lochnagar (3,786 feet) are thus within the forest. With so many mountains there are naturally numerous glens and corries, of the last, Coire Lochan an Eoin—the corrie immediately to the west of the great corrie of Lochnagar—seldom admits of stalking on account of the puzzling winds which often hold riot there. A public path, made by order of Queen Victoria in 1849, leads from Glen Muick, over Cuidhe Crom, to the summit of Lochnagar, so occasionally a stalk is lost, but, on the other hand, tourists have been known to unconsciously drive deer in the proper direction.

Woodlands occupy a considerable part no less than a fifth of the forest, so the whole stock of deer is kept within its boundaries throughout winter. Indeed, not a few visitors then accept of its hospitality. Exceedingly few deer are found dead, a fact accounted for by the extent of the woods and the long heather which is left in many places for winter use. The

NEIGHBORING FORESTS

are Glenmuick and Ivercauld, but there are no fences against deer, only to keep out sheep and to prevent deer trespassing on arable ground. The forest is well supplied both with driving roads and pony paths. Seven stalkers and ten gillies are required for its efficient working. While some of the mountains are exceedingly rocky and even precipitous in certain parts the pasture generally is good; indeed, much of it bears a high reputation as grazing ground. During the past season (1903) the best stag's head had 13 points, the stag falling to the rifle of Sir Charles Cust on the closing day Oct. 9. The average number of stags shot is 80; last season the bag was only 71; while in 1902 it was 94. The deer are improving, as shown by the average —1893, 69 stags; average, 11st, 12lb.; 1902, 94 stags, average, 13st., 7lb.; 1903, 71 stags, average, 14st., 3 lb. The heaviest stag in 1902 scaled 17st., 8lb., but in 1903, 18st was reached. The weights are clean—that is, without heart and liver. "Piners" and poor beasts generally are regularly weeded out, hence partly the general excellence of the forest. His Majesty (when Prince of Wales) was an ardent stalker, and as a good sportsman takes no prefunctory interest in the management of the forest.

Two mountain eagles, male and female, are comfortably lodged at the Croft, the forester's residence, where they have spent eighteen years, having been brought from an evry near Abergeldie Castle in 1885. During the past season two pairs of eagles nested in the forest, one producing two eaglets, the other only one. There are not a few foxes who so far are not molested as they keep down the stalker's dread—

TROUBLESOME GROUSE;

but they are dealt with when they become too numerous and interfere with the young fawns. The excellent fishing in connection with the forest needs only to be referred to here. The salmon fishing on the right bank of the Dee extends from Bridge of Dee to the Muick confluence; on the left bank (leased from Invercauld) from Bridge of Dee to Balmoral Bridge. The Prince of Wales is a most enthusiastic fisherman to whom the river has many attractions; the young Princes as trout-fishes are already following the paternal example. There is practically any amount of trout fishing to be had in the Muick and many lesser streams. Then there are Loch Muick, over two miles long, and the Dubh Loch, besides several mountain tarns which were stocked with trout about fifty years ago. It need scarcely be mentioned that the scenic beauties of Balmoral and its forest are of world-wide fame. Lochnagar itself has almost a continuous stream of visitors; the Falls of Garbh Allt within the Ballochmie are also a great resort, visitors being allowed, under certain reasonable restrictions, to cross the Dee by the old bridge which is the private property of the Crown. The "Smuggler's Shank" of Lochnagar indicates the prevalence in former times of illicit distillation in the recesses of the glens the upper part of Strath Girnock alone had over a dozen "black" bothies. A native of the district told the writer that on more than one occasion he had seen in his youth a line of 30 horses starting from that strath, loaded with kegs of smuggled whiskey en route for the south by the Capel Mounth.

TOLD IN FIGURES.

The engines of a first class man of war cost about $700,000.

In the last forty years 4,000,000 persons have emigrated from Ireland.

To crush a half-inch cube of granite requires a weight of eleven tons.

The world's yield of gold at this time is $350,000,000. Of this amount South Africa furnishes $70,000,000 and the United States $74,425,000.

The most valuable ring in the world is in possession of one of the Vanderbilts. It is set with a diamond valued at $35,000 and many smaller gems.

Hudson bay, over which the dominion government has determined to exercise absolute sovereignty as the "Canadian sea," to the exclusion of the New England whalers, who alone have used its waters, is 1,000 miles north and south and 600 miles east and west, with a strait 100 miles wide.

FLOORED THE BUTCHER.

The first Premier of New Zealand was a witty and eloquent Irishman, James Edward Fitzgerald.

On his first election he was subjected to much interruption at the husting by a butcher, who enjoyed a dual notoriety as a heckler in local politics and as owner of the first sausage-machine imported into the new settlement.

The crowd wearied of his interjections and heckled him in turn, and at last one man called to him, "Leave politics and go back to your sausage-machine?"

"If I had the candidate in my sausage-machine I'd make mincemeat of him," cried the excited butcher.

Fitzgerald, with immobile face, retorted, "Is thy servant a dog that thou shouldst do this thing?"

People who come to high words are apt to indulge in low ones.