

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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SCIENCE AND HEALTH. One-fifth of all deaths during this winter have been from pneumonia. It is estimated that in all about 750,000 tons of ore have been used to produce about one-fifth of an ounce of radium.

When lightning strikes a tree the heat generated is sometimes so great that all the sap is converted into superheated steam, which explodes, tearing the tree to splinters. In over 2,000 major operations in Egypt upon natives only three cases of appendicitis were met with. This is attributed to vegetarian diet, light clothing, and moderate living.

"If we ask a person to estimate the number of stars visible on a clear night," says Housner, "we shall have an exaggerated answer, the actual number being only a little over 3,000."

In Michigan pneumonia must now be reported to the health authorities by physicians in the same manner as consumption, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, meningitis, and smallpox are reported.

Perhaps an average of 40,000 men will be employed during eight years making the Panama canal. Judging from the experience of the French the mortality, if the same manner are employed, will be more than half. A chunk of coal releases, during combustion, enough energy to lift itself about 2,000 miles, or say, from New York to Mars. But a chunk of radium emanation yields without any combustion an amount of energy in the process of its evolution that would lift it not only to the sun but to the orbit of Mars. Neptune, the outside fence post of the solar system, and which is about thirty times farther from the sun than the earth is.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 5, 1904

Vol. 23, No. 26

How Jack Simpson Found Promotion

"Don't you like meat now, daddy?" Jack Simpson smiled wearily at the question of his little daughter, Beatrice, and she practically pulled round waiting for an answer. "Cause you never have any, you know; and there's hardly ever anything in the cupboard now. I want some milk for supper; please, mamma, let me have some milk."

"No, no, dearie," said Mrs. Simpson, a very young and handsome-looking woman, "there's not a drop of milk in the house, but I'll make you a nice piece of bread and a drink of water. Come, there's a good girl; I must take you off to bed now."

"Dearie was put to bed, and when they were left alone in the kitchen together Beatrice's father and mother looked earnestly into each other's eyes. Then dearie's father pushed a large chair across the table and held out both his hands.

"Cut 'em off!" he said, hoarsely; "nobody wants 'em. There's nothing for 'em to do. Cut 'em off!" "Work 'em, Jack, don't," she pleaded; "work 'em, Jack, don't, but I'll round all right. For my sake, do not despise me. Jack, don't give up hope; you will get work."

"I've had enough of it," he retorted, bitterly. "They've done with me at Fairlow's, and I've tried and tried—Heaven knows how I've tried. I'm getting tired of being told there's nothing for me; I'm tired of seeing you getting paler and thinner—she moved closer to him and ran her fingers through his thick brown hair—and I'm tired of hearing our little girl ask for things, little bits of things, we can't give to her."

"Something will have to be done," he said, looking at his wife. "Something will have to be done quickly. I can't understand Hodder; he plays me on and off, half liked, half loathed. He says he can't start anyone for me, he says he can't smile when he says it. Smiles just like he did when he gave me a week's work a short time ago. He put it, at Fairlow's, and he used to use for my services. I hate him when I think of it. Only yesterday I begged of him to find me something to do, only he said he had no work and the little 'un. He shook his head and said he was sorry, and smiled. Sometimes I think—why, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, dear; why do you ask?" "Our checks—they are red as poppies. They remind me of the old days. Ah, Jess, dear, what a sad mistake you made to marry a mere workman."

"You might have been Mrs. Know-nothing," he went on, half serious, half chaffing. "I'd rather be Mrs. I-know-who," she answered, returning his fond look with interest; and then, timidly "Jack, dear, I can't bear to see you looking so wild and reckless as you did a short time ago. A little patience will surely bring us into the sunshine again. Think how you have striven, with my poor influence to lift yourself out of the rut. Why here's Mr. Bernaby to see you. I wonder if he brings good news."

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About the House

CLAIMS OF THE KITCHEN. In building a house the average individual is much more concerned about the parlors, the reception hall and the dining-room than about the kitchen, which some one has called "the heart of the house."

Some of us have recollections of the old-fashioned kitchen, at grandfathers', that are more or less tinged with sentiment, but few want that kind of a kitchen in their own homes. The old-fashioned kitchen was really the family living-room. It was dining-room except on state occasions, washroom, cookroom, and a caller who ran in for a few minutes to see the mistress, and if she was in his office. The drawings are there. Who can guess what card Hodder will play when faced with a climax?

Best of all, he said, "if the pistol has to be used, why, what a little roar and flame and clanging along the ceiling, and you're not hurt. Ah, he will soon be away no more. The furnaces are empty and the bucket, containing many tons of molten steel, is being carried over to the moulding machine. Hodder stepped upon an iron box about three feet from the ground level, and is ready to give the final order to remove the molten steel from the ladle. He looks up at the chains above and shouts with horror. One of the side pivots is bending, breaking. He is without front for the moment as he is rushing for the door. He looks up at the chains above and shouts with horror. One of the side pivots is bending, breaking. He is without front for the moment as he is rushing for the door.

On the following night he went out about eight o'clock. She kissed him in the doorway and whispered again, "Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," and he solemnly answered: "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess." Yet a tempest of violence raged with him in his mind—he must see Hodder at once. And with the four shillings that Bernaby had left he had picked up an ugly-looking, second-hand revolver. He had it in his pocket as he went along. If it were not for the sake of Jess and the little 'un—no, no, he must not think of it. But he must have his revolver back at any cost. He almost felt elated at the task before him. It would be an easier fight, surely, than the fight the past few weeks, the fight with those gang leaders, extremes—hunger and cold and despair.

Fairlow's huge foundry, standing in the valley before him, shines out in a glow of its own making—smoke and flame and roaring furnaces and towering chimneys. He has heard that the place is a hot bed of fire, a great ship, between half-past nine and ten. That will mean Hodder superintending, so that he must be on the works till half past one. "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess," he had said. But deep in his heart he knew that he had lied.

Knowing the place intimately, it was an easy matter for Jack Simpson to slip past the time-keepers and into the great works of Fairlow's. The night was almost pitch dark, but he knew his way. He knew only too well that the gang leaders were there. On past the dark, closed warehouses and pattern-shops, over the bridge and down the railway, he came to a waste piece of ground scattered with giant cog-wheels and the like. "Someone is coming this way. He dives under a wagon, jumps a low wall, and finds himself beside the casting-shop, which seems to be the heart and throbbing of the night's work. About twelve feet from the ground there are large gaps with iron bars across to take the place of windows. He climbs up on a heap of scrap-metal and peeps through one of these. It is a familiar scene to him—the long shop with its earthen floor littered with moulding-boxes and tools and strange machines.

Here men are busy shaping the pliable clay into many fantastic shapes; there, fierce, rough-built fellows are baking them dry in readiness to receive the molten steel. There is all the dull thud of hammers falling on sand and dirt, and the shriller rattling of metal in conflict where the castings are being cleaned. In the centre of the shop a vast pit shows the upper moulded portions of the sand, and the lower, where the far end the furnaces roar like ravenous beasts as they are fed by ton after ton of raw ores and metals by means of a hoist to the waist. Further on, across a platform, above and past the furnaces, is the office of the manager, Sefton Hodder. He has just come out, across the platform and down the gangway. He puts on a pair of blue glasses and looks into the roaring furnaces; then blows a whistle. A monstrous overhead crane rattles along just under the roof and lowers

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The Japanese Theatre

THE DRAMA USUALLY LASTS ONE WHOLE DAY. Parties Are Made up and They Take Their Lunch Baskets With Them. A Japanese theatre is a very curious affair both inside and outside. Bland-looking posters in flaming colors usually adorn the entrance, and scores of gaudy little Chinese lanterns are hung about to make it look attractive. The Japanese, however, do not need much enticing. They are a nation of merrymakers, and the theatre is one of the chief sources of their amusement.

"Japanese drama is rather a lengthy affair. It usually starts at about ten in the morning and goes on until midnight, with Theatre-going marks up to attend the play, and prepare lunch baskets as though they were going out for a picnic. They take their lunch baskets with them, and eat at home. The theatre is not very luxuriously furnished. The pit, the favorite part of the house is merely a collection of bare wooden seats. The boxes are desolate little places furnished with stools. The ventilation is usually effected by means of fans. The theatre positively reeks with tobacco fumes by the time the play is in full swing. Two curious customs are observed in Japanese theatres. The female portion of the audience invariably sits

APART FROM THE MEN, and for the payment of a small sum you are permitted to stand and watch the performance regardless of the annoyance to those seated behind. The stage itself has some peculiarities. At both ends a platform projects out into the auditorium, and whenever a person is presented as starting on or returning from the stage the actor always makes use of this projection. The stage is fixed on rollers, so that the actors may move about on the whole, actors included, can be turned bodily round. Women do not act on the stage; any female part that occurs is played by a man specially trained for that purpose. When actors are delivering their speeches attendants light up their faces by means of candles fastened upon long bamboo sticks.

When the play commences the audience is called to attention by the rapping of a little mallet. Besides the actors proper there are other persons concealed above the stage, who sing the chorus, accompanied by the samisen. The noise these people make is enough to deafen the ears of those who are not used to immense pleasure in the din and discord. As the actors warm to their work the noise increases, and the house has all the appearance of a PANDEMONIUM.

The players leap and bound about the stage, and give such piercing yells as would make a Russian's heart turn green with envy. This continues until the first act is over. However much the spectators may have approved or disapproved of the acting they remain quite passive, as it is not the custom in Japanese theatres to shout or clap the hands. Being unaccustomed to the noise, the children seem fond of them. A case is on record where an 8-year-old boy died in great agony after chewing two nutmegs.

Children often have curiously abnormal appetites, as witness the craving of the schoolboy for chalk and slate pencils. Things that are over-eaten are rarely kept in their proper place. A child old enough to know better once ate so much camphor gum ("because it felt so funny in her teeth," she explains) that she would make a Russian's hair have ever since disliked the odor of camphor.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine, when mixed in the proportion of one part of ammonia to four of turpentine, is a good remedy for itchy skin. The first day by giving the bedding a good airing on the line. The sun purifies blankets and quilts, raising the pile on the first day, and then whitening the cotton in the latter.

One of the "spring jobs" the housewife dreads is the frying and packing down of the sausage and ham, and the curing of the corned beef. Having to treat the hams in this manner make covers of heavy cotton sewing the hams into them. The iron and zinc sink has been recently introduced. The new sink, and in its place stands the white enameled one, with an extension on one end, on which to place the dishes when rinsed and wiped. With the hot water to be had at the turn of a faucet, or even from a reservoir on the stove within arm's length, dishwashing is made easy.

DIFFICULTIES OF RUSSIA

WHAT SHE HAS TO ENCOUNTER IN THE WAR.

A German Critic Does Not See How Russia Can Save Her Army. One of the most interesting and serious problems that the present war opens up for Russia is the transportation of troops and supplies. Will the Siberian Railway, and especially its continuation on Chinese soil, the Manchurian Railway, prove equal to the demands that will be made upon them all the emergencies of the war? That is a momentous question for Russia.

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