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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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In Austria babies are allowed to sip beer at the age of three months, and some proud mothers are given to bragging about the quantity of the beverage which little Gretchen or Heinrich can dispose of.

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My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
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Mr. Templeton's Choice.

Mr. Theophilus Templeton leaned back very comfortably in his crimson leather, brass nail-studded library-chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought the finger-tips together, and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, eh? Well, yes I am a rich man—what some people would call a very rich man; and the beauty of it is, I made my fortune myself. When I started out for myself, a lad of ten—that's fifty years ago, or more—I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulders. To-day—I say it without boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the 'Clytes,' and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide-awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and generally manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your kindly, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense my boy. I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down—I believe that, if I didn't practice it. I hope you'll marry early, Fred."

A little twinkling look was in Warrington's handsome face.

"I agree with you there, sir, to a T. I think I shall marry early."

Mr. Templeton bestowed a satisfied look on him.

"All right, my dear boy! Marry early, and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Streets can collect."

Any one in the world would have thought Fred Warrington was transported to the seventh heaven of rapture at the bewildering prospect held out to him; but he merely looked a little graver as he bowed courteously.

"I know you are just as good and generous as it is possible for man to be, Uncle Phil, but—"

Fred hesitated in his speech, and a thoughtful frown gathered on his forehead.

Mr. Templeton looked the surprise he felt.

"'But'! Where can the 'but' be to such an offer as that? You've only to marry to please me. By Jupiter, Frederick! it isn't possible you're already in love?"

"Already; and engaged to the sweetest and dearest little dar—"

Mr. Templeton remorselessly cut short the loverlike enthusiasm.

"Oh, of course—of course! But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Miss Rossie Fleming, and she is a music-teacher, and her eyes are—"

Mr. Templeton looked sternly across the library-table.

"I don't care whether they are black or green, you can't marry her. I've picked out a wife for you, and the quicker you can get clear of your music-teacher the better."

Fred colored—then the look of wild-eyed defiance Uncle Phil was acquainted with, came into his eyes, making them deep and darkly blue.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly, "but a fellow prefers to pick out his own wife. I have chosen Miss Fleming."

"The deuce you have! Well, then, let's hear what you have to say when I tell you the lady I have in my eye for my future niece is the most beautiful, cultured, refined girl who ever flashed into society. She's rich, too, and just the very daisy for you. A music-teacher, indeed, when Beatrice Lovett is to be had for the asking!"

"Which doesn't raise her in my estimation," Fred avowed, serenely.

"What!" Mr. Templeton said sternly. "Fred, you're a—a—fool!"

And then Fred laughed, which had a most exasperating effect upon the old gentleman.

"I say you shall marry her, and I want you to put on your hat and go with me at once, and be introduced to her! She's staying at Mrs. Saxony's. Come along, sir."

Fred rose promptly.

"Certainly; I'll go and be presented to her, and I daresay there will be no reason why I shall not admire her immensely. But as for falling in love with Miss Lovett—"

He laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders, then put on his hat, and went out with Mr. Templeton to meet the charming young lady intended for his destiny.

It was a beautiful little villa, not far from Mr. Templeton's stately mansion, a little back from the Parade, and it made a very pretty picture, with its white lace draperies floating in the stiff sea breeze, and the spray from the fountains blowing in a rainbow shower, and the gay, striped awnings fluttering their scalloped borders in the July sunshine.

The liveried footman bowed his best, and regretted to be obliged to inform the gentlemen that Mrs. Saxony was not in. A swift look of dismay on Mr. Templeton's face perhaps touched that functionary's tender heart, for he hastened to assure them that "Miss Lovett was in the drawing-room—would they walk in?"

But that Mr. Templeton declined doing, as he was not personally acquainted with Miss Lovett; at least, not sufficiently acquainted with her to present himself. He had known her when she was a girl of ten, and had always been her father's most cherished friend, and had been in correspondence with Mr. Lovett when that gentleman died so suddenly in India; but all the same, with an old bachelor's characteristic shrinking from pretty young girls, he declined the invitation until Mrs. Saxony should be present."

"It's too bad—too bad!" he said, as they went through the beautiful little park, into which carriages were not admitted; and impelled by an impulse he recognized afterward as Fate, Mr. Templeton paused midway down the path, and turned to look back at Mrs. Saxony's house.

"By Jove! There she is at the window—Miss Lovett! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she sweet enough to turn any fellow topsy-turvy? Look, Fred—there's the wife I've picked out for you! Can your music-teacher beat that?"

And Mr. Templeton seized his unoffending nephew by the sleeve, and gesticulated emphatically toward the open window, where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—marvelously beautiful, fair and dainty—with dark, lustrous hair, braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows, that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A rosebud of a mouth, a round, handsomely-chisled chin, a white dress, with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to indeed have turned any man's senses "topsy-turvy."

She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of their espionage, or of Fred Warrington's transfixed gaze.

"So you're struck, eh? So you'll give the old man credit for having good taste, will you? You wouldn't mind having her for your wife, after all, I suppose!"

Fred drew a long breath, then quickly linked his arm in Mr. Templeton's, and drew that gentleman away.

"She is the sweetest, most beautiful I ever saw. I'll marry her to-morrow, if she'll have me," he said

And how the old gentleman laughed!

"Music-teacher notwithstanding, eh?" he said.

And then Fred laughed, and Mr. Templeton generously decided not to be too sarcastic on the poor boy.

Almost at the same moment a tall, lovely girl, several years older than the fairy in white by the window in Mrs. Saxony's drawing-room, entered and went up to her.

"Absorbed in your book still, Rossie? It is time for my lesson, isn't it?"

And Rossie Fleming laid down her book, and for an hour she and Miss Beatrix Lovett devoted themselves to the music lesson, to be interrupted by a gentleman who had bribed the footman to permit him to enter the music-room unannounced, and to whom Rossie flew, with a little shriek of delight.

"Fred—oh, Fred! How did you know I was in Brighton? I only came yesterday to assist Miss Lovett with her music. This is Miss Lovett, Fred—Mr. Warrington, Miss Lovett."

And before he had finished his very delightful call, Mr. Warrington related to the ladies the mistake his uncle had made

"And I am sure Miss Lovett will not blame me if I insist that I shall marry you, little Rossie, and the sooner the better, before Uncle Phil discovers his mistake."

And the next week there was a quiet wedding while Mr. Templeton was taking his snooze in his chair, with his handkerchief over his face, dreaming of the days when beautiful Miss Lovett would reign royally in his nephew's home.

At eight o'clock the same night he was electrified by the receipt of a note from Fred:

"I have been and gone and done it, Uncle Phil," it said. "I promised you I would marry the lady you selected for me, and I shall present her to you in an hour. There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot, is there?"

And punctually to time Fred appeared, his bride on his arm—lovely as the morning, blushing like a rose, her blue eyes shining like stars, her sweet, red mouth quivering as she looked wistfully up into Mr. Templeton's face when Fred presented her.

"We've quite stolen a march upon you; but this is my wife, Uncle Theophilus—Mrs. Fred Warrington, fast and sure."

"I'm astonished, and dumbfounded, and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred?"

But before Fred could make the explanation he deemed incumbent, a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet—a girl with starry eyes and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrice Lovett!" said the servant.

And then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pansy-purple eyes making him feel the queerest around his heart he ever had felt, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton simmered quietly down, and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Rossie for Miss Lovett.

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife, you shall have her for your aunt, and help yourself if you can!"

But, as no one was at all anxious to help it, Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife, and it is a question who of the quartet is the happiest.

AN AUTOGRAPH COOK BOOK.

Combining daintiness with utility, bearing on every page the tracery of loved and loving fingers, a more acceptable, inexpensive offering to the bride or experienced housewife is seldom devised.

Take from 50 to 100 sheets of linen paper of any size fancied—that of common note paper is convenient. The covers, which should be one-half inch larger, may be of water color paper, yucca fiber, birch bark, leather ornamented with scorch work, or for the greatest durability and service, white oil cloth. Make two perforations on the back of both paper and covers, and tie with narrow ribbon.

If one is skillful with the brush, a carving knife and fork, rolling-pin, or a quaint old-fashioned fireplace with kettle steaming on the crane will be appropriate cover designs; or "Autograph Cook-Book" in gilt lettering may suffice, with the motto "Tried and true" in small letters at the lower corner.

By way of preface the following well known lines from "Lucille" may be effectively used:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Divide the pages into sections, labeling the fancy lettering "Soups," "Bread," "Cake," etc., leaving a generous portion to be headed "Miscellaneous."

The book is now ready for contributions from friends. And each will be glad to write in it over her own signature some favorite recipe.

LAKE SUPERIOR AND RAINFALL.

Lake Superior appears to exercise a greater effect upon the annual amount of percipitation of rain and snow near its shores than other of the Great Lakes. The average precipitation in a year is about eight inches greater on the southern than on the northern side of Lake Superior. Lakes Erie and Ontario also show more precipitation on their southern than on their northern shores, but the difference is only three inches annually. In the case of Lakes Huron and Michigan, it is the eastern shores as compared with the western which get the largest precipitation, but the difference is not great.

SCIENCE AND LABOR.

New Callings Claim the work of the Men Displaced by Modern Machinery.

It certainly seems at first sight to be an economic danger this educating of the laboring man and woman to be far too good for laborer's work, says the Nineteenth Century. Let us cast our thoughts, however, over a wider horizon, and see how the decades that bring the peril are also bringing the remedy. Science is steadily sweeping away all those humblest classes of employment. Hardly any man has now to toil up ladders with the hod of bricks upon his shoulder. The donkey engine does the purely animal part of the work. The reaper is replaced by the machine and the ploughman is fast receding as the steam plough makes its appearance. We rarely see long lines of men, laden with coal bags, running up planks as in the olden days. The need of men to do the work of horses is steadily diminishing.

It is true that science has by no means conquered the whole domain. There is still much scrubbing of floors to be done by men and women on bended knees; and coal is still hewn out with pick and axe and the use of muscle, with but little use of brains. And yet, even in our fertile country, science never works by revolution but only by progress. One domain after another has gone. Where are now the armies of water carriers, and chair porters, and night men and sawyers whom our grandfathers used to require? Imagine, if ships had still to be moved by galley rowers what millions would be doomed to

A BEAST-LIKE TOIL.

Some parts of the big domains of unreflected labor will long be left untouched, but the progress is going forward, and it is clear that while education is rendering the lower classes unfit for the humblest sorts of occupations, science is steadily sweeping away these occupations. It would be too much to hope that these processes should be at all times strictly proportioned to one another. But in the general drift of things they are compensatory, and if we only give to science a reasonable time it will leave us none of that labor to be done which requires an uneducated laborer.

Then comes the uneasy question as to what is to become of the classes thus deprived of occupation. The working classes themselves often curse the progress of invention, and are tempted to look upon it as no friend to their welfare. There are now, it is true, no longer any machine-breaking frenzies; but the difficulty often arises in an acute, though silent, suffering. Unfortunately society has always to travel to permanent good through transitory ills. When an army of compositors is dismissed because some one has invented a machine there is excuse for some bitterness of feeling. And yet there was a time when a whole army of manuscript book copiers had to give way before the advent of the compositor.

But the difficulty is always evanescent, for here, too, there are compensating influences at work. For if science is abolishing occupations at the lower end of the scale, she is creating new ones at the top. Think if the hundreds of thousands of men who in England are now employed in callings that had no existence sixty years ago; the telegraphers, and phonographers, and machinists of a hundred kinds. In the last decade or two, what an army of skilled men have been demanded by the invention of the bicycle, for telephone and electric light! As compared with the beginning of the century, think of the long array of marine and locomotive engineers, the chemists, the journalists, the draughtsmen, the teachers, the postmen, railway porters and tram conductors. What a multitude of callings are there which are either new or else newly stocked, so that, while the population has quadrupled, their ranks have been multiplied a hundredfold. But it is the entirely

NEW EMPLOYMENTS

that strike the mind most forcibly, and any one who runs his eye down a census of the occupations of the people will satisfy himself that in England of the present day one-fifth part of the adult male population find their livelihood in callings that had no existence when the century began.

Thus while science takes away with one hand it liberally bestows with the other; but what it takes away are the low class occupations, and what it gives are the high class ones, demanding intelligence and cultivating it. The general tendency is therefore, humanizing.

But, of course, it never happens that the coalheaver, when thrown out of work by the introduction of a steam crane, can go away and get a place in one of the newly created superior callings. He is not such a fool as to waste his time in applying for an opening as an electrical engineer. But there is a gradual creeping up that is always taking place. And yet the transfer is much less effected by the promotion of individuals than by promotion of generations. No doubt it sometimes happens that the intelligent plumber steps into the new opening for an electrical engineer, and leaves a gap which some one of an inferior calling steps into, the gaps being filled in succession until perhaps the riveter, thrown out of work by the introduction of hydraulic machinery, finds a vacancy at last and steps into it. But it more frequently happens that the plumber educates his son to be an electrical engineer, and the carter apprentices his boy to the plumber, and the dock laborer sees his young folk aspiring to be carters.

Thus the general drift of the whole social scale is steadily upward in proportion as science provides intelligent occupations at the upper end and abolishes those that are more or less brutelike at the lower, and so humanity as a whole is the gainer. There is, therefore, no reason to feel uneasy at a prospect of overeducation.

ORIGIN OF FASHIONS.

Not a few famous fashions owe their origin to the endeavor to conceal deformity of some leader of society. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who covered a wen on her neck. Full bottomed wigs were invented by a barber to conceal an unnatural protuberance on the shoulder of a Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, fully two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. of France, was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound in his head, short hair became the fashion of the court.

INSIGNIFICANT WOUNDS.

A Berlin physician has written an article on the dangers resulting from what are considered insignificant wounds. For instance, in 13 wounds to the thumb, permanent disability followed in 60 per cent.

AN IRRESISTIBLE POWER.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

Winter Evening Amusement.

There are games and games. There is the romping game and the game which can be played with more decorum at a table. Of course, there in no doubt which sort the youngsters prefer; but some allowance must occasionally be made for the dignity and tendency to get breathless on the part of the stout elders. Some games need special appliances, others require nothing at all.

How, When and Where is a good game, not too noisy, in which all can take part. One of the players leaves the room to guess, all the others remain to decide on a word to be guessed. A word must be selected with several meanings. "Bow" is a good word—the same sound stands for a beau, a bow to shoot with, a bow of ribbon. Only substantives are permitted, and no proper names. The guesser returns to the room, and goes three times round the circle of players, asking: 1, "How do you like it?" 2, "When do you like it?" 3, "Where do you like it?" Of course, the players give him most contradictory replies, as people like a beau in a very different place from a bow and arrows; they like him also of a far different quality. The player whose too significant reply leads to the word being guessed has to become guesser in turn.

Word games are really interesting, but some are beyond the younger children. For some of the games only pencil and paper are required; for others a collection of alphabetical letters, each on a square of pasteboard, must be made or bought, they can be got from all large toy merchants. For word games, as a rule, the players divide in two parts.

In the Three Letter Game each side gives the other a word to guess. Three letters taken out of the selected word are given to the guessers, and care must be taken to give such a combination as few words contain. "Geranium" is a good word—niu being given to the guessers. Now very few English words, no proper names nor Latin scientific words being permitted, have the letters niu in succession. If the guessers find another word, however, they count as if they had guessed the real word—that is, the successful side counts as many marks as there are letters in the guessed word. Then the opposite side, if sure of their word, can give the same combination again. Guessers can purchase a letter to help them, the opposite side counting one for every letter bought. Hyphened words are permitted—like mouse-trap, oil-can, in fact letters on the verge of hyphens make, as a rule, the best sequences of three letters.

Word Making and Word Taking requires pasteboard letters. Each player commences with three, and spreads them before him, face upwards. If his letters make a word he must quickly pronounce it, or the opposite side will do it and take his word for him. Then each player in turn draws a letter and lays it by his others. The added letter generally makes another word. For instance, he who had "cart," if he draws an t can make "craft" of it. Plurals do not count. If an s is drawn it cannot be allowed to turn craft into crafts, though it can turn cab into scab, etc. Great quickness is required, for he who is slow will be sure to lose his newly-made word to a sharper adversary.

Dumb Crambo is a game which never fails to give enjoyment. The players divide into two parties. Half remain in the room to choose a word, the other half go out of the room. Say that the word chosen is "rain." One of the choosers opens the door and calls to guessers. "It rhymes with 'pain.'" Then the guessers outside arrange a pantomime. They come in and act a sort of speechless comedy, beating one of their number for "cane." This being wrong, their pantomime is hissed and they have to retire to think out another. When they act the right word they are clapped, and the other side goes out to become actors instead of audience in their turn. This game gives great scope to the native ingenuity of the players.

The Thimble.—This is a quiet game; all the persons who join in it, except one, are sent out of the room, and during their absence a thimble is placed in some position where it is visible without being prominent. The searchers then come in altogether and proceed to look for the thimble. When a player spies it he must say nothing, and give no sign, but quietly sit down; those who fail to see it after a good search pay a forfeit. Any small article can be used if a thimble is not forthcoming.

Proverbs.—One player leaves the room to act as guesser, while the others remain to choose a proverb and divide the words between them. The guesser returns and asks each player in turn some trivial question. In his or her answers the player must introduce the word of the proverb entrusted to him or her. Some words are very difficult to introduce, owing to the antiquated style of many proverbs. Another way to play proverbs is to shout them out simultaneously, but the choice of proverbs is restricted by requiring as many players as there are words.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

Twenty-five years ago there were 500 lady doctors in practice in the States; to-day there are 4,500—one in 15,000 of the population. Among these are a few distinguished homoeopathists, physicians, and surgeons, professors in medical schools, oculists, and electro-therapeutists, the great majority being ordinary doctors. The first lady doctor in the world was an American woman, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who was enrolled as a physician in the Medical Register of January 1, 1849. One of America's most noted lady doctors, Marie E. Zakrzewska, was a native of Berlin, but she had to leave the German capital in consequence of the strong prejudice aroused against her. That was many years ago, and the lady doctor is now tolerated even on the continent. Even the Far East has its lady doctors, the best known among them being a Chinese lady, Dr. Hu King Eng, first physician to the household of Li Hung Chang. Dr. Eng is a Christian, and comes of a wealthy family. She took her degree in the United States, and is now in charge of an hospital at Foo Chow. As to the earnings of the lady doctor, they vary, of course, very largely. There are women who count their income in thousands, and one lady practising in the West End of London earns $20,000 a year. Miss Annie Romberger of Philadelphia, has a practice worth $6,000 a year, and she is one of many who earn as much.

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