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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 24. No. 48. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 12, 1899. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE

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

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

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

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

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E. A. STRANG

A Fault Condoned.

It doesn't make a particle of difference what he does or does not do, I can never, never love him again!" Elsie Reed looked at her husband as he walked up the garden path, and if he could have known her feelings regarding him he would have been perhaps far less hopeful than he was. Far less hopeful that some time in the future they would be to each other as they once had been—loving and kind. He was looking bloated and red and seedy, and the very sight of him disgusted his wife. She had no faith in him, albeit he had not drunk anything intoxicating for three weeks; she was expecting him to come home in the usual reeling, maudlin condition every time he returned from the village.

Three weeks before he had come home one night and blustered around and struck her. It was not a hard blow, but it stung and outraged her and she had turned upon him like an enraged tigress and stormed at him till he was sober and contrite as possible. Since then he had kept sober and had worked in the garden and all around the place, and had seemed to be trying to atone for what he had done and to convince her that he was penitent and resolved to reform. But do what he would she could not soften, but felt herself grow harder still toward him, if that were possible. She was almost frightened at her own hardness and wickedness, and one day she decided to go away where she could not see him at all, hoping that in time the feeling that now possessed her would be replaced by a milder form of dislike, at least. She cooked a good supply of victuals and made other arrangements for his comfort and left the house, omitting to mention to him that she was goang. He leaned on his hoe and watched her go out at the gate. She had not spoken to him for days, and he was at last becoming impressed with the idea that Elsie, once so patient and loving, had become very bitter toward him indeed.

Finding that she did not return that night, nor the next day, nor for many days, a feeling almost of despair grew upon him. Had she gone forever? No, it could not be. True he had tried her patience for years and that night when this bitter feud which was now separating them began he had— The broom with which he was vainly trying to tidy up the once neat kitchen fell to the floor and lay there, while he who had been wielding it let his thoughts go back and pick up every little detail of that day which it was possible to recall, considering the state he had been in on the occasion, taking a sort of comfort in torturing himself thus.

Elsie had now been away a month and all his eatables, even to the last cooky and bit of fruit cake, were gone. A certain elderly woman whom he had always known chanced to pass just then and the demands of his stomach impelled him to leave off remorseful meditation and ask her assistance. "Could I get you to bake me some bread?" he said, hastening out; "and—anything else you please, you know, Mrs. Lane. If you will I will bring over some flour or—do it any way you please and I will pay you whatever you ask," he stammered, flushing under her searching gaze.

"Why, yes, John, but where's Elsie?" Mrs. Lane, inquired. She was not an inquisitive woman, but she was twice his age and had known him all his life, and friendly interest prompted the inquiry. John Reed had avoided friends and neighbors of late, and though it had been evident to all that something was wrong, no one knew exactly what was the trouble. "Elsie? O, she's—gone to make her mother a visit. Left a lot of stuff cooked up, bu it's all gone and—so if you'll please——"

"Oh, of course, John; I'll go right at it when I get home. How nice your garden looks, and I think you rather beat Elsie at making the flowers grow. She'll be—" Something piteous and beseeching in John Reed's eyes checked the kind woman's speech and she nodded and smiled and went on.

Then he ate his cold, soggy pancakes, the only kind of bread he could make and went out in the field to work. There was a little comfort in Mrs. Lane's big basket of food that he found awaiting him at noon on the doorstep; still it seemed to John Reed that that day would never end, and when he lay down upon his bed at night there was not a more miserable or uncomfortable man in the vicinity.

He was ill, but he did not realize it. A period of pain and restlessness which seemed unending was passed, then he became conscious of someone moving in the other parts of the house. By a great exertion of his mind he roused himself sufficiently to listen, and gradually he realized that the step going from one room to another was Elsie's. A sense of rest came over him, and he resigned himself to the stupour which for a brief moment he had fought against, and while Elsie, after a brief disdainful survey of him through the partially open door, went swiftly about the house, restoring it to its wonted state of neatness, he had fevered dreams in which she played the part of an angel, and he was in a state of beatitude through her ministrations.

Elsie had returned home that day at 10 in the morning, and seeing her husband lying in a heavy slumber at that hour o fthe day, concluded as was natural from her former experience with him, that he was sleeping off the effects of a night's indulgence in drinking liquors. Heartsick, she proceeded to rectify the results of his four weeks' experience at housekeeping, and when out of the surrounding chaos she had evolved a degree of order and comfort, she proceeded to prepare a meal. This done she stood for a brief period cogitating as to what to do. Never after his worst drinking bout had she known John Reed to lie in bed all day, and this according to the clock was what he had in this case pretty nearly accomplished, for it was 5 o'clock. She took a peep through the bedroom door, her tidy soul revolting at the dreadful disorder reigning within, and there he lay, flushed and stupid as ever.

Something in the expression of his face, and, more than that, the absence of the scent of liquor, caused her to observe him more closely. She entered, but with hesitation, and laid her hand upon his forehead. But a moment more of close scrutiny and then Elsie Reed hastened out, and after a looked up and down the quiet road in a vain search for someone to send, she prepared herself to go for a physician.

Details attending the illness of a patient running a course of fever are neither interesting nor necessary to the telling of my story. Suffice it that no patient was ever more carefully nursed, still it was the time of fruition and frost, even, before John Reed stood again in his garden. Gradually as he regained his strength and health, his wife had frozen toward him, till now, as he stood among the autumnal beauty of his garden and looked with the eyes of a man who has been almost beyond the gates of earth, upon the results of his labors before that wearing fever had attacked him, they stood in very nearly the same attitude toward each other as upon the day of their estrangement. This was not as John Reed had expected or hoped, and it was with a troubled heart that he moved aimlessly about, living under the shadow of his wife's cold indifference. To-day there was the light of a settled resolve in his sad eyes, which Elsie, who scarcely ever looked at him observantly, had not seen.

She was making pies in the kitchen table when he came in from the garden, and came up and stood beside her for a moment, silently. "Elsie," he said at length, "one day last spring I did you a great wrong; one that I find you can never forgive; at least it was my hand that did it." He paused, but she made no sign. "Can you not realize, dear, that it was not I who did that miserable thing; not really I?" Still no sign or word from Elsie. "You will at least say good-bye to me? I am going away, Elsie; we cannot live like this. Forgive me if you ever can, dear."

The rolling pin was vigorously plied and still no word was spoken by the worker at the table. He stretched out his hand toward her. "Good-bye," he said in a voice the pain and despair of which were not hidden. He had touched and melted the frozen spring of her love and compassion at last. She dropped her work, and seizing his hand pressed it to her lips, raining upon it kisses and tears together. "By God's help, I will keep what I have regained," he said, and he did.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE CZAR.

A Peep Into the Home Life of Nicholas of Russia.

So little is known about the private life and personal habits of Czar Nicholas of Russia that a volume on this subject, which has just been published in Germany, is bound to prove of unusual interest. The volume is entitled "Czar Nicholas II. and His Court," and the author is Bresnitz von Sydacow.

Nicholas, we are told, is one of the most reserved monarchs that ever sat on a throne. He speaks seldom and briefly and while he is talking his eyes are generally fixed on the ground. He rarely laughs, and does not often even smile. Of danger he has no dread, resembling his fearless grandfather in this respect. "I will live and die for Russia; how I die I care not," he said a few days after his accession.

The Czar's home life is simple. He likes plain food at dinner, and he seldom has many guests at his table. He eats quickly, "like all men who are accustomed to work a good deal," and he drinks very little wine. He drives about in a small two-horse carriage, and he wears a uniform almost always, for he does not like civilian's attire. Indeed, it is said that he had no frock coat until he visited Paris a few years ago, and that the court tailor, who was only accustomed to making his uniforms, was in despair, because he knew that his imperial master would be obliged to wear civilian's attire in the Parisian ceremonies.

Being a man of resources, however, he went hastily to Paris to study the latest fashion in men's dress, and he finally purchased a suit for

SEVEN HUNDRED RUBLES.

This suit the Czar wore during the festivites in Paris, and the story goes that he felt very uncomfortable in it.

Nicholas is an unwearied worker. All documents submitted to him he reads carefully, and he frequently makes notes on them with a red pencil. His memory is wonderful, and it often happens that months after he has given an unimportant order he will ask as to the manner in which it was carried out. Summer and winter he is the first to arise in the morning, and he is working hard while the others are still sleeping.

During the day the Czarina sits beside his desk, sewing or embroidering. Whenever a court official enters she prepares to leave the room, but the Czar invariably says:—"No, my dear, you won't disturb us," and with gentle insistence he lays his hand on her arm and draws her back to her seat.

Of his little daughters the Czar is wonderfully fond. When the first one was born instead of the expected heir, the Czarina, it is said, went to her husband with tears in her eyes and begged him to forgive her for not presenting him with an heir. The Czar in reply kissed her tenderly, and said that he was very glad to have a daughter.

When the Czar wants to shake off all cares he plays with his children, and it is on these occasions that he seems most happy.

A firm believer in popular education is Nicholas. While he was his apparent he once said:—"Russia has had a Czar who was a liberator; it also needs a Czar who will be an educator," and the people have not forgotten these words. Of the Czar's interest in popular education there are many evidences. Hardly a day passes that the Russian papers do not contain articles about new schools, new libraries and new educational societies.

"THE FOOT SIGN."

Discussion Over Its Significance Stirred Up By the Dreyfus Case.

When a man is sitting with one leg thrown comfortably over the other the foot that is hanging loose undergoes a little movement at each beat of the heart. While the charge of Captain Dreyfus was pending the Marquis du Paty de Clam made a psychological study of the prisoner. Among other things he suddenly asked Dreyfus a question calculated to arouse emotion in him if he was guilty. Dreyfus was in the posture mentioned, and the movements of his foot were suddenly intensified. The Marquis urged this as a proof of the prisoner's guilt, and it really seems to have played a part in securing his conviction, Dr. A. Lutaud combated the Marquis's inference at the time, and quite justifiably, but cannot agree with Dr. Lutaud when he says now, in a sarcastic article reflecting on du Paty de Clam, that such movements of the foot which he calls "instinctive," have nothing to do with the movements of the heart. The movement has been called "the sign of the foot," but Dr. Lutaud proposes to call it "du Paty's sign."

The Cockney papers are chuckling over the story of a Scottish postmistress, who objected to wire a message mentioning devilled curry on the ground that it "wasna a gentleman like expression," nor was it "language for a Christian wumman to take frae onybody."

BOTTOMLESS HOLES.

The Devil Fearing Boers of South Africa Are Afraid to Tamper With Them.

Up near the source of the little river of Malmani there is a strange round hole in the rocks, a few yards in diameter, descending perpendicularly down to the unknown. In that hole there is nothing. It is empty. The neighbors say a stone dropped into it is never heard of again. These good people, though, are not given to throwing in many, even when the protecting parson is there on his rounds. They gravely suspect a too free indulgence might prove an annoyance to an irritable personage whom they would rather not see on their level in that part of the world, and whose visits in anger they would be loath to receive.

Though this hole is empty, there is another, somewhat larger, close to it, which is not empty. This other is full of water almost up to the brim, and it has upon it a floating island of grass which shifts from side to side, with every change of the wind. To find further examples of the same sort of herbage it is necessary to go 600 miles northward, well into the hot districts in the tropics.

Boers say of this second pit they have endeavored to sound it, using 12 dozen rawhide thongs, reins, tied end to end, a line, say, of 200 fathoms, with a big stone as sinker, but without striking bottom. The sinker and line, at the lowest, were pulled sharply away to the side, as if a strong current were coursing below. Upon that, they ceased to investigate further. You see, they were meddling in things which didn't concern them, and risking encounters with powers best left alone. So how deep it may be we do not know yet. Some day a bolder spirit may tell us.

SEWING BUTTONS ON.

Some Instructions in the Gentle Art Printed for Bachelors Only.

Bachelors will find here some good instructions for sewing on that missing button: The requisites for successfully, doing this, are, firstly, a large amount of patience; secondly, a tough cuticle, and, lastly, but by no means least, a good early religious training. Having these, get your needle threaded; the best way to do this is to get some one else to thread it. Now thrust it through the cloth; by holding your thumb on the other side you will easily know when you have succeeded. The needle is then pulled through by the teeth; but this is liable to splinter them, or, worse still, to break the needle, in which case you will have to begin anew. Some prefer fastening the needle in a vise and then pulling the cloth. The above is the ordinary method; we prefer the following, which renders one independent of the needle: Get a corkscrew and jab its point through the cloth, push the cotton through the hole and then through the button; repeat a few times. Should you have sewn the button on out of place the right way is to make another buttonhole with a knife. If you happen to cut through the edge of the cloth, try again. We think these simple instructions will enable you to sew on a button that will hold for at least a week.

SELECTING A CORSET.

The woman who wishes as good a figure as she can have, and to keep corsets in shape as long as they last, should buy corsets to fit her. If she is long waisted and slender and "pretty much all of a size" all the way up and down, she needs a corset built in those lines, just as a short, stubby foot with low instep needs a shoe built on a very different last from that which suits the long, slender, high-arched foot.

The woman who is of matronly proportions, inclining to stoutness, needs a corset designed for that type of figure. Incidentally, a corset that fits the figure can be worn in a smaller size, without injury to the organs of the body, than can one built on the wrong lines, supposing one is not considering hygiene, but just soulless fashion's own view point.

It is a great mistake to think that a stout woman looks less stout when she has compressed her waist measure into the corset meant for the slight figure. On the contrary, her fat shoulders puff up over the corset line at the back; the bones and steels in front and on the hips are bent and pushed out of line, and after a few times wearing the corset manufacturers or their printime.

The leading corset-makers to-day manufacture a great variety of ready-made corsets; in a wide range of prices, yes, but what is more important, in a very wide range of designs. This does not mean merely with regard to the materials and styles of trimming; it means that corset manufacturers make corsets to fit different types of figures—i. e., the stout, short-waisted woman, the slender, long-waisted woman, the stout, long-waisted woman, the slender, short-waisted woman, the woman whose hips are small in proportion to her waist measure, and vice versa; the woman who likes or should wear a high-busted corset, the woman who likes or should wear a lowbusted corset, etc.

If a woman cannot find the corset that fits her at her regular trading place she can always order direct of the corset manufacturers, or their principal agents, and by sending the necessary measurements secure just what she requires.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

An Incident of the Terrible Armenian Massacres.

The responsibility of taking human life under any circumstances is tremendous. Justifiable as it may be to kill in self defence, we cannot but admire the wonderful self-control of an Armenian who preferred to die rather than live with blood upon his hands.

It was during the horrible massacres in Armenia. A native, says the Rev. George H. Hepworth, was employed in one of the railroad stations. He was standing on the platform, when the mob approached. A Turk, who knew the man to be a faithful servant, handed him a pistol, saying:

"It is an outrage. Take this and defend yourself. It is good for six of the rascals."

The Armenian took the weapon, hesitated for a moment, then handed it back with a groan."

"I can't do it," he said. "I'd rather die than commit murder."

In less than ten minutes he was a bruised and bleeding corpse, and the fiends had started on the track of another victim.

About the House.

STARCHING SHIRTS.

After they have become "bone dry" put the shirts, collar and cuffs through a wheat starch made by pouring foaming hot water over a smooth batter obtained by stirring wheat flour and cold water together until it is the consistency of thin cake batter. This should be boiled slowly for two hours and then strained through a cheesecloth to have it perfectly free of lumps. Add to each quart of boiling starch a teaspoonful of white wax such as is especially prepared for laundry work.

The secret of a good smooth finish to stiff starched clothes is in the method of starching. This must be carefully done. Spread a shirt bosom over a clean board, and with a piece of thin cloth rub the starch into the bosom with strong, firm strokes. There should not be a wrinkle in the linen after it is thoroughly wet and starched and all superfluous starch is wiped off with a cloth. The wristbands and neckbands are treated the same way and the shirt is again hung out to dry. When it is thoroughly dry—"bone dry" again—the shirt and collars are dipped for a moment in boiling water and quickly wrung through the wringer with the rollers pressed as tight together as they can be turned. The pieces should now be left to stand for at least two hours before they are ironed.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Fruit Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, two thirds cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, one half cup of water, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cream the butter, and sugar, add the other ingredients and flour enough to render it stiff enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.

Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses, one half cup of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of allspice, two cups of flour sifted with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in shallow pans.

Boiled Icing.—Boil one cup of granulated sugar with four tablespoonfuls of water until it drops from the spoon in threads. Have ready the beaten white of one egg and pour the sirup slowly into it, beating all the time. Flavor. Spread on cake while warm.

Sponge Cookies.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, rounding, one half saltspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice or one teaspoonful of vanilla. Flour to roll.

Roman Cream.—Into one quart of milk put one half box gelatine; beat for 15 minutes; then add yolks of four eggs beaten with one cup of sugar; scald; cool four minutes, then add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, a pinch of salt, rose or vanilla flavoring.

Sandwiches.—It is said that some time during the last century the Earl of Sandwich, an enthusiastic sportsman, invented the preparations that were afterward known by his name. These are composed of different articles introduced between two thin slices of buttered bread. Those most commonly used are game, beef, veal and ham, tongue, mutton, potted meats, fish pastes, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, anchovies, pounded cheese, cucumber, tomato, and cress. A suitable seasoning should always be added. Be sure that the meat is well cooked, freed from skin and gristle, and cup up in small pieces. As a rule the pieces of meat are much too large. A sandwich loaf should be ordered from the baker's two days before the sandwiches are wanted. Pare the crust from the loaf and cut it into neat slices an eighth of an inch in thickness and butter evenly with fresh butter. Season the cut-up meat with pepper, salt and mustard, or whatever is required, and lay it between the slices of buttered bread, press it with the hand, and cut the sandwiches into squares with a sharp knife. When not wanted immediately, as for picnics, lay a napkin, wrung out of cold water, upon the sandwiches to keep them moist.

Scripture Cake.—Two teacups Jeremiah 6.20, sugar, 1 1-2 teacups Judges 5.25, butter, 6 teacups Jeremiah 17.11, eggs, 1-2 teacup Judges 4.19, milk, 2 tablespoons I Samuel 14.25, honey, season to taste with II Chronicles 14.25, spices, a pinch of Leviticus 2.13, salt, 4 1-2 teacups I King 4.22, flour, 2 teaspoons Amos 4.5, baking powder, 2 teacups I Samuel 30.12, raisins, 2 teacups Nahum 3.12, figs, 1 teacup Numbers 17.8, almonds. Follow Proverbs 23.12, for 10 minutes. No 2: One teacup Judges 5.25, butter 3 1-2 teacup Jeremiah 6.20, sugar, 2 teacups I Samuel 30.12, raisins, 2 teacups I Samuel 30.12, figs, 1 teacup Genesis 24.17, water, 1 teacup Isaiah 10.14, almonds, 1-2 dozen Exodus 16.31, eggs, 1 tablespoon Genesis 43.11. honey, 4 1-2 teacups I Kings 4.22, flour. Season to taste with Leviticus 2.13, salt, and I Kings 10.10, spices.

THE KETTLE COVER.

Advanced cooks who study into the philosophy and physiology of cooking, with its accompanying effects upon the digestive organs, object to the close covering of any kettle, or stewpan, while its contents are cooking. All will recall the frequent deadliness of the chicken pie, when the crust has been made without a vent to allow for the escape of the steam and gases generated. The same effect, in lesser degree, may be noticed in the cooking of many, if not all, vegetables, in the boiling of beef, or in any other closed cooking.

The free circulation of air is an admirable thing in cooking, as, witness the broiling of steak, or the old-time roasting of beef on a spit—the most delicious and wholesome way of cooking. While, in boiling, it is not expedient to leave the cover entirely off, on account of its reducing the temperature too much, it should be left far enough on to allow for the free escape of the steam. Cabbage, cauliflower or spinach, cooked in this way, retain their natural color, and are much more digestible.

CRIME IN PARIS.

It is stated that about one in eighteen of the population of Paris live on charity, with a tendency toward crime.

JEWISH MARRIAGES.

In Jewish marriages the woman is always placed to the right of her mate. With every other nation of the world her place in the ceremony is to the left.

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