BUSINESS NOTICE

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6.00 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

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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THE BIBLE AS A WAR CODE.

How Aptly Chosen Texts Have Been Used in South Africa.

Mr. Kruger's cable to his Pretoria relatives who enquired what was to be done with the ex-President's house now it was no longer tenanted by the late Mrs. Kruger, was: "Read Proverbs, vii, verses 19, 20"—"For the goodman is not at home, he has gone a long journey.

"He hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the day appointed."

Under Kruger rule, every South African editor found the Bible an indispensable book of reference, most proclamations from Pretoria containing Biblical allusions. The latest cable sent by Mr. Kruger has now prompted a correspondent to a Leeuwarhen (Holland) paper to enumerate a number of Scriptural messages exchanged by the Boer leaders just before the surrender of Cronje.

On February 25, 1900, Mr. Kruger te'egraphed to General Christian De Wet (who was to rescue Cronje):—"Notify Cronje that large reinforcements are on the road, and he will be released. Psalm xxii., 21," which reads: "Save me from the lion's mouth, for Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

De Wet heliographed Cronje the same day at 12:20 p. m.; "President telegraphs, "Stand firm, large reinforcements are approaching. As soon as they arrive we shall attack at dawn on the north. Psalm lxiv., 7."

Cronje replied with Psalm xx., 7, also mentioning incidentally that his food supplies were getting short, to which the ingenious De Wet retorted; "Psalm lx., 15":—

"Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied."

But Cronje grew impatient; De Wet's promised convoy of food was long in coming, and he again heliographed, "Psalm xx., 7":—

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

No relief coming on the morning of the 26th, General Cronje heliographed: "The enemy has been enormously reinforced; I am hard pressed Psalm iii., 1":—

"Lotd, how are they increased that trouble me! Many are they that rise up against me."

The unhappy general's final message to De Wet was at 4:10 on the afternoon of the 26th: "Bombardment terrible; enormous losses. Majority of the burghers clamoring for capitulation. Psalm lx., 11":—

"Lord give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man."

But this message was captured by Lord Roberts, who is generally credited on the Continent with having heliographed to both De Wet and Cronje: "Psalm lxiii., 9, 10, 11":—

"But those that seek my soul to destroy it shall go into lower parts of the earth.

"They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes.

"But the king shall rejoice in God; everyone that sweareth by him shall glory but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped."

Most of the verses have been most aptly chosen, and in many cases convey the meaning of the sender as perfectly as a long message sent over the wires in the usual way.

Liverpool embarks most emigrants—118,552 last year, to Southampton's 40,662.

What the Judge Said.

I.

Night had fallen on the forest-clad slopes of the mountain, and moonlight, breaking through the feathery leaves of the tall, dark hill-pines, fell in a cataract of radiance over the edge of a precipitous gorge, filling for a time the gloomy depths, and losing itself at last in the foaming water that marked the passage of the river below.

Half-way up the mountain-side there was a space of cleared land, so steep that it seemed almost to stand on edge. In its midst a spot had been levelled to give footing to a tiny cabin. Around the cabin the young corn was growing. Far off in the eastward a single light burned like a star, and from the window of the cabin another light seemed to answer.

A woman leaned from the cabin window watching that eastern light—a light that located for her the gaol in the courthouse town ten miles away.

Behind it lay the sharp, curved ridge of Croaghmoyle, on whose heather slope this woman had been born. To-night she wished that she had died there on that rugged, shelving "spur," long ago, in the days when her cheeks were red and her lips were ripe, when life had seemed full and joyous to young and laughing Moyra Carey.

Now she was Moyra Carey no longer, and she was old. She had not known how old she was until these last few days, for it is not the passing of years that makes for age, but the passing of joy, and the light and the sweetness of living. The woman watching the distant light was alone, while that for which she lived was yonder, under that light, in the gaol of the town.

Alone in her sorrow the woman sat there, oppressed by the mighty silence. Involuntarily her mind sought relief in wandering back over the days of her life, lingering here and there on well-remembered scenes. Among her memories was that of summer days of her fresh young womanhood, how, when the sunset came, and she was stirring to-morrow's breakfast porridge, there came also the tall young lawyer from that wonderful city, where the people knew so much, yet strange to say, knew nothing of the ways and the thoughts of the mountain folk.

How queerly he had looked at her, until her bright, black eyes grew shy and timid; and once, when he had caught her hand, and seemed about to speak, she, with becoming maidenly modesty, had broken away from him, and ran down the path.

She had looked over her shoulder and laughed at him; but he had not followed. If he had, how different it all might have been.!

Again, she thought of a time when the trees were bare, and the brown leaves lay thick on the frozen ground. The cold wind moaned at the eaves of the dwelling, and sighed in the tops of the trees; but the fire burned brightly, and there was good cheer within doors, for it was her wedding-night.

The summer was past, and she was but a woman, after all. Barney Nolan had a farm at Ballycroft, and Barney was a good man, so everyone said. He had a "still," and made whisky, of course; but that was all right, provided he was not caught by the Constabulary. So she had gone away with Barney to his place at Ballycroft, and there the baby had been born.

She looked up quickly at the distant light. What mattered it that the babe had grown to be almost a man? His little hands had twined themselves in her flowing hair, his little arms had clasped about her neck, his little cheek, soft and warm, had pressed itself close to hers. Her baby—yonder, under the light!

For when Barney had gone—killed in a fight with the Constabulary—and the "still" had been broken up and the farm sold, she had come away up here with her child; and here they struggled on, poorly and feebly enough, but happily, because they had each other.

But last year the pigs had failed, and for the first time they lacked money for the rent. Then she had told the boy something that she had kept to herself through all these years, lest a time like this should come; for away off down there in the valley, under the shadow of the shelving cliffs, and hedged about by the heather and the tangled bushes, once she had helped Barney to hide a cask of whiskey, burying it in the earth, and trailing the bushes cunningly over their work.

The whisky was old and valuable, and the rent money might surely be had. How could she know that when the boy, with the instinct of a born mountaineer, had unearthed it, and sold it stealthily, and paid the rent, someone—a spy, perhaps—would report him, and set the Constabulary on his track? She had hidden him, when this came to pass, far back in the wilds of the mountain-side; but one night they had followed her as she slipped away to carry him food, and now he was yonder.

Hungrily she watched the light. It seemed to be telling her of him. Suddenly it went out, and there were only the moon and the pale stars that hung over the dark-blue masses of the distant "spurs."

II.

The day which followed the woman's vigil was Monday morning of court week, and the little slow-going mountain town was filled with the long-limbed, loose-jointed men and sallow, apathetic women who came from "Croaghmoyle way," or the easier slopes of Ballagha-derreen.

Out in the front an "Oirish Oitallan" from the eastern and more enterprising country had established himself, and was busily foisting his wares upon a gaping crowd. Just behind him sitting in the door of the hotel, a group of lawyers, in black coats and neat white ties, smoked their cigars, and laughed loudly at jokes among the country folk.

They, too, were all from the "great city," for the village was too poor to afford aught of its own in the legal line, save a few "attourneys."

Apart from all, breathing the heavy scent of the heather bloom that drifted in with the breeze, and gazing thoughtfully out at the mountains, sat the judge—a new man, here for his first court.

And yet this little mountain town was familiar ground to "his honor."

"How soon men grow old, and are forgotten!" he thought. Why, it seemed to him but yesterday since he, a briefless young barrister, had come down here to obtain a little rest and quiet after an unsuccessful struggle in the Dublin law courts. Ah, what days! The judge smiled broadly as he remembered them, and with them the schoolhouse, and the uncouth, coatless urchins who came thither to see the "Dublin attourney."

How like untamed things those urchins were—lithe, shaggy-haired, restless, and shy! How they alternately dreaded and scorned this delicate young barrister, who preferred to sit outside his cottage door, studying law-books, rather than follow the hunt on foot. How little they, or he, then thought that in after years, when their heads were growing grey, he would come back again to sit in judgment upon some of them!

There was a restful somnolence in the odour of the blossoms, and the breeze blew fresh and cool. The judge leaned back and shut his eyes that he might enjoy it at his ease. The strident voice of the Irish Italian grew softer, and the laughter of the lawyers drifted farther and farther away. The pigs were still grunting at the back of the little cottage; and, in his imagination, the judge was there again.

He could almost hear the boys at play on the steep-slanting hillside, almost feel that it was afternoon instead of morning. Presently he would go out and drink the clear cold water that gushed from under the rocks, and then he would go on, pushing his way through the prickly blossom-covered heather that cumbered the path, until he crossed the "ridge," and came down through the apple-trees and the clover to old Pat Carey's, where Moyra Carey was chopping the nettles for the chickens' morning meal.

Moyra Carey! His face flushed when he thought of her. Once he had thought—— Ah, well! No matter what he had thought, nor what Moyra had thought. The ways of the mountain folks were not his ways; so he had gone according to his traditions, and she according to hers.

He had not thought of her for a long time; but to-day he almost wished that he had never left this place, and with it shy, dark-eyed, ignorant Moyra Carey.

* * * * * * *

Court was open, and the third case on the docket was about to be tried. The accused had no counsel; there was no chance, therefore, of an exciting legal battle.

The charge was a common enough one in this region. The prisoner—a mere lad—had told a piteous tale, it is true; but all the prisoners told piteous tales when their misdeeds were aired in open court. What would become of the law if every lad whose mother needed money for rent was allowed to retail unstamped whisky?

It was hot in the courthouse, and the air was laden with stale odours. The judge glanced enviously at the retreating lawyers, and plied his handkerchief with testy vigour. Beneath the open windows a dog fight was in progress. The snarls of the curs and the excited cries of their backers disturbed the quiet of the court, so the clerk of the court, with well-assumed dignity, leaned far out to chide the crowd—and to see which dog won.

Presently the prisoner—a thin, awkward-looking lad—was pushed into the dock, where he sat gazing stupidly at the faces of the tired jurymen.

The clerk, in a monotonous, drawling voice, read the indictment; but the judge had forgotten him, and was gazing at the downcast features of the boy. Surely there was something familiar about that face? Whatever it was, it troubled him, and he frowned impatiently.

Then a low sob caught his ear, and he looked quickly across the rows of the court seats at the place where a woman was sitting. He hated women who came to his court-room to snivel and to cry. She was old—he could see that—old and tired and worn. Her brown shawl had fallen off, and a wisp of grey hair straggled across her forehead. Her eyes—motherly eyes, for all that they were faded and sunken and dim—were on the boy, and her bent and knotted fingers clutched nervously at the seat on front. Suddenly she arose and spoke:

"May Oi say wan worrd, yer honor?"

The judge started as if something had frightened him. From under that wisp of grizzled hair, from behind that wrinkled, yellow mask, a voice had called to him—the voice of smiling, black-eyed Moyra Varey.

He raised his hand, and the clerk, who was moving to hush her, dropped into a seat, amazed. The woman was talking on.

"Faith, an' it's himself is the on'y wan I has, yer honor," she said. "An', shure, wasn't it to gimme a hand that he sold thim shperrits? He's a good boy, yer worship; an' ther's nobody but meself left now to moind the pigs and cut the turf. Honey judge, lave him wid me, and gimme wan more chanst—jist wan more chanst!"

She sat down. The noise of the dogs had ceased, and their owners squabbled loudly over the result of the fight, and the judge moved impatiently. All this was irregular, and he disliked irregular proceedings. He was troubled, too—troubled because he was old, and because Moyra Carey was old, and because she had a boy who ought to be tried.

Why was she here? Why wasn't she at home—at old Pat Carey's—cutting the nettles, as she used to at the end of the summer afternoon, when he came grasping at the wooden handle to help her, and catching her warm brown one instead?

"Mr. Clerk," he said suddenly, "release that prisoner, without bail, to be present at the next term of the court!"

The clerk started up and leaned back. The Constabulary had had trouble catching that boy, and he thought that he ought to be tried.

"Your worship," he whispered, "you don't know these folks! That boy'll never come back!"

The judge's face flushed an angry red.

"He'll be a cursed fool if he does!" he said explosively. "Call the next case!"

The Lover—Say, this Romeo business is tough! I'm kotched on a nail an' dere's a spider down me back!"

PERSONAL TIT-BITS.

Notes of Interest About Some Great People.

Mark Twain's tobacco account must be a large one, for he consumes over 3,000 cigars in a year. He is said to allow himself 300 cigars a month.

It is related of Hall Caine, the novelist, that he once worked in the Laxey lead mines, in the Manx mountains, in place of a young man who was ill, to keep the young fellow's position for him.

Amateur photography is a fad with the Shah of Persia, and he has become quite skilful in the use of the camera. He has a positive mania for being taken in every conceivable attitude and dress, and has even been photographed in bed.

It is stated as "a curious fact" that the languages used by the Czar and Czarina in their private intercourse are English and German—French and Italian being seldom spoken by their Majesties when alone. The Czarina did not learn Russian until after her betrothal, but, though as yet she speaks it very slowly, it is with a good accent and great distinctness.

Mr. John Bolton recently completed fifty years' service as a parish clerk of Coppenhall, near Stafford, England. He has never been late for any church service, and has only been absent on two Sundays, and on those occasions owing to illness. He has served under four vicars and four churchwardens. It is somewhat remarkable that during his half-century of office the entire population (about eighty) has changed, there being no person or the descendant of any person in the parish now who resided there in 1851.

The curious sight of a clergyman transformed to a miner was witnessed in the Chase district, recently. The vicar of Cannock, the Rev. H. Stuart, attired in miner's dress, with a red handkerchief round his neck, union badges in his cap, and wearing heavy boots and black trousers, has been working on a deep seam at a local pit. In an interview he said he was doing it for experience. He intended working to the end of the week. When work was over he was escorted home by a number of proud fellow-workers.

King Leopold recently delivered himself of a bon mot. Chatting after a public reception with one of his familiars known to be on easy terms with the extreme sections, the King asked jocularly what sort of impression he made on the Socialists. "One of the leaders observed to me" was the reply, "that if you had not been King of the Belgians you might have been President of the Belgian Republic." "Thanks, very much," said the King, with a laugh; "but tell me, you, who are a doctor, how would you like to be made a 'vet' ?"

M. Delcusse, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has had so much to do with the arrangements for the Czar's visit to France, is a journalist who has won his way to his position straight from journalism. Journalism in France is one of the high roads to political rank; witness MM. Brisson, Dupuy, Delcasse, and others less known out of France. Delcasse began life in the "Republique Francaise," and made foreign affairs his specialty. He has been in the French Parliament for only twelve years, but he got into office eight years ago.

The hobby of electricity ridden by Lord Blythswood is shared by another notable Scotsman, Lord Kingsburgh, the Lord Justice Clerk, better known to many as Brigadier-General J. H. A. Macdonald. Of the thirteen Scottish judges, Lord Kingsburgh is the most versatile. His interest in electricity has led to several inventions, which have been duly patented. He is also an expert shorthand writer. His lordship is an enthusiast in Rugby football, and every volunteer and soldier knows of the interest he has taken in the volunteer movement. He is the author of a work which inspired the system of tactics adopted in the British army for many years.

A lady has been compiling a list of the favorite scents used by reigning monarchs. The Kaiser, she says, prefers "Garden of the Parish Priest," but occasionally uses Ylang-Ylang, corylopsis, and iris. The Empress Augusta Victoria prefers hay-scent, and for her private rooms eau de Cologne. The Czar has a weakness for scents, but his especial favorite is unknown. The Czarina prefers violet perfume for the handkerchief; her rooms and corridors are sprinkled with jonquil and jasmine. The Queen Dowager of Italy, Margherita, prefers eau de Cologne. The Crown Prince of Roumania is fond of rose-water. Sultan Abdul Hamid has a delicate taste, for he indulges in a mixture of lilacs and violets.

About the ....House

HOMEMADE APPLE-BUTTER.

Care should be taken in the selection of apples for making the cider which is to be used later in apple-butter. When sweet apple-butter is wanted, good sweet apples, well matured should be carefully selected from which the cider is to be made. The cider should not be allowed to stand and work, but should be boiled down as soon as possible after being brought from the mill. A large copper kettle can be used to best advantage on the farm. It should be hung on a large pole in the usual way and the cider should be boiled down as rapidly as possible. It should be skimmed from time to time as the residue rises to the top. A barrel should be boiled down about one-fourth. In other words, a barrel containing 50 gallons, should be reduced by boiling to 12 gallons. Care should be taken so as not to allow the blaze to run up the sides of the kettle, as it is liable to make the cider bitter. The cider should be carefully stored in crocks or jars and the kettle should be thoroughly cleansed, if not used the same day.

Several bushels of good quality sweet apples should be selected, pared and quartered. Two bushels of quartered apples are required for one barrel of cider, that is about 12 gallons when boiled down. About one-half bushel of quartered apples should be placed in a kettle, a little cider poured over them and cooked until they can be mashed through a colander. Treat the others in the same manner and place all together with the cider in a large kettle, cook slowly and stir constantly. With a constant heat it should be cooked until the cider will not separate from the apples. In this condition it is jellylike. It can be tested from time to time by taking a spoonful and allowing it to drip in a saucer or other vessel. When in this jelly-like condition remove the kettle from the fire and stir in ½lb ground cinnamon. After mixing and stirring 5 to 10 minutes the apple-butter is ready for jars, crocks or cans. It should be dipped out and placed in the vessels and allowed to cool. Care should be taken not to break the crust that forms on the top after cooling. If it is not broken, apple-butter properly made, will keep for years in this condition by simply tying a cloth or paper over the top of the jar or can.

Stirring apple-butter in large quantities a special stirring device is necessary. It consists of a piece of well-seasoned wood through which several holes are bored at the bsee. To this bottom is fastened a braided brush of clean corn husks. With a handle from 8 to 10 feet long the apple-butter can be stirred constantly so that the bottom will not burn or stick in the least. It must be borne in mind that a great deal depends upon the stirring process. If this is faithfully and properly done and the other directions are followed a good product will result.

SOUR APPLE-BUTTER.

Where sweet cider is not available or where sour cider is preferred, one barrel should be boiled down to one-quarter. When about half boiled down, a half-bushel of quartered Rambo apples or other apples of good quality should be added and stirred constantly. This should be boiled for an hour or so, when another half-bushel should be added and stirred in the same manner. As soon as this is reduced so as to admit another bushel, they should be added, cooked and stirred until the same jelly-like condition is obtained as described above.

When done about 20 lbs. of granulated sugar and ½lb ground cinnamon should be added and thoroughly stirred 10 to 15 minutes. The fire should then be removed and the butter put in jars at once. When cool, cover as described above. Under no circumstances should apple-butter of any kind be allowed to stand in brass or copper kettles after it is done. The kettle should be thoroughly cleansed and scalded. Made according to these directions apple-butter will be smooth, jelly-like and will keep for years, if kept in a moderately cool cellar or pantry. As a tart, dessert, or spread for bread, nothing is more palatable and delicious than homemade apple-butter.

SEWING HINTS.

When sewing on buttons with holes through them lay a pin over the button so that the thread with which you are sewing will take in the pin. After passing the thread through the button as often as necessary, pull out the pin and wrap the thread round and round between the button and the cloth; this will form a neck for the button, making it at once easier to fasten and stronger.

The French patch is a piece inserted without turning the edges. The hole is cut out, the piece fitted in, both basted smoothly on stiff paper, and the edges are darned together, as closely as possible, with the tiniest of stitches and finest of silk.

It does not take any more time to insert a new heel into a small boy's stocking than it does to darn a big hole and if the work is neatly done it will look better and be more comfortable. Make them of Canton flannel in two pieces like the heel of a stocking or a doll's cap with crown in shape of a U and a straight piece sewed round it.

In darning a rent place a piece under the threads running the same way in both, draw the lips of the tear closely together, and run back and forth with fine even stitches, taking care not to pucker the darn. The thread used should match the material exactly; use the ravellings if they are strong enough. Ordinary sewing silk split and waxed is excellent, the idea being that thread which is hard twisted does not sink into the goods and is therefore more likely to show.

DOILY IN STRAWBERRY DESIGN.

USEFUL HINTS.

Where there are school children in the family, good, rich soup should often be made for supper.

Respect the wishes of the little folks in unimportant matters. It will train their judgment for more weighty ones.

If the home dressmaker would iron out her paper patterns just before using, her cutting would be much easier and more exact.

A whisk-broom cut so it tapers to a point at one side is the handiest thing for cleaning out the corners when sweeping the stairs. One that is past service for its original use is as good as a new one for this purpose.

Plaster of Paris will not set so quickly and will mend things more firmly if it is mixed with glue water. Make it in the proportions of half a teacup of glue, soaked till soft in lukewarm water, then enough cold water added to moisten a half-pound of the plaster.

A wholesome way of stewing fruit is to put it in a covered stone jar set in cold water. Bring to a slow boil, then set on the back of range for seven or eight hours, letting it cook slowly all the while. Eaten with sugar and cream this is a capital addition to the children's supper.

For mending rubbers procure a few cents' worth of red rubber from a dentist, cut in small pieces into a bottle and cover it with chloroform. In fifteen minutes it will be dissolved. Apply with a brush rapidly before it hardens, keeping the bottle tightly corked to prevent evaporation. If a large hole is to be mended, sew a piece of rubber dam over the place and give it several coats of the fluid.

When a change of seasons arrives the careful housewife should be as thorough in oiling metal tools that are to be put aside for months as the wise farmer is about his tools. The coal stove and its pipes, for instance, need oiling in the spring, as they will not be used till winter, and in the fall the gasolene or oil stoves and their oven need a coat of protecting oil or varnish.

REMOVING DANDRUFF.

Scalp massage will overcome dandruff by increasing the circulation and elasticity of the scalp. After brushing the scalp thoroughly every night, massage with the fingers or massage roller. Once a week use the following wash:

Powdered borax, two ounces, powdered camphor, one ounce; boiling water, two quarts. When cold bottle for use. Never use any preparation for face or scalp from the bottle but always turn out enough for one treatment in a small saucer or dish. Rub this well into the roots of the hair and follow by a vigorous brushing with a scrupulously clean hair-brush.

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