MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

DEEP DREATHING.

The Habit of Lazy Lungs May Be Overcome.

So much stress is laid in these days upon the value of fresh air that it is impossible for anyone to miss the lesson. Good ventilation is taught in all our schools, if it is not always practised; and treatment by the open-air method is becoming more and more advocated for certain diseases, especially tuberculosis.

In all this spread of knowledge and good sense it is unfortunately very possible to lose sight of the real issue. It is no exaggeration to say that many a one who can glibly patter off the number of cubic feet of air necessary for each one to breathe rarely draws a full breath. Fresh air is a free gift, but it is like most of the gifts of Heaven, in that we must do our share of work to benefit by it. No one would expect to have a good fire just because a pair of bellows hung on a nail by the chimney, but this is exactly what many people expect of their lungs, which are really only the bellows given us by which to keep the fire of life burning bright and clear within us.

It is not too much to assert that lungs properly used in a comparatively close room will do more good than lazy lungs in an open field. This trick of lazy lungs is a habit, like any other, and may be overcome by persistent effort. Many persons, for example, are afflicted with a nervous habit of holding the breath unconsciously. These are the people who, in spite of plenty of time spent out-of-doors, yet catch cold easily, digest poorly, and are always more or less "under the weather" physically. They are often much benefited by a course of active exercise because it is impossible to exercise vigorously without drawing some good deep breaths.

Many other persons—and they constitute the great majority of mankind—breathe only with the upper part of the lungs, and although they may breathe regularly, do not draw in sufficient air at a breath to fill all the lung cells.

When once the pernicious habit of poor, shallow breathing has been broken up, the health undergoes such marked improvement, there is such brightening of the spirits and improvement of the looks, that the luxury of deep breathing is not likely to be readily foregone.

A good way to start the new habit is to take deliberately a few minutes at stated intervals and devote them to proper breathing. If this is done systematically the reformer will find himself unconsciously breathing more and more, until very soon he is obeying nature and really breathing to live. In this way we must all work for a living if we want a good one.

Besides the gain in the general health which comes from the habit of deep breathing there is created a reserve strength and preparedness which is often of great service in warding off pulmonary diseases.

The use of the German language is decreasing in Switzerland. In 1888, 714 out of every 1,000 Swiss spoke German; to-day only 697 per 1,000.

The Tragedy At Holmwood.

We were a large house-party at Holmwood that winter, numbering eighteen guests, besides the family, and the two Anstruther girls—Mary and Evelyn—were the life and soul of us. We had gathered round the big wood-fire in the old-fashioned hall, and settled down in the deepest armchairs and most comfortable cosy-corner seats we could find, to listen to Captain Wilbraham's story.

"Her name," he began, "was Isobel, and she was the only daughter of Sir Pierce, whose portrait hangs over there.

"Sir Pierce, so rumor says, was every whit as forbidding and as unpleasant an old gentleman as his picture makes him. He had lost his wife after one short year of married life; and there were stories of injustice to a cousin, a Captain Wilbraham, who had loved the Lady Isobel and told her so, had been turned out of the house by his uncle, who was now somewhere in the backwoods of America, trying to forget his lovely cousin, while she moped at home.

"One evening Sir Pierce called his daughter to him, and told her that he was obliged to set out for London.

"'Before going, Isobel,' he said to her, 'I must tell you that I have heard stories of the return of that young scoundrel Ralph'—Ralph was the captain. 'I hear, in fact, that he intends returning here, and trying to get speech with you, in spite of my prohibition. Remember, now, that if he should come in my absence, you are to refuse to see him. If you do see him, I shall hear of it, and you are no longer a daughter of mine.'

"And with a glance at his trembling daughter from underneath those beetling, grey eyebrows of his, Sir Pierce stamped out of this hall in which we are now sitting, called for his horse, and went.

"Poor Lady Isobel had some reason for her trembling, for while her father spoke to her, her hand pressed tightly upon a tiny letter nestling underneath her broad silk sash, in which letter her cousin Captain Ralph told her of his safe return to England, and promised that, come what would, he would see her that evening.

"Barely an hour after Sir Pierce's departure Lady Isobel retired to rest. Her room was the room at the head of the staircase, next to your room, Miss Evelyn.

"Lady Isobel walked up and down the room nervously, excitedly, pausing every now and then near the window, listening. Presently she heard the crunch of a man's heel on the gravel underneath it, and a moment later the head of Captain Ralph appeared, framed in the ivy. Isobel opened the window, he sprang into the room, and the married lovers were in an instant clasped in one another's arms. For—and this Sir Pierce did not know, well informed though he had been—Ralph and his fair cousin had been married secretly before the young man left his native shores; so that if anything had happened to the captain while he was abroad, his fortune—a considerable one, far exceeding that of old Sir Pierce himself—should become Isobel's, and make her independent of her father.

"The conversation of the cousins lasted far on into the night, and three was striking from the old clock on the turret when Captain Wilbraham kissed his young bride one long, last time, and prepared to leave by the window, as he had come.

"'In three days, dearest,' he said to the weeping girl, 'I will return and claim you from your harsh, unnatural father.'

"'That you may do now, if you have the courage!' said a grating voice from the doorway, and Sir Pierce—for it was he—strode into the room, and slashed his daughter's husband across the face with his riding-whip.

"In another moment, the two men, young and old, were engaged in a struggle which one at least of them would not survive, for there was bitter hatred in the hearts of both, and both forgot the presence of the fair young girl, who, in her white chamber robe, cowered in the corner of the room and watched her father fighting for the life-blood of her husband.

"The captain, a better swordsman than his uncle, younger and more active, too, tried to disarm Sir Pierce; but a sudden movement of the elder man sealed his own fate, and the father of the Lady Isobel fell with her husband's sword-point in his side.

"'One word—one word, Ralph, before I die!' he whispered. And the young man bent over him. 'Lower!' gasped the dying man, 'lower!' And as his son-in-law stooped down to him Sir Pierce struck upwards with a sudden movement, using a dagger which had lain concealed in his sleeve, and Captain Wilbraham, stricken traitorously to the heart, fell upon the body of his father-in-law.

"Poor Lady Isobel, who until that moment had cowered in her corner, gave one loud shriek, pressed one long, despairing kiss upon the upturned face of her dead husband, whose blood besmeared her bed-robe, and, with a rush, threw herself headlong from the window. Her shriek aroused the house, and two days later three corpses were carried to the old graveyard of Holmwood Church, where all the Wilbrahams lie buried. Lady Isobel was buried there beside her husband; but her spirit cannot rest, and on every anniversary of the tragedy—some say, indeed, on other nights as well—Lady Isobel visits her old bedroom just as the turret-clock strikes three.

"She goes to the corner from which she watched the fatal struggle which ended in the deaths of her husband and father; she tries, as she tried on that night long years ago, to shriek for help, but no sound comes from her lovely lips.

"Those who have seen the ghost—and I know many who have done so—have seen the stains of blood upon her chamber-robe, and say that, after striving pitifully to call for help the ghost of Lady Isobel—as Lady Isobel herself did on the night of her death—glides to the window, throws herself from it, and disappears. Then sometimes—not always—a long, loud wail is heard from the garden and next morning the window of the bedroom is found open, although it was securely closed and bolted the evening before.

"Oh, you may smile, Miss Anstruther"—for Miss Anstruther was laughing at the solemnity with which Captain Wilbraham was finishing his story—"but I can assure you that I would not sleep in Lady Isobel's bedroom for all the wealth of the Rothschilds!"

"I would for less than that!" laughed Mary Anstruther. "And, what is more, I will!"

II.

Everybody laughed—excepting Miss Simpkins, who declared that "those Anstruther girls were always trying to put themselves forward and make people talk about them"—and most of us tried to dissuade Miss Anstruther from sleeping in the room. She would not be persuaded, though, and at about eleven, after a big fire had been lighted, and the old-fashioned room had been made as comfortable as possible, we all escorted the obstinate young lady to it, and bade her good night.

"Good-night, and pleasant dreams to all of you; and you may look for a full, true, and particular account of Lady Isobel at breakfast-time to-morrow!" cried Mary Anstruther, gaily.

"Nothing ghostly about the room at all events," laughed Mary, as she began undressing.

Mary Anstruther was not a sentimental girl, and the story of Lady Isobel had not particularly impressed her. As she undressed by the glow of the big wood-fire her thoughts ran far more upon the probabilities of some of the guests at Holmwood trying to play ghost than upon any possibility of an actual ghost appearing.

"Whether they come or not, I shall not wait for them at all events," she said. And within five minutes after she had jumped into the large, redcurtained bed Miss Mary Anstruther was asleep.

She was awakened by a fumbling and a scratching at the door, and sat up listening. The room was not altogether dark, for the fire still threw a dim, uncertain light over the room.

"Somebody evidently means to have a joke with me," she thought. "Well, let them come."

The door opened very slowly and a white figure glided into the centre of the room. Its back was turned from the bed, and it seemed to be gazing into the corner where the fight between Sir Pierce and Captain Wilbraham had taken place.

"I'll give my visitor two minutes more, and then turn her neck-and-crop out of the room," was Mary Anstruther's internal comment. If she's a ghost there will be nothing to lay hold of; but she won't like her reception, and will go. If she's real flesh and blood, out she goes just the same, and then the laugh will be on my side to-morrow."

The white apparition turned slowly towards the bed, and Mary Anstruther saw that the white bed-robe was stained with blood. There was blood, too, on the apparition's face, to which it pointed, and its hands were held out to the bed appealingly, as though it would speak, but could not voice the words.

"If the fire were only a little higher I might see the face," said Mary to herself. "However, ghost or no ghost, out you go, my beauty!"

She said these last few words aloud, for, in spite of herself she was beginning to feel a little worked upon by the absolute silence of the scene.

Just then the turret clock struck three.

"No; that's a little too appropriate!" cried Mary. "Come, Mrs. Ghost, tell me who you are, or off with you! I don't want to get out of bed in the cold; but if you won't answer me I must do so."

Again those hands were held out appealingly; again the figure seemed to make a wild effort to speak—Mary Anstruther even thought she saw the blood-stained lips form the one word "Help!" but the light was too indistinct for her to be quite certain. And the young girl sprang out of bed, seized her unwelcome visitor by the shoulders, which were warm, and of undoubted flesh and blood, and, without another word, thrust her out into the passage, and closed and locked the bedroom door. The pseudo ghost stumbled and fell as she was pushed from the room.

"My Lady Isobel will be a little bruised to-morrow morning!" laughed Mary Anstruther. And in five minutes she was asleep again.

* * * *

Next morning, when she woke, Mary found blood-marks on her hands.

"Pooh!" she said. "This is carrying a joke a bit too far! However we shall see at breakfast-time."

A long, loud shriek for help aroused us all just as the gong for breakfast sounded. With an uneasy sense of something horrible, we all rushed down the passage to Mary Anstruther's room, in the story of which, as a matter of fact, but few of us believed, and where we had left the laughing girl the night before.

The door of it was open, and on her knees upon the threshold was Mary Anstruther, with the blood-stained, upturned face of a golden-haired girl in a white bed-robe on her lap.

"Oh, help me, help me!" cried poor Mary. "It's Evelyn—my sister Evelyn! She came in in the night, and tried to speak to me, but could not; and I—I thought of the story about Lady Isobel—thought some of you were playing tricks upon me—and I turned her out of the room! She won't answer me! And she's quite cold and stiff! Evelyn! Evelyn! Oh, help me, somebody—for God's sake help me!"

Wilbraham put his arm round poor Mary, and lifted her from the ground. Dr. Furber kneeled down beside her sister.

"A broken blood-vessel," he said, when he raised his head again. "The poor girl has been dead at least four hours."

[Note—The breaking of a blood-vessel frequently destroys the power of speech).—London Answers.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

AMAZING USE OF TIMBER.

The Annual Demand in the States is 22,000,000 Acres.

James Oswald, of Madison, Wis., is said to be a great authority on timber and the lumber trade, and in a recently published article he gave some figures showing how great is the consumption of wood per year in the United States.

"Over 4,000,000,000 feet of pine lumber is used annually for matches, the equivalent of the product of 400 acres of virgin forest. On American railroads about 520,000,000 cross ties are required annually. The amount of timber used every year for ties is equal to 3,000,000,000 feet of lumber. In this country there are now standing nearly 7,500,000 telegraph poles. The average life of a pole is ten years, so that about 750,000 are required every year for renewals. These figures do not include telephone poles or railway telegraph poles. The amount of timber consumed annually for poles and ties is equivalent to the timber grown on 100,000 acres of virgin forest.

"For making shoe pegs every year the amount of timber used is equal to the second growth of 3,500 acres of hardwood land. Lasts and boot trees require about 500,000 cords of wood. Although the making of paper from wood pulp is a comparatively new process, the annual consumption of wood for this purpose is equal to over 800,000,000 board feet of timber, for which it would be necessary were the trees all growing together, to cut about 80,000 acres of forest. We are now using in America for the lumber and paper trade about 40,000,000 feet of lumber a year, which is equivalent to about 4,000,000 acres of virgin forest—an area equal to Rhode Island and Connecticut. These figures do not include the wood used for fuel, which is four and one-half times as much."

It will thus be seen that, without taking any account of the forests destroyed each year by forest fires or in the pursuit of agriculture, the present annual demand in the neighboring republic reaches the enormous total of 22,000,000 acres—an area equal to one and a half times the size of Nova Scotia.

LIGHT WEIGHT HOGS.

A good many farmers in Eastern Ontario are still adhering to the very foolish practice of marketing hogs that are too light in weight, and quite unsuitable for packing purposes. The Geo. Matthews Company Limited, report that during the month of January their receipts of hogs graded as follows:—

Selects	1398
Light	1840
Light fats	590
Heavy fats	27
Sows	40
Stags	6
Cripples	21
Stores	123

A total of 4,154 hogs, of which only 1398 or about 33 per cent. were suitable for the manufacture of first-class export bacon. If the trade in Canadian bacon is to be increased or even maintained at its present volume, it is absolutely necessary that only hogs of proper weight and quality be sent to the packing houses.

NEARBY TREASURES.

Lucie—"I always give the prettiest embroidered things I do to my mother."

Marie—"That is kind and thoughtful of you."

Lucie—"Yes; then I can borrow them, you know."

THE REVERSIBLE PURSUIT.

Paul—"Percy, what is your idea of success?"

Percy—"My idea of success? Well, it is having people run after me who used to run away from me."

A Sufferer From Backache.
Several Years of Kidney Disease—A Prominent Merchant Cured by
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Every day adds scores of names to the long list of persons who have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and among those who are now enthusiasts in praising this great medicine is Mr. W. Gilroy, the well-known merchant of Blenheim, Ont.

Like many others, Mr. Gilroy now wonders why he did not use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the first place, instead of experimenting with new-fangled and untried remedies. There is no doubt about the exceptional virtues of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and thoroughly cure complicated ailments which cannot be reached by ordinary remedies.

Mr. W. Gilroy, general merchant, Blenheim, Ont., states:—"I am rather enthusiastic in the praise of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and believe I have good reason to be. For several years I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and had pains in my back almost constantly. I tried a great many remedies, but did not succeed in obtaining more than slight temporary relief.

"A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I did so, with great satisfaction. I had not taken half a box before I began to feel better, and now realize that I have entirely recovered. I often wonder now why people go after new-fangled remedies when this tried and proven medicine is so easily obtained, and so certain to cure."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have the hearty endorsement of good citizens in nearly every city, town and village in Canada. They are probably the most popular remedy that was ever introduced into this country and their enormous sales are due to the fact that they radically cure serious and chronic disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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About the ....House

FIVE FAVORITES.

Tomato Soup—One full pint stewed tomatoes. Rub through a colander, and then through a wire strainer, add 1 pt boiling water, ½ teaspoon soda, and after it effervesces, turn in 1 pt fresh milk, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. When the soup boils up, stir in 1 teaspoon cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Some prefer this to oyster soup.

Mashed Potatoes—Five medium-sized nice potatoes; pare, cut into even-sized pieces, and boil until easily pricked with a fork. Drain off water. Allow to set on back of stove for five minutes, sprinkle with salt, mash well, and add 1 teacup sweet cream. Mix and beat thoroughly until they become white and light. Heap up in mound in centre of dish, and put lump of butter in centre, allowing it to melt and run over the potatoes.

Apple Fritters—Pare slice and core 2 or 3 tart apples; steam until tender. Make a batter of 1 teacup sour milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 full tablespoon sugar. Dip each slice in the batter and fry in a kettle of hot lard drippings. When done dip each fritter in powdered sugar, serve warm, as a vegetable, if preferred.

Jookies—One cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs; mix thoroughly. Add 3 tablespoons sour cream or milk, 1 level tablespoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water. Flavor with grated lemon peel or extract of vanilla. Nearly 4 cups of flour will be needed.

Spanish Cream—Wet 1-3 box of gelatine in cold water. Take 2-3 qt milk (unskimmed preferred), 3 large eggs, 2-3 cup sugar. Turn gelatine into the boiling milk with the sugar. Have the yolks of the eggs thoroughly beaten and mixed with 1 tablespoon cold milk, stir them slowly into milk, and as soon as it begins to thicken remove from the fire and strain into the whites previously beaten stiff and light. Flavor with 1 tablespoon vanilla. Turn into mold rinsed with cold water. Serve very cold.

HOW TO USE ORANGES.

In the winter when fresh fruits are scarce and dear comes this delicious fruitage so justly esteemed all over the world. The orange, which is the most important member of the citrus family, is generally supposed to be a native of India, although some attribute it to China. Its splendid coloring and the rich, delicious flavor of its juices, as well as the oriental fragrance of its ivory white blossom and fragrant evergreen leaf, proclaims it is a native of the tropics, the land of sunshine and splendor.

However, the source of its origin does not matter, nor does the fact that it is not in reality the golden apple to Hesperides, so long as it has taken so kindly to the soil of our own fruitful country, and its cultivation increased to such an extent that it is now the most common and easily obtained fruit in our winter markets.

Aside from a few long and well known kinds of oranges, the various names do not signify quality. While cultivators aim to produce large fruit, the size must be a secondary consideration in choosing the fruit, as some large oranges have very thick, coarse skins, are light, coarsely fibred, and inferior in flavor. The best oranges are heavy, compact, smooth, and thin skinned, of lighter color, and contain less oil, while the pulp is fine grained, with a small proportion of fibre, abundance of sweet, deliciously flavored juice. The richest oranges have a russet skin.

The simplest and surest way to test the fruit is to take it up in the hand and judge of its weight by lightly tossing or "hefting".

There are as many ways of serving and eating as there are varieties of the fruit.

The most common method and favorite way with Floridans is to cut the fruit in half, across the grain, forming two cups, the pulp and juice is then eaten with a spoon.

The Cuban method is to peel the orange at the table, by running an orange fork from stem end to centre and holding the fruit firmly; the peel and white pulp are cut away from the juicy meat, leaving a golden ball, which you present to your lips on the prongs of the fork. Others prefer to peel the orange at each end, leaving a band around the centre. This is cut and the sections of the fruit separated by drawing this band out like a ribbon, with the orange sections strung like beads.

This is a dainty way to eat the mandarins and a small variety of orange called the "kid-glove" oranges.

THREE CAKES.

Swiss Cake—One-half cup butter creamed with two cups sugar; whites of four eggs beaten stiff; one cup sweet milk; two cups flour sifted with 2 well rounded teaspoons of baking powder; one cup currants, and ten drops lemon extract. Bake in a loaf.

Bride Cake.—One and one-half cups sugar and two-thirds butter, creamed; whites of six eggs beaten stiff; two-thirds cup sweet milk; two and one-half cups flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder; ten drops of almond extract; two-thirds cup grated cocoanut. Bake in deep pan 45 minutes.

Gold Loaf Cake.—One-fourth cup butter; one cup sugar; one-half cup sweet milk; two egg yolks; one cup flour; one teaspoon baking powder; one teaspoon orange juice, one-half teacup big seeded raisins. Bake in a loaf.

A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

A cup of good hot tea is very wholesome these cold days, yet how seldom we get it! Tea is not an herb that improves through steeping, but most cooks think so; they appear to believe that any acrid, biting, strong beverage made from tea leaves is good enough for anybody. To many green tea is forbidden fruit, so to speak; its effect on the nerves is bad; black tea is usually very herby in its taste, not nearly so palatable. The very best mixture, learned years ago, when the writer, as a small girl, was allowed to see and help in the matter of mixing, is one pound of English breakfast, that strong black tea, to two of Young Hyson, the smooth, fragrant green tea. Of course, so much need not be purchased, but by having people the proportion one gets a delicious beverage. In making be sure the water is freshly boiling; pour on all you need at once allowing a scant teaspoonful for each cup, and one for the pot; let it stand for about three or four minutes; then serve in heated cups. See that the pot, which should be always of earthenware, never of metal, is freshly scalded out and hot when the leaves are put in, and let stand a moment or so before pouring the water over. For tea a la Russe, simply have a thin slice of lemon in each cup; serve without sugar and cream. It is quite the thing now to refuse cream, but accept sugar, for your cup of tea.

PINE FLOORS.

Hard pine floors should be first filled with white shellac diluted with one gallon of wood alcohol—and after two coats of shellac there should be one or two of fine heavy varnish. Sweeping with a long-handled broom is light, quick work, and if a floor used daily be wiped up with a damp cloth once a week it will be clean indeed. If such a floor is rubbed twice a year with paraffine oil it will lengthen the times for redressing. Chestnut stairs should be treated the same, but chestnut is a more porous wood, and it will require more of shellac filling. Kitchen, bathroom, and laundry floors are best oiled about once a month! Boiled linseed oil and turpentine, mixed half and half, make an excellent oil for this purpose. Soft-pine floors should be painted, but hard-pine wood never, as the paint will peel off.

LIME FOR THE PIANO.

To prevent damp and rust catching the wires of a piano tack a small bag of unslacked lime inside just underneath the cover, and it will absorb all moisture.

TOO ENERGETIC.

An amusing story, which may or may not be true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police. He was walking through a little-frequented street of St. Petersburg one night when he spied, high up on a lamp-post, a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about His Majesty the Czar! It must come down at once!"

With difficulty, being of a somewhat portly build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. Peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read the Russian equivalent for the well-known legend "Wet Paint."

EFFECT OF SUGAR.

A celebrated English physician asserts that the increased height and weight of English and Americans in the last half-century are chiefly due to the increased consumption of sugar. He cites, in confirmation of this opinion, the fine health of the date-eating Arabs and the sugar-cane eating negroes.