BUSINESS NOTICE.

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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 therefor 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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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

LIFE'S LONG SHADOWS

THE STORY OF A SIBERIAN EXILE

The following story was related to me by a Russian gentleman, at whose house I spent a few weeks last summer. He had been in the employ of his government for some years as an inspector of prisons, and it was on the occasion of one of his official visits to the famous convict establishment at Tobolsk that he heard the story from the lips of an old man, who had spent upward of 40 years in prison. Substantially it ran as follows:

"Many years ago—how many, I cannot tell you, sir—I was living on the outskirts of the thriving little town of Velna, in Russian Poland. I was a blacksmith by trade, and my forge stood at the angle of two crossroads, about a mile from the center of the town. Adjoining it was my cottage, the neatest and prettiest little homestead in all that countryside. Many there were who envied me my lot, and, indeed, it was an enviable one, for few prospered as I did, and none could boast a happier home.

"I had been married two years when my wife gave birth to a boy—a faithful copy of his mother—who, as time went on, grew a sturdy, bright-eyed little fellow, the darling of our hearts, and the brightest jewel of our crown of happiness. What he was to me no words can tell. I know only that he became the very light of my life, and when some childish ailment checked for a brief space his merry prattle I was likely to go mad with grief and fear—so bitter was the thought that some day, perhaps, he might be taken from me.

"One day I was at work when I heard a troop of cavalry approaching the forge at full gallop. Laying aside my hammer I went over to the half-door to catch a glimpse of them as they rode by. The leading files had already passed when a piercing shriek rent the air and froze the very marrow in my bones—my heart stood still. Oh, God, can I ever forget the fearful sight that met my gaze. I see it now, as plainly as on that day—my darling, my heart's idol, and his angel mother, side by side on the dusty road, trampled to death by those cruel hoofs. With a terrible cry—a cry such as only a man infuriated to the pitch of madness, can utter—I snatched up my hammer, and whirling it around my head, rushed among the soldiers, now dismounted and gathered about the prostrate and mangled forms of my darlings. A panic seized them and they struggled furiously to get beyond the reach of my wild blows. One there was, however, that essayed to close with me and wrest the hammer from my grasp, but I hurled him to the ground and struck him a blow, that had it fallen on his head, would have killed him outright. Happily for him and for my future peace of mind, his upraised arm saved him; and before I could strike again one of his comrades dealt me a blow that stretched me beside him, bleeding and senseless. When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on the floor of a cell on the Prison of Velna.

'Oh, the misery of that awakening! How shall I describe it to you, sir? How describe the awful sense of desolation that crept over me with the first dawning of consciousness, and so laid hold of me that I prayed, and prayed with all my might, to die? How describe the tortures I suffered when the remembrance of all that had happened at the forge that day came back to me with redoubled force, and, flooding my soul with anguish, created in me a fierce thirst for revenge—but I cannot, I cannot. To realize my misery you must suffer as I suffered, love as I loved—and that I pray you never will. But let me continue my story. The daylight had faded in my cell, when two soldiers, bringing with them food and drink, communicated to me the intelligence that I was to be tried on the morrow for attempting to kill one of His Majesty's guards. I paid little heed to what they said—so wrapped was I in the bitterness of my thoughts—and my indifference angered them. "He is a sullen dog," said one of them, and, spurning me with his foot, passed a cruel jest that sent the hot blood surging to my head. Had I not been bound I would have fallen upon him and torn him to pieces, but they had chained me to a ring in the wall, and strain as I would, I could not reach him. My fruitless struggles but served to amuse them, and they jeered at me and taunted me with the impotency of my rage, and so goaded me with the brutality of their jests that I was like to go mad. When at length they had satisfied themselves with the cruel sport they left me—left me to the tortures of a sleepless night, of a night filled with memories of my dear ones and of the cruel tragedy that had robbed me of them; and countless times through those long hours of darkness did I see them, side by side on that dusty road, with their blood-stained faces turned towards me as if in mute appeal to avenge their deaths.

"With the dawning of the morning these visions faded and I sank into a heavy slumber, which lasted until the guards appointed to take me to the place of trial aroused me.

"Heavily manacled, I was marched through the streets to the court, and as I passed through the crowd gathered around its doors many were the words of pity for me I heard on every side, and many the prayers that God might comfort me and have me in His keeping.

"I will pass over the scenes in court—the testimony of the soldiers, the hisses of the people when the judge condemned me to a life of penal servitude in the Siberian mines, and their eagerness to catch a nearer glimpse of me when I passed out on my way back to prison. The recital would but weary you. The next day I began my long and toilsome journey to Siberia.

"With many other exiles I was marched through the town and out into the country by the road that led past my forge. Long before we came in sight of it, I was straining my eyes to catch a glimpse of the little homestead I loved so well; but when at length it came in view another sight enchained my attention and stilled in a moment the eager throbbing of my heart. Ah! What a sight it was that! Coming toward us, round a bend in the road, was a tumbril, heavily draped with black, and, following it, a long procession of men and women, many of them weeping bitterly. A mist blurred my vision and magnified the tumbril until to my tear-dimmed eyes it seemed to us a great black cloud that wrapped the whole countryside in its sorrowful folds. On me it cast its darkest shadow, and I cried to the guards to kill me and lay me beside my dear ones, for there was not on God's fair earth one more desolate than I. But they only cursed me for a madman and lashed me with their whips to urge me forward.

"The tumbril was almost abreast of us when the mourners recognized me, and a great cry of compassion went up from all, for they knew how it had been with me, and their hearts were sore to see me treated thus in the presence of my dead; and moved by a common impulse, they broke in upon our ranks, and, closing round me, bore me, despite the frantic strivings of the guard, to the tumbril's side. One passionate kiss on the shell that hid my darling from my eyes, one fierce cry of vengeance on the authors of my misery—and I knew no more.

"When I came to myself I was lying at the bottom of the waggon in which the guards carried their food and equipment. The tumbril and mourners, the familiar countryside—all had gone—and naught save the toiling band of human misery, the poor Siberian exiles, was in view.

"I will not dwell on the details of that terrible journey. Suffice it to say that we reached Tobolsk, after months of incredible suffering and privation, a smaller band by many than when we left Velna. Death had been merciful to the weak, and left only the strong to suffer. And terrible, indeed, were our sufferings during the first years of imprisonment, for a cruel man governed us, and ruled us with a rod of iron.

"One day, while we were at work, a fellow prisoner told me that a new warden had arrived at the prison, and would be on duty for the first time that night. I paid but little attention to what he said, and when night fell and I was locked in my cell I had forgotten all about it. It was the night warder's duty to visit the cells every hour, commencing at 10 o'clock. On that particular night I was more than usually restless. It was the anniversary of that fatal day at Velna, and I paced my cell with ever quickening steps as I recalled, one by one, the events of that terrible time. The prison clock struck 10, and I paused a moment to listen for the familiar grating of the bolts at the end of the corridor as the warder entered to make his usual round. But everything was silent. I waited a few moments, and then resumed my walk. The quarter struck, and still no warder came. Then I recalled what my fellow-prisoner had told me, and I saw how it was. The man was new to his duties, and, like enough would not come at all. But even as the thought passed through my mind I heard the bolts grating in their sockets, and, a few moments later, someone stumbled up the steps that led from the corridor to my cell and fell heavily against the door. With an oath he recovered himself, and, unlocking the door, flung it wide open.

"The dim light prevented me at first from seeing his face, but I knew from the heavy breathing and indistinct speech that he had been drinking. When, after a slight pause he raised the lantern and the light fell on his soddened features, I started back with a cry of surprise, for I recognized in him the soldier who, with a companion, had visited me in Velna prison, and had mocked at me and insulted the memory of my dear ones. Something in my look alarmed him, and he made as though he would draw his sword, but I rushed upon him like a wild beast loosed from its cage, and, grappling with him, forced him backwards down the steps. He raged and swore at me, and struck me with the heavy keys which he held in his hand until the blood streamed down my face and nigh blinded me; but I clung the more tightly to him, and, putting my foot behind him, tripped him and threw him heavily to the ground. His head struck the stone floor with stunning force, and he resisted no longer. With a glad cry I sprung to my feet, and, snatching the sword from his side, fell back a pace that I might give greater force to my blow. Nerving myselfw ith the thought of all I had suffered in the past, I was about to strike when I felt the light touch of a hand on my arm.

"Great God! What did I see! Standing beside me, in a radiance of light that seemed in a moment to melt the black shadows enveloping my heart, was my darling boy, with a look of mingled reproach and compassion on his pure young face that blotted from my mind all further thought of evil. With a cry of shame I threw the murderous weapon from my hand and falling on my knees, wept bitter tears of sorrow, and thanked the good God who had sent him to save me from the commission of that hateful deed. Then a blessed calm, such as I had never known before, fell upon my spirit, and I raised my eyes to the bright figure above me. A heavenly smile lit up his angelic face, as if in approval of the change his presence had wrought in me—and he was gone.

Rising up a new man, I went into my cell, and brining forth a pitcher of water, bathed the temples of the prostrate guard and moistened his lips. Gradually he returned to consciousness, and when he was sufficiently recovered I handed him his sword, and kneeling before him, begged forgiveness for the injury I had done him and the still greater wrong I had meditated against him. But with muttered threats and curses he spurned me from him, and bidding me enter my cell, locked the door on me and left me.

"The next day I was taken before the governor and condemned to be knouted.

"As soon as the sentence had been pronounced I was taken to the prison courtyard and fastened by the wrists to an iron post. Then two stalwart warders, with knouts in their hands, bared my shoulders and commenced to lash me.

"What I suffered as the cruel things descended on my flesh and lapped around my quivering body no words can express. I shrieked with the agony and called on them in mercy to kill me outright. But they lashed me the more, and I was at the point of swooning when I felt the light touch on my arm that had already spared me a worse punishment, and, looking up, beheld my boy beside me.

"As his tender, compassionate eyes met mine the pain of the scourging ceased, and I felt not the blows they rained down on my bleeding shoulders. Lifting his hand, he directed my attention to a spot some few yards ahead—and there I beheld a strange sight.

"Bound to an iron pillar, with his face turned from us, was another prisoner, his two shoulders bared and livid from the blows that had already been showered upon them. As I gazed on the cruel sight the prison walls melted before my eyes and I beheld, as in a vision, the whole world spread out before me. And I saw myraids of people—men, women and children of all sorts and conditions—flocking from every point toward the pillar where the poor prisoner was tied. And as they drew nearer I saw that all—even the children—bore scourges in their hands, with which, as they passed the pillar they smote with reluctance, as if urged on by those behind. Others, and they were numberless, smote with all their might and with malice inconceivable, while others again turned and smote more fiercely than before. One there was who riveted my attention by the eagerness with which he pressed on to the pillar, and by the revolting expression of his countenance. Never had I seen so much malice and hatred delivered with one blow as when he struck those now fleshless bones. I cried aloud with horror at the sight and strained to burst my bands, that I might tear him to pieces, so infuriated was I by his brutality. And in that moment both he and the victim of his malice turned and looked at me and my heart sank within me.

"In that raging brute whom I had cursed and hungered to tear I beheld none other than myself, and in his victim—the man of sorrows—the master of all.

"Then the vision faded and I found myself lying on a bed in the prison hospital. I had been unconscious, they told me, for many hours—so severe had been the punishment I had suffered at the hands of the warders.

"When I was well enough I returned to my work, and thenceforth my life was a happier one. The one short glance of divine forgiveness which the master had deigned to cast on me at the pillar changed my whole life, and gave me new hopes of a better one hereafter—of a glad reunion with those I had loved long since lost a while.

"For many years I have waited for that happy day of emancipation and I know now that it cannot be far off—nay, that it is very near. Often, of late, I have heard fragments of the most beautiful music that ever ravished the ear of man, and to-day my cell has been filled with its glorious melodies. Hark! There, again! Do you not hear it—louder and more joyous? And see—the light! The light of heaven! How it thrills and lifts me up. And my darlings! They beckon me with outstretched arms—at last! At last!"

Here the poor prisoner stopped short, and, staggering forward a pace or two, fell to the ground—dead.

The happy day of his emancipation had dawned at last and life's long shadow broke in cloudless love.

Miss Withers—"I believe Arthur is afraid to propose to me." Belle—"Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him."

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THE END OF THE LOG LINE

"You'd like to know what scarred my hands so badly?" said the captain. "Well, take the tiller while we make this long reach to the fishing grounds, and I'll tell you. It's something that happened about 15 years ago, long before I settled down to shore fishing and taking city men out for a day's try at the cod.

"In the winter of '88 I went out of Gloucester to the Banks as 'first hand' on the schooner Never Fear. When we pulled up our anchor for the last time, in March, and started for Boston, we were full of cod to the deck beams, and sure to make over $60 a man. Everybody on board was feeling good.

"Five of the fleet got under way together. Talk about your cup races! They don't compare for a minute with a brush between three or four fishermen with their bowsprits pointed for market and home after a 'fresh trip' to the Banks. Minutes mean dollars then. Every stitch set, lee rails under, and nothing taken in after it's blown away!

"For the first hour it was nose and nose between us by the wind, all logging over 10 knots with a stiff northerly breeze. Then the Never Fear drew ahead of the bunch, and we shook a rope's end over the taffrail. You can't blame a crew for feeling a little frisky when they're leading the fleet, and their duck is lifting them landward at the rate of a mile every six minutes.

"Before dark we had a good lead over the nearest schooner, and when we went down to supper their running lights were twinkling well astern. The wind showed no signs of going down; on the contrary it seemed to be freshening every minute. This just suited us, for we had the best rough weather boat on the Banks, and we knew that, even if we did have to put in a single reef, our rivals behind would be putting in two.

"The cook gave us the best he had that night. 'If there was a man on board who failed to do justice to that smoking hot supper, I didn't see him. The only dissatisfied ones were the watch on deck, who began to be afraid that there wouldn't be anything left for them, and who kept shouting down the companionway for us to 'give them a show.'

"After supper those who had no work on hand busied themselves in writing letters, making boats, or playing games. During the trip I had played checkers a good deal with one of the men named Howard Johnson. A few days before we had arranged a tournament of five games; each had won two, and now was to come the rubber. We set our pieces, and three or four of our shipmates gathered round us to watch the battle.

"The board was equipped after a unique fashion. In the middle of each square was a little hole to receive a short brad fixed in the bottom of the checkers. This prevented them from rolling off, and we could play, even when the vessel was on her beam ends, without fear that the position of our men would be disturbed by the motion.

"At it we went in good earnest and a series of cautious exchanges soon left us only three kings apiece. Then ensued several minutes of manoeuvering to gain the advantage. I was just getting my opponent in a tight place when all at once we heard the captain shout from deck:

"'All hands to reef the mainsail!'

"So engrossed had we been in our game that we had paid but little attention to what was going on above, and we were hardly aware that the staysail, foretopsail, balloon jib and maintopsail had already been taken in. But that last order brought us up 'all standing,' for we knew that it would never have been given without need.

"I grabbed my reefer from its hook and pushed my arms through the sleeves, jammed my cap down on my head, pulled on my mittens and made a jump for the companionway. Things were lively enough outside. A living gale was blowing, and the spray flew over the bows as the Never Fear heeled to her lee rail, cut through the tumbling seas. The sky was perfectly clear and dark blue, and the stars shone large, cold and brilliant.

"In a few seconds the deck swarmed with men. The halyards were slacked away, the bull-rope hauled out, ear-rings passed, and we began to knot the reef points. As first hand I took my place at the end of the boom, which was a very long one, running out almost 16 feet beyond the stern. Right under me, as I worked, was the log line, shimmering with phosphorescence where it skimmed the surface, like a cord of fire. I remember thinking how high our speed must be to make the line turn so rapidly.

"I had been out on the boom again and again in much rougher weather, and never given the danger a second thought. A man will run a certain risk nine times and escape. The tenth time he is punished for his carelessness. This was my tenth time.

"My duty took me a little longer than the others, and by the time I had finished there was nobody else working on the boom. I had just tied the last knot when the schooner gave a sudden roll to windward; I lurched back, lost my footing and in an instant was flung into the water. As I sank I gave a shout for help, and the last sound that reached my ears as the waves closed over me was Johnson's cry of alarm:

"'Man overboard! Man overboard!'

"I was heavily and warmly dressed. I had on thick fishermen's boots, and a leather jacket under my reefer, and so was in no condition for swimming. My situation was a desperate one. A man who falls in the night from a vessel moving so rapidly as the Never Fear stands but little chance of living to tell of it.

"As my head came above water, I shot an anxious glance in the direction where I supposed the vessel to be. She was nowhere in sight! For a few seconds I tasted the bitterness of death. Then I was lifted comber, and saw the Never Fear 50 feet away. At the same instant down across the billows came the shout:

"'Light the torch!'

"A few minutes before I had been warm and comfortable in the cabin over my game of checkers. Now I was fighting for my life in the freezing seas. A great wave overwhelmed me, blotting the schooner from my view once more. When I was lifted aloft on the crest of the next comber the vessel was 25 feet farther away.

"Hope was almost dead within me, when suddenly I saw the log line, like a ray of light, cutting the waves near by. That line represented life to me. I made a grab at it, but missed it altogether; my hands clutched cold water and nothing more. I tried a second time, and just touched it with the tips of my mittens.

"Once more, I grasped at it desperately, despairingly. This time I caught the cord fairly in my hands, but it was so small and was running so rapidly that I could not retain my hold. The line was of cotton, woven hard, and about the size of a lead pencil.

"I knew that the end of the line must be near. Casting a glance over my shoulder, I saw the ripple of the log not thirty feet away. If that once passed by me, all hope was gone. I determined to hold fast, let my fingers suffer what they might, and with a sudden effort I closed them once more. The cord tautened under my weight, and began to pull me along. But, grip hard as I could, it slowly slipped through my lacerated fingers, cutting them to the bone. I cannot express to you the mental suffering caused me by that slowly escaping line. It seemed but to prolong the agony of a certain death.

"My hold loosened. The cord darted forward again; and then my fingers closed in a final grip round the brass fin of the log! It was my last, my only chance. It was like taking hold of a propeller, and my hands were cut frightfully as the fin revolved for an instant before it stopped. The only thing that saved my fingers from being literally sliced to pieces was the thick mitten I had on. I was jerked ahead for a few feet, the strain telling fearfully on my arms and shoulders. Then the line slackened, as the schooner came up into the wind.

"Just then, with a burst of smoky light the torch flamed up, revealing every detail of the vessel and flashing in sparkles innumerable across the foaming black waters. I shall never forget how the Never Fear looked to me in that brief moment. Her sails were shaking, and every rope stood sharply out. As she rolled her deck toward me I could see the tubs and fish kits, the nests of dories lashed between the fore and main rigging, and the anchor on the bow. I could see my shipmates preparing to do all they could for my rescue. Half a dozen were getting a dory over. I knew that I had been seen, for fingers were pointed in my direction, and voices of encouragement were faintly borne to me above the rush of the waves. Could I keep afloat in that freezing water until they could reach me?

"Then somebody realized my situation.

"'He caught the log line!' I heard a voice shout. 'Get hold here, everybody, and pull him alongside. Stand by to haul.'

"Half a dozen men formed a chain at the stern, and I knew that they were going to pull me in. The figures busy with the dory were lowering her over the side.

"'Hold tight, Jackson!' came the hail. 'Steady, now, mates, pll away!'

"The slack came in rapidly, and soon the line was taut. Then with a shock that almost broke my hold I was pulled under water. Both arms were stretched to their utmost straight over my head, and my hands clutched the logs in a death grip. If I let go now, I should never rise.

"I had been snapped under so suddenly that I had not time to get a full breath, and in a few seconds I was on the verge of strangulation. Should I never come to the top?

"I seemed to be stemming the course of a furious river. The constant rush of cold water against the top of my head was turning me into a block of ice. I could see nothing. I could hear only the thunder of the billows that engulfed me. And through it all, growing more and more painful every instant, was the terrible strain on my hands and arms.

"My shipmates were hauling me in like a cod on the end of a line, not steadily, however, but with a series of jerks, as they loosened their holds to get fresh ones. And every jerk seemed to start my arms in their sockets. They told me afterwards that it was only a matter of seconds, but to me the agony of my strained muscles lengthened the time indefinitely.

"It was impossible to keep my mouth closed any longer. I opened it, and experienced the sensations of a drowning man, as the cold water rushed in. Gradually my senses slipped away. I forgot where I was, why I was holding on so tight. My fingers were just relaxing their grip when with a rush I was pulled to the surface. A rope slipped down round my shoulders, and the sharp iron of a gaff penetrated the back of my coat. I heard the sound of voices over me. Then my head struck the side of the schooner as she rolled down, and everything seemed to explode in a blaze of stars.

"When I came to myself I was in a bunk, and we were nearly up to Boston harbor. It was some days before I could make much use of my hands and arms, or even feed myself; and my fingers did not heal for weeks. But I finished that game of checkers with Johnson, and beat him, too, although someone else had to move my kings for me."—Youth's Companion.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is greater than that of the Republic of France.

Ex-President Kruger spends his days at Nentone chiefly in sleeping smoking and reading the Bible. He gets up at five a.m., and at half-past eight p.m. goes to bed and sleeps until eleven, when he has a cup of coffee. At one he is again roused and eats some fruit. He is not allowed by his doctors to sleep for more than a couple of hours at a time, and, except for his cup of coffee, they permit him to drink nothing but milk.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury is a skilful and in some respects a wonderful chess player. Once when on a visit to India he stayed with an official who had the superintendence of the laying of a new railway line, and in the daytime he made long tours with his host over the new route. On these occasion the two constantly played chess without either board or men All the moves were made verbally, they never forgot a move or a point of the game, and each could tell at any moment what was the exact position of the imaginary men on the imaginary board.

When on tour in the North of England a few years ago Mme. Melba had given instructions that her correspondence should be addressed to her at the post office of a certain town. On calling for her letters the postmistress refused to give them up, declining to believe that the quietly-dressed lady before her was the celebrated prima donna. Mme. Melba solved the difficulty in an original manner. Raising her veil she sang the Jewel song from "Faust," and, needless to add, the proof submitted speedily convinced the postmistress as to the identity of the applicant.

Bjornson, the great Norwegian poet, whose seventieth birthday was recently celebrated, was once asked by a friend upon what occasion in his life he had taken the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was a poet. "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania," he answered, "and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me, and were starting for home again, they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing, 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They couldn't do anything else. They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."

Lord Wenlock, who was the Prince of Wales' chief of staff on the occasion of his historic tour of the Colonies, was a schoolfellow and chum of Lord Rosebery when both were boys at Eton. One of their escapades was to spend a runaway afternoon together at Ascot. The plot was skillfully concocted. At a lonely spot a vehicle was to wait for them and the driver was to provide false whiskers and moustaches. Unfortunately the whiskers and the vehicle did not arrive, and the runaways were compelled to abandon the disguise. They went, however, running the eight miles almost without stopping on the hottest of June afternoons. After seeing one race they had to scamper back, and managed to reach their rooms without being found out.

Lady Butler's fame as an artist comes of most strenous application. As a child she was always drawing and painting, and her father himself undertook her general education, that it might not interfere with her artistic pursuits. His lessons were given almost entirely by reading aloud, the pupil at the same time working with her brush or pencil. Even when travelling the little girl was always sketching what she saw, leaning out of railway carriages and diligences in order to obtain a view of something which had struck her fancy. Mr. Thompson taught his daughter for twelve years, and then she became a student at South Kensington. Miss Elizabeth Thompson married Sir William Butler some years after "The Roll Call" had made her famous.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment

As a Spring Medicine
There Are Two Reasons Why There is no Treatment so Thoroughly Satisfactory and Lastingly Beneficial as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The body of man can be influenced in health or disease only through two channels—the blood and the nerves.

During the winter the blood becomes thin and watery because of the artificial life we are compelled to lead indoors—the artificial food, the breathing of impure air, the lack of exercise, and this is why most people find it necessary to use a blood builder and nerve restorative in the spring.

For two reasons Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can possibly obtain. In the first place, it is gently laxative. Just enough so that when taken regularly it ensures proper action of the bowels. Secondly, it forms new red corpuscles in the blood or in other words makes the blood rich, red and life-sustaining.

Through the medium of the blood and nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food influences every nook and corner of the system, giving new vigor to the vital organs such as the heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys, and ensuring their regular and healthful action.

This great food cure sharpens up the appetite, makes the digestion good and actually adds new firm flesh and tissue to the body as you can prove by weighing yourself while using it.

Liquid medicines always have a stimulating effect due to the presence of alcohol. There is none of this in connection with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for this reason any benefit you feel is lasting and you can be certain that with each dose your blood is getting richer and your system is being built up.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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WRIGHT'S GREAT PALACE

SOME VAGARIES OF THE GREAT PROMOTER.

His Mansion Cost More Than a Million and a Quarter of Dollars.

Mr. Whitaker Wright, the great company promoter, now under arrest in New York for embezzlement, is one of those men at whom a passer-by instinctively looks twice. He has a personality which is commonly called "magnetic." With inches little short of 72, with avoirdupois approaching 252 pounds, he is a massive man, an impressive man, says the London Mail. Yet there is nothing assertive in his appearance. He abhors that glitter of diamond ring and gleam of golden watch chain whereby the self-made man is apt to advertise his worldly success. Mr. Whitaker Wright dresses quietly in black, and is unadorned by a speck of jewellery. The only thing in his composition next to his bulkiness which impresses the casual beholder is his American accent. One finds it difficult to reconcile that nasal twang with his appearance, until one remembers that he spent a great deal of his life in America, and that he married a charming American lady.

HIS YACHTING CAREER.

Unassuming in dress and manner though he is, Mr. Whitaker Wright has proclaimed himself a millionaire in more substantial ways. His racing yacht, which was the craft of its season three years ago, beat the German Emperor's Meteor four races in succession; he purchased a steam yacht, one of the trimmest and daintiest that ever entered the Mediterranean — in short, he has had most things a man could wish for.

But the glory and pride of Mr. Whitaker Wright has for long been the beautiful house Lea Park, near Godalming, Surrey. Lea Park almost touches the unattainable, even for a millionaire. It is an Aladdin's palace — a palace that is estimated to have cost something like $1,250,000.

HAD GRANDIOSE IDEAS.

When Mr. Wright acquired the estate some years ago, he gave his architects and contractors orders to employ 500 workmen at one time, and entered upon a scheme of building and beautification which would have required 12 years to complete. A favorite pastime of his was to take long walks on the estate and select positions for artificial lakes, hand-made hills, imitation chasms, and realistic grottoes. With a wave of the hand he ordered the removal of an existing lake. With a nod of the head he brought about the disappearance of a hill which he deemed an obstruction to the view. "We will have that hill there," he said in effect, and a miniature mountain sprang up in a more approved position. Mr. Wright was sedulous in his work of transforming the face of nature. He dispensed with one lake and constructed two.

PLAN TO KEEP COOL.

Under the surface of the larger he built a kind of conservatory with a roof of glass, so that in summer he and his guests could bask under the lake and keep cool.

There is an air of romance about this lake. Entering one of the boats, visitors are rowed through a chasm, and eventually arrives in a fairy-like cavern. Steps hewn out of the living rock lead to hidden galleries, whose wealth of Oriental decoration and rare statuary burst upon the view with pleasurable surprise.

Mr. Whitaker Wright has a predilection for marble fountains. Lea Park is studded with them. One represents a gigantic dolphin. It is carved out of a single block of marble, and weighs over 30 tons. No railway could carry such a massive piece of sculpture, and it was hauled to the estate by traction engines.

FROM AN ITALIAN PALACE.

Another beautiful fountain was found by Mr. Wright in an ancient Italian palace. He made a bid for it, which was accepted, and he had the fountain removed piecemeal to his yacht. He also brought back with him several Italian sculptors to fix the fountain up at Lea Park.

As for the treasures in the house, only an auctioneer's catalogue could do them justice. A striking feature is the observatory fitted up with the latest instruments. Mr. Wright is something of an amateur astronomer. There is also a charming little theatre, the decorations of which cost $75,000. The drop curtain represents an expenditure of $9,500.

Stables were built to accommodate 50 horses. The fittings are of polished gunmetal, and cost about $17,500. A row of oak settees is arranged behind the stalls for the convenience of visitors who wish to sit and wonder.

AVERTING DISASTER.

Young Wife—"There is a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you."

Young Husband—"Do you happen to know who it is?"

"You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, oh! if I were to lose you, my darling—" Bursts into tears.

Young Husband—"There, there, dear. Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the doctor, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?"

"No, it is not a doctor; it's a—a life insurance agent."

In California an immense cistern has been erected to contain wine. It has a capacity of 500,000 gallons, is 104 feet long, 21 feet deep, and 26 feet wide. It is lined with concrete two feet thick, and is coated inside with a glaze as impermeable as glass.