The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 23. No. 28 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 19, 1904 D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

Board Works Jan 1 01

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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

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

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or ether Anaesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over D. A. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
- and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.

Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

Printing For Saw Mills
IS A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

DO YOU THINK RIGHTLY?

Effects of Thought on Mind and Body Alike.

Wrong thinking is indicative of weakness. It is, indeed, a species of insanity, for a wrong thinker is continually tearing down and wrecking his own mental and physical structure. The right thinker is the only sane thinker, and he is the happiest, as well as the most successful man. He knows better than to keep constantly tripping himself up with the adverse thought which produces destructive conditions.

Worry is one of the greatest enemies of the human race. It carves its deep furrow wherever it goes; it carries gloom and unhappiness with it; it delays or prevents the processes of digestion and assimilation until the starved brain and nerve cells utter their protest in various kinds of disease.

Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on mind and body alike. It affects character and material prospects equally. Every time you grumble or find fault; every time you lose your temper; every time you do a mean, contemptible thing you suffer a loss which cannot be repaired. You lose a certain amount of power, of self-respect, and of an uplifting and upbuilding character-force. You are conscious of your loss, too, which tends to weaken you still further.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker. He cannot think discord, and bring harmonious conditions into business. His wrong thought will honeycomb and undermine his prospects in life.

Sylvia's Pet Burglar

I.

"Listen to me," said Sylvia. "You know I can never be more than a sister to you. I have a great regard for you, Percy, and have at times almost loved you. But you are so indolent, so lacking in spirit, that I can never be your wife. Our temperaments are so different. Let us remain friends, then, and never recur to this topic again. If you do, I shall excuse myself when you call. Now, what I wished to see you about is one of our new neighbors."

I had known Sylvia from boyhood. In the suburbs where we lived life was as quiet as in a country village. Living alone with an old housekeeper, my books and collections, I depended entirely upon Sylvia for woman's society. But I had failed to win her love. Her people thought a great deal of me—in fact, had always treated me as a son, and I was positive that my entrance into the family would have been hailed with satisfaction. But I was a booky, indolent young man, with no desires for a strenuous life, and Sylvia was very strenuous. I believed even as I sat there disconsolate in their little drawing-room that should I join a fire brigade, put up for Parliament, or be arrested for scorching in my motor-car, the coals of love would burst into flame. But I simply could not do those things, and so Sylvia remained a sister to me.

One point was in my favor. I had the entree to Sylvia's home at all times, and thus far no rival had presented himself. My only hope was to tire her out. Although placed above the need of earning my own living, I was not weak, merely too indolent to make an effort.

"Your neighbor?" I prompted.

"Yes, our new neighbor. He's a burglar, you know," she explained, with much animation.

"Don't you find that inconvenient?" I suggested, trying to conceal my amazement.

"Oh, no! What's more, he is going to call on us," she replied.

"Do you tell me this to make me jealous?" I demanded.

"Don't be a goose, Percy! I want you to know him and have him call on you. I told his wife that I would get your consent to have him call some night when you were out, when it wouldn't annoy you," she continued.

"To commit burglary in my house?" I gasped.

"Yes." And she nodded her sweet head eagerly.

"Sylvia," I said sorrowfully, "I wouldn't mind being vaccinated for your dear sake. You know, darling, how I've always loved——"

"No more of that, Percy," she interrupted sternly, "or I shall leave the room. I had supposed myself safe in promising a friend your hearty cooperation in anything I desired. If I have made a mistake we'll say no more about it."

I was crushed.

"I apologize, my dear—— Beg pardon; don't go. Of course, Sylvia, if you have given your word, and are set on being burglarized, why, let your friend come. I presume he is a stranger here, and has had bad luck in business. If I can help him I shall be pleased to do so. Is he young?"

"Oh, no!" And she laughed gleefully at my obvious jealousy. "Let me explain. His wife is the dearest, sweetest little old lady in the world. They have always lived happily together, but he is now suffering in his old age with a mild mental affliction. He is perfectly rational except at night, when he is seized with an irristible desire to commit burglary. Barring that, he is a perfect dear of a man."

"Oh, he is not a self-made burglar, eh? Not a professional yet? Well, who else is he to practise upon?" I inquired, relieved to know he was not a dashing Claude Duval.

"Well," said Sylvia, checking off on her pink fingers, "he is coming here—to your place——"

"Thank you!" I murmured.

"To Randall's," she continued frowning, "and to Penderby's. There are four good places booked already."

"Is he fussy?" I asked. "Does he insist on calling at a different house every night in the week?"

"Not at all. Some nights he won't even go out. The doctors say he will be cured within six months. Why, he used to use a dark-lantern and take the most valuable things in the house. Now he goes out with a common lantern, with a big market basket on his arm, just like any honest man, and takes anything he comes across."

"But I will not have to sit up for him, will I?" I inquired, feeling that the old man would prove to be a bore.

"That's the best part of it!" she cried. "Just leave the side door unlocked, and don't pay any attention to his coming and going. Then on the next morning his wife will return everything he has taken."

"Stolen," I corrected.

"No, taken," she insisted.

"Just as you say, Sylvia. But, remember, if anyone makes a complaint you and I will go to gaol to draw up a confession setting forth the fact that we are innocent," I cautioned, for I did not like the idea of Sylvia mixing up in such schemes.

"It's purely a family affair," she said. "Besides, he hardly ever takes anything of value."

I ventured to doubt a little; but this offended her, and I hastened to beg her pardon. Somehow I was always begging her pardon. Then I went home and secreted several rare vases, and retired with the side door unlocked. He did not visit me that night, however. He went to Randall's, and carried off some of the coal, and took Penderby's milk. I heard Penderby swearing softly as he caught the City train the next morning.

II.

Personally, there was nothing in Mr. Timbs, our burglar, to excite antipathy. He was a short, fat, placid-faced old gentleman, with a fringe of silver hair and the most innocent blue eyes imaginable. On two different mornings I saw his wife cheerfully returning the fruits of his night's work, and learned later that she had insisted on paying for the coal and milk. Then he came to me. I was awakened by a loud noise downstairs, and gained the first floor just in time to see him tugging away at a saddle-bag chair.

"Let me carry your basket and lantern and give you a lift," I offered politely.

He smiled cheerily, and patiently waited till I slipped on some clothes.

"Won't you come back?" I invited, when we had got the chair over to his house.

"I can't to-night," he said sorrowfully. "I've got to go to Randall's and get a bicycle, and I've half-promised to call for Penderby's baby to-night. So, you see, I have my hands full." Then he added fretfully: "So much to do, and so little time to do it in. I ought to have an assistant. If my wife wasn't so economical I'd have one. Busiest time of the year for me, and no one to aid me."

I left him, after expressing my regrets, but took care to go after the chair in the morning. Mrs. Timbs thanked me for my forethought. She had just carried over a small sack of coal to Sylvia's home.

"But he's getting better fast, she declared enthusiastically. "I can remember when I had to carry things back on the sly, or it would break his heart."

"If it would soothe him at all to keep the chair——" I began.

"Oh, no! In the morning he doesn't remember anything about it. He would know it wasn't his property, and would worry as to how it came here. But I thank you for your kind offer."

In the afternoon I called on Sylvia and found her admiring some lace.

"See!" she cried. "He took this, and must have rumpled it dreadfully, for he had a lot of potatoes in the same basket. But dear Mrs. Timbs washed and ironed it all out."

"How do you arrange for his visits?" I asked.

"Oh, we let him have the lower floor, and lock the doors at the head of the stairs. He is so used to our house that he seldom disturbs us now. I had an awful time prevailing on papa to let him come in. But you know papa always does as I want him to."

"But doesn't it displease him to find doors locked?" I asked.

"No; he may feel grieved, and rap on the doors and ask for the keys. Then we tell him we can't find them in the dark. Oh, it's such fun! You see, we never know when we get up what we will find missing. The other morning he cleared out the kitchen and pantry, and papa had to get his breakfast in town. And, would you believe it, Mrs. Timbs wanted to pay for the breakfast?"

"She certainly is a generous woman, and has a great deal to worry her," I assured her. But after this conversation I kept the upper part of the house locked.

Then passed a lucky week with no visits. It was a great relief, as it spared me from calling on Mrs. Timbs every morning to cart back my belongings. Her husband had stolen the saddle-bag chair on four consecutive nights, and on each occasion I was forced to help him carry it home. I told Sylvia that I could not stand it much longer; that she could not now acuse me of being indolent.

"Don't begrudge a good deed," she said.

"I don't." I replied, "Only he might take something less heavy."

"I remember it was on a Friday morning when I was aroused from a deep sleep by someone hammering on my front door. I looked out of the window, and, to my great astonishment, behold Sylvia's father.

"No one ill, is there?" I cried.

"I am," he said hoarsely. "I am sick at heart for being an idiot. Sylvia's burglar took off £3,000 in banknotes from my library safe last night. I've been over to his house, and there's no one at home—at least, I can't arouse anyone."

I hustled into my clothes and joined him.

"But I thought Timbs was almost cured?" I expostulated.

"Cure be hanged! Looks more as if his wife had the same ailment. Did he visit you last night?"

I hurried into the house, and on beholding the saddle-bag chair was about to answer in the negative, when I thought of my collections. On opening the cabinet I saw that £400 worth of pearls was missing. I told Sylvia's father, and we then hastened to Randall's house. Randall was a jeweller. His losses he estimated at about £1,000. Penderby was minus a gold watch and £100 in money.

"I should say he was cured," grinned Randall sardonically, after he had rushed to the police.

I found Sylvia in tears, but could not stop to comfort her, for her father and I had determined to try to find clues. A milkman told us that he had met a silver-haired couple driving a foaming horse towards Rowberry, an adjoining town. We got a horse and trap and gave chase. Just two miles this side of Bowberry we sighted our quarry. Timbs was in the middle of the road, frantically tugging at the harness. As we drove up he sprang into his carriage and whipped up the horse. But the harness broke again, and before he could repair it we were upon him. I grappled with him, and found to my surprise that he had muscles hard as steel. Back and forth we swayed, while Sylvia's father held Mrs. Timbs. I really believe my man would have beaten me if he had not tried to reach his side-pocket. When he did that he loosened his grip on my throat, and I threw him. After some farm laborers had come to our assistance we discovered that his pocket contained an ugly-looking revolver.

On returning home we met some of the police.

"Calls himself Timbs—eh? Why, this is Tommy Rogers! There's a reward of £50 for his capture. Better call and get it."

"And his wife?" sobbed Sylvia.

"She is worse than he is, if possible," declared the officer.

"Sylvia," I suggested meekly, once we were alone and I had satisfied her that I was uninjured, "don't you think I've been strenuous enough to win you?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered.—London Answers.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

THE WAY THEY DO IT.

How Fat Japs Become Slim and Thin Ones Put on Flesh.

One of the chief features of the Japanese method of putting on flesh is to sleep outdoors with as little clothing as possible. The advocates of this doctrine believe that the less covering the body has the more it will seek to protect itself by the growing of fat.

In Japan there is a saying that any fat man can become lean, and any lean man fat, if he really wants such a change of figure.

Besides sleeping as lightly garmented as possible, the Japanese searcher for flesh sleeps a great deal. Ten, twelve and even fourteen hours are none too much for him. In his waking hours he is to be kept amused. Anxieties and thoughts of a serious nature are to be banished by the lively use of repartee and banter. For example, when he sits down to breakfast he should never take up the morning paper to digest along with his meal. Instead, his wife should relate the latest joke she has heard, and in the place of asking him for money to buy some yards of this or that fabric, she should explain how she has been able to run the house under her allowance.

When the lean explorer for fatness takes exercise, he should practice a discreet moderation. He should not exert himself too strenuously. Should he go walking, he should not run across streets and dodge cars and express waggons. If the crossing is too congested, he should bide his time and try a more unruffled fording place.

When the fat man wants to become lean according to Japanese principles, he should not entirely reverse the plan of getting fat, for he, too, should sleep as much as possible on top of his blankets. Even in rigorous weather, he should try to make himself think he is warm, though it might test the faith of a Christian scientist to do so. Cold is believed to quicken the circulation, and thus carry off the waste more readily. But the fat man should sleep as little as possible. If he can cut his hours of sleep from eight to six, or even five, he should make such a curtailment. When he exercises he should exert all the vigor he possesses. Should his wife desire to help him shrink, she should present him with bills, or announce occasionally that she expected a visit from her mother. The fat man should not fast. The stomach should be kept at work, also, but with a slowly diminishing amount of food each day. Oily foods should be abandoned by the fat man wanting to shrink, just as they should be eaten in abundance by the man who wants more avoirdupois.

It follows, therefore, according to these methods, either in Japan or America, the lean man trying to get fat has a decided advantage over his fat rival who wants to get lean. If the methods they adopt prove successful, the lean man has certainly the easier victory. He has been taking life calmly, enjoying his bed and board, and laughing at the jokes of his friends. The fat man, on the contrary, has been toiling away as he never toiled before, has fretted over new anxieties, has been routed out of bed when his slumber was deepest and most blissful, and has hurried along the street as if running to a fire, when his destination might have been the tax office.

On the other hand, if such methods fail, the fat man has had all his hurry and worry and loss of sleep for nothing, while the lean man has been living in peace and comfort.

THE CRITIC.

It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade;
It is easy to float in a well-trimmed boat
And point out the places to wade.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk, and you'll change your talk
As you feel the nail in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.

The upcurled mouth of pleasure
Can preach of sorrow's worth;
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

Mrs. Henry Peck (whose mother has been visiting them for over four months): "I don't know what to buy mother for a birthday present; do you?" Mr. Henry Peck:—"Yes, buy her a travelling bag."

About the ....House

HOME MADE RUGS.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler, well known as a promoter of women's industries and for her articles on and designs for home decoration, has written a book on "How to Make Rugs" in which she suggests that the weaving of rag rugs might solve the problem of how to earn an independent income for some women in farm homes.

Just at present, rag rugs are quite "the proper thing" for the floors of country and seaside cottages for piazzas, for bedrooms, and bathrooms, and for general use. They have been found to be durable, suitable and economical for such purposes, and have been seen on sale at the warerooms of one of the largest decorating firms in this city. The rugs are woven out of new rags, in two-yard lengths, with border and fringe at each end, and are not only useful but salable.

Rag carpets have been made for many years and almost every country neighborhood has even got its "weaver"—who is usually overcrowded with work, and has no time for rug-weaving. It would be possible to set up a new industry without infringing upon the established one. Few old looms still exist, unfortunately; the era of cheap jute and ingrain carpets brought most of them to the wood-pile, and the secret of the only difficult part of weaving, the warping, or placing the warp in the loom, died with the women who years ago, wrought upon them. There are still looms to be purchased, however, and where an old loom still stands the secret of warping may be learned from the neatest weaver.

THE FIRST NECESSITY,

after the loom, is the carpet warp, which can be bought at any country store—a fact which shows the prevalence of home weaving. The warp can be bought in white or colors, the latter being not always reliable. One of the chief recommendations of these rugs is that they are washable, therefore the colors must be fast and not fade or "run."

Mrs. Wheeler recommends the coloring of warp and rags at home, by the old-fashioned process, which produced fast colors. Some of the aniline dyes fade, and rugs that fade would soon bring discredit on the entire industry. A faded warp is especially detrimental to the good looks of a rug. A good indigo blue will neither run nor fade, and a number of shades can be produced with indigo. Mrs. Wheeler says that orange and a very deep red are the only two colors in warp that she has found reasonably fast, and the orange "runs" so badly that it must be steeped in warm water before using; and she adds that she has used the water in which it has been steeped to dye cotton rags, which take a good lemon yellow from it. Orange red, and the crimson red known as cardinal she excepts from the usual commercial dyes. By dipping orange warp in indigo blue a fast, bright green can be secured, and this with the colors mentioned, give a choice of five colors—green, blue, orange, red and white.

Rugs intended for sale must be made of new rags, and here the question of economy must be considered. The waste from cotton mills can be bought for from ten to twelve cents per pound, and consists for the most part of piece ends,—the imperfect beginnings and endings that must be torn off when the piece is made up. This makes an ideal

MATERIAL FOR WEAVING.

Cotton bought by the yard is more expensive, and it would be necessary to figure out the cost and see whether rugs could be made at a profit by using it. To many it would seem a crime to buy new goods to tear up into carpet rags. Bought by the piece, the goods would come cheaper.

The old fashioned way of sewing carpet rags will not answer in this new departure. The filling must be smooth, without jumps or ends. If the pieces are large enough the edges may be lapped and sewed on the machine; the lap should be from a quarter to half an inch, and be sewed twice. The cloth can then be torn the seams being cut with the scissors; the work is expeditiously done, and a smooth finish secured. The rags should be torn instead of cut, wherever possible, as uniform width is thus secured. In ordinary cotton cloth an inch is recommended as the most suitable width. A pound and a half of cotton rags will make a yard of yard-wide weaving.

The simplest weaving, says Mrs. Wheeler, is warp of indigo blue and white filling. There must be an allowance of five inches of warp for fringe before the weaving is begun, and ten inches between the first and second rugs, to make the fringe for each. The rug should measure three feet by six, without the fringe. The latter is to be knotted, six threads to a knot. Such a rug can be as easily washed as a counterpane, or may be thrown on the grass during a heavy shower and be thus washed.

Variations on this are easily made. One way is to use half a pound of blue rags to the two and a half required to make up the three pounds of filling required for a six foot rug. This blue material must be distributed through the rug evenly, and a good way is to divide each color into three portions so there is an equal share of the blue in each third of the rug.

A BORDER AT EACH END,

may be made by weaving in from eight to ten or even more threads of blue or any desired color, and scattering the rest "haphazard" in short lengths through the body of the rug. Dark and light blue rugs on a white warp make an effective rug, and where much blue denim is worn the material is easily secured. In any except a blue rug a stripe of red in the border is effective. A red warp with a white filling will make a pink rug; if begun and finished with a half inch weaving of the red used for warp, with the red fringe a pretty border is provided for. The rule is a light warp with dark filling, and dark warp with light or white filling.

Larger rugs can be made by sewing breadths together and adding a border. Mrs. Wheeler advocates the buying of cheap, coarse muslins and calicoes which can be bought at from four to five cents a yard. From eight to ten yards, according to fineness, will make a yard of weaving. Very cheap unbleached cotton, that approaching the quality called cheesecloth, dyes well and makes a light, strong, elastic rug.

A well made rag rug will sell for $2; if prettily made in colors, from $2.50 to $3.50. Some on which extra work is expended and which are artistic in color, will bring $4 to $6. The average to be reckoned is about $2.

Mrs. Wheeler says that her most successful rag rug is a cardinal red woven on white warp. It was made of white rags treated with cardinal red diamond dye, and was purposely made uneven—that is, pains were taken to let the rags shade in color from dark to light. The border consists of two four-inch stripes of "hit or miss" green, white and red rags, placed four inches from either end, with an inch stripe of red between, the ends finished with a white knotted fringe.

CHOICE RECIPES.

Ginger Snaps—Mix one-half pound of butter with one and one-half cups sugar, add one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda dissolved in hot water, three eggs, season with ground ginger, and add one cup of flour. Roll thin, cut as desired, and bake in a quick oven.

Cup Pudding—Take two eggs, one cup of melted butter, one cup of sweet milk and one cup raisins seeded and chopped, two cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder mixed with flour and a little salt. Half fill the cups and steam four minutes. Serve with sauce.

Chocolate Filing—Heat one cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate together, then add three-fourths of a cup of sugar and yolks of three eggs beaten to a cream. Flavor with vanilla and bake with under crust, with a meringe of the whites spread over the top.

A tempting pick-me-up for an invalid can be prepared by beating up the white of a new-laid egg, add the yolk, together with a spoonful of wine or brandy, a little castor sugar, nutmeg, and vanilla essence to taste, beat well, and serve in a breakfast cup with a few wafer biscuits.

Tea Biscuit—Take one-half cup sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg (melted), one egg not beaten, then add one cup of milk, a little nutmeg, mix them together and stir into three cupfuls sifted flour, into which you have put two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

A simple and most beneficial remedy for catarrh or cold in the head is to mix about 15 drops of eucalyptus oil in a teaspoonful of vaseline and rub a little inside the nostrils at night before retiring to bed. In this way the fumes of the oil are inhaled all night while the patient is asleep.

Imperial Soup—Cook a sliced onion and carrot in one teaspoonful of butter three minutes, then add one quart stock. Cook fifteen minutes, strain, and add one pint of milk, one tablespoonful each of flour and butter blend, pepper and salt, then add four tablespoonfuls grated cheese. Cook ten minutes.

BOGUS TURKISH ORDERS.

Scheme by Which the Sultan's Advisers Made Money.

Reuter's correspondent at Constantinople, writing recently, gives an account of the modus operandi in connection with the traffic in Turkish decorations for which a newspaper proprietor, an aide-de-camp of the Grand Vizier and other persons, were recently arrested.

The scheme was to steal brevet forms for the various decorations (up to the second class) from the Ministry, which were filled in with the name of a foreign aspirant. The star was procured without difficulty in the regular manner from the court jeweller. The "Secret," a newspaper printed in French, used briefly to chronicle the fact of the decoration being conferred, together with genuine cases in the official gazette, in order to convince the recipient that all was in order. The charges levied varies according to the importance of the Order, the most moderate price being about $500. This ingenious scheme was worked with profit during two years, and over 100 decorations were disposed of in various countries in Europe. Needless to say, a very rich harvest was reaped by the organizers of the scheme.

The fraud was only accidentally brought to light by the action of a certain Embassy, which inquired why some undesirable person had been decorated. This led to investigation and exposure. The preliminary investigation revealed that most of the decorations had been bought by German, Austrian, Belgian, Swiss and Swedish Government officials, and that not a single British subject was among the clients.

The Sultan who was in possession of all the facts, was much pained at the revelation. His Majesty is anxious that purchasers of these spurious decorations should be officially confirmed in possession of the Orders.

INOCULATED POOR PATIENT.

German Doctor Found it Cheaper Than Buying Animals.

Prof. Dr. Neisser, who has charge of a hospital for diseases of the skin attached to the Breslau University, has been compelled to bow before a public protest against his practice of inoculating poor hospital patients without their knowledge with various forms of virus for the purpose of watching the effects on the human system.

For several months past, however, he has, according to the "Schleissche Zeitung," been experimenting with anthropoid apes by inoculating them with particular diseases.

He now finds that this comes more expensive than experimenting with human subjects, for the apes cost him from $200 to $375 each.

Moreover, they are very sensitive to climatic influences, and in spite of the utmost care and attention, most of the 20 which he has procured have died.

The apes succumb, the professor announces, not to the poison which he injects but to inflammation of the lungs and intestinal disorders.

In view of these circumstances, Prof. Neisser appealed to the Government for a grant to enable him to prosecute his experiments, which, however, according to the authority quoted above, has been refused without any reason being assigned.

"I tell you, sir, kissing the hand that smites you is nothing to what I saw in this hotel this morning." "What was that?" "The porter blacking the boot that had kicked him last night."

One faded rose is better than a dozen fresh thorns.

GAVE $5,000 FOR HER HAIR

AGED WOMAN WHO SACRIFICED SNOWY LOCKS.

Case Which Brought Tears to the Eyes of Even the Hardened Dealer.

"There is a tragedy in every trade," said the dealer in human hair, "There are heart-breaking things we have to do because the public must have what it wants. To live ourselves, we have to keep close watch on just what the public does want. This is, of course, true of every other business, but the personal contact, the buying of what is really a part of one person and selling it to another, makes some of our work particularly trying on the sympathies.

"The greatest demand is for white and gray hair. The pure white is so rare that it brings quite fabulous prices. By bleaching it is easy enough to have a full supply, but when this is contrasted with the real article the difference is startling. The manufactured article is a remarkably good imitation, but its inferiority, what is called 'the dead look,' is as apparent as the difference between artificial and sun light.

SELLS AT $25 AN OUNCE.

"For these reasons the real white hair has a standard value of $25 per ounce, although the scarcity of the supply, when there is any large order, like one for a full head of hair, the price jumps to sums that are staggering. In this connection I'll tell of one of the tragedies I have mentioned as connected with the trade. The story is perfectly true, but to give the names would be an injustice. As I did the hair-cutting myself, I know exactly what happened.

"There was a very old woman out in New Jersey. She always had been in comfortable circumstances, but certain securities ceased paying dividends through a reorganization, and at the same time several of her houses that had paid comfortable rentals were vacant. She was without ready cash, and worried about the education of her orphan granddaughter, a girl of 14.

"One day a friend called, to find the old woman confined to her room. She had let down her long, abundant and perfectly white hair, which still reached below her knees when she was standing. The visitor, who on more than one occasion had been at our shop to buy switches, had learned of the enormous value of white hair. To cheer up her friend she mentioned what she had heard, added that she believed her splendid hair would bring a large sum.

"The old woman was deeply interested at once. She wrote to us telling of the length of her hair, and of the price she had been told it would bring. As it happened at the time, we had two orders for real white hair, and had searched in vain for the proper length and quality.

SACRIFICED HER LOCKS.

"I wrote that I would come to see her on the following day. In the meantime, as I learned later, she sent for her physician. She told him of her purpose. Of course, he tried to dissuade her, and finding that useless, consented to tell the girl that her grandmother's hair must be cut off, as it was too great a burden for her to bear in her enfeebled condition.

"There were tears, entreaties and protests on the part of the young girl, but the old grandmother managed to persuade her that it must be. I came the next day. The doctor was there—a stern-faced, middle aged man, who scowled at me. I was really very uncomfortable. The girl, who could not witness the cutting of her grandmother's 'crowning glory,' had gone away to weep alone. The old woman was sitting up in her bed running her fingers through the beautiful white waves of her hair that streamed off to the carpet.

"I had never seen such a head of hair. My business heart jumped with greed, and then, as she looked up at me with her angel's face and her great big pitiful eyes, the greed was gone and I started crying. It was very unprofessional.

"'Sit down, madame,' said she in the gentlest sort of voice, and then she told me why she was willing to sacrifice it.

"'You see, the doctor will tell you that I cannot live long, a month or so perhaps, and I would carry this hair to the grave. I'd much rather provide for the little girl.'

"I really offered twice what I had meant to give—$5,000. I had the money with me and paid it. Then I cut off the wonderful locks, sniffling and half crying all the time. My work seemed like shearing an angel. At last I carefull packed up the precious hair. I had left enough for the aged woman to have short curls to peek out from under her bonnet. My profit on that hair cutting was enormous."

LONG-FORGOTTEN PICTURE,

"John Billus, I found this photograph in the inside pocket of an old vest of yours hanging up in the closet. I'd like an explanation. Whose is it?"

"Can't you see it's an old picture, Maria? What's the use of stiring up memories that——"

"I want to know whose picture that is."

"Rather a pleasant-faced girl, isn't she?"

"I want to know her name."

"No jealous fury in that countenance, is there?"

"Whose is it?"

"It's a portrait of a girl I used to think a great deal of, and——"

"Well, you sat for it yourself, Maria, about nineteen years ago; but to tell the truth I always did think the pleasing expression was a little overdone. Put on your spectacles and look at it again, and then compare it with the reflection in that mirror over there, and see—what are you getting mad about?"

"So this is your dull season, eh?" observed the visitor. "When is the busiest period in your factory?" "When the whistle blows for the men to leave work," answered the manufacturer.

"Pity a poor blind man with a large family!" cried a wayside beggar. "And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked a lady in great concern. "How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."

Papa (severely):—"Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Three-year-old:—"Yes, sir." "Be careful now. I'll ask mamma." "Truly, papa, I asked her, but she said I couldn't have it."

HEALTH

DIETETIC NUGGETS.

People who think they are poorly nourished unless they have eggs and bacon for breakfast, roast beef or lamb for dinner, and some cold sliced meat of some kind for supper, or with the noon meal made a duplicate of the supper and called a lunch, and the dinner made the last meal of the day, a la city fashion, are practically oblivious to the fact that there are other desirable and economic sources of the proteids supplied by the flesh foods.

A very little study would prove to them that in the gluten of grains we have a satisfactory substitute for the albumins of beefsteak, and that in nuts we have a very satisfactory source of the proteids and fats. A judicious combination of cereals, nuts and fruits, with such vegetables as are everywhere available, furnishes a perfectly competent dietary.

The popular belief that nuts are too hearty is a misapprehension of the facts. It came from the practice of eating them after a hearty meal and especially after a liberal indulgence in some form of flesh. To partake heartily of roast or broiled meat, with its usual proportion of fat, and then to eat freely of rich nuts, is to surfeit the system with fats and proteids. Nuts should be used in place of and not with meat dishes. Eaten at a proper time and thoroughly masticated they "set well" on all reasonably healthy stomachs. But the item of perfect mastication is almost universally overlooked. A good way to use such nuts as pecans, English walnuts, filberts and almonds is to chop them finely and mix them with bread or cake dough before baking. Peanuts should be boiled, finely mashed, and mixed with some form of cereal, wheat meal mush, cooked hominy, or bread pudding, and thoroughly baked. Imitations of meat can be made by the use of a mixture of nuts and cereals, and they are wholesome and toothsome. They contain some starch, considerable oil, and are rich in nitrogen.

Pecans stand at the head of the list of edible nuts. The large, thin-shelled grades of these nuts are very delicious, and are rich in proteids and oil. They possess some peculiar digestive, or at least corrective, principle which acts kindly in some forms of indigestion. Half a dozen of them carefully masticated and slowly swallowed will often cut short a distressing paroxysm of "heart burn."

Almonds are highly esteemed as an aid to digestion, but should not be very freely eaten.

Next in order come walnuts, hickory nuts, filberts and Brazil nuts.

ew Heavy Mess Pork,
Clear Back "
Plate Beef

NOWBALL CO'Y LTD
Chatham, N. B.

ds say That
lure's
azine
y price. Yet it is only 10 cen
of McClure's there are
st | Six good short storie
st | humorous stories, stories
| life and action—and alwa
| good.

BANISHING PIMPLES.

There are three ways to banish pimples. One is to heal them prematurely, only to have them break out again. To this end cold creams are used to effect a transitory cure which is far from radical.

The second method is the use of astringent lotions, which dry up, but do not drive out, the impurities, so that they simply seek another outlet.

The third and only sure and permanent method is to seek the cause, eradicate it and drive the pimples out. Better suffer a slight temporary increase of the evil than to endure intermitten disfiguration for years.

The ordinary physician pays but little heed to facial eruptions, unless of a malignant character, yet they often cause greater mental misery than more serious disorders.

The pores of an oily skin are simply inert, lazy. They must be stimulated to do their part in eliminating waste matter. If the retained sebum be left in the pores it hardens, festers and becomes a pimple. Blackheads are almost the certain precursors of pimples.

NEW YORK'S TUNNELS.

First of Them Nearly Completed—Great Feat.

The first of a great series of underground tunnels, which is to solve the congested traffic problem of Greater New York, has now been opened. It is a tube running under the North river from Jersey City to the foot of Morton street, New York, and it has a length of 5,600 feet, being 18 feet in diameter.

A party of guests walked through the tunnel, and came near being involved in a serious accident, as the ventilating arrangements are not yet finished, and the party was obliged to subsist on compressed air. They were in acute distress for a short time, but finally emerged on the Jersey side not much the worse for their experience.

The tunnel is one of two owned by the New York and New Jersey Railway Company, the second not being yet finished. Tracks for electric tram cars are to be laid in the tubes, and passengers will be transported from end to end in five minutes.

The new tube is one of the greatest engineering feats ever attempted in New York. The work was begun twenty years ago, but owing to difficulties encountered in digging through the treacherous bed of the river, it was twice abandoned. The tunnel has now been completed through the efforts of Sir Weetman Pearson, who designed the system of construction.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company is engaged on the building of another great tunnel, which will run from New Jersey under the North river to New York, then below the city to the East river, and under the East river to Brooklyn. This tunnel which will cost $50,000,000, will be nearly three miles long, and will be wide enough for four tracks.