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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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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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and—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

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4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted at no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE, M.D.

Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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IMPERIAL,
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Pulp
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THOS. W. FLEET, Nelson.

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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.

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Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

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SAINT JOHN N. B.

N. B.—In Stock and To Arrive 100 Dozen K. & R. Axes.

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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

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Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
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7 lbs. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
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75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes. 15 Boxes Horse Nails,
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.

Farming Tools, All Kinds.

Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guardes Rivets, Oilers.

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.

NELSON AND THE COXSWAIN.

Cause of His Popularity With the Sailors.

Just before the battle of Trafalgar a mail was sent from the English fleet to England, and word was passed that it might be the last chance to write before the expected engagement. The letters had been collected from the ships, the letter bags were on the vessel which was to take them, and she had got some distance on her way, under full sail, when Lord Nelson saw a midshipman approach and speak to Pasco the signal officer. Then Nelson showed the side of his nature which so often won the sailors' hearts.

Pasco uttered an exclamation of disgust and stamped his foot in evident vexation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing which need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most active of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on the Victory, and the message which put me out was this: I was told he was so busy receiving and getting off his mail bags that he forgot to put his own letter to his wife into one of them; and he has just discovered it in his pocket."

"Hoist a signal to bring her back!" was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the rest."

The despatch-vessel was brought back for that alone. Captain Mahan tells this story on the authority of the son of Lieutenant Pasco, who used to say that the sailors idolized Nelson. Evidently it was with reason.

WOULD SPOIL THE SET.

A five year old boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who is fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her have him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow; "you haven't got enough money."

"How much would it take?" she continued.

"Five hundred dollars," said the boy promptly, as if that would settle the matter at once for all.

"Oh, well, then," said the lady, "I think I can manage it. If I can will you come and stay with me?"

"No, ma'am," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."

SUCH IMPUDENCE.

"Young man," said the stern father, "do you think you are able to support a family?"

"Well," said the young man, bravely, "I have thought that all over, and I have come to the conclusion that I am willing to endure Lillian's family for the sake of Lillian herself."

Great Britain has 18,000 gipsies; Austria, 179,000; Turkey holds the record with 200,000.

FOUL PLAY.

I was seated before my fire one evening last winter, enjoying a Havana cigar and reading the latest novel, when a ring at the bell announced a visitor, and the next moment a man was shown into the room. He looked about thirty years of age and was decidedly aristocratic in his appearance, and seemed to be strong and in the best of health.

"Good-evening," he said. "I have been advised to come to you over a matter of grave importance by Sir Richard Neville, for whom you rendered some estimable service in restoring some very valuable jewels which had been stolen. My name is Arthur Murrey." And he laid a little, delicate visiting card on the table, in the corner of which I noticed a crest.

"If I can be of any service to you" I answered, "I am at your disposal."

"Well," he said, "listen to my strange story, which, after all, may only be a coincidence. But I think you will say that it was time the thing should be investigated. To look at me you would think I was strong and healthy, as I believe myself to be, and the doctors tell me that I am in the very best of health. My two brothers were as I am just over two years ago, and now both are dead—died of heart disease. When my father died almost three years ago my eldest brother came into the estate in Suffolk, known as Elmswell Manor. At that time he was perfectly healthy, but in just over the year he died of heart disease. Then the estate came, in the natural course of events, to my second brother, who was examined by a medical man and pronounced healthy in every organ, yet, strange to relate, he only lived eighteen months after he came into the estate, and more strange still, he died of heart disease, just as my first brother had done. I am the only surviving son, and I go to take possession of Elmswell Manor this week, but I am in a state of great fear lest the fate which overtook my two brothers may also be mine."

"Yours is certainly a strange story," I said, as he finished and sank back in his chair the perspiration standing in beads on his forehead, "and if it is a coincidence it is a very wonderful one, more especially as heart disease is not a malady to come on suddenly! May I ask if there appeared to be anything of a suspicious nature, apart from what you have told me about their deaths?"

"No," he answered; "the symptoms were those of heart disease, but the doctors said that both cases were extraordinary and most unusual."

"It certainly appears to me," I said, "that this ought to be investigated, and, if you wish, I will come to your seat in Suffolk, and try to find out whether or not it is a coincidence."

"If you would do so," he answered "it would relieve my mind of a great burden; the house will be open to you at any and all times. I am going to Elmswell the day after to-morrow; could you come down with me then?"

I referred to my diary and found that I had no engagements for that and several succeeding dates, so I promised to go with him on the Thursday of that week; and he took his departure. I had been at Elmswell for several weeks, and to me it appeared like wasted time, for whatever I did I felt sure that I could not prevent the awful fate which threatened Arthur Murrey from overtaking him.

I had come to the room to look round to see if there was any possibility of foul play, which, somehow, seemed to have fixed itself on my mind. The ceiling was of carved oak and was very beautiful, but I noticed that a small piece had at some time or other been cut out and replaced. This would not have been noticed by one person out of twenty, but to the eye of the detective it would start a train of thought which might lead to something else. As I looked up at it I suddenly started, for I remembered that I had seen another piece cut off another ceiling in Elmswell Manor in precisely the same manner. It was in the room in which the eldest son had died.

Good heavens! was there anything in those fateful words—"slowly murdered?" Was some diabolical plot being hatched whose end was the death of the owner of Elmswell Manor?

I made my way to the other bedroom, to see if the ceiling there had been treated as the other two had been. I reached the room and looked with an apprehensive expectancy for the square in the ceiling, and sure enough it was there. A piece had been cut out, about half a foot square, and cleverly replaced, and nobody would have noticed it had they not been looking for it.

I went through all the other bedrooms in the house and not one of them was similarly treated. Here, then, was an extraordinary coincidence. Two men had died in separate bedrooms under suspicious circumstances, and in the ceiling of each room was a square, cut for no apparent reason. Another man was suffering from precisely the same disease, and a similar square was cut from the ceiling of the bedroom in which he slept, and no other ceiling was touched.

By the time that I had finished my examination it was dinner-time. The meal was always strangely silent

* * * *

I had been at Elmswell Manor for a month when its owner—Arthur Murrey—showed signs of heart disease for the first time, and the fact came to me like a death-knell. Was he, then, like his brothers, to die of this awful malady, of which, a month before, he had shown no signs?

To say that I was astonished would be too mild a term. I was simply thunderstruck. I went myself and interviewed his doctor, who told me that it was a case similar in every respect to his two brothers, and he gave but little hope of his recovery. He went to London and consulted a specialist, whose verdict was the same as that of the family doctor, and he returned to Elmswell the most depressed and miserable man in the county.

"I believe," he said to me one day shortly after his return from London, "that the disease is the most peculiar in the world, or that I am being slowly murdered."

"Slowly murdered!" The words seemed to ring in my ears all day long. Was such a thing possible in the nineteenth century? I dismissed the idea as preposterous. However, I was soon to recall the words and to attach a new meaning to them

One afternoon, late in the autumn, after I had been at Elmswell Manor for almost two months, I was in the bedroom in which Arthur Murrey slept, and I sat down in the bay window and looked out into the beautiful park of the Murreys, which I thought was so soon to go to a distant relative and to pass out of the Murrey family for ever. I felt in a melancholy frame of mind. I had been at Elmswell for several weeks, and to me it appeared like wasted time, for whatever I did I felt sure that I could not prevent the awful fate which threatened Arthur Murrey from overtaking him.

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By the time that I had finished my examination it was dinner-time. The meal was always strangely silent and melancholy. To-night it was more so than usual; my host seemed to be brooding over his expected fate, and I was busy with my thoughts.

After dinner I confided my suspicions to him, and a light of hope came into his usually sorrowful eyes.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is such a thing possible? Who could it be?"

"I have a plan," I answered, whereby we can see if there is any truth in my suspicions, and if they prove correct we may be able to catch the villain or villains red-handed. First of all I should like to examine your skin under a microscope."

The instrument was brought, and I carefully examined the skin of my client. Suddenly I gave an exclamation of astonishment, for I found what I was looking for, and what I had scarcely dared to think that I should discover. On the wrist and arms were tiny punctures, not discernible to the naked eye, through which, by some means, a deadly but slow-working poison had been instilled into the veins of Arthur Murrey.

"Your words of a few days ago are correct, and you are being slowly murdered," I said.

He sprang from his chair, but sank back with an exclamation of pain and clutched at his left breast. The excitement of the moment had been too much for the weakened heart, but after a minute or two he recovered.

"For pity's sake, explain yourself!" he said.

"Well," I answered. "I argued that if there was any foul play going on there must be some motive, and the only possible motive that anyone could have in getting rid of you would be for the sake of inheriting the estate. When you told me that in the event of your death the estate would go to a distant relative who was in India I made inquiries as to the character of this relative, but could discover nothing. Then I referred to an old book that a friend of mine possesses on poisons, and discovered that a certain poison was used in India which would produce symptoms of diseases that would puzzle medical men; but the poison had to be injected with a syringe, and I argued that this was impossible to do without the person knowing it, so I dismissed the matter from my mind until I saw the squares in the ceilings and the small punctures in your wrists and arms. You have been inoculated with this poison unbeknown to yourself. But I believe there is yet time to save you. What I intend doing is to hide in your bedroom and watch. You will sleep there as usual, but I promise that you shall not again be inoculated with the poison."

So I watched.

For three successive nights I lay hidden in the bedroom, nursing a revolver and watching the square in the ceiling, but nothing happened.

It was on the fourth night that the finish of the tragedy occurred.

By some means or other I happened to fall into a semi-slumber, but I was suddenly awakened by hearing a slight click in the ceiling. I was lying in an old oaken wardrobe with the door just ajar, sufficiently for me to get a good view of the ceiling.

I lay there with my eyes glued to the little square, which was slowly being drawn back, until it left a hole in the ceiling about half a foot square.

Then something like a large spider suspended on a piece of string was let slowly down on to the bed. It was a terrible looking thing, about the size of a man's hand, with six legs attached, but it was too mechanical-looking to be mistaken for a spider or any living animal. As it descended it made a whirling noise, and directly it touched the bed it commenced to move over the counter-pane. As it crawled over the bed I could distinctly hear the buzzing of wheels, which about every thirty seconds stopped, when the figure would stand still, and I thought that this was when the liquid would be injected into the veins of the man who was in the bed

I admired the nerve of Arthur Murrey. He was well-aware of what was going on, as he had had no sleep since we had made the discovery of the punctures, only in the daytime. He lay perfectly still and breathed as though he were asleep.

Slowly the terrible, poisonous spider-machine made its way towards the man supposed to be asleep, and was just touching his hand when I raised my revolver and fired through the hole in the ceiling.

A shriek of pain followed the shot, and the little machine was jerked off the bed and lay on the floor on its back, its wheels still revolving.

Immediately all was confusion and disorder. Servants came rushing to the room, and I made my way with two of the men servants to the trap door which communicated with the apartment above the bedroom.

We climbed up and made our way to the spot where the light was now streaming through from the room below.

On the floor lay the body of a man shot through the head—the body of the man who had already murdered two men and so nearly a third. We picked him up and carried him to the bedroom below, but he was quite dead.

Arthur Murrey identified him as the relative from India, who would have inherited Elmswell estate had his diabolical plot succeeded.

The little mechanical contrivance was most ingeniously contrived. In the front part was a small syringe, which, when the string was jerked would inject a small quantity of the deadly fluid into the veins. The ends of the legs were covered with chamois leather, so that the friction would not wake the victim, and the puncture was so minute that it would not be felt, neither would it leave any perceptible mark.

Arthur Murrey soon regained his lost health and has taken unto himself a wife, and though the experience he passed through clouded his life for some time, happiness now reigns supreme in Elmswell Manor.—London Tit-Bits.

COMRADES.

Experiences of Sharpshooters in South Africa.

The rough give-and-take and free-and-easy comradeship of army life are pleasantly illustrated in Rennie Stevenson's book "Through Rhodesia," wherein he tells some of the experiences of sharpshooters in South Africa.

On the march, he says, we had always great difficulty in finding the spot where we had left our saddles. At night we used them for pillows, and often one would be rudely awakened by a gruff voice at his ear, "Here, mate! This is my saddle."

"It isn't your saddle."

"It is."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"Well, even if it is, I'm not going to move at this time of night."

"Are you? We'll see about that."

Then in the moonlight two forms would be seen struggling, now among the horses and again falling over their comrades.

The fray continued until one or the other man was victorious. Then the two generally sat down and threw remarks at each other:

"Well, cocky, you thought you'd pull me off that saddle, did you?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you! You haven't had fever. Wait till you get it, and then see if you have any strength left!"

Then the whole argument would presently end thus:

"Well, good night, matey! I'm getting sleepy."

"Good night, lad! I hope our row won't bring back the fever. I didn't know you felt the effects of it still. I'd have given back the saddle at once if I'd known. You can have it now if you want."

"No, thanks. I'm all right as I am."

"Sure?"

"Yes."

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

OLD ENGLISH ENGINES.

Locomotives That Have Been on the Rails for Many Years and Are Still Effective

The famous "No. 1" Great Northern engine recently completed its four millionth mile. It was built in 1870. It is still regularly employed on express passenger work, says The London Daily Mail.

Turning these facts over in his mind a Daily Mail representative was led to reflect that, after all, perhaps there might be something good to be said of the much abused British locomotive, and he set out on a voyage of investigation which embraced, first of all, the company's locomotive works at King's Cross.

"Oh, yes," replied the superintendent, in answer to a query, "we have a number of engines of this class running over our system. Hauling passenger trains? Certainly, and excellent time they keep. American locomotives? We don't trust our passenger trains to them. We keep them for 'minerals' and smaller work. Good engines? Well, they may be; we really haven't been running them long enough to form a decided opinion."

The editor of the Locomotive Magazine was more explicit. "The British-built engine," he said, "like the British-built bridge and the British-constructed permanent way, is designed to 'stay.' There are plenty of engines running to-day on British railways—aye, and on continental ones too—that were constructed 20, 30, 40 and even more years ago, and which are still perfectly reliable in every way.

"American builders can show nothing even remotely akin to this. The 'life' of a Yankee 'loco' may be as short as ten years. It would certainly be considered aged at 15. And I should imagine there are not above a score of 20-year-old locomotives in the whole United States that are regularly engaged in the passenger service of any of the first-class lines. The American engineer does not even pretend to build his locomotive to 'stay.'"

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the "No. 1" alluded to above is not the oldest locomotive running passenger trains in Great Britain. This honor is claimed for an engine built by Messrs. Bury, Curtis & Kennedy, of Liverpool, in 1845, which is still in daily use on the Waterford and Tramore railway, in the southeast of Ireland.

The railway on which it runs is almost as remarkable in its way as the engine. It is only seven and a quarter miles long, and is entirely isolated from every other railway, its Waterford terminus being over a mile distant from any of the other stations of that town. There are no intermediate stations, sidings or passing places, and as the platforms at the two terminal stations are both on the west side of the railway, the carriages are only provided with doors on one side.

Another British-built engine, which dates from 1845, is still running on the Chemin du Fur du Nord of France. It was built by Messrs. Robert Stevenson & Co., and was fitted with coupled driving wheels.

Juvenile Suspicion.

"I shall soon be your new mamma," said a governess to her little charge. "I am going to marry your father, Freddy dear. I wonder if you are glad?"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Freddy. "That's a perfectly splendid idea. Who thought of it first—you or papa?"

The trouble with the people who look on honesty as a good policy is that they are not willing to pay the premiums.

Physician (severely)—"I have no hesitation in saying, sir, that your wife's nervous fits are occasioned by your staying out so late every night." Witherby—"Good gracious, doctor, I didn't know she was suffering from an incurable disease!"

Hobbs—"Good gracious, Dobbs, how did you lose all your front teeth? Been in a fight?" Dobbs—"No. I gave our cook notice to leave last night, and this morning she put dynamite in the rolls."

Wonderful Power Over Serious Disease

The Cure of People Right in Our Midst Stands as Irrefutable Evidence of the Superior Medicinal Values of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Of all the ailments which afflict human kind there are none so obstinate and none so difficult to cure as diseases of the nerves.

There may be some disorders of individual organs that are more painful and excite more sympathy from friends, but diseases of the nervous system affect the mind as well as the body and bring discouragement, despondency and gloom. They unfit men for business and women for the household cares devolving upon them.

Such afflictions as paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy and even insanity itself are the common result of nervous exhaustion.

Nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, muscular weakness, dizziness and irregularity of the bodily functions are merely the warning symptoms which tell of the approach of these more serious disorders.

Time and time again Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven to be the most effective creator of nerve force that medical science affords. It is not claimed that one box will cure a serious and chronic disease. This great food cure is not claimed to be a miracle worker nor a cure-all, but when the system is run down and the nerves exhausted it is certain to produce beneficial results. It is bound to do so because it is composed of the most potent nerve restoratives that are to be found in all nature's realm.

You will search the medicinal world in vain for a more effective nerve restorative and system builder than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The evidences of your friends and neighbors attest this fact. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 50 cts. a box; 6 boxes for $2.50; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Canada House,

Corner Water and St, John Sts., Chatham.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM,

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.

Wm. Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory

JOHN McDONALD & CO.

(Successors to George Cassady.)

Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings —AND— Builders' Furnishings generally. Lumber Planed and Matched to order.

SAND AND SCROLL SAWING.

Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.

East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!

We have the BEST Studio, BEST accessories and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the

Best Photographs.

Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.

—IF YOU WANT—

Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes

Come and See Us.

Mersereau's Photo Rooms

Water Street, Chatham.

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.

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Job Printing

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

Printing For Saw Mills IS A SPECIALTY

WE PRINT—

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THIRTY KNOTS AN HOUR.

What a New Turbine Engine Promises in the Near Future.

To clip from twenty-four to thirty-six hours from the record time for crossing the Atlantic is the promise of the New York and European Steamship Company, a new trans-Atlantic Steamship line, which offers assurance of a speedy fulfillment of its pledge, says the Tribune. This company, which has already applied for pier privileges in New York city and formulated the larger part of its plans, expects by the substitution of the turbine engine for that now in use to secure a constant speed of 30 knots an hour in its new boats. Such a speed will mean that passengers can be carried from this country to Europe in a little more than four days.

The success that has attended the use of the turbine engine in Europe, and especially the remarkable speed that has been secured thereby, has naturally raised the question as to its adaptability for trans-Atlantic steamers. In New York a strong company has been organized, and plans have been pretty well completed for this new line.

To cut off a day in the time of crossing the Atlantic will mean to bring enormous profits to the steamship company which succeeds in doing it.

Fast mails will naturally fall to the steamship company that can handle them quickest. Delivered at Queenstown these mails could, according to the plans of the New York and European Company, be carried in three days and seven hours, a reduction of two days from the present time.

Of the importance and value of the turbine engine, Professor R. H. Thurston recently spoke at length before the Society of Mechanical Engineers.

WHAT HE WAS.

A school-inspector was examining a class in grammar and trying to explain the relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?" That was an easy question, and all the children shouted:—

"A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as much as to say, "Ask another."

"Yes; but what else?" said the inspector. This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest:—

"A little man."

"Yes; but there was something more than that." This was a poser for the youngsters, but, after a moment's puzzled silence, an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness) and cried to the inspector:—

"Please, sir, I know—an ugly little man!"

312 people die of starvation yearly in England, and 260 in France. 60 per cent. are men and 40 women.