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.

Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 15 | CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 19, 1903 | D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

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.

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The Professor's Invention

"Prof. McVint regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on 'The Aspirate in Greek' is unavoidably postponed."

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class room No. 20 on the morning of June 5, some two or three years ago.

"Hello! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late as 10 o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science picnic yesterday, and it was after 10 by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother is dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pop the question," added the third. At this there was a general laugh, in which you would have joined had you known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you saw him walking home from college along the esplanade you put him down at 50, but when you saw his face aglow with enthusiasm as he lectured on the beauties of the Greek particles you changed your mind and said he might be 30.

Anyhow, he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victim to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for what he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely apart from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little of what was passing around him, and was given credit for knowing still less.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class room had been burned out in the night, he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door, "I think, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stared the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend Jemima Bates, as they turned slowly from the class room door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"Oh, he is perfectly happy in his work," replied Jemima; he doesn't want any one to look after him." Jemima judged all men (and women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers she would have given the matter a little more thought.

The previous day, as young Pennington had said, had been the science picnic. Much to the surprise of everybody, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of invited "arts" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was Prof. McVint was in love—it had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out: "Therefore, I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: Into his mind as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought, "What will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses far stronger than those he generally used, and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before his class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally he came to the conclusion that the tie which he had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman, and which he had worn ever since, was a little the worse for wear and must be replaced, and then what he had long suspected broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale revolution could mean but one thing.

Thus it came to pass that on noticing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the picnic the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would try his luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the drive to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the chattering crowd, distrusting his own powers and yet so bold as to amaze himself, the professor sat alone and neglected in a corner of the brake. The kindness of heaven, however, aided a little by the cunning of man had placed the object of his adoration almost opposite him. So, while he gazed blankly into space, and was supposed by any one who gave him a passing thought to be elaborating a new treatise on "The Particles," he could all the time feast his eye unobserved on the vision of beauty not two yards away.

Lunch eaten, the whole party broke up and scattered in all directions, as parties will do till the end of time. Now was his opportunity; he would follow the group containing his idol at a little distance, and surely he would get a chance of speaking with her alone before long. Keeping the group in sight and himself out of it, he dawdled and hung about, as is the way of people who are doing their best not to overtake a friend a little way ahead. He walked forward, then back a bit, then on again, then back. then stood stock still for a few moments, pretending to use his watch as a compass, and then, finding that some one had been watching his manoeuvers with infeigned interest, bolted straight ahead as if he were shot from a gun. In less than two minutes he was upon the group, but, alas! his eyes had played him false again, and she was not there. What did he want with Jemima Bates?

Having tried to explain his sudden swoop down on those unprotected females, and having dismally failed therein, he turned aside, sick at heart, and entered a small plantation of young trees. A narrow foot-path led through this, and as he neared the stile that opened on the fields beyond he saw two figures leaning against it. Another moment showed him Eva Miller and young Pennington deep in conversation and oblivious of all around. Quietly and unobserved he turned back, and on reaching his rooms that night he told his landlady he had to go away by the early train for two or three days. Hence that notice on the class room door.

The professor's dream was over; there was but one thing left—revenge, and the professor settled down to plan and scheme how best to obtain it. Pennington was reading with him for a classical scholarship at Oxford, so the professor saw the way quite clear. Instead of one hour extra in the evening, he gave his pupil two, and sometimes even more, out of his own valuable time. He looked up all his old notes and helps, and lent them to his enemy; he corrected all his work with especial care and went to the trouble of writing out model answers for his pupil to copy. In short, painstaking and thorough as Prof. McVint had always been, he had never taken such pains or used such thorough methods with a pupil before. Nothing was too much trouble for him. "At any rate," he used to murmur to himself, as deep in his heart he nursed his revenge, "if she can't marry me she shall marry one of the best students Oxford and this place ever turned out."

And when eighteen months later the news came that Guy Pennington had pulled off the top "school," at Balliol the professor's revenge was complete, and his satisfaction knew no bounds.

"Congratulate you most heartily, McVint," said Dr. Smithers, ath physics demonstrator, "one of your best successes; won't Miss Miller be glad!"

"Oh, nonsense," returned the professor, "no credit due to me at all. A fellow with brains like that could get anything, no matter who prepared him. But"—with a sign—"I'm very glad for her sake."

"Yes," answered the doctor, breezily, "she always was proud of her brother. Good morning, McVint!" and he was gone like a shot. The professor stood rooted to the ground. Her brother! Her brother! What could it all mean?

And then was seen a sight such as never before was witnessed by gods or men. Students on their way to college stopped, amazed. Amiable old gentlemen out for their constitutional forgot their amiability, and swore horribly as they were rudely hustled and pushed aside; elderly females screamed, "Hi! Stop thief!" butchers' boys whistled and cackled; servant girls craned their heads out of windows; little dogs barked and yelped for pure delight; and all the universe stood still, as Prof. McVint, gathering up the skirts of his ample gown, flew down the length of the esplanade in pursuit of the unsuspecting Smithers.

"Brother, did you say," he burst out, as he caught that worthy by the arm; "did you say he was her brother?"

Smithers stared blankly at him for a moment. "Oh, I had forgotten," he said, looking around with an annoyed air. "What a fuss about nothing! Of course I said brother though he is really only her stepbrother, Pennington's father died soon after he was born, and his mother subsequently married a Miller. I thought everybody knew that. But what difference does it make?"

That was a question the professor declined to answer, What difference? Why, this difference—that before 10 o'clock that evening the professor had told Miss Miller of the episode of the stile (among other things), and she had laughingly said: "You poor dear, and so you really thought Guy and I were lovers. You see, even professors don't know everything. And to think we have wasted eighteen months!"

What the professor said in reply, history does not record.

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

Flies—Goodness! Who thought it was going to snow to-day?

CROPS RAISED BY ANTS.

Skill in Fertilizing and Pruning Shown by Them.

Recent study of ants has added another to the many facts that show the intelligence these insects possess. This latest discovery is that some species actually plant and raise their own crops.

The big leaf-cutting ant of the tropics is the most proficient species in the agricultural line. These ants visit plants and cut little fragments out of the leaves. Sometimes they will ruin a whole plantation over night, leaving the plants with ragged fragments of their foliage. Until recently it was supposed that the leaf-cutters ate the pieces of leaf. But now it is known that they carry the fragments to their mounds, where they chew them over and over, moistening them at the same time with acid secretions, until they have made a soft spongy mass. This is kneaded and worked over and over again until it is a big heap full of small holes. In this spongy mass the ants deposit the spores of a certain fungus which forms the greater part of their food supply. Different species of ants have different species of fungus.

The most highly developed of them all is grown by a Brazilian ant. It is known as the Rozites gongilophora. This fungus is very rich and full of albumen, which is particularly loved by the ants. To produce most albumen the fungus must not be permitted to seed. Of course this is a simple matter, well known to every florist and agriculturist. But it certainly is wonderful that ants should have learned it. They attend to the pruning of the fungus stems and suckers just as carefully as a human planter would. As soon as the fungus begins to grow it sends out fine threadlike stems into the air. If these are allowed to grow they will finally bear spores. But the ants do not permit them to grow. They keep certain members of their colonies busy biting them off the moment they appear. After being pruned for a short time the fungus begins to develop little swellings which are particularly rich in albumen. And after being cultivated for a few months the little swellings are found everywhere around the bottom of the pile.

Some species of ants carry fertilizers to their gardens. They bear finely chewed wood, mouldering leaves, dead insects and other similar material to the fungus plantations to enrich the soil and increase their yield.

OBJECTED TO THE CHANGE.

When an old farmer's daughter first left her good old country home, with its quiet, simple ways, for a year at a fashionable boarding school she signed her name "Sarah Jane Smith" and took no offence at being called "Sally."

Three months later her letter came home signed "Sadie J. Smith."

Six months elapsed and she had become "S. Janie Smithe."

Time rolled along, bringing its wonderful changes, and when June came she blossomed forth as "S. Jeannie Smythe."

Then her father hitched his old, blind horse to the vegetable cart and said: "I'm going to bring that there Sal home, and ler 'er know that she can't bring ojeum on the good old name o' Smith by ringin' in any more 'y' and 'e' changes on it. There can't anybody say a word o' harm agin my branch o' the Smith family. I'm proud o' it, an' glad I'm one of 'em. I reckon a month o' hard work in tater-time 'll let Sary Jane know that 'J-a-n-e' don't spell no 'Jeannie.'"

MERELY A SUGGESTION.

"I suppose," said the scoffer, "you can call up any spirit I want to talk to?"

"Perhaps," replied the business-like medium, pocketing the proffered coin; "but wouldn't you rather call some spirit down, young man?"

"What are you going to do with your boy?" "He seems to think he can decide all that himself. Just now he tells me there is more money in piracy than in anything else." "What does he mean by that?" "Oh, I fancy he's got Morgan the buccaneer mixed up with Morgan the financier."

"Yes, I know of one case where excessive use of the piano actually caused lunacy." "Isn't that awful! "And did they lock up the unfortunate pianist?" "Of course not; they locked up the people that went crazy."

Of the 1,600,000 natives in Liberia, there are 60,000 civilized negroes, who have been deported or have emigrated there from the United States.

About the ....House

A TALK ON SOUPS.

"I want to explode the fallacy that so many mothers entertain when they think that a child who has clear soup for its luncheon is getting nourishment in its most concentrated form," said a lecturer recently. "While I would not say feed a child on sugar, yet a lump of sugar contains more real nourishment than a cup of bouillon. This applies to the soups cleared by the white of an egg and strained to remove all the sediment and thick portion, which contain the real nourishment, or to soups where bones, containing gelatine, are not used."

The speaker explained that the use of bouillon for invalids does not mean that it is especially nourishing. In sickness bouillon and similar beverages are administered to save the tissue that is burned away by the fever which almost always attends serious illness. This form of nourishment, like alcohol, is termed a "tissue saver," and supplies only enough nourishment to keep up the strength of the patient, without requiring much work from the digestion, which is always impaired by illness.

Broths, purees, and other thick soups are highly nourishing, the speaker said, but clear soups, when served as the first course of a dinner, are of value only because they supply warmth and start the digestive juices into action.

The lecturer prepared before her audience some bouillon, which she said had received the necessary time in simmering before being brought to the lecture. This was made as follows:—For two pounds of beef take two tablespoonfuls of butter, and brown the butter with two slices of onion. When the onion has become delicately tinted, add the meat, cut in small pieces. The object of cutting up the meat is to allow as much of the meat as possible to be exposed to the action of the water which is added later. Brown the meat slightly in the butter and onion mixture, then cover with one quart of cold soft water, and add a piece of celery. Cover the whole closely, and let simmer for two hours. At the end of that time strain carefully and return the soup to the fire. Crush an egg shell and put it in one cup of cold water. Add this to the soup and let it come to a boil, then strain carefully through cheesecloth. Keep the soup covered while cooking, as the steam carries off the flavors.

When serving, add to each plate a teaspoonful of sherry, one slice of lemon, and enough Worchestershire sauce to add the peppery flavor without the use of that condiment. For nourishing soup stock the shin bone should be obtained. The proportion of meat on the shin bone is greater than on the hind leg, and although the shin bone may be ordered from the butcher, he will not, as a rule, send it, because the demand for it by experienced housekeepers who know the value of certain parts is greater than the supply. For a rich soup stock allow one quart of water to every pound of meat and bone. The bone supplies the gelatine. The average weight of a shin bone is five pounds. Soup stock, when sufficiently rich, should solidify into a jelly when cold.

"We have in meat five principles—fibrin, fat, gelatine, albumen and osmazone," continued the lecturer, in speaking of the richer soups, "and in making soup stock it is our object, as far as possible, to draw out those five principles into the water with which we cover the meat. Because meat is expensive it is most necessary that we should learn to cook it so that we may get from it all possible nourishment, especially as the proteid matter it affords plays so large a part in the economy of the system. Proteids may be found in other foods than meat, for the white of egg, milk and other foods contain it, but the largest quantity is found in lean meat. We call the proteids the flesh builders in order to make their functions clear and distinguishable from those of the fats and oils, which we call the fat makers, and the carbo-hydrates the work producers. For while the starches and sugars, under which names the housekeeper is familiar with the carbo-hydrates, do furnish fat for the tissues, their great function is that of furnishing energy in the form of heat to keep us warm and the strength with which to do our work. Of the three great classes of organic foods, it is safe to say that this one receives the most abuse in cooking, and the natural result is trouble in the digestive system."

HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

For the outer covering of beds there are all sorts of pretty and novel things in white or in colors. The durable Marseilles quilts come both plain, woven and embroidered in white or in colors.

The fancy for embroidery also extends to the finish of sheets and pillow cases. "Shams" are still much used, though many housekeepers prefer cases, into which the pillows are buttoned.

These are large and square.

They are laid aside at night, however, in favor of smaller pillows with plainer covers.

Monograms or initials for sheets are two or three inches high and worked in the center just about the hem. For pillow cases the letters are smaller.

Sheets for double beds should be three yards long before hemming.

This allows for a three inch hem at the top, one-half the width at the bottom and leaves the sheet a little more than two and three-quarter yards long after shrinkage in washing.

A sheet large enough to tuck under and stay where it is put is the only kind sure to be a comfort to the user.

In purchasing a table linen the cream weave will be found more durable than the white or half-bleached.

While pattern tablecloths are more desirable for best than those cut from the web, the latter will be found much cheaper for everyday use.

Cheap, sleezy damask is never advisable, the loose weave rendering it a poor investment in point of service.

Before hemming a tablecloth, see that it is cut by the pattern.

The thread makes the pattern, and if one follows the pattern it takes less time than pulling the thread.

While hemstitching makes a pretty finish, it cannot endure hard usage, and is, therefore, inappropriate for cloths that have to be frequently laundered.

The best way to hem an everyday linen is to turn and baste a narrow hem, then folding the hem back again on the right side of the cloth, sew the hem to the cloth by hand in an over-and-over seam.

Then flatten and press the hem in place.

The monogram or initial of the house-mistress should be wrought diagonally in one corner in white linen or outline silk.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

For liver disorders, use tomatoes, onions, lemons, salt.

For erysipelas, use cranberries externally and internally.

For cancer, use figs in the same way.

For indigestion, use garlic and tomatoes.

For gravel, use spinach and onions.

For asthma, use carrots.

For scurvy, use turnips, onions and salt.

For chronic diabetec, use peanuts, avoid all starch and sugar.

For nervous disorders, use onions, turnips and celery. Onions are the best of nervines, toning up the system and relieving nervous prostration.

For a tonic, use blackberries and raspberries.

For summer complaints, use the same, also banana.

For insomnia, use either lettuce or onions.

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

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery. "You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said. She felt that the time had come to play her trump card. "I have also," she said, "my father's lovely chequebook." Within thirty minutes the engagement was announced.

Uncle George — "Come, Harry, you ought to get along better than you are. The world owes you a living, you know." Harry — "Yes; that's the reason why there's no need of my working for one, you know."

"Yes, father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money." "Humph, John! you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent in college."

Tom — "Do you notice any difference in your sister Kate since her engagement?" Dick — "Oh, yes. She seldom wears a glove on her left hand now, and her back hair always wants attention from that hand."

"Would you call a cat herbivorous or carnivorous?" asked a man who is learned but tedious. "Neither," answered the man who yawns; merely vociferous."

DIZZY SPELLS AND ACHING HEAD
Tell of Shrivelled Arteries and Exhausted Nerves—They Warn You of Approaching Paralysis or Collapse—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the Most Potent Nerve Restorer.

The sufferer from nervous headache and dizzy spells never knows what minute he may fall helplessly a victim of vertigo or paralysis, for these symptoms tell of depleted nerve cells and a wasting of vigor and vitality.

Other indications of nervous exhaustion are troubles of sight, noises in the ears, sparks before the eyes, stomach troubles, sleeplessness, cold hands and feet, restlessness, irritability, weakened memory, lack of energy and enthusiasm, muscular weakness, fainting spells, bodily pains and aches, and tired, languid and despondent feelings.

Nervous diseases are most dreadful to contemplate, because of the frequency with which they end in paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy insanity. All movement of the body or its members is controlled by the nerves, and hence it follows that paralysis of some form is the natural consequence of exhausted and depleted nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures dizzy spells, headaches and all symptoms of nervous exhaustion by actually increasing the quantity and quality of the blood and creating new nerve force.

Mrs. Hann, 8 Leonard avenue, Toronto, says:—"For a number of years I have been troubled with weakness and fainting spells, nervous, sick headaches, and in fact, my nervous system seemed to be in an exhausted condition. Languid, depressing feelings would come over me at times, and I would become discouraged and despondent. Since a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I do not hesitate to pronounce it a splendid medicine for weakness of all kinds. It has been of great benefit to me, for my nerves are much steadier, and dizziness and fainting spells no longer trouble me, and my system has been generally built up."

By noting your weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove that healthy, solid flesh and firm muscles are being added to the body. Gradually and certainly the system is built up, and symptoms of disease give way to health, strength and vigor. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BRITISH WON TRADE WARS

INDUSTRIAL INVASIONS THAT HAVE FAILED.

John Bull Holds His Own Against Both Germany and America.

The Wallpaper Trust has gone home to America having been thoroughly thrashed in a hard-fought battle with the British combination which decorates our walls for us. The American paper people invaded this country two years ago. An army of energetic travellers scoured the country with samples, of which they sold great quantities, and for a time it looked as though they would oust the older businesses, says London Answers.

But the American manufacturers made a false move. They neglected the rules of war. They not only made their paper in the English width—21 inches instead of the American 18 inches—but they also

COPIED OUR PATTERNS

and tried to pass the papers off as English. Big retailers do not like being humbugged, and as soon as the manoeuvre became plain, they refused to give more orders to the Americans. Meantime the British manufacturers had reduced their prices, and the Americans were soon forced to capitulate. Although no indemnity could be exacted from the vanquished, their defeat will cost them dear, for all the special plant they laid down for making the 21-inch widths will be useless.

The biggest victory ever won by British manufacturers is the conquest of the great American Tobacco Trust. The war began a year ago when Mr. J. B. Duke, of the American Company, bought Ogdens, Ltd., and began to cut prices in a way never before seen. Thirteen British firms thereupon amalgamated, and formed the Imperial Tobacco Company with a capital of $75,000,000. The Americans spent a million and a half in price-cutting and bonusgiving, but did not succeed in capturing any large portion of the retail trade, and in the meantime the British company

ACTUALLY INVADED AMERICA,

established a factory and carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country.

In October last the Americans asked for terms. The Imperial were inclined to be generous. They signified that they would buy back Ogdens, and permit the beaten company to make an alliance with themselves. The combined British-American Company is now going to seek fresh empires to conquer.

Two years ago a terrible coal famine was raging in this country, and in the autumn of 1900 there arrived in the Thames the "Queenmoor," with the first cargo of American coal ever brought to England. It sold here for twenty-seven shillings a ton, and was followed by other chipments. Our Admiralty also bought a quantity of American coal for the navy. October, 1902, saw the state of things reversed. The great Pennsylvania coal strike had caused a coal famine in New York, and no less than 175,000 tons of good British coal was ordered and despatched to that port.

The great American Shipping Trust recently sustained a check when our Government stepped in and announced its intention of subsidizing the Cunard Line and lending them the money to build two new twenty-five knot vessels. These ships will probably be the biggest and fastest afloat. Certainly

THEY WILL BEAT ANYTHING

the Shipping Trust possesses. This agreement is to remain in force for twenty years from the time that the vessels are completed, and the company will pay only 2¾ per cent. on the money lent. The subsidy is to be $750,000 a year instead of the $131,250, which is all the Cunarders have been receiving up to now. At present the Cunard fleet consists of twenty-two ships totalling 175,500 tons. The new ships will raise this to about 100,000, and make the line a powerful competitor of the Americans.

Both Germany and the United States are beginning to fall behind in the supply of electrical plant for British railways and tram lines. Messrs. Dick, Kerr & Co., beat all competitors in bidding for the contract for the London County Council Tramways. Their success was the more satisfactory because the conditions and standard set by the County Council are exceedingly stringent.

Once Wales made tin-plate for the world. Five or six years ago the Americans organized an opposition, and not only ceased importing from us, but began to pour into our ports such quantities of American plate that five out of seven of our plate mills were forced to shut down. The Welshmen set to work quietly and reorganized their business.

Two years ago there was a tin-plate workers' strike in the United States. That gave the Welsh manufacturers their chance. Last year they had not only recaptured

ALL THE BRITISH TRADE

but were again sending tin plate to America, and in spite of the very heavy tariff at present in force. There are now 420 mills at work in South Wales, against 200 twelve months ago, and the wages rate has gone up ten per cent.

A short time ago it was said that American medicines were ousting British drugs. London is, however, still the drug-market of the world, and the Americans themselves have to come here to buy their raw material. The Americans scored for a time by their invention of compressed drugs and tabloids; but our druggists are beating them on their own ground. In fact, as a representative of a prominent British tabloid manufacturing firm recently said, the United States is no longer even a competitor of ours in this business.

A TRACTABLE MEMORY.

"I see you don't remember me, sir?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"I'm Binks. I owe you $50."

"Ah! Now that you mention the—ah—sum, I remember you perfectly."

Landlord — "I've called to collect the rent." Little Boy — "Please, sir, mamma's out and forgot to leave it." Landlord — "How do you know she forgot it?" Little Boy — "Because she said so."

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
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SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other 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.
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FRENCH WAR ON PHTHISIS

SANITARIUMS WRONG AND DISEASE INCURABLE.

Benefactions of the People Are Claimed by Scientist to Be Useless.

During the last six months French philanthropy, especially in Paris, has been concentrated in efforts to combat tuberculosis, which has assumed the proportions of a national peril. Public and private subscriptions have poured forth with unexampled liberality.

One Parisian paper alone, the Figaro, has raised over $300,000 towards the establishment of a tuberculosis sanitary system after the German model which Dr. Brouardel and the French delegates to the tuberculosis congress so enthusiastically commend, but the other day the philanthropic public received a shock that came with the suddenness of a flash of lightning from the blue sky, for Dr. Albert Robin of the French Academy of Science, in a lecture delivered at Sorbonne before an audience composed of scientists and of prominent men and women of Parisian society, announced that all that has so far been accomplished in the great fight against tuberculosis is in vain, and that medical science and philanthropy have started on an altogether wrong tack.

DISEASE IS INCURABLE.

Dr. Robin does not hesitate to assert, and his position is supported by data which seem irrefutable to such high authorities as Brouardel, Grancher, and Landouzy of the Paris faculty of medicine, who were present at the lecture, that tuberculosis, when once firmly established in the system, is practically incurable.

Robin's figures prove that of 36 tuberculosis patients who leave the sanitarium ten relapse after six months and ten after one year, and that only five out of the 36 are saved. The only efficacious method of fighting tuberculosis, according to Robin, is prevention.

Discoveries just made by Albert Robin and his colleague, Maurice Binet, enable the stage of predisposition to tuberculosis to be determined with mathematical accuracy, two infallible tests being an excess of respiratory consumption and the daily organic demineralization or loss of mineral elements of the system. It is to this preliminary stage of tuberculosis that all efforts should be directed, absolute remedy or prevention being easily attained by the air cure, by abstention from alcohol, and by complete mental and physical rest.

Robin maintains that sanitariums towards which millions of dollars have been uselessly expended are from a financial point of view impracticable, and therapeutically are

SIMPLY CHIMERICAL.

Robin supports the article under the financial head, by pointing out that supposing only 100,000 beds were provided for the 500,000 persons suffering from tuberculosis in France, and each bed cost $1,000 for initial endowment, $100,000,000 would be required at the outset, without counting incidental expenses.

Albert Robin's revelations are commented on by all the leading papers in Paris and in France, and his revelations, coming with the suddenness of a bombshell, cause something approaching to revolution in the great humanitarian struggle against tuberculosis.

In conversation Dr. Robin says that, as far as examination of the facts brought to his knowledge warranted, his opinion was that humanitarian philanthropy in regard to tuberculosis was on the wrong track in the United States, just as it was in France, and that a complete change of tactics should be made in the great struggle in America as in Europe.

BABYLONIAN DISCOVERIES.

What Recently Unearthed Tablets Show.

Herman Hilprecht, who has been excavating mounds in Nippur, said that he would devote his life to excavating. He said:

"The contents of the tablets will altogether change the ideas of the world as to the state of civilization and knowledge of that early people. It will be seen that they knew, 2,300 B. C., that the earth was a globe, and that astronomers took the same view of celestial phenomena as we now take.

"Nippur is, in fact, sixteen cities, one built above the other. We have by no means reached the lower of the buried cities. Much of the Temple Library has been brought here, and it is now in the museum of the universities here. The temple in that early period was not only the place of religious worship; it was, also, the school, the college.

"Within the last four months our most important discoveries were made. The day before I embarked on my homeward voyage I had in my hand a tablet upon which were the minutest astronomical calculations as to the constellation Scorpion.

"One of the most interesting tablets is mathematical. The Babylonians, in the multiplication table for instance, went far beyond us. Our multiplication table stops at 12; 12 times 12 is the highest. The Babylonian tables went up to 60. Their children might have sung 60 times 60 in reciting the multiplication table. Indeed, for astronomical purposes, they carried the table out to 1,300; that is, the results of multiplication up to 1,300 times 1,300 were tabulated. They wanted to know at once the result of large calculations."

Cows fed with ensilage will give one-third more milk than if fed on dry food. The proper amount is 30 pounds twice a day.

Among any 100,000 people, 15,000 experience during the year an accidental injury of some kind severe enough to cause a claim on an accident policy.