Board Works Jan 1 01

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. 18 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 10, 1904 — 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.

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 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.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. & Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 8

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. C. Miller.

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

Printing For Saw Mills
AS 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.

FOOD IS IMPROVING.

How it Has Been Adulterated in Various Ways

Striking testimony to the decrease in the adulteration in food which has taken place in recent years is borne by A. W. Stokes, public analyst for Paddington, England, in his quarterly report.

"In the course of twenty-five years," he says, "the percentage of impure food samples has diminished from 62 per cent. to 5½ per cent." During the past quarter only seven out of 125 samples were found to have been adulterated.

In the early days, says Mr. Stokes water was largely used in milk, butter and lard, tea was mixed with iron-sand and exhausted leaves, coffee contained as much as 90 per cent of chicory—and even now contains in some instances 50 per cent. Sago and sugar were formerly used in the manufacture of cocoa to such an extent that it was more fitted for making poultices than for drinking purposes.

The once prevalent sale of jam made from decayed fruit is now, he declares, totally unknown, and the poisonous ingredients used for coloring sweets have also disappeared.

Bread was at one time made very indigestible by the introduction of alum. This form of adulteration has been completely stamped out.

Mrs. Noolywed—"And if I had really refused you when you proposed, would you have given up?" Noolywed—"I should say not. I would have kept on trying to win you, even if you had thrown me over half-a-dozen times." Mrs. Noolywed—"Oh, what a lot of fun I missed!"

The Great Gold Robbery

One lovely night in June, just upon half a century ago, an out at elbow betting-tout, "Bill" Pierce by name, was lounging listlessly about London Bridge Railway Station.

"Stand back, there!" shouted a porter, who was wheeling something bulky and heavy towards the barrier.

Pierce "stood back," and at that moment his eye caught sight of the object the man had in charge. It was a huge box, iron-bound and very massive.

The tout's quick curiosity was aroused, and, turning to another of the company's employes, he inquired the nature of the contents.

"Gold," replied the individual addressed.

"Garn," answered Pierce. "Who're ye gettin' at?"

Whereupon the other, indignant at his word being doubted, proceeded to explain that the box did really contain the precious metal in question, and that it was being sent from London to Paris.

"We often carry as much as £100,000 and £150,000 at a time," he concluded, "and never a penny of it's been lost in transit yet. We're too careful."

"Oh!" said Pierce; and he walked away. But from that moment his mind was made up. Some day he would have some of that gold.

He brooded over the matter for several months, and eventually, realizing that he could do nothing single-handed, he went to a friend of his named Agar, a professional thief.

But the latter laughed long and loudly.

"Get out, you looney; the thing can't be done. If it could me and my mates would ha' done it long ago. We knew all about it."

And Agar left him, and soon after went to America, where he was due to engineer a big bank robbery.

This rebuff, so far from discouraging Pierce, only spurred him to greater exertions. He got a job as clerk to a well-known bookmaker, and spent every penny of his savings in the furtherance of his pet scheme.

In the course of his business, too, he managed to scrape acquaintance with one Burgess, a guard on the line, who occasionally had a "bit on" a horse, and to whom he gave one or two good "tips." Bullion, Pierce had previously discovered, not infrequently travelled by Burgess' train.

After a while Burgess introduced him to a fellow-employee of the company, William George Tester, then a goods clerk at London Bridge, but formerly employed at Folkstone, the port where the bullion was transhipped from train to steamer.

These three plotted and planned—planned and plotted. It was a formidable task Pierce had set himself; how formidable he only realized fully after Tester had explained the exact arrangements in force for the safe custody of the gold consignments.

The boxes containing the precious metal, were, it appeared, sealed, clamped and carefully weighed before being dispatched from London. On the road, also, they were again weighed on three separate occasions—at Folkstone, Boulogne, and Paris.

They travelled between London Bridge and Folkstone in the guards van of the mail train; but not loose among the other luggage. On the contrary, they were inclosed in a massive steel safe, only three keys of which were in existence. These were in the custody respectively of the Traffic Superintendent in London, of the Chief Clerk at Folkstone, and of the Captain of the Boulogne packet. Obviously the first active step to be taken was to obtain impressions of one or all of these keys.

At this juncture Agar returned from America with several thousand pounds in his pockets, and Pierce, as soon as he heard of his arrival, hurried to him, and told him how affairs were progressing.

This time that astute scoundrel did not laugh or pooh-pooh the scheme. On the contrary, he entered into it heart and soul. His thief's training told him there was now "something in it."

First he did several day's hard thinking. Then he handed over to Pierce three hundred sovereigns, which the latter was to despatch to Folkstone per mail train, consigned to a mythical "W. Archer."

Agar, meanwhile, travelled down to Folkstone, and when the gold arrived he was there to claim it—of course as "Mr. Archer." This enabled him to be present when the bullion safe was opened; and, needless to say, he took careful note where the key was kept.

A little later the clerk left the office for a few seconds. Agar slipped in, took the key from the drawer, pressed the wax he had ready upon it, and the trick was done.

An impression of one of the other keys was afterwards obtained through Tester, who found out that it was to be sent to the maker's for repair, and managed by an adroit piece of manoeuvring to obtain possession of it for a brief period. Having done this, he hurried with it to a beer shop in Tooley Street, where he met Agar, who took two separate impressions at his leisure, thus making assurance doubly sure.

It took some weeks to cut and file the keys, but at length everything was ready. Agar slipped unperceived into Burgess' van one day when bullion was being carried, and hid behind the piles of luggage. Inside the van the conspirators had previously placed a couple of portmanteaux filled with shot, in weight exactly corresponding with that of twelve thousand sovereigns.

But the result on this occasion was disappointing. The keys would not open the lock. Agar tried again and again, filing busily at them all the way down. But in vain. When the train slowed up outside Folkstone, he was apparently as far from his object as ever.

Several times this was repeated, Agar meanwhile filing at the keys both at his own house and during the journey. He made, too, several duplicate keys, and filed these also in varying fashion under a powerful magnifying glass.

And at last there came a time when his patience and industry were rewarded.

Forewarned, as usual, by Tester that bullion was travelling by a particular train, and by Burgess that it would be placed in this van, Agar slipped in once again.

The first key he tried failed, the second likewise, but the third, a new one only finished the evening before, fitted beautifully. The massive door swung back, and the gold-filled boxes were ready at his hand.

With the aid of a jemmy and wedges he had brought with him, he quickly had them open, and that without leaving any external mark or injury upon them. Gold Gold to what he judged to be the weight of the shot was abstracted. The boxes were then refastened and resealed, the safe relocked, and the great robbery that had been maturing for so many years was an accomplished fact.

At Boulogne the theft was discovered.

The boxes were found not to weigh exactly what they ought to have done. The French authorities, consequently, refused to sign them. And, on being opened, the whole business came to light.

Instantly the telegraph was set working frantically. But in vain. The two principal conspirators were by that time safely back in London with their plunder.

The first division was made the next day. According to Agar, he had secured about £2,500 in coined gold; and of this, he, Pierce and Tester took £600 apiece, the remaining £700 going to Burgess. The rest of the booty was in the form of bar gold, and this Pierce and Agar started to melt down, taking a house for the purpose at Kilburn.

Now, Agar had a sweetheart, named Fanny Kay, who frequently visited him. She found herself free of every room in the house, save one, and this not unnaturally roused to the highest pitch her woman's curiosity.

She pried and cried and fussed and fumed, until at last, in sheer desperation, Agar told her all. The girl kept her knowledge to herself at that time, but in the end it was through her that the whole nefarious plot came to light.

It happened in this way: Agar, who could never rest quite even although not in immediate need of money, had embarked on another criminal venture, and prior to setting out had handed to Pierce £2,500. This sum if anything happened to him (Agar), Pierce was to invest in Consols for the benefit of Fanny Kay.

Something did happen. Agar was arrested, tried, and sentenced to a term of penal servitude. Pierce visited him in prison, and assured him that his sweetheart should be well looked after while he was "away." This assurance satisfied Agar, and he agreed to seek no remission of his sentence by "rounding" on his accomplices in the by this time well-nigh forgotten gold robbery.

But Pierce, who was a thorough scoundrel, failed to keep his part in the contract. He made Fanny Kay three or four payments, and then "skipped out" to another part of London. The girl was naturally furious at this shabby treatment, and hurried off to the South-Eastern Railway Company's Chief of Police, to whom she told all she knew.

Pierce was quickly laid by the heels. Tester, who had meanwhile fled to Sweden, was also traced and extradited. Burgess gave himself up. And ere many weeks had elapsed the entire gang were placed upon their trial at the Old Bailey.

The result was something of a travesty of justice; for Burgess and Tester, who had had nothing to do with the original inception of the crime, got fourteen years apiece, while Pierce, who had so cunningly and successfully plotted to turn them from honest men into rogues, and who had grossly betrayed his friend Agar's confidence into the bargain, received the merely nominal sentence of two years' imprisonment.—Pearson's Weekly.

COLORS OF UNIFORMS.

Red uniforms present the best marks for the enemy's shot; rifle green comes next, brown third, while Austrian bluish grey is found to be the least fatal.

About the time a man begins to feel his importance others begin to doubt it.

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.

About the ....House

WELL MADE COFFEE.

In no branch of cookery is knowledge of the right way more essential than in that which has to do with making the family beverages. Without this knowledge, the cup that cheers becomes in its wake indigestion and attendant ills.

To make sure of a really good cup of coffee, one must have some intelligent notion of the bean itself. In commerce, the following varieties are commonly handled and particularly distinguished from each other: Mocha coffee, which comes from Arabia and is known by its small gray beans, inclining to a greenish tinge; Java or East Indian coffee, having large, yellow beans; Jamaica coffee, with beans somewhat smaller and greenish; Bourbon coffee, with yellow and almost whitish beans, and Surinam coffee, which has the largest beans. Epicurean tates perfers Mocha and Java, usually a mixture of the two in the proportion of one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter, after having roasted each kind separately.

The great demand for coffee has led to the employment of various cheaper articles as substitutes, notably chicory. But all lack the most important constituent of the coffee bean, which is caffeine. 'Tis to the presence of this substance, together with a volatile oil, developed by roasting, and astringent acids, called caffeic acids, that coffee owes its exhilarating and refeshing properties, and its power to allay hunger and dimish the wear and waste of the body.

SECRET IN ROASTING.

As much of the flavor and aroma of the coffee bean is developed by roasting, it follows that this process is one of import. Unfortunately home roasted coffee is almost a thing of the past, and in this may be found the secret of many a cup of indifferent coffee, for to be prime the bean must be freshly roasted, a virtue the ready-roasted brands rarely possess, but which is well worth the little extra labor it involves. To roast coffee properly, the beans must be first picked over, then washed in clear water and thoroughly dried in a slow oven. The heat must then be increased and the roasting accomplished rapidly. Stir frequently with a wooden spatula. When of a light brown color and the bean becomes brittle, take at once from the oven.

When the roasting is continued beyond this stage there is always more or less charring, which destroyes the flavor of the drink. Some cooks stir a lump of sweet butter into the coffee at the moment it comes from the oven. Others recommend stirring in a beaten egg when the coffee is sufficiently cooled, thus removing the necessity for further clarifying. Keep roasted coffee in an airtight vessel of tin or earthenware.

Even after one has obtained beans of the desired aroma and properly roasted the same, it yet remains to acquire the art of making a wholesome and savory infusion. A skilled cook can make a fairly good cup of coffee from a cheap grade; the ignorant cook will convert the choicest bean into an insipid and dreggy liquid which can be dignified by no name, though to them it

STANDS FOR COFFEE.

All sorts of apparatas have been devised for making an infusion of coffee, some simple, others very complex. The French biggin is well known and furnishes the easiest and most satisfactory method of filtering coffee. By this and similar processes the aroma, which is the life of the drink is preserved—a thing not possible when the ordinary method of boiling is practiced. A stronger drink is thereby obtained, 'tis true, but at the sacrifice of other and more desirable properties. Yet, strange to say, nine cooks in ten persist in boiling coffee, and when we pause to consider the nature of the drink which in too many homes masquerades as coffee, we no longer wonder that these people denounce it without modification.

A very simple contrivance on the principle of the biggin can be made by any housewife. It consists of a sack of thin but firm flannel as long as the coffee pot is deep, having a casing at the top, through which is run a tape. After putting the required amount of coffee ground very fine (1 tablespoon for each cup and 1 for the pot is the proper allowance) into the bag, lower it into the pot, turn down the edge over the rim of the pot and tie securely. Pour the boiling water over the grounds, cover closely and simmer on the back of the range 15 minutes.

BOILED COFFEE.

When one will have boiled coffee, let it at least possess the redeeming trait of being as good as the method permits. Let such persons try the following recipe: Put the usual allowance of finely ground coffee into a coffee pot that is clean and sweet (the condition of the pot has much to do with the flavor of the coffee no matter by which method it is made), mix with the white of an egg, unless clarified at the time of roasting, moisten well with cold water, and if the spout has no cap, stop up with a cork. Place on a hot part of the range, add half the quantity of boiling water needed (which should always be 1 pt. less than there are large tablespoons of coffee), boil fast for five minutes, transfer to a cooler part of the range, let simmer ten minutes, add the remainder of the water, which must be boiling, and serve at once.

Persons of weak digestive powers should not use cream or milk in coffee. There is something in the combination, so physicians tell us, that impairs digestion. Such being the case, even the veil should, for health's sake, drink clear coffee, but most of us hesitate to forego the delights of the palate when no hurtful effects, apparently, result from indulgence. In lieu of cream, the housewife will find a welcome substitute in hot milk.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Ginger Doughnuts.—Two eggs, one cup molasses, half cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons melted butter, flour enough to make a soft dough, one saltspoon each of ginger, cloves, cinnamon and salt, 1 teaspoon baking soda. Roll the dough one inch thick and cut into small circles or rings. Drop the cakes into smoking hot fat and fry to light brown; drain and roll them in powdered sugar while still warm.

Baking Powder Biscuit.—Take a quart of flour and sift it; mix thoroughly with the flour one teaspoonful of salt and two very heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add a little over one-half teacupful of butter until the butter is reduced to grains as fine as oatmeal. Stir into these ingredients enough cold milk to make a soft dough; add enough flour to enable you to roll out and cut into biscuits. Handle the material as little and as quickly as possible, and bake in a quick oven.

Savory Stew.—Cut salt pork into rather small pieces and cook in water till done. Thicken with flour and season with pepper, taking care it is not too salt, and add a little milk. Have ready some baking powder biscuit arranged on a large platter and pour the stew over them. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and sprigs of parsley.

Chicken Pie.—Cook a chicken tender; remove the large bones and place it in a baking dish or a small milk pan. Thicken the gravy with flour, season with salt and pepper, pour over the chickens and set aside till cold. Make some baking powder biscuit and drop the biscuits close together upon the chicken. Bake till the biscuits are done and send to the table piping hot.

CAUGHT ON THE SIDE.

Camphor has the reputation of keeping away moths, but should never be used near sealskins, as it causes this particular fur to change color, producing streaks of gray and yellow.

Pie crust made of rich cream instead of lard will not hurt anybody's digestion.

A good many people would use milk more freely if it was not generally skimmed before it comes to the table.

Rice is one of the best foods for people with impaired digestion. Few care for it the way it is usually served, a sodden, blue-tinged mess. Cooked quickly, without stirring, it should be white, light, each grain separate, and forms a basis for a good many toothsome dishes.

Instead of putting the plates that are covered with egg into hot dish-water, thus cooking it on, rinse it off with cold or tepid water first.

A wormout pan inverted over the flatirons while heating holds the heat and expedites matters.

A 7-weeks-old puppy made a nuisance crying for its mother every night until some one thought to warm a brick, wrap it in a cloth and put it in the basket. The dog cuddled up to it and went to sleep quietly.

If a "gas mantle" is smoky, sprinkle salt over it and hold it in the gasflame and it will be as good as new.

Salt will remove soot from a rug or carpet if used plentifully and brushed well.

THE GREAT SMITH FAMILY.

It Beats the Joneses, the Browns, and all Others.

If numbers make for greatness then is the Smith family incontestably the greatest of all the families inhabiting these islands says the London Daily Mail.

The pride of Smith is writ large upon the pages of the new Post Office London Directory, for in the "court" sections are enshrined the names of 504 Smiths, to which may be added 21 Smyths and 9 Smythes. There are individually recorded here 36 ladies whose sole appellation is plain "Mrs. Smith."

At the head of the family list stand a Judge, a Baronet, 2 Knights 2 Members of Parliament, an Admiral, 3 Colonels, 1 Lieutenant-Colonel, 1 Major, 4 Captains and 13 Reverends, all of the name of Smith.

In the much larger "commercial" section of the directory are found eighteen columns of Smiths, each containing the names of about ninety individual Smiths; so we may take it that there are at least 1,600 Smiths inhabitiog the commercial world of London.

A large number of permutations and combinations of Smith are to be found. Thus we have Smith and Smyth, or, with the addition of the genteel "e," Smithe and Smythe. In the plural we have Smiths, Smithes, Smithyes, Smythies. In the comparative degree, Smither, Smiters, and Smythers; there is no Smithest. We also have the allied active forms Smithem, Smitham and Smithett, also Smithson and Smthson.

Foreign forms are Smit, Schmit, Schmitt, Schmidt, Schmitz and Smits. There are doubtless other variants, but the above are all that the eye of the untrained man is likely to detect, further differentiation may be left to Smith experts.

The Joneses muster but 295, of whom 42 are plain "Mrs. Jones." There are 201 persons named Brown besides three named Browns and 57 Brownes. The Robinsons are nowhere, by comparison.

MAGNETIC STORMS.

The occurrence on October 31st of a great magnetic storm, which interfered with telegraphic lines more or less all over the northern hemisphere, coincidentally with the reappearance of vast groups of spots upon the sun, has reawakened discussion of the question of the influence of sun-spots, or rather of the forces that produce sun-spots, upon the magnetism of the earth. The prevailing opinion among astronomers and physicists is that disturbances in the sun, recurring at intervals of about 11 years, do exercise, in some as yet undefined manner, an electro-magnetic influence upon the earth, and that to this influence is due the appearance of brilliant displays of the aurora borealis and the occurrence of magnetic storms that affect telegraphic instruments and magnetic needles. But not every group of sun-spots is accompanied by these extraordinary phenomena.

IN DENMARK AND NORWAY.

In Denmark and in Norway the posts of shorthand writers at the respective parliaments of those countries are chiefly occupied by women, it having been found that they, as a rule, succeeded far better than men in this form of reporting.

A dry-goods merchant was explaining the situation to the new traveller he had just engaged. "Your predecessor," he said, "has got his business all tangled up, and if you take his place you will have a difficult task getting order out of chaos." "I don't know who Chaos is," cheerfully replied the newly-appointed traveller, "but I bet you I'll sell him some goods, if I have to hang on to him a week!"

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

IMPROVEMENT OF STOCK.

To the farmer who has his land in good condition to furnish what is necessary for the proper care of live stock, and has become convinced that it would be to his advantage to make a start in the work, the next question is, how shall I begin? This looks like an easy question to answer, but it is not, as it must be settled with due regard to his financial standing and other circumstances connected with his surroundings. If he does not have capital to buy good stock, he at least has time to grow it, so that he must determine which he shall depend upon most in his work. If he decides in favor of time he will, as a rule, find it the safest plan, as very few men can go into the market with a sum of money, purchase freely in any line of stock, and feel entirely satisfied with the result. We have seen a good many herds and flocks started in that manner, and many proved failures. Those that did not were saved by changing their breeding stock after they had learned to buy what they wanted and not what the other man wanted to sell. To the man who starts in slowly, and studies the business carefully, there is little danger of loss and good opportunities for doing

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

If the farmer has some ordinary native, or unimproved female stock on hand, progress is comparatively easy and not at all expensive when the returns are consihered. He purchases or uses the improved sires owned by his neighbors of the particular breed he thinks most suitable for his purposes. Having made the first cross he should stick to the same breed, selecting each time some of the best females to add to his flock or herd, and replace others that are not up to his standard. If sires are carefully chosen each succeeding cross will show an improvement, and by the time he has females with four straight crosses of an improved breed, he has animals that are practically as useful to the farmer as if they were pure bred. His added cost to secure such animals, compared with the unimproved stock would have cost him, would be in a little better feeding, the cost for use of improved sires, and better shelter than is usually given scrub stock. This would only be a small part of the benefit he would receive from the improvement he had made. Whether the improvement had been made in cattle, sheep or hogs the results would be equally good. Meanwhile he had learned the business of caring for the stock, making the best selections for carrying on the work of improvement, and at a minimum of cost. This is the safest plan for the new beginner, and substitutes time, which he has, for money that he does not have. He does not run in debt and have to pay interest. The danger is that he will not persistently follow the course

FIRST MARKED OUT

and will shift from one breed to another so that his stock becomes mongerlized, and no better for practical purposes than when he first began its improvement. Or he may get a half-blood male that looks so good that he decides to breed to him, and a greater mistake could not be made, as the progeny is nearly certain to be more of the scrub dam than of the half-blood sire."

It should always be borne in mind that unimproved animals, or scrubs, are strongly bred, as they are the result of their environment. They have been neglected, and nature, which never makes mistakes, adapts them for their surroundings. The more they are neglected the more worthless they become to man, and the better fitted they become to stand hardships and privations. Thus the improved hog, if turned loose in the woods, in few generations becomes a razorback, the Shorthorn or Hereford as lean, gaunt and muscular as a Texan long horn, and the mutton sheep gains in speed and activity at the expense of fleece and mutton. The tendency of all live stock is to revert to its natural condition when left to care for itself, and the Holstein or Jersey that gave milk nine or ten months in the year, in a few generations dries up as soon as its calf is weaned. It has been the skill of the breeder, added to shelter and generous feeding that has given us the improved breeds of live stock, and made them so valuable as producers of

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

As soon as the feed becomes scanty and no shelter is provided, the animal reverts to its natural form, and while enabled to maintain itself is unable to do any more. The conditions that produced the improvement in the first place must be continued or all that has been gained will be thrown away. It is therefore important that the farmer arranges to provide food and shelter before starting to improve his stock, for if he does not he will never realize much benefit from his work.

Good live stock on a farm has a moral influence that should not be ignored. Its tendency is to make better farmers, and to interest the farmer and his family in improving their surroundings. It also develops sociability, for good cattle, or sheep, or hogs, will always draw the attention of neighbors. It also acts as a strong incentive for them to improve their stock also. Good stock, therefore, is always doing missionary work in a neighborhood, and is a benefit to the entire commubity. A good farmer will not long be content with scrub stock, nor will a scrub farmer ever keep improved stock. If he starts in, one or two things will happen, either the farmer improves or the stock deteriorates, and soon becomes worthless. The kind of stock a farmer keeps is therefore a pretty good indeff of the kind of farming he is doing.

FERTILITY OF ORCHARDS.

From an article on fruit growing by a correspondent, we take the following remarks on the necessity of keeping up the fertility of the soil in orchards:

"We have often heard the question asked as to what would be the best fertilizer for orchards, and I know many cases the answer has been brains. Now in the use of brains as a fertilizer I think we would find something more expensive than commercial fertilizer, as we call it. One cannot make a free use of their brains in studying out what they shall use. The soil and the plant food it contains are something like a bank. So long as your deposit is good your checks are honored, and the larger your deposit the better your credit. We can see from this that the soil is a kind of storehouse for plant food to be taken up and used by our crops. The soil where we grow our trees has been mostly deribed from the breaking down of the rocks, and although there is an immense amount of plant food there, very few soils contain in available form food more than enough to last two or three years and give maximum crops. The thing for us to do is to learn how to get the most food out of this soil and how to have at all times an ample supply. You have many times been told what kind of food our plants need. Chemists have told us we want some potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, and of course all of these are required. We find, however, something more than this in the soil, and the fruit grower calls it humus.

THE NAME HUMUS

has been applied to decaying plants, either plants grown upon the soil that have died and been allowed to remain there, or where we have applied manure to the soil, and in many cases you will find it is the lack of humus that reduces the yield of our tress. This humus tends to make the soil spongy-like and prevents loss of plant food. I presume that in most cases the amount of plant food that is actually lost in the soil is in excess of what is used by the plants, and in maintaining this fertility we want to be able in the first place to hold and save from loss this large amount of plant food. It is really a matter of dollars and cents. The chemist figures out what these materials are worth and will say: If you can save a pound of potash it is worth five cents, and every pound of nitrogen you can save is worth twelve cents, and five cents more for the phosphoric acid. The first thing, then, is to carry out the idea of Prof. Waite in keeping up this supply of humus by growing cover crops and turning them under, or applying manures. The best soils will run out after long periods of cultivation. The ground is, during the greater part of the year, bare and exposed to the rains and the rains have washed out this plant food. The best crop recommended for this cover crop is oats, sown about the first of August and plowed under early in the spring. The next best is Crunsan clover, sown about the same time, but the seed is expensive, and in our country it starts too late in the spring and hardly gets growth enough in the fall.

Now, we better not spend so much time watching the tops of our trees for a crop of apples, but watch and study to find out what is required around the bottoms, and then the fruit will appear in due time in the tops."

BLOW TO TRUE SCOTS.

Bagpipes Were Introduced to Them by the English.

The true Scotsman will spend a sad half hour when he learns that Scotland cannot really boast of being the mother—or father—of the bagpipes, and that these harmless and necessary musical instruments had been actually dumped on to the land of heather and gorse by England!

As this charge was made at the annual gathering of the Incorporated Society of Musicians—and in Glasgow, too—it is an insinuation that must not be treated too highly.

Scotsmen in London are already thinking of combining in a big protest against this slur upon the pipes. However, inquiries were set afoot, and it was found that the bagpipe goes back into dim days of the Old Testament, and that it was used by the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans long, long before either England or Scotland produced anything beyond mud and paleoliths.

It has been known in various countries and languages as the musetto, the sackpfeife (a most descriptive word) -and the cornamusa. In Nero's time it was a popular instrument, for history has it that wicked emperor "promised to appear before the public as a bagpiper." It is very probable that it was not the fiddle that Nero played while Rome was burning—but the bagpipe.

Shakespeare talks of "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," and a far greater than he—the British Encyclopaedia—gives much evidence "to disprove the common notion that the instrument has always been peculiar to Scotland."

After this blow to Highland traditions some cynical investigator will prove, perhaps, that the haggis came originally from Australia, that the Scotch broth was made first in Germany, that the kilts were aboriginal garments many years B.C. (as, indeed, they were), and that the best Scotch whiskey comes from Ireland.

But there is still butterscotch remaining. Nobody can prove that this delicacy was dumped into Scotland by alien confectioners.

WHY HIS MARRIAGE FAILED.

He regarded his children as a nuisance.

He did all his courtiog before marriage.

He never talked over his affairs with his wife.

He never had time to go anywhere with his wife.

He dolod out money to his wife as if to a beggar.

He looked down upon his wife as an inferior being.

He dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.

He had one set of manners for home and another for society.

He never dreamed that his wife needed praise or compliments.

He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage.

He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.

He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.

He thought the marriage vow had made him his wife's master, instead of her partner.

DUTY OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights, she does not mean to deceive passers-by; she merely shows some pride in her house, and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heartaches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us.

THEY CONTROL THE WORLD

MEN OF HUMBLE BIRTH WIN LIFE'S BATTLES.

Leaders in Every Walk in Life Are Men Who Sprang From Lowly Origin.

His friends and enemies alike allow that Mr. Chamberlain is the man upon whom—more than on nay other—the destinies of the world's greatest empire hang to-day. Yet Mr. Chamberlain is not a man of lofty birth. His parents were essentially middle-class, and he himself was the architect of his own fortune. If he becomes—as many believe he may—Prime Minister of Great Britain, he will be the first of his class to rise to such a position, says London Answers.

The fact is that the barriers of class have been broken down within the past few years more than ever before in the history of the world. One has only to glance at the House of Commons—the body which practically rules our Empire—to realise this fact. There are between 160 and 170 merchants and manufacturers in the House; while landowners number only two-thirds as many.

Men of the legal profession—most of whome have risen from the middle classes—also far outnumber the landed representatives; while there are about fifty brewers and financiers, abodt thirty newspaper owners, and twenty shipping owners to add to the overwhelming majority of our rulers who have not been born in the purpose.

It is easy to pick many individual instances of notable Parliamentarians who have risen not merely from the middle ranks of life, but actually from the laboring classes. There is Joseph Arch, the son of a field laborer, and himself a laborer for many years. He founded the National Agricultural Union, and has been

A GUEST OF THE KING

at Sandringham. Though no longer actually sitting in Parliament, he is still, at seventy-seven, a man of great influence.

Mr. William Abrahem, M.P., better known as 'Mabon," and president of the Miners' Association, was once himself a collier, toiling with pick and shovel in the dark depths of a coal-mine. Mr. Richard Bell, the son of a Welsh police-sergeant, is one of the most important men in the House. He is only forty-four, but represents half a million railway workers.

Henry Broadhurst, who was Under-Secretary of State under Mr. Gladstone, and is one of the best-known speakers in the country, was a stone-mason in his younger days. J. Keir Hardie was at work in a coal-pit at eight years old, and taught himself to write with a piece of chalk upon slabs of coal. Michael Davitt has only one arm, the other having been lost by an accident when he was working as a boy in a cotton-mill.

Such instances might be multiplied to the limit of this article without exhausting the list of our Legislature; but there are other important examples to be noticed

IN OTHER WALKS OF LIFE.

Most of us know that the late Archbishop of Canterbury, left fatherless and penniless at the age of thirteen, earned his bread as an ordinary farm laborer. It was the winning of a school scholarship which gave him the opportunity of education, of which he so brilliantly availed himself.

Pius X., who has already shown himself a worthy successor to the late Pope, is the only son of a postman. One of his nephews earns his living as a vendor of penny ices in the streets of Berlin. It is one of the strangest instances of the supersession of the aristocrat that not only the new Pope, but the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminister and the just-appointed Bishop of Salford, should all be men of the people. Of the latter two, the first is the son of a chief clerk in the General Post Office; the last, the son of a Manchester tradesman.

The most distinguished member of the British Bar is undoubtedly Sir Edward Clarke, K. C. He was born sixty-two years ago, the son of a hard working, but not very successful, jeweller in the City of London. As a boy he worked in his father's shop in King William Street, running errands and cleaning silver. He practically educated himself. To-day he is said to be making from briefs alone the magnificent income of £20,000 a year.

THE MONEY KINGS

of the twentieth century exercise a power so tremendous and far-reaching that it exceeds that of monarchs. Without money nations cannot go to war, and great loans need great financiers to negotiate them. Nearly all the really great financiers, as opposed to the mere millionaires, have risen from the ranks. There is, for instance, Sir Ernest Cassel, friend of the King, the man who financed Mexico and the Swedish railways, raised a loan for China after her defeat by Japan, and was the prime mover in the making of the Nile dam. He is the son of a small business-man at Cologne, and in 1868 came to England and took a position as clerk at a few shillings a week, with a grain firm at Liverpool

John D. Rockefeller, the richest man on earth, who has bought or built 38,000 miles of railway, who controls the world's oil supply, whose income is two shillings a second, came from the laboring classes. So did Mr. Carnegie, whose income is two millions a year. Alfred Belt, said to be worth one hundred millions, was the son of a middle-class German.

Sir Thomas Lipton, another who may count himself a friend of Royalty, was once a laborer in the cotton fields of South Carolina, and has known hard manual work of almost every form.

New Zealand's famous Prime Minister, the Hon. R. Seddon, was a miner, and afterwards kept a small ian in the New Zealand bush. If the Empire is ever federated his will be much of the credit.

Even in a country like Russia, with its hide-bound traditions and all-powerful aristocracy, low-born merit forces its way to the top. Serguis de Witte, Russian Minister of Finance, and practically the builder of the Great Trans-Siberian Railway, is a man who worked his way up from a clerk at less than a pound a week to his present position.

WASHING AN ELEPHANT.

It requires at least four weeks to complete the toilet of a single elephant. The operation is very expensive. The assistance of the elephant's valet de chambre must be engaged by the day or week, while an experienced valet—he is known by another name—must be engaged to superintend the work, usually at a large salary. Then, again, the soap used in the process must be purchased by the hundredweight, the sandpaper by the gross, and the oil, an important ingredient, is used by the barrel. The toilet of a single elephant will not infrequently cost so much as $400.

A combination of mushroom appetite and toadstool judgment is apt to prove fatal.

Noiseless powder is something the world never hears of.

Boiled eggs in a cheap restaurant are seldom what they are cracked up to be.