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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

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Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
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Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.
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Wall-Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
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The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.
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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.
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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.
N. B.—In Stock and To Arrive 100 Dozen K. & R. Axes.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware
Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated
Weather and Waterproof
THE BEST EVER MADE.
School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
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Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
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7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Driers.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
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.

BRITAIN'S RAILWAY DEATHS.

Last Year's Terrible Total of Killed and Injured.

A gruesome tale of death and maiming is unfolded by the new Board of Trade return of railway accidents during 1900, says the London Daily Mail.

One in every 13 shunters employed on our railways suffered some sort of injury, yet automatic couplings are still the exception rather than the rule. Of all the railway men, the shunter's life is most in jeopardy. Last year 136 men were killed, and 2,616 injured while so engaged.

The year's toll upon the lives and limbs of all railway servants was 583 killed and 4,585 injured. The most perilous occupation after the shunter's is the brakesman's and the goods-guard's. Of these, one in every seventeen was injured. Among the men killed and injured otherwise than by the movement of vehicles, there was a death total of 631, while 15,698 were injured.

The passenger's peril is slight by comparison. Out of 1,000,000,000 journeys undertaken by railway travellers—and this is exclusive of season ticket-holders, who numbered 1,750,000 in 1900, and must have taken between them many millions of journeys—only sixteen terminated fatally. Twelve of the lives were lost in the Slough and Glasgow accidents. The passengers injured numbered 863. But, taking the killed and injured from all causes, and not from accidents to trains only, there were 135 killed and 2,426 injured.

Taking servants, passengers, trespassers, suicides, and everybody on or about the railways, there is a total sacrifice during the year of 1,325 lives and 19,572 limbs, or parts of the same.

Collisions were by far the most frequent form of accident, and the most frequent cause was carelessness or mistakes of the companies' servants. The highest number of accidents was on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, where there were eight during the year. Next came the South-Eastern and Chatham, with six.

The severe snowstorm of Feb. 15 accounted for three accidents, of which one was caused by the weight of snow on the wires lowering the signal. The report says that some better system of fog signalling should be earnestly sought for, to cover the interval between the coming of the fog and the fog-signalmen.

INGENIOUS.

"Look here," said the capitalist to his secretary, "this 'Blood-stained Bowie' copper mine is costing me a heap of money. If you can look about and make a saving somewhere I'll raise your salary $25 a month."

"Well, I've tried to figure it out myself, and I cannot see where I can save a cent. If you can you are worth the extra $25."

The young man overhauled the accounts, but he failed to find a single expense that could be cut down.

Finally it occurred to him that he was drawing $80 a month for acting as secretary of the mining company.

"You can save $2.50 a month, sir," he informed his employer next day. "I have taken that amount off the salary of your secretary."

Daddy's Tick-Tack.

I.

There was a pale, anxious face at the window of a comfortable semi-detached house in the Finchley Road—the face of a woman about thirty-five, with fair hair, and an almost girlish look.

As a stout, florid man, with a silk hat on the back of his head, pushed open the gate, and went wearily up the stone path to the front door, the pale face at the window brightened, and a thin hand flashing with rings was waved.

The stout man let himself in with a latchkey, and the woman met him at the door.

"How is she?" he asked, in a husky whisper.

"A little better," answered the woman, helping him off with his dust-coat. Both the hat and the dustcoat were of a very pronounced pattern, and calculated to attract attention, and the man carried a satchel slung over his shoulder by a strap. Both strap and satchel were labelled "Billy Greene," in big gold letters.

"I'll go up and see her," whispered Billy Greene, in the same husky way.

"Lost your voice, haven't you, dear?" asked the woman.

Her husband nodded.

"So'd you, my dear, if you'd been shouting the odds on a course ever since one to-day," he said.

Sitting on the last stair, he removed his boots, and, stepping very lightly considering his bulk went up to a room on the first floor. A sheet, soaked in some acrid smelling disinfectant, was hung over the door and the room was almost bare of furniture. Carpets, curtains, and knick-knacks had been removed, and the apartment had a monastic austerity. On a small bed in the middle of the floor lay a child of about seven, her fever-bright eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"How are you, love?" said the big man, sitting on one corner of the bed.

The child looked at him listlessly, and turned away with an impatient moan. The man's face was troubled; and after hovering about the bed with a few clumsy words of tenderness and cheer, he tiptoed out.

A red-hot steak and a bottle of Bass awaited him in the room below.

"Had a good day?" asked his wife, leaning fondly on the back of his chair as he ate.

"Can't grumble," said Billy Greene cheerfully. "Only one favorite won. Feel the weight of that."

The woman weighed the satchel in her hand, and an "Oh!" of pleased surprise escaped her.

"We might be able to take Ruby away when she's better," she said. "The sea air would do the child a world o' good."

"So it would," assented her husband. "She shall go by all means."

"She's been worryin' for daddy's tick-tick' all day," said Mrs. Greene. "She is fairly mad after that watch of yours."

Her husband laughed, and put his hand to his waistcoat pocket. Suddenly his face changed from its usual healthy ruddiness to a dull purple, his eyes were fixed, and, though his lips moved, no words came for a space.

"What ever's the matter with you?" cried his wife.

"The hounds!" he burst out at last. "They've been down me. They've got it."

"Not your watch?"

"Yes. I wouldn't ha' lost Ruby's tick-tick for any money! Oh, the beasts! They'd no earthly right to do that to me."

The big man fairly sobbed in his grief.

"Can't you get it back?" asked the woman anxiously. "Try, there's a dear."

"I will, too, if it costs me fifty quid!" cried Billy Greene, banging his big fist on the table. "Get me a cab."

"Where are you going?" demanded his wife, with some anxiety.

"Never you mind, my dear," retorted the bookmaker darkly. "I know where to go."

An hour later Billy Greene stood in the promenade of a big West End music-hall. The usual motley crowd strolled backwards and forwards, with the usual bored, listless look.

Billy Greene leant against the partitution dividing the circle from the promenade, with his broad back squarely to the stage. He was watching the shifting crowd with his keen little eyes. He had not changed his dress, and his boots were white with the dust of the racecourse.

Presently a tall, slim man in evening dress strolled up to him. The man was about thirty, with twinkling blue eyes, and a long tawny mustache, which he often caressed with a well-kept hand.

"Hallo, Billy!" said he cheerfully.

"Hallo, Frank!" returned the other.

"Been down there to-day?"

"Oh, yes; I've been down there to-day," quoth Greene, with a twitch of his head in what he supposed to be the direction of the racecourse. "I assure you, I have. And nicely they've done it on me down there to-day, I can tell you."

"Get out!" returned the man in evening dress. "Been down you?"

"They have!" cried Billy Greene explosively. "And what's more, they've got my clock."

The other man whistled.

"Look here!" he said. "Jack Leroy's in the bar. Let's tell him, and have one at the same time."

Greene assented. And they walked into the long, crowded bar, where the man they sought was conspicuous by his loud voice and general behavior.

Jack Leroy was about the same age as the man called Frank. He had a heavy, animal face, the lips and chin concealed by a mustache and a short beard of dark brown. His attire was distinctly horsey, and included a white tall hat and a pair of brilliantly-yellow boots.

"I'd give fifty quid to get that watch back," said Greene to the man called Frank, just before they got within earshot of Leroy.

Frank took the latter aside, and the faces of the two men were soon serious and absorbed, while the band crashed out a rattling Sousa's march, and the crowd of promenaders drifted listlessly hither and thither. Greene, drumming impatiently with his fingers on the counter, wondered what they were arranging.

"What'll he spring?" asked Leroy, in a low tone.

His companion looked hard at him with his clear, honest blue eyes.

"Twenty," he said quietly.

"I'm on it!" said Leroy, with decision.

II.

Jack Leroy strode lightly down the Strand the next morning, nodding here and there to an acquaintance.

Turning up a narrow, ill-paved passage, he pushed open the swing door of a public house, and peered in. In one corner sat a thin, young man, with a cloth cap at the back of his head, spelling over a sporting paper with the aid of a dirty forefinger.

Jack caught his eye, and gave a scarcely perceptible jerk of the head. The thin young man instantly sprang up, and followed him out into the passage.

"Look here, Joe," said Leroy, "could you do with a fiver?"

"Could a duck swim?" retorted Joe.

"Well, old Billy Greene had his clock taken on the course yesterday, and he wants it back."

"Who's got it, then?"

"Some of the boys, of course."

"They never have!" cried Joe violently. "None of the boys would touch old Billy Greene. They respect him too much. Why, they respect that man like—like steam!" concluded Joe lamely.

"Turn it up, Joe!" said Leroy kindly. "None of your funny business with me. There's a fiver for you if the watch is found, without any waiting in the office either."

Joe rubbed his unshaven chin, and looked undecidedly up and down the passage.

"Honest Injun, I don't know who's got it," he said at last, in an exasperated manner. "Why don't you believe a bloke?"

Leroy looked steadily at him.

"Get to know for me, Joe," he said quietly, and meet me inside there in an hour's time."

Then he turned on his heel, and walked lightly away, leaving Joe still rasping at his chin.

* * * * *

The man called Frank—he was known by a variety of other names—sat over his coffee and liqueurs in a restaurant not far from the Haymarket. He was feeling at peace with himself and all the world, for the dinner had been an excellent one, and he had reckoned, with satisfaction, that the next one would be eaten in Paris, and paid for out of Billy Greene's fifty pounds. From time to time he caressed a small package in the inside pocket of his well-cut frock-coat.

The swing-doors were hurriedly pushed open and Billy Greene came in. He dropped heavily into a chair opposite Frank.

His face was blotched with white and red, and he breathed hard in his excitement.

"Well," he said, in a vibrating voice, "have you got it?"

"What a hurry you're in!" smiled the other.

He drew out the small packet and placed it in Greene's hand, which trembled with eagerness.

Billy Greene tore off the wrappings from a large, clumsy watch, of the bloated turnip order.

The owner of the restored property drew a deep, slow breath. He tried to speak, but could not. The man opposite lit a cigar.

Billy Greene silently counted out fifty pounds in notes, and pushed them across the table.

"Thanks, old chap," said Frank, pocketing them. "This little lot fills a long-felt want. I hadn't enough in my pocket to pay for the dinner I've been eating till you came in."

He extracted one note for ten pounds from amongst its rustling companions and put it into an envelope. Across the envelope he scrawled "J. Leroy, Esq."

"That's Jack's whack," he said to himself, with a quiet, contented smile. And, having settled his bill, he threw a careless nod to Billy Greene, and strolled out of the restaurant.

* * * * *

"Hi, boss, give us gold for this, will you?" shouted Jack Leroy to the proprietor of the bar wherein he had found Joe of the unshaven chin. The man could do nothing quietly. His voice, his manner and his dress were loud. This led people to regard him as a jolly, frank, open-hearted fellow.

The landlord took the proffered note, scrutinized it sharply, and presently returned with a little pile of sovereigns.

From this pile Jack Leroy selected two, which he pushed along the counter to Joe.

"There you are, my hearty!" he said genially.

"No swank now!" said Joe hotly. "You promised us a fiver if I got the clock back."

"Promises are like pie-crust, young fellow-my-lad," retorted Jack coolly; "they're made to be broken."

Next moment Joe's bullet-head caught Jack in the stomach. Gasping and faint with pain, he reeled against the wall, while Joe snatched the pile of gold, and hurled himself at the door.

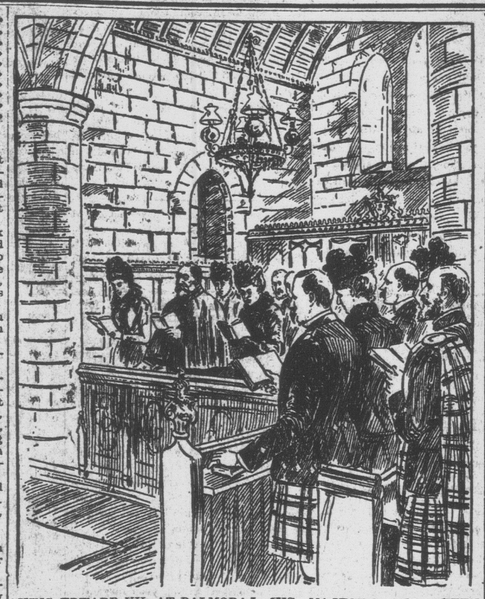
Pulling himself together, Leroy made a dart in pursuit; but at that instant another man sitting near thrust out a leg, and he came heavily to the floor.

While this was happening Billy Greene was bending over his suffering child. She stared at him with dull, listless eyes. Softly he drew something from his pocket, and there dangled above the child's head a something that glittered, and made a clear, musical sound.

"Daddy's tick-tick!" she cried, in a weak little voice, hoarse with fever, and her hot, small hands grasped the coveted thing.

"She'll do now," murmured Mrs. Greene, with a sob in her voice.

Her husband nodded, and, hand-in-hand, they stood looking down upon the small, flushed face.—London Answers.



KING EDWARD VII. AT BALMORAL—HIS MAJESTY AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE AT CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH.

VERY SWEET.

Sweet is the thrill of paternal love
At the clasp of baby fingers,
Awakening thoughts of childhood's days
Which still in memory lingers.

Sweet is the opening breath of morn,
And the scent of new-mown hay,
As the sun peeps o'er the mountain top
Through the dewy gates of day.

Sweet is the ruddy sky of eve,
The sign of a bright to-morrow,
And sweet the grasp of a friendly hand
Which does not attempt to borrow.

But sweeter far—old bachelor Brown
From a long experience tells—
The sweetest thing is a woman's heart,
With its honeycomb of sells.

Croup and Whooping Cough
Claim Thousands of Scores of Young Lives Every Year—
Lives That Could as Well be Saved.

It is a serious question with every mother as to how she can best combat croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and similar ailments, which are sure to attack the little ones at times least expected. The hollow croupy cough comes with frightful foreboding as it arouses the mother from sleep. She realizes the hopelessness of battling with a disease which often defies the most skilful physicians.

In croup above all other diseases prompt action is of the greatest importance imaginable. With Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand any mother can effect almost instant relief when the children are struggling frantically for breath. By sheer force of merit it has won its way to popularity and is known throughout this continent as the most effective treatment for throat and lung troubles that science has ever devised.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Is the most necessary preparation that can be kept in any house. For children and grown people alike it affords the most thorough and prompt relief for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. 25cts a bottle, family size, containing three times as much, 60 cts., at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

About the ....House

KEEP THE HOGS THRIVING.

I came to the conclusion several years ago that hemlock boards were cheaper than corn, so built a hog house 24 x 30 feet with 12 feet posts and a ventilator through the roof, writes Mr. John McMullen. I double boarded with matched boards, putting heavy paper between the boards. I put three windows in the east side and two in the south side. These admit plenty of sunshine, which I think is very essential to the comfort and health of the hogs.

I divided it into eight pens, 10 feet deep, with an alley 4 feet wide in the centre, which makes it very handy about feeding. A door opens from each pen into the alley, which makes it very convenient about removing the hogs. There is also a door between each pen, so that four pens can be turned into one if necessary, which I do when not in use for breeding sows. The upper part of the building I made into a henhouse, with a glass front facing the south and an outside entrance to keep it separate from the hog room. The entire building cost $250.

I keep about six breeding sows of no particular breed. They are fed on whey except when suckling pigs and for two weeks previous to farrowing. Then I mix in wheat middlings or barley meal, the latter preferred. I have the sows farrow in March and August.

After weaning I feed the pigs skim-milk and barley meal or middlings, till they are two months old, give them all they will eat. At the end of that time substitute whey for the milk, but continue the meal with the addition of a few ears of corn. The object is to keep them growing and fat enough to kill at any time. I market them in May and October, my experience being that pork brings the best price in these two months. I let them run in a large yard in the summer and have never had any trouble with lame pigs. I usually keep about 20; ten in summer and the same in winter.

I keep a summer and a winter dairy, so that I have whey the year round. I sell my skimmilk at the separator for 10c per 100 lbs and get the whey back, which I think is the most profitable way.

There are four things necessary for the profitable keeping of pigs, viz., cleanliness, a warm place, good dry straw and plenty of it for a bed, and all they will eat from the time they are dropped till the day of killing. I feed my hogs regularly three times a day, and never have squealing hogs.

My neighbors sometimes remark, "How do you make money on hogs? It costs me $2 to make pork for every dollar I get back." But when I inquire their way of caring for their hogs it is no mystery to me. You can throw a cat through the cracks in their pens. They feed only when they happen to hear the pig squeal, and wait until husking corn in the fall to fatten them. They dump in enough green corn in the morning to last all day, of which one-third is wasted. I would rather have two bushels old corn than three bushels new for fattening purposes.

POULTRY BUSINESS.

The poultry business is not a sick man's job. The person who is unable to endure considerable hard work need not hope to succeed in handling fowls, whether for pleasure or profit, or both, unless he can have some one to do the work for him. Entirely too many have the opinion that any old place, kept any old way, will do for hens. This is far from the fact. Keeping poultry for profit is a business, much like live-stock keeping of any kind. It requires capital, strength and experience to succeed. Strength, coupled with experience, will succeed better without the capital than will capital alone. Too many hold the opinion that all they need is to go into the business and sit down and let the hen do the rest. On such ventures, sickness and lice usually get the whole outfit, and the business the blame for the loss. Good, common-sense, health and experience, combined with enough capital to carry on the plant, will succeed and pay a good per cent. profit, providing all three are well applied. Often the same methods used in a bank, on a farm, or in a store that are applied to the hen business would make many or all of them a failure. The man, the methods and the capital usually combine to make or break any business, and it is just the same with poultry.

PROFIT IN RAISING SHEEP.

The first essential in sheep husbandry is to have a large, warm dry basement facing the south and east. The sunlight can get into this and be of untold benefit in keeping the sheep quarters in good condition. It is also very desirable to have the sunlight for sheep and lambs during the cold weather. If you have 100 ewes, divide your barn space into four parts. When the lambs begin to come transfer the ewe and lamb to another pen and keep filling up the pens as fast as the lambs appear, keeping the older ones together. This will prevent injury to the young ones. See that the pens are well bedded with straw and that the ewes get plenty of salt and fresh water. Silage from corn is probably the best feed for sheep. It should be cut after the corn has glazed. Feed this morning and night and at noon feed roots and hay. Do not give more than the sheep will eat up clean every time.

The lambs should begin to come about the middle of December or January 1. The basement should be warm enough so that the temperature will reach 65 degrees during the warm part of the day. Of course, sheep must have plenty of fresh air, but be sure that drafts do not strike them. Let the lambs run out in the yard as much as possible and when old enough to wean put them into a pen by themselves and give them corn meal, and all the silage they will eat. By this treatment the lambs will be ready for early spring market.

MOLASSES FOR HORSES.

Molasses as an article of diet has been used and recommended from time to time for both horses and cattle. The result of some recent experiments in France by a chemist and a veterinary surgeon goes to show its value as a food and arouse interest in it. These men assert that chopped hay or grass mixed with molasses is an excellent cure for asthma, and furthermore that food of this kind neither loads the stomach nor impedes respiration. They are also of the opinion that during digestion the sugar in the food produces alcohol and if that is so they contend that the animal's health is bound to be benefited thereby. Care must be exercised in feeding it, however, as owing to its heating qualities it may produce bad effects if given too frequently and in too large quantities.

The feeding value of molasses has been known for years, but we have heard little about it in an experimental way of late years. Molasses made from sugar cane is very palatable and much relished by all farm animals. Its composition shows it to be about equal to corn and for general comparison cane molasses may be taken to have an equal feeding value to an equal weight of corn.

PETS OF POTENTATES.

Potentates have their pets as well as other people. Pope Leo is especially fond of birds. "There are no better diplomatists around me," he said recently to a foreign ambassador, "than my birds. My visitors, after I have given them audience, go away praising me for my affability; but the truth is they cannot hear half what I say, since my voice is frequently drowned by the warbling of my little pets."

The King of Portugal's favorite animal is a huge baboon. A hideous wicked animal it is, and excessively fond of strong drink, but at the same time it is very droll.

Cockatoosi parrots, and hummingbirds are the pets of the King of Belgium and many fine specimens of them are to be seen in the aviaries of his palace.

The Sultan of Turkey is fonder of guinea pigs than of any other animal.

For years Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has had a colony of white mice, to the nurture and care of which she has never failed to devote all the time that was necessary.

The Queen Regent of Spain reserves all her favors for a herd of she-goats; while Queen Alexandra is especially devoted to dogs.

A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE.

"Have you ever tried to write a novel?" asked the young woman.

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man. "I wrote several."

"What are they like?"

"They remind me somewhat of a few of Dickens' works."

"Which ones?"

"Those that weren't appreciated until after he was dead."

AN ADVANTAGE.

"How do you like your new cook?"

"Very much, indeed," answered the youthful housewife.

"I must say she doesn't look very strong."

"That's why we like her. She can't do so much damage if she gets angry."

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