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.

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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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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

A Man With a Mystery

Gyp, maybe because of her opportunities, was the only one to suspect tragedy breathing behind the curtain. None of the ever-changing occupants of Archer's tenement had time to pose as students of the psychological. There was a ripple of dull excitement as the dark, set-lipped young man from nowhere, carrying a small trunk and a puzzling air of refinement, was seen going consciously up the common staircase; but it fizzed out the first time he was heard to drop his voice, when the landlord's agent called. Down on his luck; asking for a few days' grace, a sympathetic chord was struck at once. After that only one person troubled about him and his fugitive ways, and that was Gyp, the delicate, deformed girl in the lowest room, who was paid to keep the stair and landings respectable, and who was at the beck and call of anyone in the tenement wanting an odd job done cheaply.

He had the sky-parlor, so high up that the consumptive nondescript who rented it before him had been known to pause for breath on the staircase twenty times. Gyp, with the keen intelligence of her kind, was bound to note what a farcical amount of furniture had been carried up, and how seldom the scent of cooking found its way through the door-chinks. She knew his name must be Frank Meredith, because letters—a rarity in the tenement—came frequently for him. They were mostly in long envelopes, and once or twice, when she carried them up, she had been struck by the twitch of his lips as he took them and hastily closed his door again. Strangest, of all, he was a man who could live without work and without friends. Regularly, at dusk, he went out for about an hour; for the rest of the day he followed the lead of the consumptive man and sat alone in the quiet room. Doing what? Heaven alone had an inkling. Twice a week she washed the staircase down; and she often paused over that top landing, and wrung out her flannel half-a-dozen times unnecessarily, in hopes of hearing something. Once he had opened his door softly and caught her at it.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" he whispered. (Fancy that language!) "I wondered what the scrubbing noise was."

Gyp didn't scrub that bit again. Finally her feelings took the form of a vast wonder and pity; because, with her woman's intuition, she divined many little things that only a woman would notice. He was not mad; he was not a criminal in hiding—his face told that; he could only be a man with a mystery.

One night she saw him step sharply out, as usual. As it happened, she was just about to run on one of her own furtive errands. Gyp had no notion of weighing impulses; she followed him at a little distance. He put two or three long envelopes very carefully into the pillar-box, and then vanished through a doorway. It was the local Free Library, and no place for Gyp. There were two hushed rooms, one for newspapers and the other for magazines and volumes. She ventured uncertainly into the latter, as he had hurried straight to a newspaper stand. Ostensibly engrossed by a medical directory, she watched through the glass partition! He had turned a certain corner of the paper and was staring as if fascinated. Just as he made to tear himself away the lights blazed up disconcertingly. Both noticed something—she that he was two shades whiter than usual, and he that she had been watching him. He flicked back the sheets and walked out, with a pink spot on either cheek. Again the impulse was open to criticism, but a minute or so later she found herself scanning that printed corner. Her lips began to work—as they always did when she read. There it was—something that helped to solve the mystery, and at the same time thickened it:

"If Frank Meredith will only communicate with known address, he will learn that bygones are bygones in the fullest sense. Ethel, heart-broken."

That next morning, as she set her pail stealthily down on the top landing, his door clicked; he looked out. It made her jump. She had been picturing the face of "Ethel" in her soapsuds, and her lip had curled.

"I hope as you didn't think——" she began, and stopped, glowing with strange confusion. Ten to one he had forgotten all about it.

"What's that?" he asked, absently.

In her trepidation she slopped the water all round his feet. She was used to men who would have nailed down her clumsiness with an oath; but this one only stepped back.

"I was going to say all along," she stammered, "if you'd like your room just swept out I could do it all under one. It's no trouble, and—and it must want it."

"Under one? You're very kind," he said. "I don't know—perhaps it does. Did you mean now?"

"Just as you like. I mean it's no trouble," she repeated.

He threw back the door. She studiously avoided looking pointedly round, but she could not help seeing something that brushed away another slice of the mystery—a table in the corner by the window, covered with writing paper. That's what he did, then—wrote all day long. He had no carpet down; in five minutes her small broom had lightly flicked round the walls; in five more her long one had gathered up the worst of the dust and flue. He waited on the landing outside. As she brushed the heap past him he held out two coins that had grown hot in his hand. He knew that she often thoroughly cleaned a room for four-pence.

"What's that for?" she whispered, sharply—a girl who seldom saw occasion to whisper. "Put it back, or I won't ask to do it again. You know better!"

"I know you're very kind," he said again, past a throat-lump. "These — these rooms soon get dirty."

They do, in six or seven weeks. He went in; the dust had subsided. She knelt there, wringing her flannel, and picturing him at the table in the corner. No, she should never dare to offer to cook him a meal. It seemed the most ridiculous thing in the world that day; but, somehow, her heart was beating faster under the blouse, that suddenly seemed too shabby for the daylight, at the thought that she had "done him that morsel o' good." He was one of the men who painfully need somone to look after them — and, in the nature of things, that someone could only be a woman. It was all very well to have "broken hearts"; busy fingers are the things a helpless man needs.

And after that — after that Gyp, supremely unconscious of her own tact, found regular opportunities of doing him that little service. No one knew; and if he could never seem to find his voice in thanks, he seemed to know that any mention of payment would bring the blood surging into her cheeks. Just as you may find a flawless kernel in a fool of a husk, so you may have the heart of a true woman beneath an impossible bodice. Gyp did it for the love of the thing. If anyone suggested that she did it for love of the man, Gyp might have found herself unable to answer.

The lower door of the tenement generally stood open. One day, at an hour when most of the occupants were out, Gyp saw a tall, aristocratic old gentleman, with white hair fringing his silk hat, staring incredulously in.

"Does—does my son lodge here? I mean, a Mr. Merodith?" he asked, keeping back some emotion.

"There's one right at the top," she said, eyeing him doubtfully.

"Yes, I think he's in. I'll—I'll show you."

They went up. She pointed, and then retreated to the next landing. Not for her life could she help listening. She heard a husky "Frank!" and then a dull bound, as if a man in there had leaped convulsively from his writing table. And then——

"What? I asked you not to try and find me. I told you——"

"My boy! I've searched all London for you. You—here, in this den! Frank, you know I never meant half of what I said!"

"But you said it. I was a good-for-nothing — I could go. I simply took you at your word. Perhaps, when I can show you that I'm not so worthless, I'll think of coming back. Not before! You mustn't come here. You need not worry. I can eke out a living by writing, and I'm in hopes——"

"But, my boy, it's impossible — it's starvation! Look at you now! People are saying I let you go to your ruin!"

"To just the reverse, it may be. Dad, if I have your obstinate, hasty spirit, that is hardly my fault. I've had to swallow the lump; I'm quite comfortable here, whatever the place is. No, you had better not come inside—you'll go back and say I'm mad. I'm not. I'll tell you this much: I'" — his voice trembled here —"I've been writing a book — a novel. I'm in hopes it may be the beginning of an end. I sent it off last week. I've worked at it night and day. If it comes back—if it fails—then I'll realize that I've made the mistake of my life; and I may make another. But it won't. I can't talk about it—you'd never understand; you'll know soon."

"My boy, you know it will come back—you know what things are! You're an unknown. Publishers play upon names nowadays; they're bound to. You know very well I — why, I'd have paid for it to be printed and let you have your fair chance; you'd be certain then of getting a hearing. I don't wish to thwart your ideas, but—let me pay that!"

A pause, as if he were struggling against the sharpest temptation that ever came to a man clutching the lowest rung of that slippery ladder. Then came an amazing answer.

"No! No, sir! A month ago I might have thought twice of that; but now — now I feel that I want my book to stand upon its merits. You don't know what a book becomes to its author. Heaven knows, I had to realize it was all or nothing with me! No, I cannot take a penny after all you said. It would happen again. You wanted me to lie to the people for the sake of a seat in the House! A lie—yes! I told you, if ever I spoke, it must be in behalf of the laborer, the real builder of Empire. I felt it then; I feel it more than ever now. You should come and live here for a month! There, you'd better go!"

"Then, my boy, if you won't consider me, think of that poor girl with her breaking heart. You left her without a word, after you had won her affection. Think of her!"

"I do," he said, brokenly. "I think of her every moment I live. I would never let it be said that I married her for her money. I wrote to her — I gave up all thoughts of it. She knows—she knows that if ever I make a name for myself —. Don't—don't dare to tell her where I am. If you do——"

His door banged on a sob. The old gentleman stood for a minute as if stupefied, and then groped back down the eternal stairs. He did not seem to see the shabby girl who shivered back on the second landing, and Gyp's own staring eyes merely focussed a strange mist.

* * * * * *

Gyp knew all; knew in her crude way that that book had come to seem a matter of life and death to the man. The words he had dropped—the way he came out and listened when the postman knocked—the grey fear on his face, that vanished as she came up with only a long envelope. And here—here she was, carrying the parcel up the endless stairs, with a numbed sensation. It had come back to him. She had taken it from the carrier's hand. The publisher's printed address was on it. She had only to lay it down beside his door, tap once, and creep down again as fast as possible. How right down silly of her!

She was nearly up to his landing. She had paused. "If—if a parcel comes," he had said a dozen times, "you might let me have it at once." She had paused, she knew not why. The very silence of his room awed her. Into her head came that queer recollection of the man down the street—the man who, out of work, and desperate, had swallowed twopennyworth of carbolic acid. And she heard a rustle—a soft, silken, slow rustle on the stairs behind, as if some great lady were feeling her way up. Gyp looked—and looked. A sweet oval face, framed in a fur, came above the landing—the dark velvet eyes in it were looking beseechingly, fearfully, up into hers. And Gyp knew what had happened. It was the woman — the woman whose heart was his, the woman who had come to find and take him away. And Gyp's red hands clutched the parcel in a spasm of jealousy.

"Mr. Meredith? They told me he lived here. The sweet whisper broke off. "Yes, I know you. He's here," Gyp breathed back. "That's his room — up there. . . . And this—here's his book, come back as it went. . . Will you take it?"

A pause. If his door had opened! He knew nothing of the tragedy breathing outside; of the two women who looked into each other's eyes. He never knew, and never would know, of the last whisper.

"His—his book! And he does not know? Oh, thank you! — bless you for telling me! Give it to me—his book! I came to the minute — it was to be—I waited till I dared wait no longer! . . . Not a word; he need not know now. Good-bye — good-bye!"

She had taken the precious parcel, close against the furs at her breast, and was gone.

Just a week later, when Gyp knelt wearily down to wash the top stairs, the man's door opened. In the man's eyes was a wild light; in his hand that morning's letter. For one of the most wonderful things in life had happened. And it seemed so natural that it should happen!

"Gyp!" he said. "I knew you'd be glad — I know you will. They've taken my book. You shall have a copy. I shall be going soon. They might call or send; I could hardly let them know this address. You've been very kind — ah, but you have! I wanted—I meant all along to give you a little present. You must — you must; you have been so thoughtful!"

It was an envelope with a sovereign inside. He went hurriedly down the stairs. For him a new life had begun. He was treading a golden, dancing path, with the woman's sweet oval face at the far end of it. His book had been taken! . . . He could not be expected to know of the huddled, dreary figure on the top landing there; of the red, twitching hands that covered a face. He had given her a sovereign. Women like Gyp have no hearts to break.—London Tit-Bits.

WHAT'S THE TIME, PUSSY?

In China They Tell the Time of Day by the Cat's Eyes.

According to the French missionary Hue, no man needs a watch or a clock if he has the right kind of a cat. In certain parts of China they can tell the exact time of day or night by looking into a cat's eyes. The pupil of the eye, assuming that the creature in question is just what it ought to be, gradually diminishes as noon approaches, until it loses completely its oval form, and becomes a thin perpendicular line. When that line is plumb, it is twelve o'clock.

The pupil begins to grow very very gradually, and finally becomes as big and as round as a marble. Then it is midnight. With patience, practice, and good mathematical perception, the happy possessor of a time-keeping cat can tell the hour of the day and of the night, because the thin perpendicular line which the pupil of the cat's eye assumes at noon gives him a clear starting point.

The missionary discovered this valuable piece of feline peculiarity by pure accident. He noticed a little boy minding a calf, and asked him if he knew the time. The boy ran into the nearest hut, and came out with a big cat in his arms.

"It's just half-past eleven," he shouted. And, running up to the missionary, he placed the cat's face under Hue's nose.

Later on, when he got among his converts, he asked them to explain the mystery. They did so, and showed him some living specimens of the precious time-keepers.

Mrs. Seever—"I see you have a fine copy of Browning. I suppose you admire Browning?" Mrs. Twight — "So much so, that I never open the book. I wouldn't have it soiled for the world."

Mother—"Tommy, have you eaten all that cake without even thinking of your sister?" Tommy — "Oh, yes, mamma; I was thinking of her the whole time. I was afraid she'd come before I had finished it."

Magistrate—"It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife." Prisoner—"Well, your honor, she aggrawated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me up afore that bald-'eaded old humbug, meanin' yer honor." Magistrate — "You're discharged."

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
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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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Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

CHOICE RECIPES.

Vegetable Soup—About four hours before the soup is wanted take a quart of stock and add to it one carrot, chopped fine; one white turnip, one onion, one bay leaf, one can tomatoes, chopped; season with salt and pepper and half a pod of kred pepper; simmer four hours.

Egg Sauce for Fish—Melt three teaspoonfuls of butter and stir into it the yolks of four eggs, boiled hard and mashed smooth, a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt and the juice of half a lemon.

White Sauce for Fish—Rub a tablespoonful of butter smooth in one tablespoonful of flour. Melt this in a teacupful of hot milk. Beat up the yolk of an egg with a teaspoonful of cream. Stir into milk and heat to boiling point. Add tablespoonful chopped parsley as you take from the fire. This is nice also for boiled chicken.

Fried Chicken—Cut up a pair of young chickens and lay them in a pan of cold water to extract the blood. Wipe dry, season, dredge with flour and fry in butter. Have the butter hot when the chicken is put in, cover the skillet and set it back on the range to cook slowly. When both sides are a rich brown take out and keep hot. Put in about a teaspoonful of flour, stir in the grease in the pan; then add half a cup of boiling water and a cup of milk. Season with pepper and salt and let it boil. Have some chopped parsley in the sauceboat, pour the gravy over the parsley, stir and serve with the chicken.

To Cook a Duck—Clean the duck thoroughly, then put it in an iron pot. Grease the pot so that the duck will not burn. Brown this, turning it frequently. After the duck is thoroughly brown lift it out and pour off the grease. Chop three carrots and two onions. Put the duck back in the pot. Add carrots and onions and a little salt. Pour on enough boiling water almost to cover the duck and let it simmer for two hours. Take the duck out. Add a little flour to thicken, leaving the onions and carrots in. They will be like a jelly. Pour all but a little of the gravy in a gravy dish and serve the duck on a platter with a little of the gravy over it.

To Boil Ham—Put the ham in boiling water, into which has been stirred a teaspoonful of whole pepper and one tablespoonful of mustard. Boil until you can stick a fork in easily. Skin it, stick cloves over it, put in the oven and baste with a sour wine, claret preferably, until crisp and brown.

Pig Head Pudding—Boil the head until the bones slip out. Cut the meat fine, add three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of bread crumbs and salt and pepper to taste. Bake until the pudding is a light brown color on top.

Southern Pie Crust.—Four cups of flour to one cup of lard, one-half teaspoonful baking powder. Mix thoroughly, then make a soft dough with ice cold water. Roll out once. This makes a rich, flaky pie crust.

Spanish Toast—Three eggs beaten together, one cup milk, one-half cup sugar. Take slices of stale bread, dip in this mixture, fry brown with butter. Sprinkle powdered sugar between the layers and serve.

Waffles—Mix one pint of flour, two level teaspoons of baking powder, and one-half of a teaspoon of salt. Add one and one-fourth cups of milk, three well beaten egg yolks, two tablespoons of melted butter, and the whites of the three eggs beaten stiff. Cook them on a hot, greased waffle-iron. Put the waffle-iron over the fire, and there should be room enough to swing it over. In greasing it, put a bit of clear fat pork on a fork, or put a small piece of butter on a clean cloth and rub over both griddles. The heat will melt the butter, and let just enough of it go through the cloth. Close the griddles and turn them that the fat may run evenly over them. Pour the batter into the centre and let it run two-thirds of the way; when the cover is dropped into place the mixture will spread to the edge. Cook about one minute on the side, then invert the irons and cook a little longer on the other. If you are sure the iron is clean and smooth and thoroughly hot, you may cook without any greasing. A colored cook in the South says she never greases her waffle-iron, and I have recently found that these delicious cakes can be perfectly baked without the annoyance of sizzing, smoking fat. Frequently, merely the first greasing is sufficient for the cooking of the whole amount.

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. Send 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

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Keep a bottle of coal oil uncorked inside the clock case and the clock will not need oiling. Replenish as the oil evaporates.

An excellent filter can be made from a common flower pot. Close the opening with a sponge, then put in an inch-thick layer of powdered charcoal, an inch layer of silver sand, two inches of gravel and small stones.

Many housewives object to using the baking powder on the market owing to the possibility of adulteration. Will such try the following formula? Sift three times a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of baking soda and half a pound of cream tartar. Store in an air-light can.

To remove mud splashes from soft dress material, leave until thoroughly dry, then rub gently with a dry corn cob; it will not roughen the goods as a brush does. Lake or sea sand will freshen velvet and remove the dust. Apply fine sand quite freely, then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile the wrong way.

If a small hole appears in a porcelain-lined or granite pan or kettle, mend with a copper harness rivet. If the hole is not large enough to admit the rivet, carefully enlarge it; then insert it, put on the bur, and rivet it tightly. To remove old paint spots from glass, heat vinegar to boiling point, dip a cloth in it and rub the spots until they disappear.

A light stone churn is in very many respects better than one of wood, where there is only a moderate amount of cream. A hole can be drilled near the bottom, and closed with an oak or hickory plug. The buttermilk can be drawn off, churn washed and salted in the churn. Put a ball on the churn of good strong wire; it can then be lowered into the well to cool cream or butter. Rub the butter bowl and paddle occasionally with salt.

Dissolve half a pound of the best glue in a teacupful and a half of water, add a teacupful of moderately strong vinegar and mix thoroughly. Keep in the dark and closely sealed, and it can be used without warming, unless in the coldest weather.

FALL RENOVATING

If every year sees improvement in a house nothing can ever get very shabby. Sometimes when the purse strings must be tightly held this is impossible, but a certain outlay each year is always really necessary unless the wear and tear is to be more noticeable. Pass nothing by. If an article of furniture seems to have outlived its usefulness give it to the flames to be consumed. Save nothing that can properly be termed rubbish, unless it has an excellent stowaway place in which to await the restoring of the shabby article should be looked at in a strong light, newly covered or painted or stained before it is allowed a place in the spotless house that the termination of housecleaning should mean.

WASHING RIBBONS.

Almost any ribbon can be washed successfully if care is used. Make a thick suds of warm water and any pure white soap, and lift the ribbon up and down in this carefully, changing the water as often as necessary. Never rub soap on the ribbon. Hang the ribbons up to dry and when ready to iron lay them between sheets of tissue paper. There will be no glaze from the iron in this way upon the wrong side of the ribbon and if they are allowed to dry before pressing, they will not be stiff.

SCENTING THE WARDROBE.

A decided novelty for perfuming gowns in a wardrobe or the contents of a bureau drawer, is a few drops of good perfume extract on bits of pumice stone slipped among them. It will give a delightful odor and quite lasting.

A WORD ABOUT SHOES.

To make shoes last longer and keep their shape, see that they are wiped free from dust, and stuffed well with tissue paper when not in use. The paper besides keeping the shape, absorbs all moisture or perspiration.

REAL SEA SERPENTS.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body, and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet. In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison, but, as the mouth is very small, it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly. M. Kermogant, a European traveler, recently witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap and its tongue was grasped by a pair pincers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it and the rat died in four minutes.

The same species of flower never shows more than two of three colors, red, yellow, and blue. Roses, for instance, are found red and yellow, but never blue; verbenas are red and blue, but not yellow; pansies are yellow and blue, but never red.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—Cecil.

Peace is rarely denied to the peaceful.—Schiller.

Moroseness is the evening of turbulence.—Landor.

Repentance is the heart's medicine. —German proverb.

QUARTS WILL BE LITERS

GREAT ADVANTAGES OF THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Kilos and Meters Will Be the Standard Measurements in Canada.

Liters, grams, kilos and meters are strange, foreign sounding nomenclature for units of measurement to the man who has not dabbled in science, but so were dollars and cents to the Englishman who had never heard of anything save pounds, shillings and pence.

The metric system is the modern method of measuring anything from a load of coal to a glass of cider, and unfamiliar as the various terms now appear the time is probably not far distant when the pound, the pint, the yard, the acre, will be relegated to the historian. In 1905 the metric system will be the legal, the standard, and therefore the only system used in the United States. On account of our proximity and the volume of trade carried on between the two countries it would be strange if Canada did not adopt this system of arbitrary enactment or by force of circumstances. There are only two great excuses which can be urged why the system should not be adopted here, viz., the temporary dislocation of commerce involved and the cost of establishing new weights, measures, scales, etc., variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, neither of which are by any means unsurmountable obstacles. On the other hand there are more potent reasons why we should come into close touch with the civilized world by conforming to the recognized modern standard.

HISTORY OF THE SYSTEM.

The metric system dates quite a long time back, and has a somewhat interesting history. It originated in France, and the agitation which led up to the convention establishing the meter as a unit ante-dates the Revolution. Up to this time units of measurement varied in France, as they did all over the world, they do in a great many places yet. For instance, at the present time there are forty or fifty different measures in use in various parts of England. There are three bushels—the Cornish bushel, the Winchester bushel and the Imperial bushel—differing in volume as do the Imperial and the wine quart.

Talleyrand issued the call to the countries adjoining France and to England to participate in a convention to discuss the best coinage system and determine upon the best unit of measurement to be adopted as the standard. With characteristic conservatism, the Englishman sent his regrets, but the conference was held notwithstanding this drawback, for at that time John Bull led the world in matters scientific.

FIXING THE UNIT.

The length of the pendulum beating seconds at sea level was recommended as the unit of measurement and while there appears to have been no good reason why this should not have been adopted it was rejected by the conference and a number of alternatives suggested. It was finally decided, however, that the unit should be the one-ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the earth.

This involved the size of the earth and it was necessary to ascertain with some exactitude what was the length of a quarter of the earth's circumference. For this purpose an expedition was sent out to Peru which measured the exact length of two degrees on the equator. Similar work was done in Lapland and in France and the results were averaged. They determined that the one-ten-millionth part was a distance of 39.37 English inches which they called one meter.

Having this for a foundation a very complete system of weights and measures was formulated and the system is largely used all over Europe to-day not only for scientific purposes but for every-day commerce. In Russia on account of the ignorance of the peasantry, it is only used by scientists and the local systems are allowed to remain. In England, the United States and Canada it is legal but not compulsory.

GRAMS, LITERS AND METERS.

The metric is the universal system for scientific purposes, but as already intimated, in 1905 instead of buying so many yards of silk the bargain counter devotee will order so many meters. The meter being only a few inches longer than the English yard, the former will doubtless be substituted for the latter and the price of the goods regulated accordingly. In buying meat instead of asking for a couple of pounds of sirloin the butcher will be instructed to chop off a kilogram or a kilo, which is very nearly two and one-fifth pounds. Instead of getting milk by the quart we shall buy it by the "liter." A liter contains one cubic decimeter. A decimeter as the name plainly indicates, is the one-tenth of a meter and a meter is 39.37 inches. A quart is the equivalent of .9465 liter.

UNIT OF WEIGHT.

A gram is the unit for weight, as the meter is the unit for length. The gram is the actual weight of the amount of distilled water contained in a cube whose side is the one-hundredth part of a meter in length, and according to our reckoning weighs 15.432 grains.

In cubic measure a "stere" or cubic meter is the unit. This is a cube whose side is one-tenth of a meter in length.

In square measure the "are" is the unit. This is a square whose side is 10 meters in length and contains 100 square meters. Having the fundamental units, it was a simple matter to derive scales running above and below to give the necessary variety in names for lesser and greater quantities. We have Greek derivatives forming the compound words for measures above the units, and Latin words form the names of measures below the units. Thus we have:

Decameter—10 meters.
Hectometer—100 meters.
Kilometer—1,000 meters.

By subdividing the meter for small measures we have:

Decimeter—One-tenth of a meter.
Centimeter—The one-hundredth of a meter.
Millimeter — The one-thousandth of a meter.

In the metric measurement of weight we start with a gram, and in the same way get a decigram — the tenth of a gram; the centigram, the one-hundrdth of a gram; the milligram, the one-thousandth of a gram. The decagram equals 10 grams, the hectogram 100 grams, and the kilogram 1,000 grams.

ADVANTAGE OF THE SYSTEM.

From the above it will be readily seen that liters may easily be substituted for quarts, meters for yards, centimeters for inches, and kilograms for pounds.

The introduction would undoubtedly cause some confusion for a time, but eventually would be a great advantage. It is claimed, on good authority, that the metric system means a saving of one year at school in the life of the normal child. It almost does away with vulgar fractions. Then there is the important consideration of convenience in trading with other countries, which have adopted the system.

There has already been established at Washington a standardizing bureau at a cost of $100,000, where standards of all kinds will be fixed, such as the strength and purity of glass, the strength of iron, candle power of electric light, resistance of water tanks, etc.

LADY MICHAEL HERBERT.

Wife of Ambassador to Lead in Washington Society.

The new British Ambassador to the United States, Sir Michael H. Herbert, is not a stranger in diplomatic circles at Washington, nor is his charming American wife, who for years was one of the leading society women of the capital. Her husband's new rank will give Lady Herbert the first position among the Ambassadorial set, for by common consent and precedent the British Embassy is accorded the ranking place. Mrs. Herbert is an American woman. She was Leila Wilson before her marriage, one of the famous daughters of R. T. Wilson, who were noted for their wit and beauty and the splendor of their matrimonial alliances.

The marriage of the oldest sister to Ogden Goelet was a coup which set the pace for the Wilson family. Her brother, Orme Wilson, married Caroline Astor, daughter of the Mrs. Astor who has long held the scepter over New York society.

When Grace Wilson married Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., two continents became interested in the alliance. It was full of romance and millions, and a girl with a quick wit and a pretty face outwitted the oldest and strongest branch of the oldest and strongest family in

NEW YORK SOCIETY.

Mrs. Leile Wilson Herbert possesses that beauty and magnetic charm that have lifted the Wilson family to their present prominent position—and the end is not yet! In London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York she has conquered, till the best houses in those cities include the Herberts on their lists.

The return of Mrs. Herbert to Washington to rule over the Embassy where she formerly appeared as so many meters. The meter being only a few inches longer than the English yard, the former will doubtless be substituted for the latter and the price of the goods regulated accordingly. In buying meat instead of asking for a couple of pounds of sirloin the butcher will be instructed to chop off a kilogram or a kilo, which is very nearly two and one-fifth pounds. Instead of getting milk by the quart we shall buy it by the "liter." A liter contains one cubic decimeter. A decimeter as the name plainly indicates, is the one-tenth of a meter and a meter is 39.37 inches. A quart is the equivalent of .9465 liter.

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Sluggish Liver, Clogged Kidneys
The Source of Stomach Derangements, Bodily Pains and Aches and Endless Suffering Regulated by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is very seldom that either the liver or kidneys are affected independently of one another. They are both filtering organs, and consequently when one becomes sluggish and torpid in action the other is similarly deranged, and both are to a large extent dependent on the bowels to remove the waste product from the body.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are phenomenally successful in curing kidney and liver derangements, stomach troubles, biliousness, and constipation, because of their direct and combined action on these organs. That they cure the most chronic and complicated diseases of kidneys, liver, and bowels has been proven in thousands of cases.

Mrs. Yoke, 223 Church street, Toronto, states:—"I am pleased to add my testimony to the curative properties of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. A combination of liver and kidney troubles brought me to a very low condition, and before coming to Toronto I was continually under doctor's care, both at Chatham and Guelph. I was subject to stomach troubles and constipation, and my sight got so bad that I could scarcely see to sew.

"I was recommended to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and attribute my present good health and clear vision to their regular use. They seemed to be exactly suited to my case, and did more good than any medicine I ever used. To persons of sedentary habits and those who sit sewing all day long I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. To my mind they have no equal as general health restorers."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THEY SAID "TAR-TAR."

Two ladies who had just lately been introduced to each other became very friendly. The husband of one of the ladies had been captain of a ship for a good number of years, while the better-half of the other had just been promoted to that office.

"And so I hear," cooed the former lady, "that your husband is a sailor, too, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. B. drew herself up indignantly, and looked unutterable things of scorn.

"Indeed no; he's no sailor! He's a captain of a ship!"

THE LARGEST RESERVOIR.

One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the great tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

THE FEMININE DILEMMA.

Cordelia—"It worries me to buy clothes."

Cornelia—"Why?"

Cordelia—"Oh, I can't decide whether to look stylish and be uncomfortable, or to be comfortable and look dowdy."