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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 40. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 15, 1901. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & 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 month, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil for first insertion, and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Yearly advertisements are taken at the rate of $6.00 an inch per year. The number of spaces to be occupied by the year, or month, may be changed under arrangement made therefore 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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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 his by calling.
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PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the World's Great People.

Sir Squire Bancroft has, perhaps, the most astonishing memory among actors. He is not only able to repeat any part he has ever acted, but he can recall exactly when and where he appeared in any of the hundreds of characters he assumed while on the stage.

Perhaps the only living explorer who is equally familiar with the dark places of Equatorial Africa and the "Land of the Midnight Sun," is M. Paul du Chaillu. The mysterious fascination of the "Dark Continent" lured him from an East African counting-house when he was quite a young man, and he was away four years, returning with a live gorilla as trophy. Then he went far north, and his fascination of manner and kindness of heart won him hundreds of friends.

Mr. Henry Richards, Worthenbury, near Wrexham, England, a retired agriculturist, has attained his 102nd birthday. When over ninety years of age he sang in the Worthenbury choir, and was probably at the time the oldest cherister in the country. In his 100th year he received a congratulatory letter from the Queen. His eldest son is about eighty years of age and his youngest descendant is but a few months old. There are 182 descendants of this grand old man—namely, 11 children, 66 grandchildren, 97 great-grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren.

Earl Russell, who during the last ten years has had considerable experience in legal proceedings, is the grandson of Lord John Russell, the first Victorian Premier upon whom Sir John Tenniel exercised his pencil, and great-grandson, therefore, of the sixth Duke of Bedford. The Earl, who succeeded his grandfather in 1878, is unromantic in appearance. A rather stolid, ruddy face is redeemed by smiling eyes that look out mildly from the shelter of gold-rimmed glasses. John Francis Staley possesses none of the oratorical or literary qualities of his famous grandfather, though he has spoken once or twice in a modest way in the House of Lords.

A most exciting career has been that of Sir Rudolf Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha. He left Vienna, his birthplace, when a lad of seventeen, to become a clerk in a commercial house in Cairo, and six years later came under the notice of Gordon, who appointed him Governor of Darfur. In this position he became known as "The Hammer of the Arabs," owing to his many victories over the turbulent tribes, but in 1883 he had to surrender to the Mahdi. Then began an imprisonment that lasted till 1895, when, by secret aid from the authorities at Cairo, Slatin managed to escape. The late Queen had Sir Rudolf at Windsor several times to hear him relate his adventures.

"A woman," said Mr. Plattitood, "can't keep a secret." "Go on!" said little Johnnie. "Teacher kep' me working on a wretched sum, when she might have told me the answer."

Out of the 206 wooden vessels built in British yards last year 147 were under 600 tons. More than half these were yachts.

Caged by A Lion.

"I can conceive of no human quality more fiendish in its action than jealousy; and of the various kinds of that poisonous power, professional jealousy is the cruellest and meanest."

A look of horror was on the speaker's face and a sort of shuddering spasm seemed to twist his features as he spoke. He was a comfortable merchant, John Jelly by name, and his stout, jolly, good-looking wife was with him. They were in Switzerland, enjoying a well-earned holiday after the rigours of business. Just then they were in company with other holiday-makers on the deck of the steamer that was plying between towns on the Lake of Geneva.

One of the party, a little, dried-up dark man, already notorious for trying to get information on all subjects, scented a story.

Well, perhaps I can give you a yarn. You all know I am a manufacturer and a merchant in a fair way of business. I was not always so well off as I am at present. Once I had not a spare half penny to my name, yet I had in my head the idea for the making and putting on the market of the world-famous articles I manufacture now. Only capital was needed for patenting and floating the things. Capital was as hard to get in the sixties when I was a young man as it is now. I wanted to marry Lucy here. I was working at that time—don't laugh! I'm not ashamed of the fact!—in a wild-beast show, and my duties were mainly to keep the animals clean, to feed them and to be generally useful.

One of the lions was Nero, a famous trick-beast, clever and intelligent, but of an uncertain temper. He was never taken on tour as most of the other animals were in turn, but was always kept at our headquarters, a well-known sea-side resort, where he formed one of the attractions of the permanent menagerie there.

His trainer was a dashing fellow, fearless and utterly careless of danger. His name was really Smith, but as Smith does not look very imposing when billed, he was always known as Signor Arati.

Arati was married, and he had a family dependent upon him. His wife was one of the lady riders, and her ways were of the extravagant order, therefore it took all Arati's really splendid earnings to keep her supplied with all she would have.

With a woman of this kind tied to him Arati's life was not of the roseiest, and it was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to keep such a happy-go-lucky air about him. The danger of his calling was as the zest of life to him, and when, in all the trickery of gorgeous circus gear, he entered Nero's cage and put the great beast through his paces, he was as a man intoxicated with a species of strange pleasure.

Nero's tricks took about an hour and a half to go through. He was the star lion. As a rule wild beasts only learn thoroughly one or two tricks, but Nero knew a dozen. Arati had a little play of twenty minutes' duration in his cage, and the lion himself was the principal character during this act. That was after his tricks had been duly exhibited.

One evening when the lion-room was crowded as usual, and a mass of interested spectators with breath-held lips watched Nero perform his feats, a catastrophe occurred. Nero had been sulky. Arati had been obliged not only to use whips but the hot irons that afternoon at rehearsel, and the brute had not forgotten it. The trainer, lithe, graceful, gorgeous, full of quips and jokes, entered his cage and delighted the folk as usual, but he had an anxious face upon him before he went in, and, I, with another assistant, had instructions to stand ready behind the scenes with hot iron bars, in case of need.

An instinct told me, and told Arati, too, that there would be need. Nero had been so unwilling to work, so rebellious, so disagreeable in grin, that afternoon, that, even careless Arati had said he should be glad when his night turn was done.

A cry from the audience, a horrified catch of all breaths, then shrieks and screams, gave us the signal suddenly. We sprang to the cage, and were just in time. Nero, with ominous growls, had the tamer down and his great paw was on him, just as you may have seen a cat's paw on a mouse.

A touch of two hot irons on his nose, a bang of another on his face, and, with growls of anger, succeeded by a roar of agony, the fire-stung lion darted from his victim, shaking his head with the pain that had defeated him. In a second Arati was drawn outside the cage, the door was banged shut and all was safe. The people were dismissed and the lion-tamer seen to.

Arati was hurt, but not so seriously as had been feared. When he was fully recovered in body, however, he remained seriously sick in mind. His splendid nerve was utterly gone; there would nevermore be any quelling of wild beasts by Arati. He had no idea of the mischief Nero had wrought until he tried to take up his work again, and found he was quailing in the face of the quietest lion. He was cowed, and the beasts knew it. That made an end of Arati's work at once.

This was a calamity not to him only who had lost his good livelihood, but to the proprietor who could not afford to lose the spectacle of Nero's cleverness in his twenty minute's play. The lion was quiet again. I, who fed him, could put him through some of his paces readily.

When Arati's broken nerve became evident the proprietor approached me on the subject of taking his place. I was to have the handsome salary hitherto received by Arati, and I was also to take his name, the trainer to take his own name of Smith and to do my work.

This was rough on poor Arati, as, from force of habit, we still called him. The proprietor was a business man and could not afford to do anything else as he pointed out. He increased the salary of Arati's wife, however, and offered to give the poor fellow more than he had given me.

I dreaded the task, but though I was sorry for Arati, I essayed it. I coveted that salary, which would enable me to realize my heart's desire. I should be able to patent my invention, and to put it on the market, if, for a very few months, I could dare this awful task of lion-play and nightly risk my life as Arati had done for years, in ministering to the morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a life in danger.

So Arati and I changed places and names, for he took mine, or tried to take it, so great was his dislike of his own; yet Jelly was no better.

Arati's manner, hitherto pleasingly patronizing, changed towards me from the first night I entered Nero's cage. His look was murderous, and yet agonized, as I came out and passed him as he stood where once I had been used to stand holding the hot bars.

I pitied him exceedingly, knowing his bitter cause to feel his degradation, for his wife, now she was deprived of his salary as it had been, was known to lead him a direful life at home. At last, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both of us, and from words we came to blows. After that I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, enticing him by gifts of meat, and using the whip less than Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon as I entered the lion-room I heard an unusual turmoil and roaring going on. Then out, in a great hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I caught sight of his face at the foot of the stone steps, and was struck by the strange look he had.

"Arati will go mad if he keeps on," I said half aloud to myself as I went into the room where the roaring still went on. "I hope he has been up to no tricks with Nero to make the beasts roar so!"

Tricks! Little did I dream of the full devilry of Arati's deeds. I got half way up the room when a sight met my eyes that absolutely froze me into ice. For the most vicious of the beasts, the most intractable of them all, Maris, the evil-natured lioness, whose cubs had been removed from her only that week—Maris was out of her cage, the door of which stood wide.

I took in the horror at one glanc, and then I lost my nerve. I felt that death was upon me, and losing my head as I saw the beast crouch, I flung the contents of Nero's meat basket full at her, foiling her leap. Then I turned—a fatal thing to do, but I was in a panic brought by the shock and the surprise—I turned and ran back to the door, reaching it just in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

I seized the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! I quiver at the horror of it now! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had loosed the lioness and locked me in with her.

Maris was engaged with the meat. Nero's horse-flesh proved my salvation. I had but one chance of safety, which I seized even as the thought came that I was lost—the cage.

With a couple of leaps I reached the empty cage and sprang within, drawing the door towards me feverishly. All the cages shut with springs: caged like a beast, but safe. Then I considered that, should anyone else enter the lion-room, that person would run a terrible risk. Though I might shout my hardest, Maris would be upon the intruder like a flash before he would realize where the voice came from. And I was supposed to be a lion-tamer, yet there I was in that ignominious position! I began to boil as I thought of it. Then Maris came up and stood looking at me with low growls with lip-lickings, with tail-lashings, and I was very glad to be where I was.

I wondered how long it would be before the room was entered. Then I could have howled aloud. For Maris was close to the door and the key was moving in the lock! Someone was coming in. I got ready for a tremendous shout, but my dry throat seemed ill able to utter it, and it died on my lips as I saw a mad face look in—Arati's face. He saw the lioness and, with a miraculous return of his old power he made straight for her.

And, oh! joy, he had repented of his awful deed. He had the red-hot bars. If? was again the fearless trainer. He applied the bars remorselessly to Maris. The lioness shrank, whined, retreated. She was cowed. I forgave him on the spot for his late work as I saw him belabor the beast and drive her towards the cage. She went under, but he pulled the door of the next cage to mine open, then drove the lioness from her refuge and beat her into the cage.

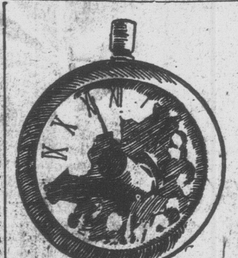
But what was Arati doing? He had caged Maris and shut the door. Surely, surely he was not opening the partition between the cages? There is a partition which can be opened between every cage in a lion-row to admit of cleaning. And Arati was now opening the barred side that divided me from Maris!

"Ah! brave tamer, look after your lioness now!" he said, with indescribable malignity; and then I saw his mad face as it glared in at the bars.

"Arati, let me out! Let me out!" I kept crying, but he went away, with wild, mad laughter, rushing from his lips. And I heard Maris move!

Then I knew no more. I came round to find myself in safety outside the cage, with many of the show people round me.

It seemed that Arati had been met running out of the building with wild cries of satisfied vengeance. He was secured, and discovered to be quite insane. He was babbling of what he had done. At once his horrified listeners rushed to the lion-room to find the beasts settling down to quietness, while Maris, who had been badly burned by the madman, sat subdued in a corner of her cage licking her wounded paws and rubbing her injured eyes as she whined with pain; and I was lying in a senseless heap in the next cage, open to hers. They flung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor ever shall.—London Tit-Bits.



STOPPED A BULLET.

The accompanying cut is from the photograph of a watch that was sent home a short time ago from Kimberley, South Africa, by Private Peter Flynn, Third K. O. S. B., to his relatives at 19 High Street, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, Scotland. Mr. Flynn bought the watch from a comrade in Kimberley who was short of money, else he should scarcely have parted with it, for in all probability it saved his life. During one of his engagements with the Boers the watch was in the breast pocket—wherein it must have been face outwards at the time—of his khaki jacket when it stopped the flight of a bullet, which firmly embedded itself in its centre, penetrating right through the works, and making a deep dent in the back.

MURDERER OF THE TRAIL

WILL PAY THE PENALTY OF HIS CRIME NEXT MONTH.

Police Authorities Worked for a Long Time Against Adverse Conditions.

On the twenty-third of August the final scene in the famous murder case in which universal interest has been centered since the commencement, will be enacted in the hanging of prisoner O'Brien, says a despatch from Dawson. Though the gathering of evidence and conducting of the trial has cost the Dominion Government over $100,000, the amount is not regarded as extravagant when all the circumstances are taken into consideration and the ends of justice were so energetically worked out.

The victims of the crime were three men, Clayson, Reefe and Pierson, the latter a Government telegraph lineman. On the 17th of December, 1899, Clayson and Reefe, well known and respected in Dawson, started over the icebound river to travel through grey days and bitter cold in order to reach their homes and spend the remainder of the winter on the outside. They carried a few thousand dollars and a sack of nuggets. Each was well and happy. They travelled cheerily over the long trail, stopping each night at one of the various roadhouses, which are placed some thirty miles apart.

LAST SEEN OF THEM.

On Christmas morning the three men started on their Christmas Day journey up the Kutchika, which under ordinary circumstances they should have reached at nightfall. But they were not seen afterwards. Six months afterwards, when the Yukon water ran low, there lay upon the sandbars far below Minto three disfigured bodies bearing bullet wounds in their skulls. Thus the winter crime bared itself under the summer skies, and it was known that these three men had been foully murdered on that Christmas Day. In the meantime the police had not been idle. Two weeks after the disappearance of the men O'Brien, who had previously served sentence in Dawson, and who was discovered attempting to evade the police posts up the trail, was arrested and held simply as a suspect. Acres of frozen, snow-covered ground was carefully scraped; rocky bluffs and thick spruce groves were searched; the rough, ice-bound river was submitted for miles to the closest scrutiny; the smallest, most minute detail did not escape observation; and bit by bit a mass of irrefutable circumstantial evidence was piled up that interwove a mesh of guilt about O'Brien.

MANY TELL-TALE EXHIBITS.

A notable thing about the trial was the minutiae of exhibits presented by the Crown, proving how excellently the police had done their work under wonderful odds of winter and wild stretches of territory—a rifle, a slip of initialled paper, a rifle shell, a bunch of keys, a marked nugget, a tooth crown, which was later fitted into the jaw of one of those washed-up bodies, a receipt and other damning trifles, gathered here and there, from the vast stretches. O'Brien's movements were detailed, a carefully plotted map marked every step of his way, until the fatal moment when he endeavored to slink past Tagish police post, and thus brought upon himself the suspicion of the police. Witnesses were brought from points thousands of miles away, from Nome and the American States prison to testify concerning his brooding speech and dark intention.

PROBABLY A VICTIM, TOO.

One thing yet remains to complete the ends of justice, and that is the arrest of one Graves, O'Brien's travelling companion and apparent partner in crime. Search has been made for him all along the line, but since O'Brien travelled alone after the date of the murder, it is surmised that he killed Graves also in order to retain all the money and conceal his guilt.

The Hon. Walter Campbell, who has just published a book of humorous poems, illustrated by the Princess Louise, is said to be one of the best amateur reciters and Scotch story-tellers in society. Always a great favorite of the late Queen, he would bring a smile to her lips at every moment with his quaint tales, his imitations of the peasantry's ways and doings—copied first hand from real life—their shrewd, canny sayings and their homely mother wit. One of his comic songs, says Lady Violet Grenville, "Jean Jamieson's Bonnet," would send the most stolid of audiences into fits of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the latent sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

INCLUSIVE.

She—"No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you."
He—"But if you are not——"
She—"I said all our family."

The naval 12-pounder is 5 feet longer than the Army 12-pounder.

Mr. Jonewhedde (on returning home from business, hopefully): "You are so cheerful, I take it you have got a new cook, Harriet." Mrs. Jonewhedde (gaily): "No; no such luck. But I just heard that our neighbor, Mrs. Bensonhurst, has lost hers."

About the House.

FROZEN DAINTIES.

To the casual observer who eats whatever is set before him, provided it is good, asking no questions—the difference between sorbets, granites, frappes, sherbets and water ices seems as inconsequential as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. To the initiated, however, there is a considerable differentiation.

A water ice is simply a lemonade or fruit juice and water frozen without stirring. Motion interferes with the clearness. A sherbet is a water ice to which white of egg or gelatine has been added to give it a creamy consistency. Sherbets should be frozen more rapidly than ices.

A sorbet is frozen more like water ice, not so hard as a sherbet, and usually has liquor added.

A frappe is simply a half frozen ice. Its distinguishing characteristic is mushiness. If liquor is added to a frappe it becomes punch.

Granites are fruits or water ices frozen without much motion and with equal parts of salt and ice, so as to ensure a granular texture. They are not froze hard. Small fruits or large preserved or candied fruits cut in small pieces may be added just long enough before serving to get thoroughly chilled.

A mousse is frothy mass-like cream prepared by freezing whipped cream without stirring. It should be made a number of hours before using and packed in salt and ice, using a greater proportion of salt than for ice cream.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Almond Paste for Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of caster sugar. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry in a slow oven.

To Clean a Leghorn Hat.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this thoroughly into the hat with a tooth brush, and when clean place it under a tap and let the water run over it free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. Brush over with the white of an egg.

Mixing Salad Dressing. — Many housekeepers complain of the trouble they have in mixing the French dressing. Put the ingredients (one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt and quarter that amount of mustard) into a bottle. Cork tightly, then shake the bottle vigorously for a few minutes, and you will have a perfect emulsion. This is by far the easiest way to mix the French dressing.

Potted Beef.—Slice thinly two pounds of thin, raw beef and beat the slices with a rolling pin, sprinkle over them about a teaspoonful of powdered allspice, pepper and salt to taste and add a pinch of cayenne. Leave the meat in a cold place with the spices and turn it once or twice. Then place in a jar and add only just enough cold water to cook it. Tie some paper over the top of the jar, cover with a saucer, and cook in a very slow oven all night. Let the meat stand in the jar till cool, then pound it to a paste, using a little of the gravy in the process and adding more seasoning if necessary. Place the meat in small jars and run a little melted butter over it. This will keep for some time in a cool place and when served may be cut in thin, delicate slices with a very sharp knife.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take a peck of fresh mushrooms and half a pound of salt, place them in a deep pan in layers with salt sprinkled between each layer. Let it stand six hours then break up the mushrooms with a wooden spoon and allow them to stand in the cool for three or four days, stirring daily. Ascertain as nearly as possible the quantity of liquor there will be when strained, and to each quart allow a quarter of an ounce of cayenne, half an ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Place all in a jar, cover closely, place in a saucepan of boiling water and boil for three hours. Then pour the contents of the jar into a saucepan and boil slowly for half an hour. Pour the ketchup into a jug and strain into small bottles for use. Do not squeeze the mushrooms and be careful to leave all the sediment in the jug. Before corking the bottles and covering them with sealing wax, add a few drops of brandy to each. Examine the ketchup from time to time to see that it is keeping well. Should it ferment, boil it up again with a few peppercorns.

WORTH KNOWING.

Paint made with turcentine is a better protection to iron work than paint mixed with linseed oil.

For a refreshing bath dissolve a tablespoonful of rock ammonia in it. The water is thus made soft and invigorating.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated on the stove removes the odor of onions or fish from the utensil.

Lettuce for salad is greatly improved by being put in cold water for several hours before it is to be prepared for the table.

Soiled photographs may be cleaned by sponging with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts may be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

To cool butter in warm weather, such as we are at present experiencing, you will find the following a good plan. Plunge jars containing it to the neck in an airtight box that has wet sand fitted closely round the butter jars. Salt may be mixed with the sand with great advantage. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water; a biscuit tin is quite large enough to hold the necessary jar.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Take some old potatoes, and peel carefully. After rubbing the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rubbing continued. As you go on the lather should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with luke warm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a silk handkerchief.

DISINFECTING A ROOM.

Sometimes a doctor orders a room to be disinfected and if this is not done properly it might as well not be done at all. An exchange gives the following directions: Soak two teaspoonfuls of powdered gum tragacanth in a pint of cold water for an hour, then place the bowl in a panful of boiling water and stir frequently until the gum is dissolved. Have white newspaper cut into strips about two inches wide and paste six thicknesses together. Paste these over the cracks of doors and windows, leaving the door by which you leave the room to be sealed after the fumigator is lighted. If there is a fireplace in the room, it must be covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. The gum tragacanth is easily washed off and does not discolor either paint or woodwork.

EATING FRUITS.

Sickness may be produced by irregular and excessive use of fruits and vegetables but there is no danger when they are eaten in proper amount and regularly.

Children are as a rule, exceedingly fond of fresh fruits and green vegetables, and if they are allowed the free and prudent use of wholesome fruits and vegetables they will not eat them in excess. The greatest danger lies in eating these food when they are not in proper condition.

Select only those that are properly grown and ripened and of the freshest, otherwise they will excite disease. Never consider perishable foods cheap which are not strictly fresh and sound.

A recent visitor to London is Professor Finsen, the Copenhagen doctor who discovered the light cure for that terrible disease, lupus. Many there are in Britain who would like to thank him for the service he has rendered suffering humanity. But he is a man of excessive modesty; he dislikes publicity, and would walk miles to be out of the way of a vote of thanks. Although a doctor, he does not practice medicine, but confines himself to pathological research. He is himself an invalid, suffering from heart disease, and unable to stand too much of the strain of public life. Some years ago he began to observe the effects of light on smallpox. This led him to the action of strong light as an irritant on the skin and to the work of sunshine as a disinfectant. Then he thought of applying his discoveries to lupus, one of the most painful diseases, and till then practically incurable. The results seemed miraculous, and an institute was founded to carry out the cure on a larger scale. The marvellous results are now well known.

A SURE RESULT.

"Say, old chap, Coffup and I have a bet we wish you would decide for us."

"No, thanks."

"Why, why not? We're both friends of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you"

"The evidence," said the magistrate, "is conclusive as to your having thrown a stone at the policeman." "Sure, an' it is," agreed the defendant, an Irishwoman, "an the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honor! It shows that Oi hit him!"

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