BUSINESS NOTICE.

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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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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
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MANCHURIA'S VALUE.

At first sight it is a little difficult to understand what any nation could want with Manchuria, the climate especially being anything but attractive. In the south—that is to say, in the same latitude as that of Spain and Italy—20 to 25 degrees of frost are not uncommon. At New Chwang on the 5th of February, 1902, for example, 31 degrees were registered. In summer, on the other hand the heat is equally unbearable. In spite of these extremes of temperature, however, there is plenty of scope for agriculture, the soil being remarkably fertile, especially in the low lying districts, the valley of the Sungari, which is flooded every year, for instance, producing enormous crops of millet, which forms the national food. The forests also are of vast extent, and contain, besides timber, much game; the rivers team with fish, and pearl oysters abound in the river mouths. The country is rich in metals, copper, silver, lead and gold being mined in the Sungari valley. So perhaps those who so ardently desire to possess the country are not without method in their madness.

Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding):—"My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you." Bride:—"Oh, that's all right pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me, after all."

Man at the Door:—"I called to see the head of the family." Mr. Henpecked:—"She's out; any message?" (expense of people who want the earth.

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 22. No. 31 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 9, 1904 D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

An Affair of Hearts...

I.

Tom Wilton had eaten his dinner with one eye on the restaurant clock all the while. It was twenty-five minutes past six. That would give him time to catch the omnibus which would convey him to Bayswater, where he had an important engagement—all engagements of that kind are most important, and demand extra punctuality—with Miss Clara Hunter.

He took the top-hat on the peg beside him, and, having hurriedly settled his bill, and tipped the waiter, set off, his brain busily occupied with pleasant anticipations of a meeting with her, who had promised to be his very own as soon as Tom Wilton's finances reached the hundred pounds necessary for the launch upon the matrimonial sea.

Fifty-seven pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence! That was the sum that yawned like an awful chasm between Tom and bliss unutterable!

"Tom, dear, what is the matter?" cried Miss Clara, as she advanced to meet him in the hall, and noticed the gloom upon his face.

"Nothing, dear—nothing!" he replied. "I've only been thinking how horrible it is we cannot marry because—because——"

She stopped him in the usual manner when he uttered that old lament. "You are a great goose, Tom!" she declared—"a great goose? Why, hundreds of men would be only too glad to marry when they've got a hundred pounds!"

"Well, there's an awful barrier!" he almost groaned. "Why can't a man marry when he likes? It's too bad! It's——"

She stopped him again. Tom was in the dumps. He was often like that. It rather flattered her.

"You've brought the song with you which you were to try to-night, haven't you?" she asked a little later.

"It is in my overcoat pocket," he replied; "but I cannot sing it to-night, dear. Not a bit—not for worlds!" he added gloomily.

It was all nonsense, she declared. He could, and he should, sing. And she tripped from the room and down the stairs to the hall, where his coat was hanging, to get that song from his pocket.

What a nice hat Tom had got! She lifted it from its place on the stand. Why ever did the foolish boy carry letters in the lining, she wondered, as her eye caught one stuck there, no doubt to prevent its getting crumpled in his pocket on its way to the post. Possibly Tom had forgotten to post it. Love does make a man forgetful at times. Miss Clara determined to take it to him and remind him of it.

"Miss Ada Breegrave, Wilbrook Mansions, Kensington, W.

A little chill of terrible premonition passed over her as she read that direction. The letter was not sealed. Had not Tom often declared that he had no secrets—none from her—that he only wished she could know his very heart, and read his secret thoughts? What harm, then could there be in her reading the letter? She was finishing it when she heard his voice from the landing above.

"Have you found that song yet?"

Crushing the letter together in her hand, she thrust it into her pocket. He must not see her reading it—not for worlds.

Tom Wilton was not to sing that night. A few minutes later the house maid came to tell him that Miss Hunter had been seized with such a violent headache that she had had to retire to her room, and it was not possible she could see him again.

The next evening when Tom called he was informed that Miss Clara's headache was worse than ever. The next morning the post brought him a letter and a little registered parcel.

In the note Mr. Thomas Wilton was presented with Miss Clara Hunter's compliments, and informed that all was over between them for ever! The last two words were underlined.

"Dear Miss Breegrave,—Oh, that I might dare to call you my own Ada! But now I take the step which, if you will agree, shall grant me that ecstatic privilege. Do not turn a deaf ear to it, I beseech you. Dear Miss Breegrave, can you have been insensible to the feelings which have surged in my heart, devoting it and its owner to your worship? Your reproaches have brought me fully to realise that I adore you, and you alone. The other lady I thought I loved I don't. She, I find, possesses nothing of my heart.

"I cannot understand how I can have been so foolish as to imagine that I really loved her. Only say the word—yes—and I will be thine for ever, and you shall have no further cause to reproach me for the sake of a girl who is to you as a buttercup is to a fairy.—Yours, in anxiety and trepidation,

"TOM."

That was the letter Miss Clara Hunter found in that hat, and with which, in her terror, when Tom Wilton called to her, she rushed off to her room. It was written in a fine Italian handwriting, very unlike Tom's sprawl. That showed how careful Tom could be when writing to a "fairy."

Who and what could the creature be?

She heard the housemaid deliver her message to Tom, and his footfall as he passed down the stairs, and the closing of the hall door behind him. Of course, he must have discovered that she had taken that letter out of his hat, but he did not dare to claim it! She wondered how he must feel now that he knew she had found him out. She was well rid of such a wretch, and Miss Ada Breegrave was welcome to him. That letter should go to its destination!

But how? That was a question. She would dearly love to see this miserable woman who had come between them with her wily art. After a night of tossing and sleeplessness Miss Clara resolved to deliver that note personally. She would see the creature, at least.

II.

"Well, this fair takes the cake, that Tom shounld write to me like this, and send his letter by a girl like you!" excalimed Miss Breegrave when she had finished the epistle.

She was a tall and considerably overdressed young lady, with a profusion of gaudy ornaments in the shape of very ostentatious jewellery. Her little flat was full of things which Miss Clara Hunter mentally condemned as in the most atrocious and vulgar taste.

"Well, pop will be delighted," she went on. "He's been wild that I didn't get hitched on for a long time!"

"And you really—really think he will marry you?" asked Miss Clara, forgetting that the question betrayed an indiscreet acquaintance with the contents of the letter. Fancy Tom marrying a "fairy" like that!

"Marry me?" exclaimed Miss Breegrave, not noticing the admission. "Rather! I guess it'll be a bad days work for him if he doesn't. Didn't you ever hear of such a thing as B. O.P., my girl—breach of promise?"

And that was the "fairy"! Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom! What a fool you must be, and what a fine prospect of happiness you have before you!"

For a month it is probable that there had been no more miserable man in the world than Mr. Tom Wilton. The inexplicable conduct and cruelty of Miss Clara Hunter had plunged him into the profoundest gloom and misanthropy. Men and women were all his foes.

"But I'll be hanged if I'll please them by starving myself to death!" he muttered to himself grimly. "I'll be hanged if I don't live just to show Clara—Miss Hunter—that a man's got grit in him which defies the cruelty of an unfeeling and—and the——"

He did not finish, but took his hat down and set off to the restaurant where he had dined that fatal night—how well he remembered it all!—when he had last seen her. He took his seat at the table, and began to scan the menu card, when he started with astonishment.

"Ze gentilman who took ze hat!" cried an excited waiter. And in an instant he was surrounded by three gesticulating attendants, who eyed him with intense curiosity, and appeared to be carrying on a heated argument in Italian, French and German.

"What on earth is the matter?" gasped Tom.

"Zis is ze gentilman as the hundred pound reward is for offered!" explained the most excited of the waiters to the proprietor, who came bustling forward. "He took ze hat. He sit here at zis table opposite Monsieur Tom Selbury. He ze hat take. I svare it on my soul and honor!" And he waved his napkin eloquently towards the ceiling.

"I will explain it suffisament," said the proprietor, bowing low to Tom. "The monsieur is in the dark. He understands not that on the hat bangs a tragedy of hearts. The Monsieur Tom Selbury is distract. He wring his hands; he utter the cry of the heartbreak. Ah, ciel! Is it the digest his food he can do? No! He is the ghost that walks and cry perpetual, 'My hat! My hat! Where is the gentleman with my hat?' Ha! Here Monsieur Selbury himself come! Angelo has found him. Ah! It is a happy day that the hat has come again!"

Mr. Tom Selbury was a young gentleman who possessed better qualifications for explaining things than the proprietor.

The night Tom had dined there last he had departed with Mr. Selbury's hat.

"It wasn't the hat that was so important, you know," Mr. Selbury said, "as what was in it—a confounded letter in the lining, which I had written and put there while I dined and thought it over. It was a proposal of marriage to a Miss Ada Breegrave, of Kensington. I must have been the biggest fool on earth," he went on emphatically, "to have ever thought a scrap about that girl, but I did, and I wrote that letter. But I never sent it. I determined I wouldn't. Well, I dined, took your hat, and strolled off. When I looked in the hat the letter wasn't there, of course."

"I never found it in the hat you left," declared Tom.

"Then how on earth did it get to Miss Breegrave?" asked Mr. Selbury with a groan. "She got it sure enough, and wrote accepting me. I was never so startled in my life. Now she's suing me for breach of promise—ten thousand pounds damages. She's turned out awful watch and thought I'd go and marry Awful! A perfect demon!"

He wiped the perspiration from his face.

"She declares it was delivered to her by a tall, handsome lady, who gave no name—dark hair, large blue eyes, pink dress, umbrella with mother-of-pearl handle, and——"

"Why, that's Clara! Ahem! I mean—I mean——"

Tom Wilton sank back with a gasp in his chair as it flashed across him what had happened.

"Look gere," exclaimed Mr. Selbury, "if you can find that young lady, it'll knock all the bottom out of that breach-of-promise case. That cat"—it was thus disrespectfull he spoke of the "fairy"—"won't have a leg to stand on! I'll give you a thousand pounds—a thousand pounds—if you can find her."

"I think I can," said Tom. And he did.

The threatened sensational breach-of-promise case, Breegrave v. Selbury, never came to trial. The "fairy" went nearly mad with rage when her solicitors advised her that, under the circumstances, no judge would say that Mr. Selbury had really sent her that document she had thought as good as cash.

Miss Clara Hunter is Mrs. Tom Wilton now; for why should the marriage be delayed when everything was explained, and Tom Selbury insisted on paying that thousand pounds, and would take no denial?

As to Tom Selbury, he married the "buttercup."—London Answers.

A DOG WHICH SAVES LIVES.

Klondike Animal Has Rescued Forty-Six People.

"Rags" is a four-year-old dog, unkempt and ill-looking, but a heroic heart beats in his shaggy breast. Rags has saved more than forty lives. His field of service is the Klondike, where he and his master have wintered for several years.

In the winter of 1901 a number of men belonging to a Pittsburg mining company were prospecting in Alaska. They lived in a little wooden hut, from which they went out in pairs to explore. They were away beyond any sign of civilization, and the weather was so severe that they endured a good deal of suffering.

One day two of the men out on an expedition were caught in a sudden and terrific storm. They started back for camp, but the trail was rapidly covered by the drifting snow. On and on the men plodded, each falling now and again, only to be roused from the death-dealing sleep and hustled on by his companion. At last both sank, and the snow drifted over them.

The men at the camp, alarmed by the non-appearance of their comrades, started out to rescue them. Rags went along, too. Straight as an arrow he followed the trail, and before long a sharp yell told the party that their friends had been found. The two men were completely buried in the snow, and help had not come one moment too soon. This was Rag's first exploit.

At another time he went out as the leader of sixteen dogs which were dragging a rescue team to relieve a party of snow-bound miners. As the team was plodding steadily along Rags suddenly gave a cry, broke from the traces and bounded away. Thinking he might have found the trail, the party followed, and by the time they had reached him Rags had dug away enough snow to allow an entombed miner to crawl out.

Rags has saved forty-six lives and made several record-breaking rescue trips. His badge of honor is a gold collar on which is inscribed a list of his deeds.

THE ABSTEMIOUS JAPANESE.

Amazing Amount of Work on a Light Diet.

In the war between Russia and Japan the problem of furnishing a food supply will be for both countries one of the hardest to solve, and will limit the number of men that can be put into the field. In this, says the author of "Japanese Physical Training," great advantage will lie with the little islanders because of the amount of work they are able to do on a small amount of food.

The Japanese are naturally abstemious in the matter of eating. Rice is the staple of diet, with dried fish as almost the only meat, and with plenty of vegetables and fruit when they can be obtained.

An American traveller in Nagasaki was amazed one day at seeing the swiftness with which the Japanese men and women, boys and girls, passed baskets of coal from lighter to ship, chattering meanwhile as if it were but a picnic in which they were engaged. When noon came and they stopped for lunch he went among them and examined their provisions. One had an apple, a tomato about three heaping tablespoonfuls of boiled rice. Another had two tomatoes and a tiny rice cake. Of the man with the onion the traveller asked:

"Is that all you have?"

"Why, yes," was the reply. "I would not care to eat more just now for I have five hours' more work this afternoon."

"What did you eat for breakfast?"

"Oh, something very fine; a bowl of rice with some little strips of dried fish."

"And what will you eat to-night, when work is done?"

"Probably some boiled fresh fish, lettuce, tomatoes, onions and cucumbers."

Accustomed to such a light diet from infancy, the Japanese builds great endurance on it. On the road to Peking the Japanese soldiers outmarched all the other troops, and at the end of a day required only a handful of rice and a kettle of boiling water to prepare a diet which met every requirement.

DANGER OF MACHINERY.

Statistics collected in Germany have shown that 28 per cent. of the accidents caused by machinery used for industrial purposes, such as manufacturing, were due to defects in the machines and to lack of proper safeguards. On the other hand, over 40 per cent. of the accidents occurring with agricultural machinery were traceable to those causes. Accordingly, there is a call for the use of improved safety devices upon all machines used on the farm. Feed-cutting machinery is found to be particularly liable to cause accidents. A considerable majority of those injured by agricultural machines are children and youths.

"I say, waiter, this cod steak is not half so good as the one I had here last week." "Can't see why, sir. It's off the same fish."

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STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

FOR THE FARMER'S WIFE.

Plan your work systematically. Don't arrange to do all of your hard jobs in one day, but on the days when you wash, iron and churn plan that the rest of the housework may be as light as possible. If you value the health of your family, serve as little fried food as possible, and don't waste your time and strength making rich pies, cakes and doughnuts. Cook a different vegetable each day to serve with the potatoes and meat. Have whole wheat biscuits or rolls at least once a day, and cereals well cooked and served with milk or cream and sugar may well take the place of more complicated food. Use plenty of fruits in their season and dried or canned fruits out of season. Make out a bill of fare for each day in the week You may have to make variations sometimes, but it will prove a help.

Have regular hours for work, rest and recreation. Don't say you have no time to rest. Unless you are stronger than the average woman you must find time to rest or you will suffer the consequences sooner or later. In the economy of life, health is of a thousand times more value than wealth. Take a bath every morning upon rising. If you have no bathroom end it is not always convenient to take a sponge bath, use a good flesh brush. Remove your garments and brush back and forth until the entire surface of the body glows red. Try this and see how much better you will feel. Twice a week at least take a warm bath with plenty of fine soap. Always have your sleeping room window up two or three inches at least. If you fear a draft, have a piece of oilcloth or heavy cloth the width of your window frame and reaching from the bottom half-way up the sash. Sew a small brass ring in each corner and have corresponding nails in the side of the window frame to slip the rings over.

Clothe yourself comfortably and neatly when about your work. Try a union suit, light weight in summer and heavy in winter, stockings drawn up over the knee and fastened with a safety pin, broad low heeled shoes, the corset discarded if possible, and the next garment a comfortable waist of white cotton made in the simplest fashion. It should come just to the waist line, where a row of eyes permits the attachment of the skirt, which should be of washable cotton goods and have a corresponding row of hooks on the under side of the band. A neat wrapper, such as can be purchased ready-made quite cheaply, excellent values being in dark pretty percale, should be the next garment and with an apron of bright percale, made to hang in straight folds from bands at the shoulders, and a pretty tie of wash silk at the throat one is neatly and comfortably dressed without a constricting band anywhere.

Now remember that housework is the best possible exercise if one goes about it as one should. Maintain a correct standing position always, even when at the sink washing dishes. You do this when you have your shoulders and hips back, chest up and chin in. Remember that while this adds more than elegant clothes to your personal appearance, it also adds to your health, for it is a well-established fact that improper standing and sitting crowds the internal organs, thereby causing disease.

If your sink and cooking table are too low, try placing a dry goods box under the cake board and dishpan when in use, to bring them high enough so that you can stand correctly. When you sit do not slump down in your chair, but sit upright. If too tired to do this, lie down flat on your back without a pillow and rest, relaxing every muscle and thinking of nothing at all—just rest.

If possible, take a rest of this kind every forenoon if not for longer than five minutes. Have a longer nap in the afternoon. It will keep you bright and fresh.

When making dresses, aprons, etc., for the little ones, use a good quality of percale, it costs almost twice as much as print, but lasts twice as long and washes better than ginghams. Lastly remember that the happiness and comfort of your family depend in a large measure upon yourself and the better care you take of yourself the better you can do your duty by your husband and children.

USEFUL HINTS.

A pretty way to trim a shirt waist with embroidered dots scattered over it is to take an occasional dot as the center for a daisy, and work the petals out from it. The daisies may be so embroidered as to form a band down the front and for cuffs, or employed at intervals all over the waist.

When making the loops so much used in place of steel eyes, draw the silk over a match. This makes the loop just right size and holds it firm while the buttonhole stitches are being worked.

It is not everyone who can have a closet lined with tar paper as a discourager to moths. But almost anyone can get a large packing box, have a lid with hinges and hasp put on it, and then line it with tar paper.

China silk waists, says some one who has experimented, should be starched in a thin starch and then ironed while damp. In this way they look as they did when new.

We heard the other day of a woman who cut up a tablecloth to make herself a shirt waist. Her feat is rivalled by the woman who was challenged to make herself a shirt waist out of a pair of her husband's trousers. This she actually did, using velvet for collar and cuffs, yoke and straps to hide the necessary piecing. Those not in the secret complimented her and inquired where she found her "beautiful suiting."

There is no better protection for the hands when sweeping than mittens made of extra heavy canton flannel, fleeced side in. The material is impervious to dust; the mittens are easily slipped on and off; the long wrists protect the dress sleeves and they are cheap and easily washed.

Half a dress shield fastened to the under side of the baby's bib prevents the moisture from wetting his dress and underclothing.

A new style of apron and one that is recommended as very convenient is made as follows: Get a yard and an eighth of percale or any wide goods. Tear off eleven inches across the goods for the ruffle. Then from the rest of the length take from each side a string three inches wide. Take off a strip nine and a half inches wide to form the pockets, and a narrow strip for the binding. The piece that is left is the body of the apron. Hem the ruffle; gather and sew to the apron with the seam on the right side. Hem the strip for the pockets across the top, stitch this at the lower edge to cover the seam of the ruffle and hem in with the sides of the apron. Stitch through the strip and the apron twice, forming three pockets.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Cinnamon Bread.—Take a cupful of bread-sponge; add one-half cup of brown sugar, one-third cup melted lard; level tablespoonful ground cinnamon, a pinch of soda, knead once and put in a loaf; let rise, grease over with butter, bake slow.

Oatmeal Cookies.—One and one-third cups sugar; one cup shortening (half lard, half butter); two eggs; one teaspoon soda in one-half cup sweet milk; three cups oatmeal; one teaspoon cinnamon; one cup chopped raisins, and flour enough to roll. I make them a drop cookie. Splendid.

Graham Pudding.—One egg; one cup molasses; one teaspoon soda in one-half nutmeg; two cups Graham flour; one cup chopped raisins floured and a pinch of salt. Steam one and one-half or two hours. To be eaten with pudding sauce. Splendid.

Pocketbooks.—Warm 1 qt. new milk, add 1 cup yeast, 2 well-beaten eggs, 4 tablespoons melted butter, 3 teaspoons sugar, and flour sufficient for a moderately stiff batter; let rise over night. In the morning stir in all the flour you need, as for bread, and let rise again. Then roll in a sheet half an inch thick, cut in squares, butter one side and fold over like a pocketbook. They will rise in a very short time, then bake, and they will be pronounced delicious.

Garnishing for Boiled Fish.—Mix with 2 cups dried bread crumbs a little salt and essence of anchovy to taste, also a few drops of cochineal sufficient to color crumbs. Rub all well together between hands until crumbs are evenly dyed. Place on a dish and dry in oven until crisp, then bottle. These sprinkled over any boiled fish, such as cod, look very pretty. Add green parsley also around the fish.

YOUNG FOLKS

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
'Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

PIGGY.

One morning in the latter part of March Uncle John found 12 cunning little pigs in the pen. The mother pig was like the old woman who lived in the shoe, for she didn't know what to do with so many, and as the little pigs could not be put to bed like the old woman's children, but kept wiggling about, some of them were in danger of not growing as well-bred pigs are supposed to do.

Uncle John carried two into the kitchen for a few days, thinking some of the others might die, when there would be room for these. Sure enough the next morning one of those in the pen was dead and there was room for one more.

Piggy, or Peggy as he was called, the one left in the house, drank from a bottle and slept and grew, in real pig fashion. In a week he began to notice things and would put his fore feet on the top of the box and use his little hoofs as a child would its hands. By crooking them a bit, he would hold on to the top of the box and call for his milk. As he grew stronger and larger he would not stay in his box, so a pen was made near the kitchen, that he might be fed often.

In a week or so he began his old trick of climbing up to look over his fence, and would now and then balance himself just right and out of his pen he would come. Strange to say, he would never notice or associate with the other pigs, although they capered about in his sight only two or three rods away.

When the kitchen door was open he would scamper in, and follow the little girl who fed him, through the dining room, even into the parlor, chasing around the centre table, grunting as he went, as full of fun as a dog or kitten. This was exceedingly funny now and then, but of course had to be stopped, for Piggy grew fast. When he was six weeks old he had to be sold. We have often wondered if he turned out just as a common pig after all.

DANDY AND THE AXE.

Dandy was a little dog who lived with his mistress in a New York apartment flat up two flights of stairs. They indulged in the luxury of an open wood fire in cool weather, and Dandy was the errand boy who brought wood from the cellar when necessary.

One day Mrs. Scott, his mistress, discovered she had no wood, so she said: "Dandy, go down cellar and bring me a stick of wood." (He usually brought one stick at a time, and travelled up and down stairs until the woodbox was replenished.)

Away went Dandy as gay as a lark, but only to appear in a few minutes with a very doleful air and without any wood.

"Why, Dandy," said Mrs. Scott, "did you hear me? I said bring up some wood."

Downstairs went the little dog a second time, and soon Mrs. Scott heard a noise as of something being pulled or dragged across the cellar floor. Going herself to investigate, she found the little dog at the foot of the cellar stairs with the axe, the handle of which was in his mouth, and he was trying his best to carry it up the stairs to her, to show her there was no wood cut.

Who can say dogs do not reason? This is a true story, and may be vouched for.

HOW TO KNOW LINEN.

Cotton may be distinguished from linen when one is buying handkerchiefs by moistening the tip of the finger and pressing it on the handkerchief. If it wets through at once it is linen, while if any cotton enters into its manufacture it will take several seconds to wet through the threads. In linen the threads are more uneven than in cotton.

FAR EAST BELLIGERENTS

FINANCIAL STAYING POWER OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.

Japan's Debt Little More Than $3 Per Head, Russia's Eight Times More.

Most people have been astounded at the marvelous growth of the military idea in Japan, but those interested in the financial development of the country, a development that has made the military idea possible, are still more astonished at her economic progress. Money makes the war go. And, after all, the dominant factor of warfare is not so much the number of men or ships available as the financial staying power of the country. When hostilities were pending between these two countries we heard from Russian official sources that the enormous increase of armaments in Japan had crippled her economic resources, hence a war of any magnitude would inevitable spell disaster and bankruptcy. If one considers for a moment the position of certain great European powers, the plausibility of the idea is apparent, particularly in dealing with a country that has only during comparatively recent years adopted the lines of these great countries. At the very onset, then, one is called means of acquiring wealth along the upon to dismiss this idea of economic bankruptcy. Those who are anxious to understand something of the financial position of Japan must bear in mind two factors—factors of great importance. First, up to 1897 the silver standard was in vogue, hence the purchasing power of the yen steadily declined. For instance in 1897, yen went about as far as 50 yen went in 1872. But the adoption of the gold standard in 1897 fixed the value of the yen.

COMPARISON WITH BRITAIN.

The other factor to remember is—so says O. Eltzbacher in The Nineteenth Century:

"If we compare the national debt of Japan with the indebtedness of other newly-developed country, we must bear in mind that her foreign indebtedness is limited to a part of her national debt. Her railways, tramways, waterworks, factories, mines, etc., are exclusively financed by Japanese money, and her corporations have not raised any loans abroad."

If you compare her national debt with that of other nations, it sinks to an insignificant place. In 1901 the national debt of Great Britain amounted to £18 9s 11d. per head of the population, Russia, £4 19s. 8d.; whilst Japan's indebtedness amounted to only £1 6s. 4d. Let us make another comparison. "The interest annually due on the Japanese national debt comes to but 1s. 2d. per head of the population,' equal to but one day's wage of the average workmen. But the yearly interest in Great Britain amounts to about 10s. per head, or 2½ days' wages of the average British workman. So far then as interest is concerned the task in Japan is not heavy. The foreign indebtedness of Japan is not comparable with that of her powerful rival in the far east. Quoting Mr. Eltzbacher again: "Great Britain held at the end of 1899 Japanese bonds equal to about £15,000,000, and this sum practically represents the sum total of Japan's foreign indebtedness." Another reason advanced for supposing that financially Japan is more sound than Russia is her self-reliance and the successful issue of an immense war loan within her own borders, while Russia tried in vain to secure more money abroad. In looking over the vast field of figures and splendid statistical tables, one must not be led to suppose that Japan's increased annual expenditure was caused entirely by her preparations for defence and war. True, she has made considerable advance along the line of armaments, but it is not an advance at the expense of domestic progress.

JAPAN'S PROGRESS.

During the last ten years the amount expended on education has increased 524 per cent., whilst agriculture and commerce has advanced some 632 per cent., justice 215 per cent. and communications 562 per cent. This surely denotes extraordinary progress and shows that Japan's advance in culture and civilization has during these latter days been more rapid than her development in militarism. But how is this amount produced by which power is given to so many departments of national life? The elasticity of Japan's revenue is bewildering, for, notwithstanding the enormous growth of revenue, the democracy of the country are not heavily laden with taxes. And again the increase in postal receipts and state railways prove that Japan is not exhausted by taxation. Her industrial progress is enormous, and it places the country in a healthy position to withstand the tremendous financial strain of a great campaign. The bright picture drawn of Japan cannot be repeated in dealing with the financial possibilities of Russia. What are the actual resources which the Russian government have at its disposal for the prosecution of the war, and their extent? According to M. A. Gerothwohl, in his admirable article in the current issue of The Monthly Review, on Jan. 1 last the Russian government must have had at its immediate and entire disposal some £40,000,000, with a first possible reserve of another £55,000,000, but it is necessary to deduct from the combined total some £15,000,000 to meet the gold charges on the external debt for one year. This total would seem to allow Russia to carry on the war for about 18 months without seeking a fresh loan. "But," as M. A. Gerothwohl says, "will Russia wait so long before borrowing? I think not, for sundrey reason." One agrees with the writer when he implies that Russia is most likely waiting for "the first great success of her arms." The strange condition of Russian diplomacy does not admit of such open treatment of the financial condition of the country as was possible with Japan, but it is clear from the facts to hand that Russia's financial condition is unhealthy, and that she dare not wait until her resources are completely exhausted. Hence the balance of financial staying power remains with the little Jap.

Horrified Mother:—"I just this minute saw Mr. Nicefellow's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful." Repentent Daughter:—"I-e-s, mother, but it would be a good deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist."

Love at first sight supplies a lot of work for divorce judges.

KINGS WHO PLAYED GOLF

THE STUART KINGS WERE FOND OF THE GAME.

English Sovereigns From North of the Border Were All Adepts.

The news that King Edward is developing a remarkable enthusiasm for golf, and when he is at Windsor rarely fails to spend a couple of hours [illegible] the sporting little nine-hole course there, takes one back to the days when golf was a favorite pastime of his Royal predecessors.

The Stuart Kings were keen golfers to a man, and many an interesting record is preserved of their doings on the links. When James Duke of York, afterwards James II., had his court at the Palace of Holyrood, and spent his days in a succession of balls, plays, masquerades and diversions of all kinds in and out of doors he was to be seen almost daily playing golf on the famous links of Leith. Long years after a Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, wrote:—"I remember in my youth to have conversed with an old man named Andrew Dickson, a golf club maker, who said that when a boy he used to carry the Duke's golf-clubs and run before him and announce where the balls fell."

There may be seen to this day a substantial memorial of the Duke's love of golf in an ancient house on the north side of the Canongate, Edinburgh. On the house is tablet bearing a coat-of-arms with, for crest, a right hand grasping a gold-club, and the motto—"Far and sure."

BEAT THE ENGLISHMEN.

It is in connection with this house that the following interesting story is told. One day the Duke of York became engaged in a dispute with two English noblemen of his court as to whether golf was a peculiarly Scottish or English pastime. As the disputants could come to no satisfactory conclusion, it was decided to settle the matter by an appeal to the game itself, the nobles offering to play His Royal Highness and any Scotsman he could bring forward for a large sum of money. "The Duke," so the record runs, "whose great aim was popularity, thinking this had no bad opportunity both for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotsman and flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge."

He discovered a suitable partner in one John Patersone, a shoemaker, a member of a famous golfing family, and himself a champion player. In the match the Duke and his partner achieved an easy victory over the Englishmen, and James in his delight handed over half the winnings to his humble co-adjutor. With this sum the shoemaker built himself the substantial house which survives to-day in the Canongate, and on its front the Duke caused the escutcheon described above to be affixed.

MONEY FOR GOLD BALLS.

The first James was as enthusiastic a golfer as his second, and was indeed more than a match for some of the reputed good players of his time. He even did honor to the game by formally appointing golf-club and ball makers under the Privy Seal of Scotland. William Mayne, 'bower burges of Edinburgh,' was constituted "Mr. fledger, bower, club-maker, and speir-maker to his Hieness"; and in 1618 James Melvill and others were empowered to furnish "his Hieness' Kingdom of Scotland with golf ballis" for the space of twenty-one years, "our Soverane Lord understanding that thair is no small quantitie of gold and silver transported yeirlie out of his Hienese' Kingdome of Scotland for buying of gold ballis."

Henry, son of James, I., was a noted golfer, even as a boy, and of him the following story is told—"At another time playing at golf, a play not unlike to pale mailie, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his Highness warning him to stand farther off, the Prince, thinking he had gen aside, lifted up his golf-club to strike the ball. Meantime one standing by said to him, 'Beware you hit not Master Newton'; wherewith he, drawing back his hand, said, 'Had I done so I had but paid my debts.'"

UNFORTUNATE CHARLES.

King Charles I. was equally devoted to the game, and it is on record that it was while playing on the links of Leith that a courier handed him a letter giving news of the rising in Ireland under Sir Phelim O'Neal; whereupon His Majesty threw down his club and, calling for his coach in great agitation, was soon being driven rapidly to Holyrood House, whence he started next day for London.

Since the Stuart days none of the Sovereigns have taken much practical interest in golf until our own times; though it is true that William IV. was patron of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, and presented a gold medal for annual competition. Now, after the lapse of two centuries, golf has once again been exalted into Royal favor. The Queen, under Ben Sayers' tuition, plays it excellently; the Prince of Wales, also under Sayers' guidance, has become a clever and keen golfer; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have spent many hundreds of happy hours on the new course at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, or on the links at Malahide, or at the Viceregal Lodge.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

He who creates can control.

A real grief needs no uniform.

Character is incorruptible cash.

Man is a harp and not a hand organ.

Nothing is lost that falls into a heart.

Pedlers of scandal are sure to be infected.

A man does not have to be congealed to be calm.

The heart of the present is the hope of the future.

Affectation is the language of conscious inferiority.

Science is simply the search into the mind of the Supreme.

The shepherd's crook needs no crookedness in the shepherd.

The people who have seen better days did it with a telescope.

What a man gets always depends on what he is willing to lose.

Some preaching is about as filling as a bill of fare in the desert.

The cynic is a man who sees his own heart and calls it the world.

People who withhold gratitude are apt to do wholesale grumbling.

The atheist can estimate God when the deaf can criticise music.

The man who hurries is frequently only spurring a rocking horse.

It is no use being better than others unless we are better than our old selves.

There is a difference between claiming the right to rule and trying to rule aright.

"No," said the fair girl, "it's no use. You didn't come up to my ideal." "Perhaps not," he answered. "But I don't care if I can only get anywhere near my own." "Your own?" she answered. "What is your ideal?" "You," he whispered.

Lady—"Have you lost yourself, little boy?" Little Boy—"No—boo-hoo—I've found a street I don't know!"