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

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 26. No. 26. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 9, 1901. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

Board Works Jan 1 01

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid) by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $6.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, 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

G. B. FRASER
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. B. Kethre's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Pumps, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean, Chatham.

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
R. Flanagan
ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.
1st—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.
2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.
3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by Dr. CHARLES BARNSS's improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.
4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.
The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted on no charge.
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1896.

.Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON.
MANCHESTER,
Mrs. Jas. C. Miller.

WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,
THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOOK, - - - 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.

ASK FOR
MONARCH
Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Miller's Foundry & Machine Works
RITCHIE WHARF, - CHATHAM, N.B.
(Succesors to GILLESPIE FOUNDRY, Established 1852.)
Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing.
Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country. All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere. Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc., in stock and to order.
TUG BOATS, STEAM YACHTS and other Crafts built to Order
Our Marine Slip has a Capacity for Vessels up to 100 Tons.
Repairs effected with quick dispatch.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware
Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated
Weather and Waterproof
THE BEST EVER MADE.
School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine, all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Dryrs.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes. 15 Boxes Horse Nails,
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.
Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.
Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Bows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards, Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove his by calling.
The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

BRITAIN'S HORSEHAIR SUPPLY.

The great bulk of horsehair comes over to Great Britain from Russia and Siberia, and merchants, principally German Jews, go over to the Nishni Novgorod Fair to purchase. The horsehair is then consigned to English and German manufacturers, and commands from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per lb. What is known as English gathered hair—which grooms comb out of the horses' tails and sell to the marine store dealers, who in turn dispose of it to the manufacturers—sells at 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb., but is usually much tangled and difficult to work up.

WHAT SHE HAD SEEN.

I read to-day said Mr. Staggers, that it is almost impossible to see a perfect full moon, owing to an angle of the ecliptic. Now, my dear, although you think you have seen many a full moon, you really have never seen one.

Well, I've seen a full man many a time, snapped Mrs. Staggers.

The Lieutenant's Adventure.

At the commencement of the Transvaal War I was sent to Bingley as a civilian clerk. Bingley is the depot of the East Rankshire Regiment, and on account of the war the Militia battalions were stationed there. I rather pride myself upon my aristocratic appearance, and I always dress rather smartly; therefore I was not much surprised when the sentry on guard mistook me for an officer and saluted me as I entered the barracks. Of course I looked unconcerned, and returned the salute in an official, offhand manner.

There was in the same office as myself another civilian clerk, a very decent sort of a fellow; but he would insist upon wearing a turn-down collar. I overlooked this, however, and we rubbed along very well together. I, of course, pointed out to him the many advantages of wearing a high collar, telling him how I had been mistaken for an officer, and had been saluted as one on several occasions.

He said that if such were the case he would try one, and the next morning he showed up wearing a collar about 2 1-2in. high. That morning he was very quiet, and I thought that something must have upset him. I learnt at dinner-time what this was.

It appears that when he had come into barracks in the morning, a soldier who had been at the depot for several years was on guard, and just as he was coming in the gates this soldier had put his hand up to his head to knock off a fly. Collins thought that he was saluting him and saluted in return. The soldier burst out laughing and told him that he, the soldier, was not an officer. Collins seemed to think it was my fault, and was quite nasty about it.

When the dancing season commenced Collins and myself were invited to a ball to be held in a neighboring town, and of course we went. I was in evening dress, and, though I say it myself, I looked more aristocratic than ever. There was one girl there with whom I danced, a very superior girl, and I took to her at once. I had been told that she was a Miss Myers and had an income of about £2,000 a year. Now, I thought, if she knows I am a civilian clerk, earning about £75 a year, she will naturally treat me with a certain amount of indifference, so I got Collins, who said he knew her quite well, to introduce me to her as Lieutenant Bates, of the East Rankshire Regiment. He consented to do so, but remarked in that nasty sarcastic manner of his that "I must not be disappointed if she did not believe it."

So it came about that I was introduced to her as Lieutenant Bates, and danced with her several times, and upon leaving she expressed a wish that we should meet again.

It was about three weeks after this ball that I again met Miss Myers. It was at a reception, and I had a long talk with her, and when I went home that night I was desperately in love with her, but I thought that my suit was hopeless. For was she not an heiress and I a miserable clerk? I was, I'll confess, attracted by her fortune, and had she been poor I might have acted differently, but I had always said that I intended to marry a girl with money. She actually arranged to meet me on the Wednesday following the reception, so I believed that at least she liked me.

Well, we met and I got along swimmingly. I now regretted very much deceiving her and misrepresenting my position and when she had spoken about the Army I was in a terrible fix for fear she should ask me some question that I should not be able to answer. She continued to know me, however, as Lieutenant Bates, and I dared not tell her differently.

Well, things went on like this for more than a month, during which time I met her on several occasions. One evening when I left her she told me that she was coming to Bingley on the following Wednesday, and if I wished she would meet me there; "that is," she added, "if you can spare the time. I know you officers have so much to do now that this awful war is on."

I said that a hundred wars would not prevent me from seeing her. "I can ask the staff-sergeant to let—that is, I can excuse myself from mess," I hastily added.

"Oh!" she said, "I have never seen you in uniform yet, and I should so like to see you. Will you wear your regimentals next Wednesday?"

"Ah!—yes," I answered. "Of course if you wish it."

I went back to Bingley, not knowing what the dickens to do! I was not allowed to wear uniform, and if she know anything about military matters she would see that none of the soldiers that we were bound to meet saluted me. I was determined not to give her up without a struggle, so I decided that at all risks I must see her on the following Wednesday.

The first thing to do was to borrow some uniform. Fortunately, I knew a sergeant in the Army Pay Corps, and, that uniform not being a common one, I asked him if he would lend it to me, telling him that I required the things for some private theatricals. He lent them to me, and on the Wednesday I took them round to my lodgings and asked my landlady to remove the three stripes from the arm of the tunic.

I had arranged to meet Miss Myers at three o'clock, so after having my dinner I went back to the office for an hour. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to me. At the depot there were dozens of recruits who would do anything for a few coppers; why not get two or three of them to wait at a corner and salute me as we passed? I went across to the canteen and picked out three raw recruits, and asked them if they would like to earn a bob. They were only too glad of the opportunity, and I gave them instructions to wait outside a certain public-house, and when myself and a young lady appeared to salute me as though I were an officer. They winked, and, putting the shilling in their pockets, gave the characteristic answer, "Not 'arf."

Having everything arranged I went back to my lodgings and got into the uniform—it fitted me like a glove—and I was quite proud of my military appearance.

Punctually at three o'clock I was at the station waiting for Miss Myers. About three minutes after that time her train arrived and she stepped out, and her face quite lighted up when she saw me.

"Oh! you look ever so nice in uniform—perfectly sweet," she exclaimed; "but where is your sword! I always thought that officers wore swords!"

"Oh!—er—no—yes; it has gone to be sharpened, on account of the war, you know," I answered, in confusion.

Things went fairly smoothly after this until we approached the corner where I had told the recruits to wait. They were there, sure enough, but they were waiting with such looks of expectancy that I felt sure Miss Myers would see that it was a "plant."

"Whatever is the matter with those soldiers at the corner?" asked Miss Myers.

"Oh!" I replied, "they are only recruits, and are tremendously frightened when they see an officer. Some of them have been put in the guardroom for not saluting, and that makes them very careful, you know."

We reached the corner where the recruits were standing, and they stood to attention and saluted. I returned the salute in a casual, offhand manner, as though it was the most common thing in the world for me to be saluted.

"How nice it must be to have so much respect shown you," said Miss Myers.

"One gets sick of so much of it," I replied. "It is a beastly nuisance to keep constantly touching one's helmet to every soldier one meets."

"Do you know, Mr. Bates, I have never noticed the soldiers salute you when we have been out before?"

"No; that's because I was in ordinary clothing, and not having been long at the depot they do not yet know me without my uniform."

I was simply perspiring with apprehension. Whatever question would she ask next? What I did see when we turned the corner made me ten times worse, for there stood the sergeant who had lent me the uniform, the man whom I had told that I required them for some theatricals. Before I had time to make some excuse for turning back he caught sight of me. He stood still for a moment in astonishment, and then pointed over his shoulder to the public-house, as much as to say, "Come and have one." I had the presence of mind to touch my forehead as though he had saluted, and we passed on.

For an hour we were shopping, and then I suggested that we should walk to the next station on the line, a distance of about four miles, and that she should take the train from there. She was delighted with the proposal, and we accordingly started. Some "arrow of outrageous fortune" semeed to have made me its mark that day, for scarcely had we started before I saw coming down the road one of those wretched recruits, in a pitiful state of intoxication. The shilling that I had given him had been responsible for this. I prayed that he might not recognize me, but he did, and bawled across the road:—

"I say, guv'nor—you with the sergeant's clothes on—is it all right for another bob, for another touch of the——"

I hurried on, completely crushed by this latest exposure. I know that Miss Myers asked me something about what he meant, and I made some sort of reply about "taking me for someone else," and I should "put him in the guard-room in the morning."

I could not go on like this; I was sure to be found out, so I determined to do a very bold thing, to tell her everything, who I really was, and then to propose to her.

We walked along for some time in silence. I was terribly embarrassed, and even Miss Myers seemed to be nervous and apprehensive. I wondered if she would be very angry at my deceit. I saw the vision of £2,000 a year disappearing before my eyes, then I thought that, if she really cared for me, she would not mind my position.

Suddenly I plucked up courage and commenced, "Miss Myers, I have something very serious to say to you, and really—I—don't know where to begin."

"Oh! Mr. Bates, I—I am sorry I—I really did not intend to—to—I can see that you know——"

She here actually began to cry as though it was her that was to blame. I did my best to console her, and when she was somewhat calm I began again:—

"I have deceived you, Miss Myers, by telling you that I am an officer. I am merely a civilian clerk earning about £75 a year. Let my love for you be the excuse for my conduct. Yes, I love you—and—I am sure we could be very happy together; and—er—I want you to be my wife. Do not think that I am tempted by any mercenary consideration, for were you as poor as——"

Her head was resting on my shoulder and she did not answer. I was encouraged, and was about to renew my protestations of love when I felt her shaking. At first I thought she was sobbing, but the next moment I found that it was laughter that was causing it.

"Oh! Mr. Bates. It is so funny, very funny indeed. I——"

"You may find it funny," I answered, "but if you only knew how—"

"It is not that," she answered, "but all the time I have been doing the same thing as you. I have been deceiving you, and I am so sorry, indeed I am, but let my love be the excuse for my——"

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," she answered, "I am not Miss Myers at all. I am only her—er—cook. Your friend could not have known Miss Myers much, but I am supposed to be very much like her, and I thought that I should never see you again, so when you mistook me for Miss Myers I did not trouble to enlighten you. I suppose we can cry quits, can't we?"

For several minutes I did not speak; I was dumfounded.

But what could I do but marry her?

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PET CATS.

The disposal of Queen Victoria's numerous pets is a matter of no small concern to the persons who are closing up her affairs. The late queen was a great lover of cats. When the court moved it was accompanied by a feline caravan. There were Persian cats, Manx cats, Angora cats, Maltese cats, tabby cats, and nondescripts, and they all traveled in state. They were placed in wooden boxes with an open wire front and had plenty of clean straw to lie on. One Persian cat, of which the queen was especially fond, wears round his neck an elaborate collar, on which appears in silver letters: "I belong to the queen."

SATISFIED IN SECOND PLACE.

Employer, to clerk.—This is disgraceful, Jones; here am I at the office first.

Clerk — Yes, sir; I have always been taught to give precedence to my superiors.

Agricultural

TREATMENT FOR SMUT IN SEED WHEAT.

Smuts in all farm crops are caused by parasitic plants. The life cycles of these smuts consist of two stages, the mycelial or growing, and the reproductive or spore stages. The mycelium consists of minute white threads filled with protoplasm, and are invisible to the naked eye. The plant grows also by means of slender elongated cells, which increase in length, dividing and keeping pace with the growth of the host plant. In the first stage of growth the smut does not visibly show itself in the way of swollen or discolored tissue.

The spore stage is caused by the collection of innumerable mycelium threads at one point, usually where the blossom or seed of the host plant is situated. Here they are changed into microscopic, round, spiny dark spores filled with protoplasm. These are the seed of the smut. In the loose smut of wheat, these microscopic spores are detached by the wind before the unaffected grain is yet mature, and in flying about lodge in the glumes of the unaffected heads of wheat, where the spores germinate and push their mycelial threads through the soft coats of the immature grain. When these grains harden, the mycelium threads become dormant until the kernel, if planted, germinates, then the smut grows again with the young plant. This affected seed does not show any difference from other unaffected seed, and, for the reason of the smut germ being imbedded in the seed itself, cannot be treated successfully, as anything that would destroy the smut would destroy the vitality.

If the smut spore does not get into the kernel of wheat, it lodges in some convenient place on the surface of the seed, is planted with the wheat, germinates about the same time and penetrates the tender sprout and grows with it, but if the spore germination is delayed until the young plant has hardened its outer coats a little and the spore's threads cannot enter, having nothing to live in, it dies. Wheat is more generally smutty if the winter is wet at the time of germination of the grain. The moisture makes the sprouts more tender and fulfills conditions for germination and growth of the smut spores. If the seed wheat is permeated with mycelium, practically no treatment or method of treatment has any effect without destroying the vitality of the seed. If the spores are simply attached to the seed, the following treatment is of some value.

The apparatus needed for hot water treatment is a 75-gal scalding kettle or anything sufficient for heating water, a barrel, several gunny sacks and a thermometer. From 35 to 60 gals water should be heated in the kettle. The wheat should be cleaned, ready to plant, then put one bushel in a gunny sack, tie loosely and suspend in the water heated to 132 to 137 degrees F for about five minutes. Stir gently, then take out and dip the sack of wheat into the barrel of cold water to prevent the center of the sack of grain getting too hot and injuring its vitality. The wheat will then have to be dried to get it in shape to be drilled, as it would clog up the drill if wet. Enough can be treated this way to raise seed free from smut for the next year's planting. Two men can in one day treat enough to furnish seed for the next year.

The apparatus for formalin treatment consists of a barrel, gunny sack, formalin and water. Formalin is a 40 degree solution of formaldehyde. It is not poisonous, but has a very pungent and penetrating odor. It can be obtained at large drug stores, or from the manufacturer at a small cost. It is liquid, not dangerous or disagreeable to handle, but animals should not be allowed to drink the solution. One pint of formalin to 25 gals of water will treat 15 bushels of seed. Dip the sack containing about one bushel of seed into the solution 10 minutes, then take out the sack and allow to drain. The seed can be sowed in a force feed drill or dried before sowing. Several barrels can be used and a great deal treated in a short time at small cost.

MAKING HIGH-CLASS DAIRY BUTTER.

By using lime daily it is not so difficult to keep down the bad odors in the stable writes a correspondent. We always try to milk as near 5 o'clock each morning as possible, and at the same time in the evening. The milk is strained, into a 10-gal can. As soon as milking is completed, the milk is run through a separator and the cream placed in a three-gallon shotgun can. When the weather is warm we set the cream in cold water but during winter time we simply set the cream of each milking in a separate can and put it in a cellar where no vegetables of any kind are kept. A day before churning, we mix all the cream in one vat after it has been warmed to 70 or 75 deg. by setting the cans in hot water. For a starter we use skimmilk which has been kept in half-gallon fruit jars for 24 hours. These are put in a warm place and are kept tightly covered. Before putting into the cream we skim one inch from the top of these jars.

When the cream and the starter are in the vat, we put a cloth over it and stir often until the cream begins to thicken. Then it is wheeled into a cool place, uncovered and left until the next morning. It is then churned. If the room is not cool enough the cream is cooled by placing a large can full of cold water in the cream vat. We churn at a temperature of 52 to 58 degrees, using a gasoline engine to supply the power. We do not care how long it takes, but the time usually varies from 40 minutes to 1 1-2 hours. A 60-gallon barrel churn is used. As soon as the cream begins to break, we throw in one or two pails of cold water. This, I think, helps to separate the butter more completely from the milk.

When the butter comes in granules about the size of bird shot, the buttermilk is drawn off and a small hair sieve used to catch the butter which tries to escape with it. After draining for a little while, a few handfuls of salt are thrown in for say 50 lbs of butter and 25 to 40 gallons of cold well water, which is usually below 50 degrees. The churn is turned quite rapidly for a half minute, when the water is drained off again as quick as possible, and two ounces of salt added for every pound of butter. The butter is raked to one side of the churn by means of a large wooden fork, and the salt sprinkled in during the operation. If everything has been satisfactory, the butter will rake like a pile of wheat. Under these conditions there is no trouble to apply the salt evenly. After the salt has been added, the churn is closed and given a few turns and allowed to stand for 20 to 30 minutes. Then the churn is turned until the butter comes together in balls. Care is taken in removing the brine which accumulates during this process, so it will not drain away all the salt. After the butter is accumulated in balls, the faucet of the churn is opened and the butter given a good pounding with a heavy packer. It is then packed into tubs or jars as circumstances require.

POINTERS ON SHEEP.

Mutton growing, with wool as an incidental product, will continue to be a profitable industry.

Breed and feed affect the value of wool from the manufacturer's standpoint.

Indiscriminate crossing is unprofitable.

A sheep poorly nourished cannot produce a healthy fleece.

The manufacturer buys wool on the basis of its true value for manufacturing purposes.

The grower, the local dealer, the commission man and the scourer should each make an honest effort to satisfy his reasonable demands.

A small linen, or flax, or hemp twine is best for tying wool.

Coarse, heavy paint marks should be avoided in marking sheep.

More and better wool can be secured by early shearing.

Loose, bulky fleeces sell best in the market.

Country wool buyers can greatly aid in an effort to bring wools up to the standard by buying wool on its merits.

Avoid lime and sulphur as a sheep dip.

WONDERS IN WATCHMAKING.

Some Marvellous Pieces of Mechanical Workmanship.

Among the treasures of a Swiss museum, inserted in the top of an old-fashioned pencil-case, is the tiniest watch ever constructed. It is only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes, and seconds, but also the days of the month. So perfectly formed is this Liliputian watch that it keeps excellent time, and is a marvellous piece of mechanical workmanship.

Two of the most elaborate and curious watches which the world has ever seen belonged to Queen Elizabeth and her unfortunate contemporary, Mary, Queen of Scots. Good Queen Bess had a watch made for her in the form of a duck, with beautifully chased feathers, the lower part of which opened. The face was of silver, with an elaborate gilt design, and the whole was kept in a case of brass, covered with black leather, thickly studded with big silver knobs.

The ill-fated Mary was the possessor of a watch in the form of a skull. The dial was introduced where the palate should have been, and the works occupied the place of brains in the cranium. In the hollow of the skull, moreover, was a bell, which had works of its own, and by means of which a hammer struck out the hours upon it.

One of the choicest rarities of the Bernal collection was a book-shaped watch. This curious time indicator was made by order of Bogislaus XIV., Duke of Pomerania in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. On the face of the book, where the dial of the watch is set, there is an engraved inscription of the duke, and his title and armorial bearings, together with the date, 1627. On the back the engravings are also very finely and skilfully executed, among them being the portraits of two gentlemen of the seventeenth century. The dial-plate is of silver, chased in relief, while the insides are beautifully chased with figures of birds and foliage. The watch has two separate movements and a large, sweet-toned bell. At the back, over this bell, the metal is ornamentally pierced in a circle, with a dragon and other devices, while the sides are pierced and engraved with a complicated design of beautiful scroll-work.

TAKES AN ICY DIP.

Boston Doctor and Friends Take Plunge in Boston Harbor Every Morning.

Dr. W. E. Crockett, a Boston physician, together with several friends, all professional men, take a dip every morning of the year, but especially in winter, in Boston Harbor. They enjoy it immensely, and claim that they owe their really splendid physical condition to this unique practice. They dash right into the water among the floating ice and snow and enjoy themselves fully as much as though it were blazing August and the water lukewarm. It is a peculiar fact that after the men come out of the water there is no shivering and shaking or chattering of teeth such as one sees among the uninitiated even in the middle of summer.

Dr. Crockett says that to bathe in ice-cold water in open air in winter is the best thing possible for a man's health. After taking such a bath a man cannot feel the cold. He comes out of the icy water all glowing and without a shiver. Strange to say, he feels warmer than he would in summer.

THEIR EXPRESSION WAS WRONG.

The drill-instructor—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeant— who was the terror of every recruit and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor ordered the men to rest on their arms reversed. Then by way of practical explanation he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he did so; Now, I'm the corpse; pay attention.

Having reached the end of the party he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinising eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a most solemn tone of voice: Your 'ands is right, and your 'eds is right; but you 'aven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave!

Canada House,
Corner Water and St. John Sts.,
Chatham.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM,
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town. Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.
Wm. Johnston,
Proprietor

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it as
Mackenzie's Indian Pill,
Chatham, N. B.

TRINIDAD'S PITCH LAKE.

The Place Which Gives the World Supply of Asphaltum.

The most interesting place in Trinidad, the largest of the group of Windward Islands, or Lesser Antilles, is the famous Pitch Lake, from which comes a large part of the world's supply of asphaltum. It covers ninety-nine acres, and contains millions of tons of pitch, which never grows less in amount. Mr. W. E. Curtis, in his book on Venezuela, thus describes this famous lake, the subject of so much interest just at present.

In the neighborhood of this Stygian pool the air is heavy with sickening odors, and the surrounding country is covered with its overflow so that the earth is as hard as the pavements of our cities; but neither the steam and fumes that arise from the pitch roasting in the sun, nor the asphaltum in the soil seem to injure vegetation. Flowers and fruit actually grow in the midst of them, and pineapples are there brought to the greatest perfection.

The lake is a floating mass of asphaltum, seamed by narrow channels of clear water, with a few straggling islands covered with thin, low shrubs. At the center, the fountain of all the foulness, the pitch is at boiling heat, and covered with yellow and white sulphurous foam, upon which are floating innumerable bubbles filled with loathsome gas.

The supply for shipment is chopped from the surface, where it has been hardened and dried by the evaporation of moisture; but like ice on the ponds of the frozen zones, the quantity cut away during the day is always replaced during the night, for some action of nature keeps forcing the unsightly substance out of the earth.

The Pitch Lake is a mystery which scientists have discussed for many years. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the first account of it in 1595, when he landed there on his voyage in search of the El Dorado and the land of the Amazons. Humboldt gave a good deal of study to the phenomenon, and declared that the Pitch Lake is "a constantly aggregating mass formed from the cosmical gaseous fluid"—which seems to settle it.

INVALID DISHES

A pleasant and nourishing dish for a sick person with a weak stomach, is an egg well beaten with 3 tablespoons rich, sweet milk, a very little sugar, and a little grated nutmeg, or other flavor, if preferred. Set the bowl or cup into a basin of hot water, stirring the egg continually, until it is warm, pour into a dainty glass, and let the patient eat it slowly with a spoon. This makes an agreeable change from soups, broths, etc., and is very strengthening.

Break a fresh egg into a small cup, or basin, beat thoroughly, add 2 tablespoons milk and a tiny piece of butter, with salt and pepper to taste. Bake quickly in a hot oven and serve immediately. This is much more easily digested than poached or boiled eggs.

Broiled eggs in paper cases is an attractive dish. Take confectioner's paper about six inches square, make a small box by turning up an inch and a half all round and twisting the corners to make them stay, place the little paper pan on a moderately warm stove, over a slow fire, break an egg into the pan and let it stand until the white cooks through. Slip pan and all on to a warm plate, sprinkle slightly with salt and pepper, add a little melted butter, and serve with a dainty cracker or a small bit of toast. This will tempt a capricious appetite often when an egg prepared in the ordinary way would be rejected.

Khaki cloth is out of fashion in England, the tailors offering quantities of it "at a ruinous discount."