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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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One Faithful Heart

Angie Grey sat by the west window of her little chamber, and looked out at the sunset sky, glorious with its changeful purple, and crimson, and gold. Not that she saw, or took heed, of the gorgeous display—as well might the heavens have worn sackcloth for her.

She was not thinking of the soft summer beauty which lay warm and sweet over everything; she felt no thrill of delight as the gold of the west deepened to scarlet, and the distant hilltops flamed in the molten light; she had no thought for anything but the winter of desolation which had fallen upon her heart.

She was trying to take home and realize fully the depth and breadth of the lot of news she had heard an hour ago. The Widow Leighton had told her, in that gossipy, officious way of hers, which made everything disagreeable—doubly so when coming from her—that Dr. Archibald and Miss Victoria Fanshawe were engaged.

Angie ought long before this to have known how things would turn out. But she had been willfully blind, and refused to believe what was evident enough to every one else.

Poor little Angie! It was very hard for her to bear this alone. She had no mother or sister to go to, and what sensitive young girl would dream of telling a father, wrapped up in business as Mr. Grey was, that she had been foolish enough to love without being asked?

For more than two years every thought of hers had in some way been full of Dr. Archibald. She had no right to think of him in this manner, but, then, we all do things sometimes which we have no right to do. If our likes and dislikes were under the control of our will, we should be much happier!

The doctor had come to Sussex more than two years ago, and shortly after his arrival there, Angie had been taken ill of a virulent fever, through which he had attended her; and doubtless his vigilant care and wonderful skill saved her life.

If she loved him for it, he was not to blame. It was his nature to be gallant and tender to all women—how could he help it if they construed his well-meant attentions into something warmer than friendly regard? Of course, he expected Angie to be grateful to him for what he had done for her, but she ought to have stopped at gratitude, and permitted herself to go no farther. You know that as well as I.

But she was young and impulsive, and all her life long she had been hungry for love. Angie had no home ties to claim her affection—all her relatives were in their graves, except her father, and he was a cold, undemonstrative man, totally absorbed in business. He knew he had a daughter, but as for taking any interest in her, he exhibited quite as much for the daughter of the grand mogul, and doubtless felt an affection for each in about the same degree.

Do you want to know how this little heroine of mine looked? Descriptions never do justice to faces like hers. Imagine a slight, rather tall figure, with a face in which there was never a trace of color, save in the scarlet lips, features regular and delicate, eyes deep, dark hazel, and hair soft, and fine, and glossy as polished ebony. She was nineteen, and Dr. Archibald was forty at least; so you see at once that she was very foolish to fall in love with a man as old as her father. He had been married, and was some three or four years a widower, and his only child had died a few months after its birth.

He was handsome, as these grave, self-contained men often are—not so much in feature as in the nobility conferred by the consciousness of strength and power. He gave you the idea by his bearing that he held even destiny itself under his feet, and could crush it in a moment if it dared to turn upon him. Strong, yet tender—brave, yet gentle as a woman to those he loved, he was just the man to attract a girl like Angie—timid, and trusting, and lovely as she was.

Miss Fanshawe had angled for him almost two years, and certainly deserved something for her patience. She was an heiress—the only daughter of old Captain Fanshawe, who had made a fortune in the India trade. She was beautiful, and stately, and accomplished, and carried herself with a dignity which made common people feel even more common as she swept past.

Angie sat the whole dusky summer night, trying to gather strength to bear what had come to her—trying to quiet the dull, heavy pain in her heart by calling up her pride and saying to herself that she did not care who Dr. Archibald wedded. But morning came at last, and found her just as far from peace as ever—found her with a face a little whiter than usual, and with dark rings under her eyes, and hard lines around her sweet mouth which should never have settled there in her girlhood. She had to go down and go through with the farce of eating breakfast, while her heart seemed slowly breaking.

Do you know how dreadful it is to bear these agonies of despair which come to us all sometimes—bear them and still go about with smiling faces, and clear eyes, and voices sweet and low?

Many were the congratulations poured in upon Dr. Archibald and Miss Fanshawe. For once, everybody seemed satisfied with this engagement. Of course, some girls were a little disappointed, and some young men who had hoped to have the handling of Miss Fanshawe's money to pay gambling debts, and trade in fast horses, swore a little over the affair, but as a general thing it was well received by society.

There were wealth and position on one side, and wealth, beauty, and accomplishments on the other. They would make a very handsome couple, and the doctor's new house would have a fitting mistress in the stately Victoria.

Preparations went forward briskly, for the marriage was to take place in December, and there was a great deal to be done. The handsome house on Alston Hill was furnished in princely style, and everything about its appointments made to conform to Miss Fanshawe's tastes, for Dr. Archibald was no narrow-minded lump of self-conceit to fancy he knew best in everything.

A fortnight before the day set for the marriage an astounding thing occurred.

Dr. Archibald was arrested for murder!

A distant relative of his—Anthony Greene—had died some six weeks before, and the doctor was his heir-at-law. By Green's death, he had come into possession of quite a large property. Mr. Greene had been a long time ailing, and the doctor had occasionally prescribed for him, but when he died it was in a very sudden and unexpected manner. He was buried without any investigation into the causes of his death, but some days afterward some one keener than his neighbors hinted at a suspicion of foul play. The matter was at once taken up by the authorities—the body was exhumed, and an examination made which resulted in the discovery of prussic acid in the stomach.

Circumstances pointed strongly at Dr. Archibald. He was the only physician the old man had ever had. He had visited him and left him medicine the very day he died, and in a vial which the housekeeper testified to having seen Dr. Archibald take from his medicine case on the occasion of that last visit, were found the dregs of the same fatal substance which lurked in the stomach of the dead body.

There were many other convincing circumstances unnecessary to particularize, but in an affair of this kind it is surprising how small an item can be made to tell against a person under suspicion.

People who a week before would have considered themselves personally aggrieved and insulted if a word had been breathed against their physician, spoke together in ominous whispers and declared that they had always thought he was no better than he should be; and Dr. Doolittle's friends did not hesitate to remark that they had always known Dr. Archibald was a villain and a quack.

The doctor was tried, condemned and sentenced to imprisonment for life—all within the short space of eight weeks.

Of course, everybody deserted him. His staunchest friends fell away; his betrothed lost no time, after the shadow descended upon him, in dispatching him a note to the effect that he might consider their engagement at an end, for, however matters might turn with him, she could never, upon any account, think of marrying a man who had been under arrest for the crime of murder.

He answered her letter, beseeching her to come to him, only this once, that he might assure her of his entire innocence. But to his tender, passionate appeal, she vouchsafed no reply.

The agony he suffered, coupled with the stifled air of his cell, threw Dr. Archibald into a low, nervous fever, and in this time of his sorest need Angie Grey came to him. He was too weak to compel her to leave him, and the jailer's wife was only too glad to be relieved from the care of him, so Angie had him all to herself. And never was a nurse more untiringly faithful, more patiently tender and kind. All through that tedious sickness—through the misery and despair of the delirium which made a madman of him—through the childish weakness which supervened—and up to the sad time when reason returned fully, and he realized his miserable state—this poor girl tended him and made him comfortable.

One day the physician beckoned Angie out when he was about to go away, and in a few words told her what she had not dared to give thought to—Dr. Archibald would die. It might be weeks or months, but in all probability it would be days only before the change came—but perhaps she had better tell him, that it might not take him too much by surprise.

It was a hard task, loving him as she did, but she went through with it—holding his hot hand in hers, and averting her eyes that he might not see the tears she could not keep back.

"My poor child!" said he, tenderly, caressing the bowed head, "have you not known this before? I have been conscious of it for many days. It makes me happy to know that I am not to linger out a wretched life of imprisonment and uselessness. Heaven is very good to give me an early release."

She had slipped down beside his chair—for he sat up the greater part of the time now—and was weeping piteously. Heaven only knows how every word wrung her gentle heart.

After that, Dr. Archibald watched her closely, and could hardly allow her out of his sight. When she went away if for ever so brief a period, he was restless and uneasy, and welcomed her coming with so bright a face that over and over again the poor child took heart, and said to herself he would surely get well again.

Sometimes he drew her weary head down beside his on the pillow, and, holding her hands, soothed her to sleep, and watched over her while she slept; and at such times the love of life grew strong within him, and he cried out fiercely against the destiny which had cast him into prison and doomed him to the grave.

There came a day at last when John Archibald knew that he had seen his last sunrise. He called Angie to his side, and told her so. The light went out of her eyes—she fell at his feet, helpless and stricken; and he, endowed with sudden strength, lifted her and held her to his heart.

"Angie," said he, "Heaven will reward you for what you have done for me. And when I am in my grave, remember that I told you I was innocent of this crime with which I am charged. You believe me?"

"Yes."

"One thing more. My darling, I love you! If all this dark injustice which has been done me could be swept away and I could stand once more in Heaven's free air, vindicated before the whole world, there is but one woman of all God's creation that I would wish to make my wife, and you are that one, Angie, my beloved!"

She crept a little closer to him—her cheek against his own—her young face whiter even than his.

"And Angie, if that could be—I mean if I were free and should ask you to be mine, what would you say?"

"That I would follow you to the ends of the earth—that I am yours for all time, all eternity!"

His countenance brightened—he lifted up her face in his two hands, and gazed into her eyes long and earnestly.

"Angie, it is perhaps wrong to ask it, but if you could trust me enough to let me die your husband, it would make me happy and content."

She put her hands in his, and kissed his forehead.

"I am yours, John, in life or in death!" she said, solemnly.

An hour later, the marriage service was read in the prison cell, and Angie Grey became John Archibald's wife.

At midnight he died in her arms, his last look for her, his last word the feeble utterance of her name, and then the eloquence of silence, never to be broken in this world, fell between them.

So near each other, and yet so far asunder!

Only two days after the burial of Dr. Archibald, Peter Cooke, an old servant of Anthony Greene, was crushed under a passing locomotive, but before he died he made a startling confession. He had poisoned his master for the sake of the legacy which he knew was coming to him by Mr. Green's will. He had put the poison into the vial Dr. Archibald had left, purposely to mislead, in case any investigation should be made.

It seemed very hard that this confession should not have been made a little sooner, it would have been such a consolation to Archibald to know that his innocence was established. But who can tell what knowledge comes to the spirits of how clearly they read the secret things of this life in their homes beyond the realm of time and sense?

Miss Fanshawe married a rich old Dutchman, and leads him a wretched life.

Angie Grey is living on, waiting hopefully for the reunion which cannot lie far in the future.

TIRED OF POLITENESS.

He was a country telegraph operator, young but ambitious, and had become enthused over reading a book entitled "Politeness as a Guide to Success."

He had reached that portion where it was related how old Bonds, the millionaire, had laid the foundation of his immense wealth by an act of politeness, when an old woman tapped on the counter.

Putting the book hastily aside, the young operator, with the career of old Bonds in his mind's eye, hastened to obey the summons.

"Young man, if I send a message now, when will it get there?" asked the old woman.

"Where is it going, madam?"

"Well, it is going to Aunt Jane, if you must know!" snapped the old woman.

"Yes'm; and where does Aunt Jane live?" asked the operator, resolving to be polite at all hazards.

"Well, I never saw such impudence! I suppose you'll be wanting to know if Aunt Jane is married next! Well, she is, if that is any satisfaction to you. She has three children, wears glasses, goes regularly to church, and expects to make jam next week! Is there anything else that you wish to know, young man?"

"Yes'm," said the operator, desperately. "I would like to know where Aunt Jane lives."

"Well, I never! Why, you miserable little upstart! I've a mind to come over there and spank you! What's that, young man? Bad language? I shall see that you are reported at once."

The door banged, and the operator went wearily back to his seat, and, picking up the book he had been reading, threw it out of the window.

Fifteen minutes later, when an old man came in and wanted to know when the 8.30 train left, the operator, heaved the contents of the coal-scuttle at him, and immediately sent in his resignation.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

Biway: "Use an alarm clock nowadays?"

Jigsup: "No; never tried one but once."

Biway: "How was that?"

Jigsup: "Well, you see, the first time it went off I didn't exactly know what it was, and so I said: 'Oh, for Heaven's sake, Maria, shut up!' Maria happened to be awake, and—well, that is how it was."

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About the ....House

WITH A FRENCH TOUCH.

Recamier Puree.—Wash ½ lb. sago and cook until clear in 1 qt. hot water, adding a bay leaf, 2 stalks celery, a small onion and a sprig of parsley. When the sago is clear, add 2 qts. chicken stock. Cook for a few minutes, rub through a puree sieve, add 2 teaspoons salt, and ¼ teaspoon white pepper. Stand on the back of the range. When ready to serve, add a liason of eggs made as follows: Beat the yolks of 2 eggs until perfectly smooth, then add 1 cup sweet cream. Stir a little of the hot soup into this mixture, add to the soup; stirring constantly. Serve immediately.

Oyster Bisque a la Reine.—Strain the liquor from 1 qt. good oysters into a porcelain or agate kettle, and add 1 pt. strained chicken broth. Set over the fire. Chop the oysters quite fine, add to the liquor with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon paprika, and bring to a steady boil. Have ready in a saucepan 1 cup hot milk, into which put 1 tablespoon butter rolled in an even teaspoon of cornstarch, ½ cup finely powdered crackers, and some of finely minced white chicken meat. Enrich this bisque by the addition of a beaten egg to the thickened milk, to which add a bit of soda to prevent its curdling. A garnish of 1 tablespoon finely cut parsley makes the dish very pretty. Add it with the seasoning.

Potage Parmentier (Potato Puree.—One-half dozen potatoes, an onion, ½ head celery, white part of a leek, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 cloves, 1 qt. veal broth, 1 teaspoon salt, some of chopped parseley, yolk 1 or 2 eggs, ½ cup cream. Saute (fry) the potatoes, pared and sliced, with the other vegetables, also sliced, in the butter 10 minutes, reserving 1 dessertspoon of the butter. Add the cloves, salt, broth and parseley, and cook until the potatoes are tender; then press through a fine sieve. Return to the fire, add more broth or water, if too thick, and let simmer 20 minutes skimming as needed. Just before serving, add the beaten yolks, diluted with the cream, and the reserved butter in little bits. Serve with croutons or tiny crackers.

Velvet Soup.—One qt. of any good stock, 1 cup sweet cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 saltspoon pepper. Pour it boiling hot on the beaten yolks of 4 eggs (less may be used if absolutely necessary), diluted with ½ cup milk or cream. Serve immediately. It is mistaken economy to use recipes calling for no eggs, cream, butter. This is the housewife who studies food values, and chooses a few well-cooked, nourishing dishes daintily garnished and served for each meal. Cream is an economy, not a luxury, when its nutritious properties are realized, often forming, with butter, the only fats taken into the system; since many people, especially growing children, never eat fat meat.

Clear Soup with Liver Rice Balls.—Take as much well seasoned clear stock as you wish soup. Chop to a paste ½ lb. beef liver, add 1 egg yolk, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon white pepper, same of grated nutmeg, a dish of thyme, 1 cooking spoon of bread crumbs, 1 dessertspoon flour. Mix well, then put it in a colander with large holes and force the mixture into the boiling soup. Let boil two minutes and serve.

Croutons.—Cut slices of stale bread into small squares, and fry to a light brown in good drippings or butter. Shake off every drop of fat, spread upon tissue paper laid over a hot plate, and in five minutes they are ready for the soup.

BEAUTY HINTS.

It is an excellent plan to occasionally practice walking in front of a full-length mirror. If women did this oftener we should not see nearly so many faults of carriage, or such ungracefully held dresses as we do at present. The mirror is a candid friend and worth consulting.

Never eat anything that you know disagrees with you if you want to keep a good complexion. Indigestion is one of the greatest enemies of the skin, and for this reason the simpler the food one eats the better. Fruit, either fresh or cooked, and green vegetables should be part of the daily diet.

If you are overtired—"too tired to sleep," as we sometimes say—bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly. This seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. A headache may often be relieved, sometimes cured, by hot application to the back of the neck.

To straighten the shoulders.—The following is an excellent exercise—Stand quite upright and raise your arms till they are in a straight line with your shoulders. Still keeping your elbows in the same position, touch your shoulders with the finger tips. Lower the arms to the sides. Repeat, but don't go on long after the muscles begin to get tired. Take a rest and try again later.

Lemon juice is a great aid in keeping the nails nice. If your nails are very stained, wash first and then while still wet press your nails well down into a lemon (one from which most of the juice has been squeezed will do perfectly well), rubbing them up and down in it. You will be surprised to see how it improves them. Rub lemon juice over your hands too. Then dry and rub each nail with a tiny pad moistened with almond or olive oil. Wipe off every suspicion of oil, dust with oatmeal, and then rub hands and nails with a chamois leather, giving the nails special attention.

ALPHABET FOR WOMEN.

Always use the same size cup in measuring everything for the article you are making.

Be sure you have a good fire and not let it get low about the time bread is ready for the oven.

Cut slices of bread evenly and not too thin.

Dare to use a little less spice and sugar than a recipe calls for.

Engage earnestly in every household work if you expect success.

Find a better place for cooking utensils than under the sink.

Good bread of entire wheat should be the staple, and the maker thereof should take a family prize every three months.

Health is in well-prepared nutritious food.

It is economy of time to wash the baking dishes as soon as done with them.

Juices of fruits are more wholesome than jams and jellies.

Kindling wood should always be ready and plenty of it.

Lamps for pantry and kitchen are more convenient when set in brackets.

Molases is a heavy sweet for frequent use, and not good for bread and beans.

Nuts should be well masticated or finely ground if served in place of meat.

Other foods are better than puddings and cakes.

Prepare your fire at night ready for lighting in the morning.

Quiet nerves will be the result of orderly plans in the kitchen.

Restless, uneasy children often become so from indulgence in eating between meals.

Salt your food as little as possible.

There is death in the dishcloth, kill it by scalding or cremation.

Utensils for cooking cannot be too thoroughly washed.

Vegetables should be cooked in as little water as possible.

Water cannot be too fresh and pure for cooking uses.

Xercise your highest skill in everything you prepare for the table.

Youth will set her seal upon a wrinkled face if one is cheerful and properly fed.

Zeal in one's work is the way to make it light.

& never a troublesome piece of drudgery.

REMEDY FOR NOSEBLEED.

A very simple remedy for nosebleed was given a lady who had been for many years a sufferer from this disagreeable affliction. The hemorrhages would come on at unexpected times and places, and were often very obstinate, causing extreme annoyance to the lady in question, who was quite a traveler. One night, after a day of more than usual exertion, an attack came on. She was stopping at a small hotel. Astringents of many kinds, including copious applications of cold water, had been used, to no avail. A physician who was stopping at the hotel happened along and suggested a novel remedy. Getting a piece of gum which he handed to the lady, saying, "Now chew that as fast as you can." In a very short time the flow of blood was arrested. When asked for an explanation the physician replied that the process of chewing changed the flow of blood from the head to the salivary glands, and that it was a remedy which he had never known to fail. He always carried gum with him when he traveled, and had found it very handy in a number of similar instances.

HOMEMADE CARPET.

A good carpet may be made of squares of jute sacks, about 18 inches square, half dyed green or red and the other half dyed brown. Piece together on sewing machine with heavy thread, like a checker board. It wears well and is easily kept clean.

TURNING THE TABLES.

In certain parts of Scotland it has been the custom to batter in the hat of the bridegrrom as he, with his bride on his arm, is leaving the house in which the ceremony had taken place. On the occasion of a wedding celebrated in Ayr, a newly married couple (relatives of the bridegroom, and who had themselves previously suffered) determined to carry out the observances of this custom to the very letter.

But, as luck would have it, the bridegroom overheard them discussing their plans, and, in order to circumvent them, dispatched a messenger to the carriage (which was waiting in readiness) with his hat some time before his departure. Then donning the hat of the male relative who had plotted against him, he prepared to go out with the bride to the carriage.

No sooner had he reached the door than his hat was furiously assaulted, and almost utterly destroyed. But he calmly walked out of the house, in spite of the uproarious laughter of the bystanders, and entered the vehicle. Then, taking the battered hat from his head, he threw it into the hands of the proper owner, exclaiming, "Hey, Campbell, my boy, here's your hat," and donned his own, amid tumultuous cheers.

For days Mr. Campbell was the most miserable man in all Scotland.

HIS HOPE OF WINNING.

After the old gentleman had invited the young man to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then bluntly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes he thought he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

CARE OF MACHINERY.

The amount spent every year for farm machinery throughout the length and breadth of our broad domain has grown so as to be of enormous proportions. Though necessarily large, its present impressive total is unnecessarily increased by the common use of expensive, complicated machinery in the hands of careless, inexperienced operators. It is not an extravagant assertion to make that farm machinery to the value of millions of dollars is annually going to the scrap heap and junk yards, which sum by proper care and repair might remain in the pockets of the farmers.

The life of a machine is no longer than its weakest and most delicate parts. If these are allowed to become worn, or weakened by improper adjustment, through ignorance or carelessness of the operator, the life of the machine will be shortened in accordance. Replacement of parts, as the buyer of repair fittings well knows, soon equals the price of new machines.

COMPLICATED MACHINES

with delicate parts, such as grain harvesters, threshers, drills, planters and the like, cannot long survive negligent usage, while even the ordinary implements in common use are too often allowed to become weather worn and loose jointed until a heavy strain cuts short their usefulness.

A machine or implement, any where from a combined harvester to a simple cultivator or hay rake, needs frequent overhauling to keep all burs tight and adjustments and bearings in perfect condition. When this care is given in conjunction with necessary protection from the weather, the life of a machine will often be more than doubled, besides being much more effective and agreeable for the operator's use.

In one respect riding machinery has an advantage over that not so intended, since with the former it is more convenient to take the machines to the tool house after each day's using, thus avoiding the weathering which sudden or prolonged storms often effect on machines left in the field even when intended to be put into use

THE FOLLOWING DAY.

Machinery when thus brought to cover after each day's use is much more apt to be kept in ship shape condition; stormy days being available for this purpose, when if in the field they would be neglected.

The best care and repair of machinery calls for good and convenient storage facilities. An ideal tool house is one of solid and durable construction, well lighted and made comfortable for working in during cold or stormy weather. The arrangement should be such that heavy machinery can be driven in at one door and out at another, to avoid shifting.

With such a storage house containing work bench, vice, anvil and some well selected tools, supplies of assorted bolts, burs, etc., the machinery bill may be economized to an extent little realized by the average farmer, besides the saving of much time, especially when that commodity is money. Besides the saving, there is also a distinct satisfaction in working with tools and machinery thus well kept.

POULTRY NOTES.

Do not feed raw corn meal dough to sick fowls.

Charcoal is much appreciated by all kinds of fowls.

Season all soft foods with a pinch of salt.

Keep feeding troughs and drinking vessels clean and wholesome.

Never keep food before the hens continually.

An important item in feed is not to get the hens too fat.

Plenty of sunlight is essential to the health of fowls.

So far as can be done the poultry houses should have a southern exposure. Feeding sunflower and hemp promotes a smooth glossy plumage.

Regularity and care help to make the poultry more valuable as they do crops and other stock.

The composition of eggs requires a variety of material and these constituents are found in plain, cheap food.

On the farm one good cockerel for every fifteen or twenty hens will be sufficient. It is seldom that a hen is a good winter layer after she is three years old, but she may be an extra mother.

When the fowls are crowded in winter the strongest fowls crowd away the weaker and secure more than their share of food.

To ventilate properly it is not necessary to have a draft blowing directly upon the fowls, in fact this should always be avoided.

Hens in a natural condition simply need a variety of food in order to derive those elements that are essential to the promotion of eggs.

A good egg is alive. The shell is porous and the oxygen of the air goes through the shell and keeps up a sort of respiration.

Poultry products can usually be sold above the market price if put on the market in good shape and sold to select customers.

In selecting your breed of poultry be governed by your market largely and what you propose to do.

If desired to fatten fowls rapidly better results can be secured by scalding or cooking all of the food and feeding it soft.

FARM HORSES.

The relation of horse labor to the farm is a subject of paramount importance. It is not possible to utilize modern agricultural machinery without the aid of the horse. A horse operating a reaper or mower, can accomplish as much work as eight or ten men. It is important therefore, that every farm should be well equipped with an ample supply of horses. There need be no supernumeraries, but a reserve in case of sickness, accident, or death is about as necessary as a reserve corps to any army engaged in a battle.

When there is only enough to conduct the farm operations, in case of accident the work on the farm suffers and the profits of the season are reduced.

It is well to have an extra horse for an emergency, for if there is a shortage at a critical time serious losses occur. The horses should be sufficient weight to perform their task easily, otherwise, proper cultivation can not be consumated. If the horses are too light they can in many of the farm operations be worked three abreast, or to unicorn hitch, the leader working ahead of the pole pair. A pair of horses can the dead? Who knows how well and be worked to better advantage than three horses. Two 1,500 pound horses are more efficient in conducting farm operations than three 1,000 pound animals. The heavy horses have the weight, power and endurance to turn deep furrows and cultivate the soil deeply. The help on the farm can work to better advantage with two than with three horses. A great mistake committed by some farmers is to sell the heavy horses and retain those that are actually too light for efficient service.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

RUN BY MOUSE POWER.

A Scotchman's Scheme for Operating His Mills.

Thrift is generally acknowledged to be one of the leading characteristics of the native of Fileshire, Scotland, and it never was more forcibly exemplified than in the person of David Hutton, a native of Dunfermline, who actually proved that even mice, those acknowledged pests of mankind, could be made not only to earn their own living, but also to yield a respectable income to their owners.

About the year 1820 this gentleman actually erected a small mill at the Dunfermline for the manufacture of thread—a mill worked entirely by mice. It was while visiting Perth prison in 1812 that Mr. Hutton first conceived this remarkable idea of utilizing mouse power. In an old pamphlet of the time, "The Curiosities of Coffee Room," he gave an account of the way in which the idea dawned on him. "In the summer of the year 1812," he wrote, "I had occasion to be in Perth, and when inspecting the toys and trinkets that were manufactured by the French prisoners in the depot there, my attention was involuntarily attracted by a little toy house, with a wheel in the gable of it that was running rapidly round, impelled by the insignificant gravity of a common house mouse. For one shilling I purchased house, mouse and wheel. Inclosing it in a handkerchief, on my journey homeward I was compelled to contemplate its favorite amusement. But how to apply half-ounce power (which is the weight of a mouse) to a useful purpose was the difficulty. At length the manufacturing of sewing thread seemed the most practicable."

Mr. Hutton had one mouse that ran the amazing distance of eighteen miles a day, but he proved that an ordinary mouse could run ten and one-half miles on an average. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal was sufficient for its support for thirty-five days, during which it ran 736 half miles. He had actually two mice constantly employed in the making of sewing thread for more than a year. The mouse thread mill was so constructed that the common house mouse was enabled to make atonement to society for past offenses by twisting, twining and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day, Sundays not excepted. To perform this task, the little pedestrian had to run ten and one-half miles, and this journey it performed with ease every day. A halfpenny's worth of oatmeal served one of these thread mill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it made 3,350 threads of twenty-five inches, and as a penny was paid to women for every hank made in the ordinary way, the mouse, at that rate, earned ninepence every six weeks, just one farthing a day, or seven shillings and sixpence a year.

Taking sixpence off for board, and allowing one shilling for machinery, there was a clear profit from each mouse of six shillings. Mr. Hutton firmly intended to apply for the loan of the empty cathedral in Dunfermline, which would have held, he calculated 10,000 mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Death, however, overtook the inventor before this marvellous project could be carried out.

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Subject to Sinking Spells and Feelings of Languor, Depression and Weakness—You Can be Helped by
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Very many people feel much as you do. They do not like to confess that they are sick, but they are weak and languid, feel drowsy and depressed after meals, are easily tired and discouraged, suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and general bodily weakness. At times, it may be, some of the old-time vigor returns, but you no more than get your hopes aroused when the sinking spells come on again and you are as helpless and disheartened as ever.

Such symptoms point to lack of nourishment in the blood and an exhausted nervous system. You can get well if you will but restore the system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great food cure forms new blood and instils new force and energy into the wasted and depleted nerve cells. It makes you well in nature's way by supplying to the blood and nerves the very elements in which they are lacking.

These symptoms of which you complain are but a warning of approaching nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or even insanity. The time to act is before these dreadful diseases of the nerves have fastened themselves upon you. They are much easier to prevent than to cure, as many know, on account of long years of helplessness and suffering.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will give you new hope and courage. Not only will you be able to feel the benefit you are deriving from it, but by noting your increase in weight you can prove conclusively that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to your body.

The success of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in curing all ailments arising from weakness of the blood and an exhausted condition of the nerves has been phenomenal. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.