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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham. N.B

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TRAMPS WON'T EAT HER COOKING.

Mrs. Benham—Aren't you glad I decided to do the cooking?

Benham—Yes; we never have tramps stopping here for grub now days.

MALAPROPOS.

He—Yes, I've sent scores of stories to the different magazines. I think I should drop dead if one were ever accepted.

She—I do wish they would accept one.

GRIEF.

Goodness! what's the trouble?

Boo-hoo! all de kids on dis block are either too tough for me to play with, or else they's got the measles. Boo-hoo!

EDITORIAL NOTES

To-day England's enemy among the great nations is Russia. Yesterday it was France. The day before yesterday it was Holland. The day before that it was Spain. When in 1066, William the Duke of Normandy, a vassal and rival of Philip, the King of France overthrew Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings of England, at the battle of Hastings and established the Norman line of English monarchs with himself at the head, the feud between England and France began which placed these two nations in opposite camps in most of the great wars of Europe down to Waterloo, seven and a half centuries later. In Europe, Asia, Africa and America, those two rivals confronted each other on countless battlefields from the invasion of William the Conqueror to the overthrow of Bonaparte. In the shifting combinations and collisions of European politics England confronted Spain many times between the destruction of Philip II.'s armada in Elizabeth's days down to Carlos IV.'s temporary affiliation with Bonaparte in George III.'s time. Cromwell's commonwealth assailed the common wealth of Holland, and the enmity between the two countries, despite the transition which made one of the Williams of Orange England's William III., lasted, with brief interruptions until long after Holland had ceased to be a great power.

The Anglo-Russian vendetta is more recent in its beginning, and its progress than were any of those international feuds, though a trace of it can be discerned as far back as the days of Peter the Great. In the seven years', 1756-63, war Russia for a time was in the coalition against Chatham's friend, Frederick the Great of Prussia, though Chatham overlooked this divergence and aimed to secure a Russian alliance. Chatham's son, the second Pitt, at the nineteenth century's opening, unwisely began that Russophobe policy which has been maintained by most of the Tory ministers, by many of the Whigs and by some of the Liberals down to today. The Czar, Alexander I., was in turn, against England, and with her during the Bonaparte wars, but was on her side in the critical days when Bonaparte's destruction, in the opinion of most of Europe's potentates, became necessary for the peace of the ship of Turkey, however, in the interest of the European balance, that England has oftenest and longest been in antagonism to Russia. It was in defense of Turkey that England, France and Sardinia fought Russia in the Crimea in 1854-56 the last war which England has waged against any great nation. The protection of India against the Russian advance across Asia has been a leading influence in keeping those two nations in opposite camps.

Yet there will be no war between England and Russia in 1901. The Tien Tsin episode will not disturb the peace of those countries. Neither nation is in a position at the present moment to wage a war on a large scale. England's hands are tied by the Boer conflict. Russia's resources are taxed by the vast expenditure which the Transsiberian Railroad entails. Until that road is finished—two three or four years hence according as to whether the reports be true or false which say that much of the road already constructed will have to be built over again—Russia will keep the peace. Moreover neither country knows just how the other nations would divide in a conflict of this kind. England is far stronger on the sea than Russia, and Russia has an equal predominance on land. In a war between these two alone most of the fighting, at least in the beginning, would be on the ocean, and in this element England's superiority would probably be decisive Then, too, Japan seems to be much more anxious to fight Russia than does England, and Japan has an army near at hand which could quickly drive out of China all the Russian soldiers who are there. Here are a few considerations which show that the world's peace will not be broken over the Manchurian incident. That universal war which Europe's diplomats and statesmen have been predicting and dreading ever since the close of the Franco-German conflict is not in sight.

SUN FACTORIES.

The fields of our farms are so many factories driven by sunshine, in which raw materials are being worked into finished products. If we would double our output, we must double the stock out of which the wares are made. In the soil there are no inexhaustible stores from which the stock may be drawn. The nitrogen, it is true, comes from a boundless atmosphere, but with the best tilth we are able to maintain, it can only enter the soil at a limited rate and not such as to utilize the full power of the stream of sunshine flowing by, nor to match the carbon carried in the wind. There is phosphorus and potash enough in the soil and rock beneath for 10 large crops a year, but the rate at which the best amount of water can bring it into soluble form is too slow for even one. But the raw material whose deficiency lowers the key of the factory hum oftener than any other, is soil moisture, and this is true even in very humid climates, when humidity is measured by inches of rainfall.

IT EVENS UP.

Helen—Men are strange beings! I refused Ned Klinger years ago, because he is so much younger than I am, and he proposed again last week.

Ethel—Oh, well—he's nearer your own age now!

HARD-HANDED.

A London paper announces that the Bishop of Liverpool has requested girls who are candidates for confirmation not to wear hairpins, as they prick his hands in the act of laying them on.

When Dootor Creighton, the late Bishop of London, was asked some ago how he solved a similar problem, he replied:

I confirm all the boys personally, and transfer those young porcupines to my suffragan, who is an old varsity oarsman, with the cast-iron hands of a blacksmith.

THY FACE.

Thy face is always near to me,
Though thou art far away;
It is a beacon bright and fair
To cheer me on my way.
It is a star to guide me through
This busy world of pain,
A beacon bright to rest with me
Until we meet again.

The vision bringeth me fond hopes
Of better days in store;
It whispers of a time to come
When we shall part no more.
Then rest with me, oh, vision bright!
My only hope thou art;
My only joy, my only grief,
Is when we are apart.

Thy face, ah, me, 'tis always near;
'Tis never from my sight;
It haunts me through each long, long day
And fills my dreams at night.
And yet it is a source of joy,
It is my heart's great wealth,
And only would I love it for
The vision's own dear self.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WHITE CURL

By A. M. Kreeker.

Frederic Yale was like Cæsar, for he came, he saw, he conquered, and with this achievement he did himself credit, even although his triumph pertained not to the farthermost parts of Gaul, but to a commonplace boarding house, where he tarried during his sojourn in a certain inland town.

This boarding house was by nature a weary wilderness—in the drawing room overgrown with weedy gossip and at table, under the surveillance of the proprietress, revealing barren stretches of silence. But from the moment of Frederic Yale's arrival it all blossomed as the rose. Merely his presence wrought a metamorphosis, for he sat at the table like a king and looked as handsome as Adonis and in manner showed himself a veritable William of Orange, caressing and familiar, yet civilly dignified.

He talked, too, delightfully. Evidently a man of wide travel, interestingly and picturesquely he interspersed into his conversation sundry anecdotes and recollections of many lands. Although far from proving the old fashioned literary conversationalist in monologue, he evinced cozy chattiness with every one individually. It was sports with the youngerfellows, business and cigars with the men, matinees with the young ladies, cards and books and news with their mammas, while even with the silver haired dowager in the corner it dwelt with enlivening loquacity upon her maladies, her reminiscences and the caprices of the climate.

As a crowning luster, however, over and above all his accomplishments and graces, the newcomer attracted attention as a man of secrets. For who does not find an alluring guest in the unraveling of the ominously hinted, unknown bygones intertwined about the heart of a stranger? And of such a stranger! Frederic Yale was mysterious in two particulars, principally because of the perfect whiteness of the abundant hair curling about his youthful face, while a poignant subordinate interest attached to a handsomely gemmed locket, delicately and diminutively feminine in outline, which dangled from his watch guard as a charm.

Those who had scrutinized the trinket most carefully reported that one side was embossed with a miniature of a young woman's face, framed in a resplendently plumaged hat. But this, pointing to an affair of the heart, there were those of the household who would fain discredit.

For soft innuendoes were already afloat of an alliance between Mr. Yale and an engaging sylph of the boarding house, who had whispered to the dowager her opinion of him. Her confidant, relishing the gentleman's advances upon herself, had promised her most masterly tactics in behalf of the girl, who, inexperienced in matrimonial campaigning, would certainly never have essayed the subjugation of so rich an empire as he unless aided by the counsels of some veteran commander, such as the aged lady.

As women are proverbial romancers, it goes without saying that the locket and the snowy curls and the incipient intrigue became pet themes of conversation around the fashion plates and the embroidery of the household. But with equal zest were they discussed in the smoking room, at the billiard tables, while among the few juveniles suffered by the landlady they provoked an excitement which made their poor mother quiver lest in some unguarded moment they should execute their resolutions of approaching Mr. Yale on the topic. She told them it might vex him, evoking severe reproofs before others, although there lurked within her the suspicion that he was, after all, too sweet tempered ever to become incensed at small offenders.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that all the house were harboring similar designs to those of the children and that all shared on their own account the mother's expectations of leniency in case their queries should prove unwelcome to Mr. Yale.

For some days they had hoped that his general communicativeness respecting his experiences as a traveler would lead to a voluntary disclosure of the mystery; but, none taking place and the time of his stay being limited, they determined to wait no longer upon his pleasure lest he should some day leave and his secret go with him, they being none the wiser.

So whenever the gentleman was absent the others fell to plotting for some way of ferreting out the mystery, if possible, without laying themselves open to reproach. The chosen plan provided that at the close of some dinner a certain member of the company should begin an entertaining, exciting and prolonged tale; that the ladies should propose to withdraw to the reception room to hear its conclusion; that this story should lead to a general desire for each one present to relate the most thrilling adventure to which he or she had ever been a party; that the lights should be snugly lowered as an additional decoy, and that if Yale did not readily deliver himself of his history divers little tactful, persuasive hints should be thrown out, with a view to coaxing it from him. Then, if at last they nettled or aggrieved the gentleman, they would rely upon his customary good humor for a happy issue out of their tribulations.

Little need had they, however, for any artifices beyond the first story, which was perpetrated during a certain dinner's final cupfuls of coffee, for at this unpretentious caravansary the coffee appeared in continuous performance.

No sooner did the hazardous quality of the first recital's incidents come to light than Mr. Yale, the cynosure of all eyes, assumed an aspect of signal and miserable abstraction. Ah, he let his fingers ripple up through his terrible white hair, and, eureka, they fondled that strange, beautiful little locket!

Only a few impatient minutes later, in the murky glimmer of the drawing room, his laurel crowned listeners were ushered into the presence of the sphinx.

It was a sweetheart affair. At his first words the sylph's breast was depleted of all hope. He said that several years since, while trying to win his chosen lady, he found his greatest barrier in her twitting him as a carpet knight. So when he planned a tour of Scandinavia he offered to expose himself to all the peril of capturing a grebe along the scraggy cliff of the coast and promised her the priceless plumes of the bird. She admiringly agreed that if he would bring her such a royally won trophy she would give him a locket bearing a portrait of herself arrayed in the feathers, a token of her plighted troth.

Pursuant to his intentions, he was lowered in the usual way over the edge of the Norwegian precipice to a nest of grebes. The prize was secured, and he was being raised to the top when the rope encircling his body loosened. After varied dangers he landed upon the summit, to find his raven black hair turned milk white. The horror of that unutterable moment was branded upon him forever not only on his external person, but also on his mind. Never could he recall it, said he, without overpowering emotion.

Adding only that he had achieved his aim, which was worth all, Mr. Yale left the room. The audience, with a suggestion of guilt within their hearts, gave ear in indescribable silence to his ascent of the staircase and entrance into his room. While still under the charm of his narrative they sat when, perhaps a half hour later, his door reopened, for him to pass out with a letter, which he was seen to post before returning to his chamber.

The letter read thus:

Lucie, carissima mia, can keep it no longer. Shall I tell the end or the beginning first? You can't know soon enough. Would have written a part of it the night I arrived here had I known how it would come out. If only you knew what dire catastrophe befell your luckless and on that luckiest true love as he boarded the train which took him away from you!

Starting late for the station, I bustled through the streets rather frikkily, thereby probably unsettling my wig, so when I tried to pass from my seat in the car out to the smoker, while we were swinging by at full speed and the wind was blowing high, it proved too much for those false hairs of mine.

The wig whiffed off to the forty thousand corners of the earth, leaving my bald pate in purbius naturalibus! Covering it and my humiliation with my handkerchief, I sat in shame until we pulled up at this microscopic community, where fresh calamities chased me on that my dire ire. Only one coiffeur in town and but one wig in his stock—a white one!

However, until another could reach me from home I made capital out of my afflictions to drive dull care away during my separation from you. I laid a scheme which did not go a-gley for becoming an object of interest to my boarding house and somewhat of a talker and for posing as a globe trotter. This evening came my delicious opportunity (the people were mad with curiosity and made it) for spinning a scandalous yarn about the turning of my sable tresses into white!

Forgive, if it needs forgiveness, my bringing you even into that nonsense, for you are ever in my thought, and gladly would I let my hairs become white or any hue of the rainbow in jeopardizing life for you. Or, which might please you better, rejoicingly would I grow some capillary organisms of my own.

Tell me what you think of the escapade and believe and cherish always your friend,

"Politeness Pays."

Some few weeks ago a noted minister went to one of the local railroad stations to meet a friend. Upon entering the station and looking around he saw an elegantly dressed woman, who apparently was about to board a train.

She was carrying a number of parcels in her arms and, besides, had with her three or four children that with great difficulty she was trying to help along. The clergyman approached the lady and offered his assistance, which she accepted, afterward thanking him very graciously for the kindness. The train moved out of sight, and he went on his way thinking of the endless opportunities one has for doing good, when all at once he discovered that he was carrying a beautiful silk umbrella with pearl and gold trimmings.

Since that time the reverend gentleman has very little to say on the subject of "Courtesy to Strangers."

Pranks of Printers.

A compositor, chronicling the career of a mad dog, says:

"We are grieved to say that the rabid animal, before it could be shot, severely bit Mr. Sampson and several other dogs."

An advertisement announces:

"For sale, a splendid young mare—would suit nervous old lady or gentleman with long black tail."

The editor of a prominent biweekly observes:

"The essay we publish in this number was written by a well known writer—now for many years in his grave for his own amusement."

A leading daily, recording the wrecking of a bark, says:

"The only passengers were W. J. Smith, who owned three-fourths of the ship and the captain's lovely daughter."

Hard Question.

"The world is round, and it goes round, Uncle Rastus," said the small grandson of the old colored man's former owner. "Don't you understand about it?"

"No, honey, I cyan't say I does," admitted Uncle Rastus, surveying the well varnished apple with which his little guest had illustrated his argument. "W'at holds de world up? Dat's w'at I'd like to know, chile."

"Why, it goes round the sun, Uncle Rastus," said the boy eagerly, "and the sun holds it up by the law of attraction."

"Um! Honey, I reckon you ain' gone quite far 'nough in yo' reasonin yet," said the old man, with a smile of patronizing good nature. "In dat case, w'at would keep de world up when de sun's done gone down? Answer me dat, chile."

His Company.

"They say 'a man is known by the company he keeps.' Do you think that is always true?"

"Well," replied the man who had once backed a theatrical enterprise, "I know one man who was known as a good thing by the company he kept."

POINTED SAYINGS.

He who fears God need never fear man.

You cannot do God's work with the devil's weapons.

The approbation of self is seldom born of the approval of conscience.

Christianity is to the Christless as the science of optics to the blind.

Charity draws from an exhaustless fountain; the more it gives, the more it has to give.

It is hopeless consulting the compass of conscience when you lay the loadstone of lust beside it.

The Conductor's Ready Answer.

The Metropolitan Street Railway company has in its employ a philosopher in the person of a Broadway conductor. It was late in the evening, and his car on its up town trip had reached the vicinity of the city hall. As it passed one of the taller office buildings a stout woman, clutching him by the arm, exclaimed:

"Oh, conductor, how many stories high is that building?"

"'Leven," laconically replied the conductor, without so much as an upward glance. The woman sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

Just then a small man with a large traveling bag rushed in almost out of breath.

"I say, conductor," he gasped, "what time can I get to the Grand Central depot?"

"'Leven," was the quiet reply.

"That's good," commented the small man, evidently relieved.

At this juncture another man climbed aboard that wanted to know about what time the car would reach the Gilsey House.

"'Leven," again replied the conductor, with a weary look.

When questioned as to the uniformity of his answers, he replied:

"Yes. You see, if you hesitate about answering 'em, they git worried, but if you have an answer ready they're satisfied. Now, about this time of night, I always say "'Leven.' It's a good, handy number, easy to say. Other times I use other numbers. I allus have a lot of stock answers on hand. It saves time and trouble.

The Queen and Jenny Lind.

There is a pretty story told of Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind which shows how the modesty of two women, the queen of England and the queen of song, caused a momentary awkwardness which the gentle tact of the singer overcame.

It was on a night when Jenny Lind was to sing at Her Majesty's Opera House that the queen made her first public appearance after the memorable Chartist day.

For the great artist, too, this was a first appearance, for it was the beginning of her season at a place where the year before she had won unparalleled fame. It happened that the queen entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped upon the stage. Instantly a tumult of acclamation burst forth.

Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting till the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The queen, refusing to appropriate to herself that which she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment.

At length, when the situation became embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by the orchestra, chorus and audience. The queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Why Roads Are Crooked In China.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carts can pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. A current forms in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

Those whose lands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.

How the Car Got There.

The other day at Twenty-sixth street an inspector "hopped" on the front platform of a Madison avenue electric car bound down town. He said to the motorman:

"Where the dickens is this car goin?"

"Why, to the Brooklyn bridge, of course."

"Get off and look at yer signs."

The motorman did so and discovered that the sign on the front hood of the car read, "One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street," the sign on the right side of the roof read, "Second avenue," and the sign on the rear hood, "Astor place." The conductor and motorman between them having adjusted the signs, the inspector permitted the car to proceed.

Shaves of a Lifetime.

Beard appears to grow at the same rate and to follow the same rules of personal conduct as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was 16 and lives to be 70 years old he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair 85 feet long and a beard 27 feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summers and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter.

Artistic.

Sue—You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you are engaged to marry a dentist!

Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not a Cheerful Outlook.

The Applicant—Awn phoy did th' lasht cook leave yer door, sor?

The Suburbanite—She didn't leave my door.

The Applicant—How was thot, sor?

The Suburbanite—She left my roof. Lit the gasoline stove and then soared.—Chicago News.

Compensation.

"Don't you get tired," said the talkative customer, "standing there hour by hour ironing one stiff bosomed shirt after the other?"

"No," answered the Chinese laundryman. "It rests me to think I don't have to wear them."—Washington Star.

Canada House,

Corner Water and St, John Sts., Chatham.

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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.

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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

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Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.

—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
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Mersereau's Photo Rooms
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MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

WOMEN IN OLD EGYPT.

They Shared With the Men All Their Pastimes and Pleasures.

In ancient Egypt monogamy was practiced, although it was not enjoined by law. There is no evidence of the existence of a marriage ceremony, but the marriage contract secured to the wife certain rights, one of which was that of complete control over her husband, who promised to yield her implicit obedience! Nearness of relationship was no barrier to wedlock, the union of brother and sister being quite common.

Women, both married and unmarried, participated with the men in all the pleasures of social intercourse. They took part in the public festivals, shared in banquets, drove out in their chariots and made pleasure excursions on the Nile. At banquets the guests were entertained chiefly with music and dancing. Singing was also an esteemed accomplishment, and the more solid part of their education must have been attended to, as women often held important offices in the priesthood. They presided at births and officiated as mourners at deaths and burials.

Ladies of rank occupied their spare moments in embroidery and in the cultivation of flowers, of which they were passionately fond and which were lavishly used on all festive occasions. Women of the humbler classes were employed in spinning and in the rural districts in tending cattle and sheep and in carrying water, the heavier employments being left to the men.

This halcyon state of affairs lasted only during the days of Egypt's greatness. During the period of her decline her daughters were fearfully downtrodden and degraded. The hardest manual labor was assigned to them, and they suffered cruel punishments for the crimes of their fathers, husbands or brothers, as the case might be. Sometimes they were publicly beaten with sticks, at others thrown into dungeons or sent to work at the mines, where the miseries they endured were so great that, as the old historian tells us, they longed for death as far preferable to life.

A Kentucky Thought.

"It is very impressive," said the sentimental young person, "to look out on the ocean, to think of that immense body of water which forms so large a proportion of this earthly sphere."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stillwell of Kentucky, "and what most impresses me, sir, is the wisdom of nature in putting salt into it so that it couldn't be mistaken for a beverage."

Lyddite as a Dye.

Very curious is the action of lyddite on trees. This explosive is, it seems, not only damaging, but an excellent dye of a light mustard yellow color.—London Express.

Fond Recollections.

"Did you enjoy the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp when you were a child?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Blykins. "I often look back on those happy days of innocence when I could read yarns of wonderful mechanical inventions like that without being tempted to put up my good money to help form a stock company."—Washington Star.

A Distinction.

"You have a good deal of assurance to come to me for charity," said the man of the house, "with your face all bunged up from fighting. You're nothing but a bruiser!"

"No, sir," replied the seedy vagrant, who was not wanting in spirit. "The other feller was the bruiser. I'm the bruisee."—Chicago Tribune.

COULDN'T BE DONE.

Ostensible Head of the Family.—Maria, there was a book agent around to-day who wanted to sell me a work on etiquette and good behavior. Teaches it in six lessons. I told him I'd ask you if you thought we wanted it.

Real Head—It's a humbug, John. It can't be taught in six lessons. I've been trying to teach it to you for 16 years, and haven't succeeded yet.

An Englishman 30 years old may expect 33 years 2 months more of life; a woman, 34 years 1 month.