Board Works
Jan 1 01

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

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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.

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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 $4.00 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.

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10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
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Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.
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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, prov this by calling.
The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

THE TURKISH CONSCIENCE

MOHAMMEDANS BELIEVE GOD DOES NOT PUNISH.

Belief Prevails That He is Too Merciful to Afflict the Faithful Ones.

Dr. Henry Otis Dwight is the author of an interesting and comprehensive work on Constantinople and Mohammedanism. Dr. Dwight, who by long residence is qualified to speak from intimate knowledge, discusses the problems—political, social and religious—of Constantinople. As the author is interested in missionary work in Turkey, naturally his acquaintance with the religious question should be most extensive, and his chapter on the Mohammedan belief is of peculiar interest since our knowledge of the Islam is so crude and fragmentary. He makes, from a statement written by one of the chief teachers of the Faith of the Prophet in Constantinople for a foreigner who wished to espouse that religion, a careful statement of the fundamental teachings of the Prophet.

It seems to answer the question, why all the positions of trust, responsibility and skill in Turkey are not filled by Mohammedans, instead of Christians or men of Christian origin. Unlike the Japanese, the Turks have no desire to learn of outsiders and take charge of affairs themselves when competent; they are content to have the

MANX TAXES.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There is no inworship. In the quiet of sunset the visitor's soul is stirred again and again by the solemn song of the muezzin calling all men to worship the one Almighty God.

"The Christian listener cannot fail to find his heart lifted up by the beautiful words ringing out upon the stillness of the night. 'Oh, mighty God! Oh, generous God! Thou art peculiar for greatness and graciousness. Thou dost not slumber while thy servants sleep.

But this praise echoing through the earth from a pious nation is broken in upon by other Moslems nearer to the earth, who sing the praise of revelry if not of rivalry while the Arabic chant still echoes from the minaret, which moves the missionary to comment:—

"Wherever Mohammedan worshippers are found the same situation is met—the mass seeming truly devoted to God's worship, the individual seeming unmoved by the Presence."

A wealthy and well educated Turk, a Pacha governing one of the provinces of Asia Minor, asked Dr. Dwight to take a glass of wine with him. The invitation was declined. What followed? The Pacha said:—"You may think it strange that I, a Mohammedan, should ask you, a Christian and a missionary, to drink with me when wine is forbidden by our religion. I will tell you how I dare do this thing."

Some rules have been published for discovering counterfeit bank-notes. What the average man wants are a few simple rules for discovering the genuine article.

Destined By Fate.

The waiter ostentatiously placed the small bill before her.

"One and a penny, please, Miss."

Raymond Hillyard, handsome and distinguished looking, sitting opposite, glanced up with an assumed lazy indifference and resumed eating.

The waiter was busy whisking about his napkin preparatory to being paid.

"Some more coffee, please," said the girl, "I'll remain a little longer."

The man disappeared, shortly returning with the order.

She began to sip her coffee very slowly. Her table companion had ample opportunity of studying her. What he saw was this:

A broad, smooth forehead, with dark hair clustering in rebellious curls around her temples; a pair of deep gray eyes, with long lashes; a short, straight nose; a dear little mouth, and a rather square jaw, which showed resolution and determination. The hands, small, well-kept and shapely, were devoid of rings.

"Let me see," he mused, "the hat cost one and sixpence three farthings, and is home trimmed, very neat, and suits her. The blouse was four and eleven off the peg, and the lace round the collar could be bought at any cheap milliner's for seven three farthings the dozen."

"Waiter, one omelette aux fins herbs," he said suddenly to the man who hovered round like a phantom bat.

He vanished like lightning. A few minutes later the proprietor strolled up to the table, glanced suspectingly at the girl, coughed once or twice, then said:

"We shall be closing very soon, madam. Are you expecting a friend?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter appeared again and added the coffee to the bill.

"Thank you," said the girl, "you needn't stand here."

The waiter withdrew. Hillyard smiled and began his omelette, which had been brought to him.

"Pardon me, but I believe I am right in saying that you haven't got the money with which to pay your bill," put in Hillyard at last, in a low tone. "The manager, I fear, is of the same opinion."

For a moment her eyes flashed indignantly; the mouth quivered.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "What do you take me for?"

"I take you for what you are—a lady," he answered gently.

This answer flabbergasted her for a moment. She could not meet his scrutinizing gaze.

"Pray allow me the favor of adding your bill to mine," he continued, calmly. "You must admit that you are in an awkward corner, and that your friend is a myth."

The waiter, somewhat agitated, drew near again.

"Curacoa," he ordered sharply, and the gentleman with the napkin disappeared with remarkable celerity.

"Really," stammered the girl, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

"I mean what I say," he answered firmly. "I will repeat it again if you wish. I don't believe you have the money with—"

She motioned him to desist.

"Hush! hush! You have no right to say that. Don't please don't."

Her earnest entreaty compelled him to stop.

"You cannot deny that I am right?" he demanded, in a manner that plainly showed he would have a direct answer.

Her face went a deep crimson.

"Yes, you are right," she replied at length, but with a great effort. "It was very, very wrong, I know, but I was so—so hungry, and I thought that—"

"That it was possible you would meet with a good Samaritan," put in Hillyard, accurately divining her thoughts. "A very risky game to play. Suppose you had not met me—what then?"

She laughed uneasily.

"But you see I did meet you."

"Yet you seem very reluctant to allow me to add your bill to mine."

The color flamed her cheeks again.

"It must be a loan," she declared, emphatically. "I came in here in sheer desperation. You don't know what it is to be poor, and oh, so hungry."

"Yes, I do," he answered quietly.

"I am so sorry," she whispered gently. "I did not know. I had no idea. I never thought—"

"Pray don't apologize," he interrupted, again assuming his lighter vein. "If you are really sorry you will pass me your bill."

"Believe me," she replied gratefully, handing him the flimsy bit of paper. "I am truly grateful. Fortune has not been too kind to me of late."

"Nor to me," said Hillyard. "Dame fortune is a fickle jade, and has to be treated accordingly. Woo her too much, she often turns and rends you. Treat her with indifference and she will veer round and fawn upon you."

"She has, at any rate, been good to me to-night," said the girl. "One moment. I shall consider this bill a debt of honor. Where can I send you the amount? It—it is not too much, is it?"

"Too much for you to pay now, though," he answered laughing.

He produced his card, which bore his name and address. She put it carefully in her purse.

"I will send you the amount to-morrow," she declared.

Hillyard smiled.

"To what address shall I write an acknowledgment?"

"Oh, Miss Delling, care of Malley's library, Westminster Bridge road," she replied hurriedly. "There will be really no occasion to reply," she hastened to add.

Hillyard made a careful note of the address.

The account was settled. As they quitted the shop the manager bowed and smiled in a manner that baffles description.

"May I see you to your door?" asked Hillyard.

"No, I would rather you did not, thank you."

"Then I insist on seeing you into a cab."

"No, I really—"

"Come, I insist."

And before she could make further remonstrance he had hailed a hansom. He put her inside and handed the man two shillings.

"I have paid your fare. Where to?"

"I will tell the cabman, thank you."

"Certainly," he said rather coldly. "If that is your wish." He raised his hat. "Good night."

"Thank you, oh, so much for your goodness. Good night."

In another moment he had gone.

* * * *

mains to be seen.

"Hillyard, congratulate me," cried Fairleigh, a handsome young fellow, overflowing with good spirits, hurrying into his friend's comfortable chambers. "I'm engaged."

"I do congratulate you most heartily," returned Hillyard, warmly. "Who is the unfortunate lady?" he inquired, smiling.

"A Miss Cunningham whom I met last summer at a friend's house. The best girl in the world, I assure you."

"They are always that," answered Hillyard, quietly.

"Oh, you needn't be so beastly sarcastic," put in Fairleigh, "just because you've never been in love."

"How do you know that?" asked Hillyard.

"Because you're not a lady's man at all."

"No. Perhaps not," said Hillyard.

He was thinking of the girl whom he had met at the restaurant. Had he made such a bad impression on her? He knew she had made a great impression on him. In short, he had fallen in love at first sight.

"Here, let me show you her portrait," rattled on Fairleigh, taking a small photo from his letter case. "There, isn't that a sweet face?"

"Very," declared Hillyard, but with a touch of bitterness, for he realized that all the sunshine had gone out of his life, for the face he gazed at was the face of the girl whom he had befriended.

"It is just my ill-luck," he muttered.

"What's that?" asked Fairleigh, sharply.

"Nothing, nothing. I hope you will be very happy."

"I'm sure we shall. Ta-ta, old man, I must be off now. I'll look in again soon."

"No wonder she gave the name of Delling," mused Hillyard bitterly.

He extracted a postal order from his pocket for one and five and a short note, which ran:

"With Miss Delling's sincere thanks."

"Perhaps," he thought, "I ought to tell young Fairleigh. But no; it would compromise the young lady. Better leave it as it is. I may be wrong."

Then he sat down to write an article, and by the time he had posted it to his typist it was 9 o'clock, so he went to the restaurant where he had met Miss Delling.

Needless to say, he ate his meal in isolation.

Three months passed away. Hillyard was unable to find any trace of Miss Delling, though he had visited Malley's library many times. Fairleigh had gone to the country pending his coming marriage. Hillyard still kept his secret.

It was a strange fate that one day led him to visit his typist's to call for a manuscript which he especially wished for. But when "Miss Delling" came forward in answer to his enquiry Hillyard was completely taken aback.

"You have certainly succeeded admirably in keeping out of my way," he stammered. "Allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to my friend Fairleigh, Miss Cunningham."

The girl was visibly agitated.

"How did you find out my name was Cunningham, and who told you I was engaged?"

"My friend showed me your portrait."

"There is some mistake," she whispered hurriedly. "Years ago my father left America for England, taking with him my twin sister, leaving me with my mother in America. My father died, and shortly after, my mother. My name is Cunningham, and I have been trying for months to find the whereabouts of my sister. None will ever know what a struggle I have had for existence. Can you help me learn whether your friend is engaged to my sister?"

"Believe me, I will do all I can," returned Hillyard. "Give me three days. This is Tuesday. Will you meet me at the restaurant on Friday evening at 7?"

She smiled an assent.

They dined together on Friday—a happy pair. Fairleigh was indeed engaged to Miss Cunningham's twin sister, and all the mystery was cleared up.

"But why did you not give me your proper name?" asked Hillyard.

"You—you see you were quite a stranger to me. I thought it was better we should not meet again," she answered shyly.

"The Fates have thought otherwise," he said smiling. "Fate has brought us together again. This time you will have no hesitation in adding your bill to mine?"

There was a pause.

"Dearest," he whispered, ever so softly, "won't—won't you add your life to mine, for me to keep always; for better or worse, till—"

Their eyes met. It was enough.

"You run your motor car very fast through the streets," said the friend to the doctor. "Yes," replied the man of pills and bills. "I'm always in a hurry to get there; and, besides when times are a little dull, I can pick up a few cases on the way."

Over three million of the Sultan of Turkey's subjects belong to the Greek Church.

About the ....House

PRUNES.

For stuffed prunes, wash large and perfect prunes in warm water. Steam one hour, then remove the stones. Stuff with one-half a date each, some English walnuts chopped fine and a little powdered sugar. Fill them full, shape nicely, and roll in powdered sugar. Best if made a week before using.

To make Sweethearts, a cake of which children are very fond, take one cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one teaspoonful baking powder, half teaspoonful soda, one egg, a pinch of salt, and flour sufficient for stiff dough. Roll out one-half quite thin and spread with layer of finely chopped prunes. Roll the other half and put on top. Cut in shape of hearts. Bake in quick oven.

To make Prune Cake, one cup sugar, half cup butter, one-third cup water, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder (level), grated rind of half lemon, one cup chopped walnuts, one cup steamed and chopped prunes, will be required. Bake in loaf shape, putting a layer of butter on the bottom of the cake pan, then layer of prunes and layers of nuts, having cake at the top. Bake in a slow, but steady, oven.

To make Prune Brown Bread, take one cup corn meal, two cups whole wheat flour, one cup sour milk, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, one cup dried prunes, washed, pitted and chopped fine. Scald the corn meal, add the other ingredients, put the mixture in three baking powder cans, cover and steam two and a half hours.

To make Prune Pie put half a pound of prunes into a dish and cover them with boiling water, leaving them to soak for two hours. Put them, when quite soaked, into a saucepan, with the same water they were soaked in, and add a stick of cinnamon, the rind of half a lemon, and two heaping tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Cover the saucepan and let the prunes cook slowly for half an hour; then take them out with a spoon, put the saucepan on the stove again, and let the water boil without the lid off the pan until it is quite half the quantity. Carefully take out the stones from the prunes, and put them into a well buttered pie dish. Break two eggs into two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix it to a smooth paste with a little cold milk; pour the reduced syrup when a little cool, into the egg mixture, stir well, pour over the prunes, and bake in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

For Prune Short Cake make a short cake, using a regular biscuit crust or a short cake batter. For the prune filling wash a pound of prunes thoroughly, cover with cold water and let soak for twenty-four hours. Then put the prunes in double boiler, water and all, and let soak slowly until perfectly tender. Slice a couple of lemons very fine and add to the prunes when half done. Drain off the juice, add half as much sugar and boil to a thick syrup. Put the prunes in a collander, and mash with a potato masher so that the pulp will go through and the stones and skins remain. Add syrup and spread over cake while both are warm. Serve with or without cream.

For Prune Puff take one-half tea cupful of stewed, stoned, and mashed prunes, three tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, one-fourth teacup chopped raisins, whites of three eggs beaten very stiff, juice of one-half lemon. Beat all very thoroughly together, put in a buttered dish and bake for twenty minutes over a hot water pan. Sprinkle over the top with the meats of the prune stones cut in small pieces.

For Compote of Prune and Ginger a la Chantilly, take one pound of prunes and soak them for half an hour or three-quarters of an hour in sweetened warm water; then place the water in a clean enamelled iron saucepan, and add sugar in the proportion of a half pound of sugar to half a pint of water. Bring this syrup to the boil; as soon as it boils, add half the syrup from a pound jar of preserved ginger, bring to the boil again, and then add the prunes, and continue boiling for fifteen minutes. Next arrange the prunes on a compote or other fancy dish in pyramidal form. On top place a half pound of the preserved ginger, cut into neat squares. Leave till cold, then cover with whipped cream, and pour over the whole half the syrup.

For Prune Whip wash and soak one quarter pound of prunes. Simmer until very soft. Remove the stones, and rub the pulp through a sieve. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff. Add to them four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Add the prunes to the whites very carefully. Turn the mixture into a buttered mold, and bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve cold with a custard sauce made with one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Cook over boiling water until heavy, stirring constantly. Serve cold.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

After peeling onions, wash your knife and your hands in cold water. Hot water sets the odor of the onions, instead of removing it. Then rub the hands and knife with a piece of celery or cut lemon, or even a raw potato, to remove the odor.

WOMAN'S SHIRT WAIST.
32 to 40 Bust.

The shirt waist that closes at the back is a recognized favorite, and promises to extend its vogue for many months to come. This admirable model is suited to silk, velveteen, corduroy, flannel, cashmere, albatross and all waist materials; but in the original, is made of white flannel, with tiny gold buttons as trimming.

The lining fits snugly and smoothly, and is desirable for all light-weight wools and silks, but can be omitted when heavier materials are used, or for any reason it is not desired. The front of the waist proper is laid in small box plaits, that are stitched deepest at the center, and grow shorter as they approach the arm-eyes, each of which is held at the end by three small buttons. The five plaits at the back are stitched for their entire length and form groups of two at each side of the center, where the closing is effected by means of buttons and buttonholes. The sleeves are in bishop style, with pointed cuffs that match the novel treatment of the collar.

"A short cut on baking days," says a correspondent of an exchange, "is to set the gasoline oven on top of the kitchen stove. The baking will be as nice as if done over gasoline, and time and gasoline are saved." Four pies in the stove oven and four in the gasoline oven are this paragrapher's record.

Nearly all woollen goods will wash well if the work is done rapidly, but no soap should be rubbed over the fabric, nor should it be rubbed on the washboard. Have the suds well mixed and the soap well beaten to a lather, then wash the material by rubbing between the hands; then rinse in very blue water and iron on the wrong side while damp, with hot irons.

A bottle of ammonia, a small sponge and a piece of dark flannel will clean a broadcloth skirt as well as the best cleaner, if one takes time and pains. The cloth should be wet only slightly, broadcloth never being soaked through. The proportion of ammonia to water should be, for black goods, one tablespoonful to a cup of water. For light-colored material it is better to make a weaker solution, lest the ammonia fade the color.

A correspondent writing on the chemistry of the vinegar-making process, says:—"Take a gallon of cornmeal; boil in water until it is soft; put in a ten-gallon cask and fill it up with strong molasses and water. By leaving the bung out of the barrel and shaking it every day it will soon make a splendid vinegar. If it should be too weak, more molasses can be added, and it will soon turn to vinegar. When the vinegar is made it should be strained into clean vessels, set in a cool place and stopped up, in which case it will keep for years. Apple, peach, or grape vinegar is simply made by expressing the juice and putting in any vessel with open mouth or bung, and shaking it daily and keeping it moderately warm."

To mend leaks in the kitchen utensils, use fresh putty and work it until it is soft. Scrape the tin around the leak until it is perfectly clean, then take a little of the putty, press over the leak hard enough to force a portion of it through on the opposite side of the vessel, smooth both sides down nicely, set aside two or three days until it becomes perfectly hard, then it will be ready for use and will be found very durable. Leaks in the wash boiler can be effectually stopped in the same way. Holes in porcelain or iron kettles can be stopped by the old-fashioned way of drawing a cotton cloth through the center, leaving it projecting a trifle on either side. Give this peg a sharp blow with the hammer and it will be shattered somewhat, and with the cloth, will remain in place. If the hole is small the cloth alone if drawn through very tightly will be sufficient.

BROOMS THAT SWEEP CLEAN

For hardwood or stained floors and those covered with matting, a hair broom should be used, writes Mary Graham. The hardwood floors need to be dusted after sweeping. A very easy way of doing this is to make a Canton-flannel bag of some dark color and tie it over a common broom. A vigorous rubbing with this covered broom will add considerable polish to a dim floor. For wiping floors heavy Canton-flannel makes a good cloth. Cut a convenient size and overcast the edges coarsely. This is also an excellent plan for cleaning paint. Dusters made of cheese cloth with the hems run in are soft to use and wash easily. Old India or foulard silk is the best thing I have ever tried for bric-a-brac and small articles. All dusters should be washed and dried after using. There is nothing gained by using a cloth filled with dust. It will not make anything clean. If brooms, both large and small, are often washed and dried, then turned up on their handles, they will sweep cleaner and last longer. There should be a convenient place for keeping brooms, dust pans and cloths. It will save many steps if a set is kept on each floor.

DIFFERENCE IN FOGS.

Sea Mist and London Gloom Have Nothing in Common.

The fog of London and the fog of the sea alike discompose traffic, and omnibuses and steamships alike have had to lay up for safety. But while the London fog gets into your inmost room and baffles even the electric light (though the candle comes out triumphant, curiously), the densest fog at sea does not disturb the saloon or the stateroom. Why is that?

The word "fog" has not been traced farther back than the sixteenth century, but the thing was known in the early years of the fourteenth. The commons, with the prelates and nobles visiting London for the parliaments and on other occasions, united to petition Edward I. to compel the burning only of dry wood and charcoal, as the growing use of sea coal corrupted the air with its stink and smoke, to the great prejudice and detriment of health. In 1306 the king prohibited the use of coal; heavy ransom and fines were inflicted for disobedience; in the case of recalcitrant brewers, dyers and other artificers the furnaces and kilns were destroyed. But the restriction was evidently removed, for in 1308 $250 (probably equal to about $4,000 now) was paid from the exchequer for wood and coal for the coronation of Edward II.

STORY OF THE BIOGRAPH.

Here is an episode of the biograph which rivals the most pathetic and curious tales of fiction. A few days ago biograph scenes, made at the occupation of Pekin, were being thrown on a screen at a public exhibition. The scenes, printed over a year ago, represented a company of infantry entering the gates of the Chinese capital. So realistic were the files of soldiers that the men appeared literally to be stepping from the stage, two by two with steady tramp. Suddenly a woman who sat in the front of the audience arose with a scream of terror. "My God, there is my dead brother Allan, marching with the soldiers!" she cried. One of the figures had been recognized by the woman and by others in the audience. It was that of a man who had disappeared mysteriously some years ago. The sister wrote to the War Office and learned that the man in the biograph scene was really her long-lost brother and that he was still alive.

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