

**BUSINESS NOTICE**  
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the current mail of that day.  
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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having the largest circulation distributed principally in the Dominion of New Brunswick, Gloucester and Kent, and the adjacent parts of the Maritime Provinces, is a valuable medium for the dissemination of news, and the promotion of the general interests of the Province.  
Address: Editor, Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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The Bachelor—Well, I'm sure I never thought of it as a joke.

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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, proving this by calling.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES

After the Agrarian party had expected in passing a bill at the last session of the Reichstag, practically prohibiting the importation of our corned beef, canned meats and sausages, it introduced another bill to raise the import duty on cereals. The proposed duty on wheat, for example is 44 cents a bushel. The bill will come up for action this winter and Corn Dealers write from Bremen that it will, in all probability, become a law. The Agrarians assert that the Empire is perfectly able to raise all its own food. They declare that all the barren and waste places of the swamps of the northern lowlands and the moors and heaths of the southern highlands may be turned into excellent farm lands and pastures that will more than supply the present deficiency in breadstuffs and meats. The fallacy of this statement is obvious and it is surprising that any political party should use it as an argument in support of the prohibition of food imports.

Germany's ability to feed itself is growing less every year. Her population is increasing at the rate of 600,000 per annum, and there is no possibility that agricultural production can be increased in the same proportion. Agriculture is nowhere more highly developed than in Germany. The farm and grazing lands are systematically treated. The limit of production has not been reached but it cannot be far off. Even with highly improved and intensified farming it is not possible to produce for a single season. The country is now compelled to import one-eighth of all its breadstuffs and all the waste lands of Germany are only one-twentieth of its area and a large part of them can never be made available for any form of agriculture or stock raising.

Germany gets hundreds of thousands of acres of land to be filled with bread every year and yet the tendency among farmers for the past decade, has been to decrease the acreage in cereals and give more attention to the raising of stock. The more sugar beet, tobacco and hops than France produces and as large a quantity of the oil grains and textile goods. The main reason why these crops are raised is because of the expense of cereals is because available cheap for the people to import breadstuffs to raise them; and this condition is being more and more emphasized every year because of the increasing number of farmers leaving the rural districts in search of employment in the city factories. Before the Agrarians got the upper hand in the Reichstag their policy to prohibit foreign food imports was uniformly rejected as impracticable and ruinous. Their war on meats has, for a time, caused a decline in importations only to be followed by periods of larger trade than ever. Even the German farmers will not prefer a loaf made of German wheat or rye if it costs more than one made of imported grain.

**ANZIBAR IVORY.**  
One of the oldest of ivory markets—higher prices than on the West Coast.  
Zanzibar continues to send important quantities of ivory to Europe. It is one of the oldest of ivory markets and was formerly one of the largest, but is now surpassed in the quantity of ivory collected by Matadi on the lower Congo. Elephant tusks are gathered in the far interior and brought to the coast on the backs of men. Sometimes the business is good and sometimes it is poor according to whether good luck attends the ivory collectors. Now and then they are so fortunate as to come across some native villages where a quantity of ivory buried in the ground, then again they will find a good many tusks in native villages where it is often used to form a part of the fortifications which every village must possess. Few animals are killed to increase the present ivory supply but most of the tusks are those the natives have been collecting for years.

The profits of the business depend in part upon the ignorance or enlightenment of the native seller. Not a few of the chiefs of East Africa are still ignorant of the fact that ivory is highly valued by the whites. If they have not learned this fact they will sell their ivory very cheap. The quality of East African ivory is for some reason or other considered superior to that of the Congo or West Coast ivory. It brings a somewhat higher price in the market. In order to indicate its place of origin the Custom House at Zanzibar affixes its stamp to each tusk and makes a small charge for this guaranteeing to purchasers that the commodity is East African ivory.

**BANK OF ENGLAND PARER.**  
There is a lack of uniformity in the thickness of a Bank of England note. It is thicker in the left-hand corner than in any other part to enable it to receive a sharper impression of the vignette there. This unevenness aids in the discovery of counterfeit notes, as the latter are invariably of one thickness.

**JUST SO.**  
Little Elmer—Papa, what happens if you convince a man against his will?  
Prof. Broadhead—Oh you have to do it all over again the next time you catch him.

**ONE MAN'S WISDOM.**  
The Widow—Did you ever think seriously of matrimony?  
The Bachelor—Well, I'm sure I never thought of it as a joke.

**CULTIVATED AREA.**  
Within the last 50 years the cultivated area of the earth has increased by 800,000,000 acres.

## HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

**THE VALUE OF RIPE WOOD.**  
The killing frosts of the autumn have led to much discussion as to the value of ripe wood. It is a fact that the wood of a tree should be cut before it has become well ripened. There is no doubt of the correctness of this position. There is to be remembered that because a tree sheds its leaves early it does not follow that the wood is well ripened. Frequently the foliage drops because of lack of moisture in autumn and in such cases the wood is not well ripened. The vitality of a tree is not good, and though it might appear to be so, though it had well matured wood, the probabilities are that if exposed to a severe winter it would suffer sooner than that which had not shed its leaves until later.

**HAY FOR COWS.**  
The trouble with most hay, particularly clover and timothy, is that it is not cut until too ripe. Insist upon getting hay cut early, particularly when the price is as high as it is this year. The cows will eat up timothy hay clean if it is cut just as the leaves begin to appear. The same is true of clover. Corn fodder which was cut moderately early and balance with bran is an excellent hay feed.

**THE PUMP THAT FAILED.**  
The tramp had walked a good three miles and was particularly thirsty. A sudden turn in the road brought him to the foot of a steep hill, at the top of which stood a large, substantial-looking house.  
The tramp paused a moment before attempting the herculean feat of storming the hill. He felt hungry and thirsty. He glanced to the left. These words caught his eye:  
Terry, weary traveller, and refresh thyself.  
The tramp was sorry the sign was attached only to a pump-handle. However, he was better than nothing, so he commenced to pump. The spout remained dry. He pumped with more vigour. Still no water. After ten minutes of hard work he said harsh things about the pump, and continued his journey.

At the top of the hill he mentioned his grievance to a native. The latter pointed to the fine house across the road.  
The owner of that house, he said, has some big water-cisterns which have to be filled from a stream in the valley. He is too lazy to fill 'em himself, though, so he rigged up this device and connected it with his cistern, and now—  
But the tramp was already springing across the road to argue with the man who owned the pump.

**WHAT TO DO.**  
One hears of such terrible accidents from fire that every one should know what to do in an emergency. Women and children are more liable to be set on fire than men, as their dresses are usually made of more inflammable material. The very first moment they discover you are on fire, instantly lie down and roll over and over, wherever the flames may be. Do not scream or run for water, or even for a blanket. You can do more for yourself the first few seconds than a host of friends together can do afterwards. Fire cannot burn without air, so to smother the fire is even a surer way of putting it out than pouring water on the flames. If a child or a woman is on fire, wrap a blanket or a rug tightly to you, and lie down with the child, wrapping your skirts round it, and roll onto the flames.

**WHY THEY WERE THERE.**  
I am here, gentlemen, explained the pickpocket to his fellow-prisoners, as a result of a moment of abstraction. And I said the incendiary because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things.  
And I chimed the forger, on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself.  
And I added the burglar through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town.

**A DISTURBED REVERIE.**  
He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the dim, unlit future.  
Ah, my darling, he murmured in rapturous accents, as he bent and touched her rose-red lips, what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—beautiful, superb present.  
So do I, dearest, she replied; but you'll take me with you when you get it, won't you? Men have such queer taste in regards.  
**GETTING INFORMATION.**  
Have you read Omar Khayyam? asked the young woman with glasses.  
No, answered the young man with short hair. Who wrote it?  
**NO ONE WOULD NOTICE IT.**  
Hunchback—Yes, I have plenty of spare time; but what can I do with it? Whatever I should do I would be laughed at.  
Friend—Nonsense! You'd look as well as anyone else on a bicycle.

**GOVERNMENT CONTROLS PRICES.**  
The prices of medicines in Prussia are regulated by the government. Every year a new price list is published.  
**SHE WAS AN IMMUNE.**  
I should think your mother would punish you for that, said the neighbor's little girl, to the one who had disobeyed her.  
She can't, was the confident reply. I've been sick, and I'm not well enough to be spanked yet, and she can't keep me in the house because the doctor says I must have fresh air and exercise. Oh, I'm having a bully time.

## WHY FACTORY MILK IS OFTEN POOR.

One reason why factory milk is often delivered in poor condition is that farmers do not take good care of their cows. They sometimes wash them out with dirty water, then put on the covers without thoroughly rinsing and do not let in the air. The only way to remedy this is to wash the cans thoroughly and allow them to drain and stand in the sun as much as possible.

**LORD MAYOR'S SECRETARY**  
A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.  
W. J. Soulsby, Private Secretary to London's Lord Mayor for a Quarter of a Century—Reminiscences During These Years.  
For twenty-five years now has the same private secretary mothered, as it were, twenty-five Lord Mayors. Upon him they have all more or less depended. He is Mr. W. J. Soulsby, who now celebrates his "silver" jubilee as secretary, and who has seen more and knows more of the inner workings of the mayoral machine than any other living man.  
Mr. Soulsby is pretty much what you would imagine him to be; perhaps a little more so. Brod almost at the Mansion House—for he is not yet fifty years of age—in his tall stature is embodied the city's conventional dignity. Besides being the most necessary, he is the busiest, man at the Mansion House; and they will all tell you there that his knowledge of all that pertains to Lord Mayor's passes understanding. People call with questions, but before they are half put Mr. Soulsby begins the answer, for they are both much the same—day as they were in 1876. Sir Richard Cotton, then M.P. also for the city, was his first Lord Mayor, and Mr. Soulsby well remembers his installation.  
**HAS HAD TWENTY-FIVE MASTERS**  
On this silver anniversary the private secretary is not unreasonably inclined to look upon what he described to me as his gallery of old masters, with the memory of which he would not part for all the city could give him.  
In his reminiscent mood Mr. Soulsby turns up accounts, and finds that in the shape and form of Mansion House charitable funds no less enormous a sum than \$1,000,000 has passed through his hands in these twenty-five years. It is upon their shares of this total that ex-Lord Mayors are most wont to grace themselves. Till this year of grace Sir George Fausel-Phillips, Lord Mayor of the Diamond Jubilee time, was the record-holder with \$557,000 for the Indian Famine Fund and \$300,000 for other charities. The outgoing Lord Mayor, however, with \$10,200 for the widows and orphans of the war and \$700,000 for other charities, now takes first place.  
Another prominent duty is the handing up of facts for Lord Mayor's speeches. Perhaps no one can realize the difficulties of oratory so well as the Lord Mayor. It is not that a Lord Mayor cannot as a rule make a good speech upon almost any subject under the sun, but the trouble as it presents itself, is that the exigencies of circumstances necessitate the speech always being upon the same subject, while the substance, if each utterance is to have an interest of its own must be nightly different. It is interesting and delightful to the new Lord Mayor full of his new dignity; but before the year is out he may find it weary and slight for speech-making on other topics than those of the deeds and aspirations of the one square mile.

**VARIED CORRESPONDENCE.**  
After all these years the private secretary is used to handling between six and seven hundred letters a day at the Mansion House, and seeing two or three hundred callers. The curiosities of the Lord Mayor's post-bag are many. His advice and opinion are sought upon every subject, from the taxation of bicycles to imperial federation, and the seekers live in Cheap-side and in every little corner of the world. Only a Lord Mayor can realize in what high repute the office is held by folks abroad. Some of them—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards—have heard of the Lord Mayor, but of no one else in London, and they regard him as a great man.  
Every day brings its shoals of letters, not only from all parts of Great Britain but from the colonies and the continents as well. For the most part the writers want advice, and it is singular that a very large proportion of them, foreigners especially, make earnest pleas to the Lord Mayor to aid them in their search for long-lost relatives.  
All this is Mr. Soulsby's business. He thinks it is marvellous. The prayers are not unheeded. In nearly every case an attempt is made to find the missing either through the instrumentality of the city police or through the consuls of the foreign countries. Oftentimes, too, the efforts are successful, and there is many a foreigner abroad who knows nothing of English, and who cannot speak English, who in his own language blesses the wonderful and all-powerful Lord Mayor.  
Inmates of lunatic asylums all over the country write to the Lord Mayor upon their grievances. Of the callers the private secretary would put a good percentage in a class of people with grievances. Everybody wants to see the Lord Mayor. But Mr. Soulsby faithfully guards the presence. He sees them all, and when they have seen him they usually go their way.

**AMONG EXALTED GUESTS.**  
But to the Mansion House in these two and a half decades have come many callers of the highest degree. There have been the German Emperor, the present Czar of Russia, when Czarwick, and the two preceding Czaars, the young Queen of Holland, before her accession, and the Queen-Mother—they lunched with the Lord Mayor five years ago—the King of the Belgians, who is a frequent visitor, the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, the King of Portugal, King Charles of Roumania, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the King of Greece, and the late Shah of Persia, and besides them a host of other foreign potentates. Of course, the Queen of England has been to the Mansion House, and the private secretary, in looking back, remembers no more interesting event than when, in 1887, after opening the People's Palace in the East end, her Majesty came to the city's headquarters and took tea with the then Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Hanson, and the Lady Mayores. A tapestry commemorating the event now hangs in the Mansion House where the reception took place.  
London has tendered Mr. Soulsby the best thanks. He is C. B. and has the Jubilee medal and clasp, and the Court of Aldermen made him a unanimous presentation of silver and of an address, and so, too, the Court of Common Council. And abroad they have honoured him. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France, and there have been bestowed upon him also the Orders of Francis Joseph of Austria, of the Redeemer of Greece, of the Takovo of Serbia, of the St. Sava, also of Serbia, of the Rising Sun of Japan, of the immaculate Occupation of Portugal, of the Leopold of Belgium, and of the Humane Redemption of Liberia.  
"I would like to say," he says, "that every Lord Mayor with whom I have been associated has treated me with friendliness and kindness, and he says again how he cherishes his collection of old masters."  
"Will you add to them another twenty-five?" I ask.  
"That all depends," he says, "depends on—"  
"The Lord Mayor."

**NEW BRITISH ARTILLERY.**  
Orders Given for War Material Exceeding \$50,000,000 in Value.  
The rearming of the British artillery and the replenishing of the stores of ammunition and other war material will, it is stated, necessitate a vote at the next session of the British Parliament of from forty to sixty millions of dollars. A good deal of this money has been already spent or anticipated. The Krupp works in Germany being employed on an order for fifteen batteries of quick fire, and large orders having been placed in the hands of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim in England for guns and mountings. One order is for forty-two of the 4.7-inch guns that are reported to have proved very serviceable in the South African war, and another is for thirty-five howitzer batteries with the wagons, limbers and carriages. The same firm is also at work on the mountings for twenty-seven garrison battery 9.2-inch guns of the Vickers type, one of the most powerful and destructive weapons in either the British land or sea service. As the order for these armaments were given without reference to Parliament, the necessity for them must be very urgent. The despatch of arms and ammunition to India for the rearming of the British garrisons there and the transfer of the discarded rifles to the native regiments proceeds as rapidly as the arms arrive. Arrangements for making smokeless powder, and other war materials have also been made, the establishments being located in central India.

**WORK AHEAD.**  
Bunko Bill—Do you know that there are 75,000,000 people in this country? Green Goods—George—I do, and at least 75,000,000 of them are waiting to be taken in by the war, Green Goods. And besides them a host of other foreign potentates. Of course, the Queen of England has been to the Mansion House, and the private secretary, in looking back, remembers no more interesting event than when, in 1887, after opening the People's Palace in the East end, her Majesty came to the city's headquarters and took tea with the then Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Hanson, and the Lady Mayores. A tapestry commemorating the event now hangs in the Mansion House where the reception took place.  
London has tendered Mr. Soulsby the best thanks. He is C. B. and has the Jubilee medal and clasp, and the Court of Aldermen made him a unanimous presentation of silver and of an address, and so, too, the Court of Common Council. And abroad they have honoured him. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France, and there have been bestowed upon him also the Orders of Francis Joseph of Austria, of the Redeemer of Greece, of the Takovo of Serbia, of the St. Sava, also of Serbia, of the Rising Sun of Japan, of the immaculate Occupation of Portugal, of the Leopold of Belgium, and of the Humane Redemption of Liberia.  
"I would like to say," he says, "that every Lord Mayor with whom I have been associated has treated me with friendliness and kindness, and he says again how he cherishes his collection of old masters."  
"Will you add to them another twenty-five?" I ask.  
"That all depends," he says, "depends on—"  
"The Lord Mayor."

**WHY FACTORY MILK IS OFTEN POOR.**  
One reason why factory milk is often delivered in poor condition is that farmers do not take good care of their cows. They sometimes wash them out with dirty water, then put on the covers without thoroughly rinsing and do not let in the air. The only way to remedy this is to wash the cans thoroughly and allow them to drain and stand in the sun as much as possible.

**LORD MAYOR'S SECRETARY**  
A PROMINENT FIGURE IN THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.  
W. J. Soulsby, Private Secretary to London's Lord Mayor for a Quarter of a Century—Reminiscences During These Years.  
For twenty-five years now has the same private secretary mothered, as it were, twenty-five Lord Mayors. Upon him they have all more or less depended. He is Mr. W. J. Soulsby, who now celebrates his "silver" jubilee as secretary, and who has seen more and knows more of the inner workings of the mayoral machine than any other living man.  
Mr. Soulsby is pretty much what you would imagine him to be; perhaps a little more so. Brod almost at the Mansion House—for he is not yet fifty years of age—in his tall stature is embodied the city's conventional dignity. Besides being the most necessary, he is the busiest, man at the Mansion House; and they will all tell you there that his knowledge of all that pertains to Lord Mayor's passes understanding. People call with questions, but before they are half put Mr. Soulsby begins the answer, for they are both much the same—day as they were in 1876. Sir Richard Cotton, then M.P. also for the city, was his first Lord Mayor, and Mr. Soulsby well remembers his installation.  
**HAS HAD TWENTY-FIVE MASTERS**  
On this silver anniversary the private secretary is not unreasonably inclined to look upon what he described to me as his gallery of old masters, with the memory of which he would not part for all the city could give him.  
In his reminiscent mood Mr. Soulsby turns up accounts, and finds that in the shape and form of Mansion House charitable funds no less enormous a sum than \$1,000,000 has passed through his hands in these twenty-five years. It is upon their shares of this total that ex-Lord Mayors are most wont to grace themselves. Till this year of grace Sir George Fausel-Phillips, Lord Mayor of the Diamond Jubilee time, was the record-holder with \$557,000 for the Indian Famine Fund and \$300,000 for other charities. The outgoing Lord Mayor, however, with \$10,200 for the widows and orphans of the war and \$700,000 for other charities, now takes first place.  
Another prominent duty is the handing up of facts for Lord Mayor's speeches. Perhaps no one can realize the difficulties of oratory so well as the Lord Mayor. It is not that a Lord Mayor cannot as a rule make a good speech upon almost any subject under the sun, but the trouble as it presents itself, is that the exigencies of circumstances necessitate the speech always being upon the same subject, while the substance, if each utterance is to have an interest of its own must be nightly different. It is interesting and delightful to the new Lord Mayor full of his new dignity; but before the year is out he may find it weary and slight for speech-making on other topics than those of the deeds and aspirations of the one square mile.

**VARIED CORRESPONDENCE.**  
After all these years the private secretary is used to handling between six and seven hundred letters a day at the Mansion House, and seeing two or three hundred callers. The curiosities of the Lord Mayor's post-bag are many. His advice and opinion are sought upon every subject, from the taxation of bicycles to imperial federation, and the seekers live in Cheap-side and in every little corner of the world. Only a Lord Mayor can realize in what high repute the office is held by folks abroad. Some of them—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards—have heard of the Lord Mayor, but of no one else in London, and they regard him as a great man.  
Every day brings its shoals of letters, not only from all parts of Great Britain but from the colonies and the continents as well. For the most part the writers want advice, and it is singular that a very large proportion of them, foreigners especially, make earnest pleas to the Lord Mayor to aid them in their search for long-lost relatives.  
All this is Mr. Soulsby's business. He thinks it is marvellous. The prayers are not unheeded. In nearly every case an attempt is made to find the missing either through the instrumentality of the city police or through the consuls of the foreign countries. Oftentimes, too, the efforts are successful, and there is many a foreigner abroad who knows nothing of English, and who cannot speak English, who in his own language blesses the wonderful and all-powerful Lord Mayor.  
Inmates of lunatic asylums all over the country write to the Lord Mayor upon their grievances. Of the callers the private secretary would put a good percentage in a class of people with grievances. Everybody wants to see the Lord Mayor. But Mr. Soulsby faithfully guards the presence. He sees them all, and when they have seen him they usually go their way.

**AMONG EXALTED GUESTS.**  
But to the Mansion House in these two and a half decades have come many callers of the highest degree. There have been the German Emperor, the present Czar of Russia, when Czarwick, and the two preceding Czaars, the young Queen of Holland, before her accession, and the Queen-Mother—they lunched with the Lord Mayor five years ago—the King of the Belgians, who is a frequent visitor, the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, the King of Portugal, King Charles of Roumania, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the King of Greece, and the late Shah of Persia, and besides them a host of other foreign potentates. Of course, the Queen of England has been to the Mansion House, and the private secretary, in looking back, remembers no more interesting event than when, in 1887, after opening the People's Palace in the East end, her Majesty came to the city's headquarters and took tea with the then Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Hanson, and the Lady Mayores. A tapestry commemorating the event now hangs in the Mansion House where the reception took place.  
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