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.

Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 46 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor 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.

CARD.

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

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine and Iron
AN BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.

Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.
PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.
A. C. McLean, Chatham.

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

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

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

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

A BURGLAR PRO TEM

The summer night was soft and still, and the purple heavens were ablaze with myriads of stars. Even in the great London park a hush seemed to have fallen, which communicated its influence to those who sat beneath the tall, motionless trees. In the far distance could be heard the faint rumble of traffic, but this only seemed to intensify the silence within. It was a night when strange, sweet confessions drop from faltering lips, and hearts, despite themselves, tell out the story of love's awakening.

Even in the fashionable West, a great London park is scarcely the place where one might expect to find the daughter of a Baronet, seated in the dim shadow of the trees, listening to the warm words of love which were being whispered in her ear with a sweet sense of pleasure that she did not even attempt to conceal. Yet so it was. The tree under which they sat was broad and leafy, and afforded them concealment from the public gaze. And that was all they wanted.

Dulcie Hawthorn was the daughter of Sir Percival Hawthorn, Bart., the Chairman of Directors of the great shipping-house which, in the last few years, had leapt into such prominence. Indeed, the Anglo-Australasian Steamship Company had not only become a formidable rival to the older-established shipping firms, but had actually surpassed many of them, and the Baronet was now one of the most prominent figures in the commercial world.

Dulcie was not his only daughter, but her sisters were wont to confide among themselves that "she could do anything she pleased with dear old dad." And now this "Baronet's darling" had given her heart to a man wholly unequal to herself in station, and an employee in the firm of which her father was head.

Love is never amenable to reason in this respect. But perhaps it is not Love which is at fault, but artificial conventionality. Be that as it may, Max Villiers was only one of the many "heads of departments" in the great shipping house, with a salary of £600 a year, and the thirteenth part of a prospect—which he shared with twelve other "heads of departments"—of improving his position at the next vacancy. And the daughter of a wealthy Baronet loved him.

"Dulcie," he said, with her hand in his, "I wonder what Sir Percival would say if I were to drop down here before us now. But perhaps he might not say anything. There are some occasions in a man's life when speech deserts him."

Dulcie laughed.

"I'm not so sure," she said. "Do you know, Max," and she drew a little closer to him, "I sometimes think Dad more than half suspects the truth already. He mentions you sometimes, when he is speaking generally about the business to us at home. And, when he does so, he gives me such a queer little look that makes me blush dreadfully. And then he smiles and turns his head away."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Max. "You don't mean to say——"

"I don't know," said Dulcie. "But it makes me wonder sometimes."

The man was silent. This was a new and startling aspect of the case.

"Max," went on the girl, "is there no chance of your present position being improved? I thought I heard Dad speak of a coming vacancy in the Sydney establishment. The present managing director there is, I believe, retiring from active work, and someone will be appointed to take his place."

"Yes," responded Max gloomily. "We have heard all about that. But in all probability the new man will be chosen from the present staff at Sydney. And even if this is not the case, there are others in the London house who are my seniors, and who may therefore take precedence over me. I'm afraid I cannot count on that appointment."

Dulcie pouted.

"For two pins," she said, "I'd risk Dad's fury and indignation, and ask him plump to give you the appointment."

The man gasped.

"You would!" he said in astonishment. "Why, he would order my instant dismissal! For Heaven's sake, don't do anything so rash. My chance will come some day, and we must have patience. I am not unrecognized even now by Sir Percival, for he is always most kind in his treatment, and sometimes even does me the honor of asking my opinion in regard to certain matters of business connected with my department. Yes, we must have patience, darling, and wait! I sometimes think it won't be very long in coming, though I have no reasonable or tangible ground for such a presentiment."

"Well," replied Dulcie with decision, "if it doesn't come quickly, I shall lose patience, and then I shall do something desperate."

Max laughed, and Dulcie, catching the infection, laughed too.

"Something may turn up before then," said the man. And, rising they returned to their respective homes.

* * * * * *

It was about two in the morning when Max Villiers awoke from a deep sleep to the consciousness that something unusual was in the air. Sitting up in bed, he peered about the room, and, to his astonishment, saw the dim outline of a man seated comfortably in his easy-chair. The man rose as he moved, and, slowly walking across the room, turned on the gas.

"Glad you're awake," he said coolly. "I want to smoke, and didn't like doing so before, for fear of giving you too big a fright when you awoke."

He took out his cigar-case, and carefully lit one of the cigars which it contained. Then he offered the case to Villiers. But the latter declined.

"No?" said the stranger in affected surprise. "That's a pity. Nothing like smoking to clear the head for business!"

"Business?" echoed Max, growing more and more indignant at the intrusion as he recovered his waking faculties. "I should like to know, first of all, what 'business' you have here?"

"Oh, there's no hurry for that!" said the man complacently. "I am here, as you see, and how I got here is easily explained. I took the trouble to procure a latch-key which would open the outer door of your flat. Your inner doors, I notice, you leave unlocked, which is unwise, not to say encouraging, to men of my profession. The night-watchman in the hall below admitted me with a little persuasion, and thus the usual obstacles were easily surmounted."

"But what, in Heaven's name, have you gone to all this trouble for?" asked Villiers.

"Well," responded the stranger, "since you are so persistent, I suppose I must explain the object of my visit. But I can't talk and smoke too, so please allow me to finish this cigar before I enter into business matters."

He leant coolly back in the easy-chair, which he had again occupied after lighting the gas, and smoked for some minutes in silence. When he had finished, he tossed the stump of his cigar into the grate, and turned to Villiers.

"Now," he said, with a sharp precision which had not previously characterized him, "we can get to business. As you have doubtless already concluded, I am a member of that class of the community who subsist on the credulity and simplicity of others. The pickpocket is the lowest member of this great class. I belong to the highest, where intelligence, ingenuity, mastery of circumstances, and fertility of conception are required. You, on the other hand, are an honest, hard-working plodder in the service of the Anglo-Australasian Steamship Company. And I have need of you."

"Need—of me!" repeated Villiers in bewilderment.

"Precisely," said the stranger, brushing a speck of cigar-ash from his immaculate frock-coat. "Let me explain further. The department of which you are the head is responsible, among other things, for the arrangements connected with the shipment of specie, bullion, and other valuables. A few days ago you received an advice from Messrs. Rosenstein and Gluck, of Hatton Garden, intimating their desire to ship a parcel of precious stones to Sydney by the steamship Druid, which sails on the 23rd."

Villiers looked at his visitor in amazement. But he did not express his surprise, as to do so would have been to tacitly admit the truth of the statement.

"The value of this parcel," continued the stranger airily, "was estimated by Rosenstein and Gluck at £40,000. Two of their most trusted representatives will convey the parcel to the ship an hour before she sails, and it will be your province to accompany them, in order that, on your side too, the deposit of the stones in the strong-room of the ship may be testified to. The captain of the Druid will have one of the three keys which will open the door of the strong-room. A second is in possession of your Sydney representative, and you have charge of the third.

"Now what I want of you is this. I shall accompany you when you go to the office in the morning. It will be quite easy for me to satisfy any curiosity which this step may arouse in your clerks, by assuming the role of an intending shipper and making the usual inquiries as to bills of lading. Then you can take me to your private office, where, without being observed, you can show me the key of the Druid's strong-room. I shall merely require to hold it in my hand for a second or so. A little wax will do the rest!"

There was an angry light in Max Villiers' eyes as he listened to this criminal proposal. Leaping out of bed, he began hastily to dress himself.

"You infamous scoundrel!" he said with gleaming eyes.

The burglar smiled, crossed his legs, and looked meditatively up at the ceiling.

"As soon as that is accomplished," he resumed in his evenly modulated voice, "I shall count out to you the sum of £10,000 in Bank of England notes, as a trifling appreciation of the service you will have thereby rendered me. You see, I trust your honor implicitly, and make no stipulation that you must wait for your recompense until the successful termination of my plans. I think I know you, Max Villiers, and I am confident that, after helping me in this matter, you will have the wisdom and good taste to forget the whole affair. £10,000 is a nice little nest-egg, and it might go a long way to soften the heart of a certain gentleman when he considers the question of a prospective son-in-law."

Max Villiers paused in the process of putting on his coat.

"I don't know who you are," he said in bewilderment. "But you appear to possess some knowledge of things concerning myself which I imagined were shared by none. Be that as it may, however, the temptation you put in my way is one which, though it benefitted me in no inconsiderable way, would deprive me of all self-respect. You do not appear to have reckoned that in your proposal."

The burglar laughed softly.

"Self-respect is an elastic term," he said with evident amusement. "And if, by any chance, you wound this imaginary moral organ, the sum of £10,000 will amply suffice to heal the wound so caused. Let us be practical. I have made you a proposal, for which I have offered you a handsome return. And this proposal you have absolutely no alternative but to accept!"

"Indeed!" said Villiers. "We shall see! In a few minutes I shall signal a policeman, and give you into custody for housebreaking."

"My dear fellow," said the burglar, "you do not really suppose I came in here without having foreseen some such intention on your part? Your simplicity is positively refreshing! I have here——" he took from his pocket a small six-chambered revolver and toyed with it carelessly— "a little instrument whose business it is to persuade obstinate people into doing that which I ask them. I don't often use it—but when I do—" He looked steadily into Villiers' eyes and left the sentence unfinished.

"It is fortunate you have only your sister living with you, as that might complicate matters. You can easily explain to her that I am an old school-friend of yours who has run in to have breakfast with you, preparatory to transacting a little business, with which I have already acquainted you. Then we will go down to the office of the Anglo-Australasian Steamship Company, where you can carry out the plan I have expressed, and for which you will receive immediate payment."

Villiers smiled incredulously.

"You surely do not think me simple enough to take that in?" he said.

For answer, the burglar drew from his pocket a roll of notes, which he laid on the table.

"You are at liberty to count them," he said coolly.

For a moment Villiers was staggered. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can control my actions here," he said, "you can do so at the office, and, when you have obtained that for which you came, the same weapon with which you recently threatened me would stop any demand on my part for these notes as the fulfilment of the bargain."

A strange look came into the burglar's eyes.

"So you doubt me!" he said. "Let me give you an illustration of the phrase, 'Honor among thieves.' Give me your word that you will strictly fulfil your share of the proposal, and, in return, I will so far trust you that, before leaving this house, I will hand you these notes for you to conceal wherever you please."

"Your opinion of me is highly complimentary," said Villiers with a mock bow. "I will endeavor to prove that trust is not misplaced, by declining to violate that trust reposed in me by the Directors of the Anglo-Australasian Steamship Company. I cannot hinder you from following me down to the office, but I shall certainly not do what you require of me."

The burglar smiled confidently.

"I think you will," he said, and silence fell on the two.

Max Villiers moved restlessly about the room, not daring to approach the door, for fear of that terrible weapon which the burglar still held in his hand. He was in a quandary, from which he felt powerless to extricate himself.

There was something almost compelling in the manner of his tempter, whose forceful, determined personality made him realize the more his own weakness. He was firm, however, on one point. He would not, under any pressure, betray the confidence of his employers. But how he was going to escape from his present difficulty he had not the faintest idea.

So the hours wore on, and at half-past eight they left the room together, with an admonishing look from the burglar, and entered the breakfast room. There was no cause for him to alarm his sister, so he briefly explained the presence of the burglar in the way the latter had suggested. Then they left the house, and walked in the direction of the office. The burglar was a pace behind him all the way, and Villiers had an uncomfortable feeling that the man's hand was thrust into his breast-pocket, ready on the smallest provocation to carry out his threat.

At last they reached the office. Villiers went straight into his own department, and the burglar followed him in. Slowly he went into his private office, the burglar at his heels, and shut the door behind them.

"Now," said the burglar. "Look sharp! I have no time to waste!"

Max Villiers faced him boldly.

"I will not do it!" he said firmly.

"You must!" said the burglar, and he drew the revolver from his pocket and pointed it at Villiers' head.

For a moment there was silence. Then, in a voice clear and resolute, Villiers said:

"Kill me if you like, but I will not betray the confidence of my employers!"

The burglar put the revolver in his pocket, and, going to the door, opened it. Sir Percival Hawthorn was outside, and, in response to a nod from the burglar, he walked in.

"He's all right," said the burglar.

"No more than I expected," said the Baronet.

Villiers sank into a chair. It seemed as though his senses were deserting him.

"Mr. Villiers," said the Baronet, "I see we must put this little matter to rights, and put you at your case. As you have doubtless heard, the post of general manager at our Sydney house is now vacant. The salary is £2,000 a year. For reasons into which I need not now enter, I have had a growing inclination to promote you to the appointment. But you are a young man, and, for the sake of my fellow-directors, it behoved me to make sure that you were proof against temptation. So I mentioned the matter to my friend, Detective Grace, and he consented to help me. You have stood the test well, and I am glad of it. You will be allowed a month's leave of absence, at the end of which time we shall expect you to start for Sydney, there to take up your new appointment."

He came and laid his hand kindly on Villiers' shoulder.

"This has given you a bit of a shaking," he said with a smile. "Well, we must make amends for that. Suppose you come to 'The Chestnuts' to dinner this evening. I fancy I shall not be the only one there who will be delighted to see you." And he looked meaningly into the still bewildered face of Villiers.

And he was right. For Dulcie laid wait for him as he came in, and, drawing him softly into a room where none but themselves might see, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, you dear old boy!" she said. "Dad told me all about it this afternoon. And now we can be——" And she broke off in confusion.

But Max finished the sentence for her.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE MIRACLE OF SMELL.

The Marvellous Discriminating Power in Dogs.

Many a sportsman has wondered at the marvellous smelling powers of dogs, which not only flush the game for him, but afterward retrieve it. That a lower animal should be able to tell by a quick use of its nostrils just where the quail are hiding or where the rabbit sits trembling behind some log is hard for the more highly organized human being to comprehend. Yet the power exists; more than that, human beings have it in greater or less degree until their olfactory sense deteriorates as their need of depending upon it diminishes.

Even some insects have the power of smell highly developed. A moth has been known to trace the odor of its mate a mile away through the woods. As for dogs, it has been shown that they know their master's footsteps by some distinctive combination of the odors of the shoe leather and the person.

After describing certain experiments Dr. J. G. McPherson says in the London Daily Mail: "How infinitely minute must be the particles that emanate from the object which the dog is tracking! Yet matter is extremely divisible. The tenth part of a grain of musk will continue for years to fill a room with its odoriferous particles, and at the end of that time will not be appreciably diminished in weight by

THE FINEST BALANCE.

A cubic inch of air rising from the flame of a Bunsen burner has been found to contain no fewer than 489 millions of dust particles. A drop of blood which might be suspended from the point of a needle contains about a million of red flattened corpuscles. Still, though matter is so marvellously divisible, the olfactory nerves are infinitely more sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy; yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how marvelously fine is their discriminating power.

"Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. The aborigines of Peru can, in the darkest night and in the thickest woods, distinguish respectively a white man, a negro, and one of their own race by the smell. Much we have gained by civilization; but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's recuperative power after an injury is in the inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarily he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably. The faithful dog puts him to shame."

MODERN ANTIQUITIES.

Thriving Factory of Egyptian Mummies in Paris.

The quest for things antique has led to systematic forgery and imitation on the part of dealers. Paris is the great centre of this deceitful industry. There has been discovered in the suburbs a thriving factory for the fabrication of Egyptian mummies, cases and all. These are shipped to Egypt, and in due time return as properly antiquated discoveries.

A funny story is now current about a collector of medieval things. A certain clever workman in stone made to the order of a dealer in medieval antiquities a Venetian chimneypiece of the fifteenth century, and received for his work some two or three thousand francs. The dealer shipped the chimneypiece to Italy, and had it set up in a palace near Venice, bringing back to Paris photographs of the palace and of the chimneypiece in situ. By means of these photographs he aroused the interest of a rich collector, who sent his secretary to Venice to make sure that the photographs did not lie, and on his favorable report, bought the thing for fifty thousand francs. On the arrival of the article at his house in Paris, he sent for some workmen to open the cases. One of them appeared to him to go about the work rather carelessly, and remonstrated with the man, who answered, "Have no fear, sir. I know just how it needs to be opened, for I packed it when it left Paris."

LOTS OF ROYAL LUGGAGE.

The dead weight of luggage taken by the King and Queen of England, their attendants and servants, for the visit to Ireland, was near two hundred tons. On a visit paid by King Edward as Prince of Wales to the Riviera he had a complement of two hundred boxes, trunks and parcels. The King and Queen on their Irish visit had to take their royal state robes, and the King several suits of uniform, in addition to that of a field marshal. A couple of large chests of gold plate form part of the baggage, and the whole in railway parlance, made up to six hundred pieces.

Lack of interest in a story is enough to prove its truthfulness.

Wise merchants put their show windows in the newspapers.

THE ROLY-POLY SYSTEM

PHYSICAL CULTURE TAUGHT BY ANIMALS.

Get Massage and Make the Blood Circulate by Rolling on the Ground.

Do you remember how when you were a boy you used to roll around in the grass when you were taken to the country for the summer? Do you remember what your father used to say: "Let the rascal roll, it's good for him?" And, more important still, do you remember how the tossing exhilarated you and sent you to bed o' nights ready for healthful sleep?

The roly-poly system of outdoor physical culture is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. It is based on the rolling instinct that is natural with children and nearly all wild animals.

The child outgrows the habit because of his environments, and thereby loses one of his holds on health, but the wild animal keeps it up through life, and thereby insures itself a splendid circulation of the blood to all parts of the body. Here in lies the chief value of the roly-poly system. It gets the body out of its sitting or standing posture. It does all it can to invert the body—to make the heels higher than the head, and to give the head a stimulated blood supply.

At the same time that the usually neglected parts of the body are brought into play, no other part is neglected, and for any part the exercises can be made as severe or gentle as desired. This instinctively natural exercise is also valuable for its massage effect. In fact, natural massage can be got in no such measure in any other way.

Just as rolling on the grass-covered earth keeps an animal's coat glossy and fine, so mother earth will keep man's skin in the pink of condition if only he will let her. The brain massage is especially good. This is produced by the brain's being gently bumped from side to side of the skull as

THE BODY IS ROLLED ABOUT.

Let the man who has been in his office the year around, or who smokes too much or who has been living too high, start with the simplest roly-poly exercises and gradually work up to the harder ones. In this way he will accustom his body to strange positions that once were natural and easy of accomplishment, without any accompanying traces of dizziness. But if he should become dizzy, let him rest and try it again, and before long no uncomfortable feeling will be noticed.

The exercises—four are described below—will soon let the man know where he is weak and what muscles need building up. Let him heed the warning, centre the mind on those parts and strive earnestly to strengthen them against the day of disease. Let him not be annoyed by any strain on those parts, for this will be a sure sign to him that his efforts are having a beneficial effect.

1. Side Rolling.—Lie down flat on your back on a grass plot or the seashore. Bend the legs, grasp the toes on the outside in the hands and see that the feet are touching. Pull a little in opposite directions with feet and hands, that the arms may be well stretched. Then, at first, roll from side to side on the back only. When you become more proficient roll clear over and make a sharp effort to land on your back again. As in nearly all of these exercises, the whole of the body is benefitted, but the parts especially looked after are the neck, the shoulders, the upper legs, the small of the back and the region

AROUND EACH KNEE.

2. The Back Roll.—This is a difficult but excellent exercise for a fat man, as it speedily reduces the abdomen by contracting it in an unusual way. Lie down flat on the back, with the palms of the hands on the ground at the sides of the head, and with the fingers pointing back of the head, Raise the legs and lower part of the body over the head until the toes touch the ground. When you become adept push against the ground with the hands while the legs are being carried over the head, draw the head from between the arms and lie flat on your stomach. Next, push harder with arms and spring up to a standing position the moment the toes touch the ground. The placing of the legs over the head keeps the abdominal region and the organs contained therein in fine trim. The pushing is good for shoulders, arms and neck. The stretching of the muscles along the spine cures weaknesses of the back, and the enlarged supply of blood insured the head banishes headaches.

3. Equilibrium Exercise.—This is executed on a log eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, or a rock, or a mound of earth or sand. Place the abdomen on the log and have the head, knees and feet on the ground to begin with. Stretch the arms to their full length clear of the ground in front of the head, and then bring the body in a straight line, with the abdomen alone touching any earthy thing. Later on, when this can easily be done, bend up and backward the head, upper back and legs, so that the body will form as much of a semi-circle as possible. At least make them go higher than the abdomen. The exercise may be varied in many ways. Move arms and legs as in swimming. Hit and kick out in every direction. Lie on either side and on the back. This vigorous exercise is especially

GOOD FOR THE TRUNK.

4. The One-Arm Roll.—The one arm roll is quite severe for beginners, but even the weakest can master it with a little perseverance. Lie down at full length on your side and spread the legs so that both feet can be firmly planted on the ground later on. Then assists with both hands to raise the body on one outstretched arm and hold the other outstretched directly above the former, so that it will be in readiness to support the body in its turn. When the balance is complete snift it completely to the other side and arm, taking care that the body does not sag down, but presents a straight slanting line. Keep going over in a circle and revolve either forward or backward. To vary the exercise and to make it still more severe, bend the arm supporting the body until the forearm lies along the floor and the elbow touches it, and straighten out the arm again. This is a particularly energetic exercise for shoulder and wrist. The original exercise, especially, builds up the hands, wrists and arms, the chest near the shoulders and the abdominal region. But the legs and the hips receive not a little benefit.

FINANCIAL TERM.
"Squeezed for Money."

TEND TO DIMINISH STORMS.

Electric Wires Dissipate Violence of Lightning.

It is agreeable to be able to dissipate the idea which persons unacquainted with the ways of thunderstorms and of earthly electrical systems have lately been entertaining—that the multiplicity of electrical wires is causing an increase in the number of storms, says an English exchange. The tendency is just the other way.

According to the simple explanation which Dr. Sowerby Wallis, the rainfall expert, of Camden square, gave the reason is this:—The disruptive explosion in a thunderstorm is an effort on the part of nature to adjust the distribution of electricity between earth and sky. But just as a lightning conductor provides an easy passage for the electricity from sky to earth, so every bare wire acts as a conductor and helps dissipate the aerial electricity which would otherwise cause thunder.

The influence of the wires in London Dr. Wallis said, is very perceptible, so that with the ever extending system of telegraphs, telephones, and other electric works thunderstorms should show a tendency to decrease.

But as to whether there are more or fewer storms than there were a few years ago, Dr. Wallis pointed out that the question arises' What is a thunderstorm? Are one clap of thunder and one flash of lightning a storm? The meteorological method is to measure the rain, as heavy rain is a notable feature of thunderstorms.

"There occur in an irregular manner," said Dr. Wallis, "groups of years with frequent thunderstorms and groups with a marked absence of them. As far as I know, this cannot be ascribed to any specific cause. Storms are less frequent over towns than in the country, as the chimneys and steeples tend to prevent electrical explosions."

SUN DRUNK.

The expression that an individual has been "out in the sun," which is a euphemistic way of saying that he is not in so sober a condition as he ought to be, appears to have a solid foundation in fact. Like many other sayings, it is a statement of a well-known condition in another part of the world. To become sun drunk is a condition into which anyone may fall in the tropics. Exposure to the sun's rays will reduce a man to a condition almost exactly resembling drunkenness. He staggers about, and is usually compelled to lie down and "sleep it off." Sun drunkenness is sometimes accompanied by nausea. Another curious fact in connection with life in the tropics where the sun rises at the same time all the year round, is that if you do not get up before sunrise, you do not feel well all day; you feel heavy, out of sorts, and have a tendency to sickness.

An obnoxious form of light literature is the gas bill.

Country Doctor—Wal, Silas, yer wife has gastric fever.
Silas Hayrick—Don't see haow that kin be. We've never burned gas—always used lamps.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 23.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. A. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

THE DANGERS OF X-RAYS

MAY MEAN DEATH TO THOSE WHO OPERATE.

The Effect May Be Felt Five or Six Years After Working With the X-Ray.

There is more truth than poetry in the statement of Thomas A. Edison, America's greatest electrician, that continuous use of the X-rays may mean death to the operator of the rays. There are two men in Mr. Edison's employ who have suffered from continual operation of the X-ray apparatus. They are brothers and their names are Clarence and Charles Daily. Clarence was a strong, healthy young man. To-day he is a physical wreck. Cancer broke out on both arms, one of which was amputated, and four fingers of the other hand had to be removed. Daily's face is wrinkled and his hair has fallen out. The left hand of his brother Charles is now threatened.

A BUFFALO VICTIM.

Buffalo has a sufferer from continued X-ray operation in the person of Dr. John T. Pitkin, who has been operating the rays since their discovery about seven years ago. The effect on Dr. Pitkin's body has, however, been much slighter than that on the bodies of the Dailys, his hand only being affected. It is swollen and has peeled repeatedly. It is excruciatingly painful. In answer to a question as to how he accounted for this action of the X-rays Dr. Pitkin said:—

"The cavities and ducts in our bodies are lined with a substance called epithelium. When this epithelium is displaced by the X-rays or when it grows excessive it is called cancer. The X-rays destroy this epithelium, whether cancerous or not, but the cancerous matter is, of course, much more affected by the rays."

"When I am operating the rays I now use a silk glove and on that a rubber glove and these cut down the effect of the rays, of course. But there is still more or less irritation."

"Did the affection come to your left hand when you were wearing the glove?"

"Yes. For the purpose of further protection I am now using a heavy glass screen through which the rays do not penetrate."

EFFECT OF YEARS.

Of course, it was years of continual exposure to the X-rays that brought about the trouble to Dr. Pitkin's hand. The hair has disappeared from the fingers and it is doubtful if it will grow on again. When persons take the X-ray treatment for cancer or other trouble, only the affected part is exposed to the rays.

It is said that as a result of his experiments with the X-ray Mr. Edison's health may be affected seriously.

He is firmly convinced that the destroying process of the X-ray that has necessitated the amputation of the left arm and fingers of the right hand of Clarence Daily, one of his assistants, and is now threatening the left hand of Charles Daily, his brother, is the direct result of the killing or paralyzing of certain white blood corpuscles known as phagocytes, whose function is to circulate through the blood and into the tissues, carrying away all foreign substances that disturb the healthful condition of the flesh and blood.

TROUBLE LAY DORMANT.

These energetic guardians of the human body were discovered by Dr. Metschikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, recently, and Mr. Edison says that he felt certain that it was the peculiar destroying or disabling effect the X-rays have upon them that makes the rays so destructive to normal human flesh.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Edison has said, "that the story has gone out that I have been made blind by the X-ray, for that is wholly untrue. I have suffered from it much more in other ways. The only thing that saved my eyes was the fact that I used a very weak tube, and as it was my eyes were out of focus for a time. They are all right now.

"Now, the strange part of it all is that all this is the result of working with the X-ray five or six years ago.

"We were all deeply interested in certain experiments I was making, and were shut up with the X-ray several hours each day. Finally it began to take hold of us, and we had to stop, and we gave our attention to other things. The years went by and now comes the result."

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Dr. Perc, of Marburg, Germany, is a great believer in the healing properties of bee stings in cases of rheumatism of the joints and muscles. Dr. Perc allows his patients to be stung at first by a few bees, and then gradually increases the number. The stings are inserted near the joint of the muscles affected. In one sitting he allows seventy bees to sting the patient. He described the case of a woman who suffered excruciating tortures from rheumatism. In the course of her cure she was stung 6,952 times, and this resulted in a complete cure. Dr. Perc claims that every organism is made immune from bee poison and also immune from rheumatism.

DANGEROUS EXAMPLES.

Mrs. Long (who recommended a servant)—"Yes, she was an excellent girl in every way, except she would imitate me in dress, and things like that."

Miss Short—"Ah, yes. I noticed she began doing it when she came to me; but she's given it up now."

Mrs. Long—"I'm glad to hear it. I expect she saw she was making herself ridiculous."

Mrs. Hickes—"What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?" Miss Wickes—"From Paris."