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Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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J. R. GOGGIN.
OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.
The town of Koa, the capital of the small Turkish island of that name lying off the coast of Asia Minor, possesses the oldest tree in the world. Under its shade Hippocrates inculcated his disciples in his methods, and views concerning the healer's 2,000 years ago. Tradition carries the age of the tree back to the time of Assaluplus, of whom Hippocrates was a lineal descendant, which would add some 400 years to its age. A great part of the trunk is built round, and there is a fountain known as Hippocrates's Fountain. The circumference of the trunk is 30 feet, and there are two main lower branches, which are supported by masonry columns.

THE REAL TEST FOR SWEARING.
Wangler—You say that Job's patience never was really tested? Quibler—I do. Why, he never put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth just as he wanted to make his argument most impressive.

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The Tuft of Hair
A beautiful woman found dead in the gray morning on the outskirts of the town. Two laborers going to their work in the woods discovered the body, and in their fright had thrown their axes down and beat a hasty retreat to the village, where, under great excitement, they reported the matter to the authorities. All Brounfied was excited over the terrible news. Never in the history of the town had such a tragedy occurred. The woman was well known in the community as a young widow, whose husband had led a somewhat reckless life, and who had left her well provided for at his death, which occurred only two years ago. The square fire commission, the chief inspectors, and perhaps fifty villagers of Brounfied, after they had heard the story of the two laborers, followed them to the spot where the body lay. It was a fitting spot for a murder. The sandy road, arched by weeping trees that about the sunlight, led abruptly to a covered bridge, which spanned a bleak and sluggish stream, and just fifty yards from the water, in a clump of bushes by the roadside, the body lay. Why did the murderer leave it there? Was the question involuntarily asked of ourselves, as the white face and staring eyes met our gaze. Why did he not seek to conceal his crime by throwing the body into the river? The woman had been strangled, the print of human fingers was visible on her white throat. The fingers of the right hand were closed tightly, until the blue nails seemed to pierce the bloodless palm. Evidently she had not died without a struggle. "Look!" cried one of the men, pointing to the closed hand, and we saw for the first time that it held a little tuft of coarse, black hair. "This may be a clue to the murderer," said the squire. "Mr. Brown, you will hold the body. Had we not better remove the body at once to Brounfied?" Brown assented, and we formed a little funeral procession and bore the dead woman to the town. The two laborers who had discovered the body were brought in, and the quest developed nothing except that the woman was fond of taking long walks in the afternoon, and that on the evening of her death she had been seen leaving her house, by a woman who testified that she saw a man, who wore no coat, join her in the little wood park and enter into conversation with her. Here the witness lost sight of the man, but he was not far from the incident. She could not describe the man in his shirt-sleeves, for she was not near enough to distinguish his features. She remembered, however, that he was tall and well built, and that he was a stick or walking cane in his hand. Who could have committed the crime? Robbery was not the object, for the woman's purse, containing two dollars, was found by her side, or rather a little eastward, and she carried suspended from her neck. My business kept me in Brounfied a week after the murder, and I was left there with no nearer to solving the mystery of the murder than they were when the body was found. I remember how, a month afterward, I lay on my bed in a distant town, thinking it over, and I felt confident that I could clear up the mystery in which it was shrouded. I packed my bag and took a ticket to Brounfied. I had yet some unfinished business going, and so a good morning to the town. Arrived there, I made inquiries concerning the murder. A reward had been offered for the murderer, but as yet had not been captured. "My friend," he said, "I have a story of the little hotel. It was a hot night in July, and although fatigued by the journey, so thought not to go to bed. It was perhaps near twelve o'clock, when the stillness of death seemed to pervade the air. I was on the balcony, resolved to seek the balcony for a breath of fresh air. As I walked out I saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, bare-headed, sitting at the far end, with his feet on the railing. He gave an involuntary start at my approach. "Ah," he said, "with something like a 'cut' for a breath of fresh air, eh? It was so plagued out of the house, I thought I'd try it out here myself." "I do not know that the man's manner would have impressed me if I had not seen him in his shirt-sleeves, but putting this and that together—the way he started at my approach—his nervous, jerky manner of speaking—and then his being in his shirt-sleeves—but what was I to do? I was not a policeman, and I was not a detective, and I expect they'll ferret out the man in time." "The best in time," I thought. "I was sometimes blunder in their work. I was an amateur in the business; hence my great confidence in my theories. 'All man,' the woman had said. Here was a tall man, whose patience never was really tested. Quibler—I do. Why, he never put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth just as he wanted to make his argument most impressive.

HOUSEHOLD.
SLOW-DRYING RAISED BREAD.
Warm the flour in winter. If not first-class brand, wash two or three boiled potatoes to mix with it, cut into soft lard, lump size of egg. Add salt and 1 heaping tablespoon sugar. Raise with sponge made as follows: Solid flour, 1 qt., or enough to make batter very stiff. Warm water will do, but scalding is better. Stir into this, but not while it is hot enough to kill the yeast, 1-2 cups yeast, hop yeast preferred, keep in warm place till it has risen very light. Then stir into the bulk of the flour, 3 or 4 qts, making it as hard as can be handled with a spoon. There should be sufficient quantity of sponge to mix all the flour, but if lengthening be used, warm sweet milk is better than water. Use the milk, or scald the old to prevent souring, do not mix until the scalded milk has had time to cool somewhat. Do not attempt to use enough flour to knead. Cover closely with a rising, as you did the sponge while that was rising, keep in very warm place, stirring constantly with a knife and cover to rise again, and when it has risen, knead it. When the third time take out on a flour-dusted board and lightly mold into loaves, taking care not to knead any flour in it. Place loaves in covered tins, let them rise to twice their size, then bake in moderate oven. The loaf raised for this is of great raw potato, and it is said that it is better than any other. Place on stove, stirring constantly till they are of starchy consistency, add salt, sugar and a little yeast, and add yeast for the rising, bottle tightly.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.
Corn Chowder.—Fry out a large slice of fat salt pork and slice six potatoes into small onion. Do the frying in the kettle in which you fry the salt pork, and when the potatoes are fried to a crisp take it out, put in the vegetables and just cover with boiling water. Cook till the water is done, then add one can of sweet corn and a quart of rich, sweet milk. Season with a piece of butter, salt, pepper and a little onion and pepper to taste. Let just come to a boil, and serve with crisp crackers.
Pickery-Nut Gingerbread.—One half cup each of molasses, brown sugar and sweet milk; one quarter cup each of butter, one teaspoonful each of soda and ginger; half a teaspoonful of salt, and two small cups of flour. Four the molasses and butter together, and mix the top with powdered pickery-nut cakes mixed with brown sugar.
Waiver Wafers.—Many delicious cakes are made with the addition of nut meats. Among them walnut wafers make a pleasing variety, and something odd. The rule calls for one cup of flour, one cup of brown sugar, two beaten eggs and a pinch of salt. Add the nut meat in small quantities to the batter to the consistency of cream. Forty macarons were made, and one-sixth of a teaspoonful of salt to each egg. Three or four eggs will make a good-sized pudding. Beat them very light, add the salt and beat till perfectly smooth. Bake in a shallow tin, and when done cut in squares and serve round with cream.
Cakes and Tomatoes.—Put a pint of canned tomatoes into a saucepan, add one teaspoonful of butter, a half-teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook till the tomatoes are soft, and when done add one-half cup of macaroni in two-inch lengths and boil it forty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Drain the macaroni, and mix with the sauce. Macaroni au Gratin.—The following is a well-liked recipe for the favorite macaroni (also macaroni). First break half a pound of macaroni into two-inch lengths and boil it forty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Drain the macaroni, and mix with the sauce. Macaroni au Gratin.—The following is a well-liked recipe for the favorite macaroni (also macaroni). First break half a pound of macaroni into two-inch lengths and boil it forty minutes in two quarts of boiling water, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Drain the macaroni, and mix with the sauce.

NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.
Fony farming is an alluring occupation for women who have a fancy for horseflesh. One lady in Devonshire, England, has for years bought little Dartmoor ponies, trained them, and sold them for high prices. Since polo became of such importance she devoted her attention to breeding ponies suitable for the game and has had great success. Lady Mary and Dorothy Hope devote their time to their little Shetland ponies, and have their farm at Edridge, Kent. Both ladies have a wonderful power over little animals, and understand their ailments. Their venture, besides affording them immense interest, is very successful. They have gained many prizes. They are capable whips and drive miniature teams and tandem with great skill. Success in such a scheme as this demands a love for horses and knowledge of them, as well as capital, energy and patience. In this last-named commodity it is necessary for a pony farmer to excel, but I think to possess any of these is difficult to train.

EVOLUTION.
It is really wonderful, mused the deep thinker, how a thing of an entity will have its beginning, run its course, and end exactly as it began. You follow me, I hope? I think I do, replied the worldly one. For instance, a man will get a jag and hit it up. Immediately a jag is developed. Then he may procure a jig, and very likely he'll wind up in the jug.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.
Biggs—It's all nonsense about there being honor among thieves.
Boogs—Yes?
Biggs—I'm sure of it. I just read an account of a plumber being 'hold up' by foot-pads.

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THIRTY YEARS WITH CANNIBALS
The Experience of the Rev. Dr. John G. Paton in the New Hebrides Islands.
The career of the Rev. Dr. John G. Paton, a returned missionary from the New Hebrides, from the time that he left Scotland, thirty-one years ago, to his return to America is a serial story of adventures and hardships, of escape from death almost incredible, and it was not in the path of conquest, or leading the serried ranks of battle that Dr. Paton met and surmounted dangers and difficulties, and brought many thousands of ignorant savages to an understanding of the arts of civilization, but it was in preaching the Gospel that Dr. Paton and his associates wrought their work.

Eduated in the paralytic school in the classical and medical departments of the college at Glasgow, Dr. Paton immediately after his graduation was a missionary in Glasgow. His special field was among the town police, and as appreciative were the policemen of his eleven years' labor among them that upon his departure they gave him a handsome gold watch, which he now carries. Dr. Paton had established clubs and reading circles among the police, and it is remarked that both Protestant and Catholic policemen contributed to the gift. The watch bears the inscription: "Presented to Dr. John G. Paton, city missionary, by the G. Division of the Glasgow Police, as a token of his appreciation of his zeal in the promotion of their temporal and eternal welfare, March, 1857."

In 1858 Dr. Paton, accompanied by his bride of a year, left for the missionary field in the New Hebrides. THE NEW HEBRIDES are a group of islands in the South sea, an archipelago of Polynesia, a chain extending from latitude 18 deg., south, longitude 166 deg., east, to latitude 20 deg. south, longitude 170 deg. east, about five hundred miles long, and adjacent to the island of Borneo. Weeks later Dr. Paton arrived at the island of Tanna, one of the northern islands of the group, and landing began his labors. For a time the intrepid missionaries were unopposed, but a white trader visiting the islands made an unwarranted personal attack on Dr. Paton, and following this the savage natives plundered the house and hardly a day passed without an attack on the missionaries, compelling them to leave the islands and seek a refuge with a native chief in another island. When the party landed at Tanna there was a fine harbor, capable of accommodating a large number of vessels, but an upheaval of the earth completely destroyed it. After the escape of the party from Tanna they were friendly with the natives, and a friendly attempt was made to escape from the island in an open boat, but a rough sea compelled the gallant workers to land again. On the following night the missionaries were again attacked by the natives, and Dr. Paton, in speaking of the attack said: "I defied the natives, and apparently in answer to my prayer, a tornado came with incredible swiftness and so alarmed the natives that they ran away and moaned no more."

The next day the party escaped by vessel to Anietyum, an adjoining island, one of the missionaries and his wife dying on board before the port was reached from the hardships and dangers through which they had passed. "The mission passed through a baptism of blood in beginning the work in South Sea Islands. A sixth fell by my side and died in consequence of an attack upon our lives at Tanna. Members of the mission families and many native teachers with their wives and children either died or were murdered, and eaten by the heathens. Those associated with me either died or were killed, leaving me the only missionary north of Anietyum living to tell the story. It was thirty-six years ago that I barely escaped with my life I found my way to Australia and by a comrade's aid secured our first mission schooner, the Dussyping, and since then the work has steadily progressed and Christian influence has been extended to twenty-two islands. The Bible has been translated, and is now read in twenty-two different languages and about sixteen thousand natives have been released from savagery. Out of the savage cannibals, whom they were first placed, we have educated over three hundred native teachers. The high chief of one island cheerfully gave up eleven wives in obedience to the creed we taught."

Dr. Paton married a second time in 1867 and now has two sons engaged in missionary work in the islands. From one he received a letter containing a wonderful story, illustrating a vision of the converted natives. It appears that the chief of an island town on one of the islands invited Dr. Paton's son, a few weeks ago, to visit him at his home. The young missionary, accompanied by one of the native teachers, started with the chief, but had not proceeded far when the chief, suddenly turning, levelled his rifle at the intrepid young missionary. "Drawing the chief's murderous intent the converted native threw himself between the missionary and the chief, receiving the bullet through his heart."

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Chatham.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS
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Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,
THOS. W. FLEET,
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BATH GLOVES
AND MITTS
PONGES
A Beautiful Line of
Toilet Soaps
from Five Cents to One Dollar per Cake
Just Arrived
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Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N.B.

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

Mackenzie's Medical Hall
CHATHAM, N. B.

APPETITES OF ROULETTE. WHAT KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE WORLD LIKE TO EAT.

There is a very great difference between the appetites of kings and queens and those of the people. The former are more delicate and more refined than the latter.

Parson Rusden's Fight

The Reverend Michael Rusden, curate of Rodolphe, was sketching busily after working hard for over an hour. He looked at the results of his labour with the feeling of a man who has done his duty to his country and the world.

Parson Rusden's Fight

"You must go home, Mr. Rusden," he said, "and attend to yourself. I think you will go to the vicarage? I think that would be best."

Parson Rusden's Fight

"I will go with you," said Mr. Rusden. "I will go with you," said Mr. Rusden. "I will go with you," said Mr. Rusden.

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A Danger Signal.

Just as the lightning is a signal of danger to sailors, and the red light to railway men, so has nature equipped individuals with danger signals of one kind or another when their physical condition is not quite right.

A Danger Signal.

It may simply be a tired feeling, a sickle cold, weakness of the muscles, slight appetite or some other signal—slight at first—which indicates that your condition is not a healthy one.

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Agricultural

FOR THE LAND'S SAKE. If you own a little farm, for the land's sake, for the land's sake, for the land's sake.

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CITY OF CRIME.

The Italian city of Arona, situated about 40 miles from Rome, is known as the City of Crime. Every criminal who has escaped from prison or done his time has emigrated to Arona, and today practically every inhabitant is a criminal or the child of criminals.

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UNLIKE ANY OTHER LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

A cup of hot or cold water taken on rising in the morning is of much value to those people for the reason that it cleanses the stomach and the juices are more quickly brought into contact with the food.

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Music Teachers Wanted

For more information, contact the Music Teachers Association at 123 Main Street, Toronto.

Manufacturers Coming to Toronto

Several manufacturers are expected to arrive in Toronto for the upcoming trade fair.

Domestic Line

The Domestic Line is offering new routes and services for passengers.

Mohican Land for Sale

Large tracts of Mohican land are available for sale at a low price.

The Most Nutritious

Epp's Cocoa is the most nutritious and healthful beverage available.

To Manufacturers

Manufacturers are invited to contact the local agents for more information.

The Canadian

The Canadian Boiler Co. is a leading manufacturer of industrial boilers.

High Class Water Tube

High class water tube boilers are available for sale and rental.

PHONOTYPING

Phonotyping is a new method of recording and reproducing sound.

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