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 A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

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 $5.00 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

Robert Murray

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

Chatham, - - N. B

Building Stone

The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.

Apply to

J. L. TWEEDIE.

or at the office of L. J. Tweedie.

G. B. FRASER

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

NOTARY PUBLIC.

AGENT FOR THE

NORTH BRITISH

—AND—

MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,

Barrister-At-Law

Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc

Chatham, N. B.

Homan & Puddington

SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Spruce Lumber, Laths & Anthracite Coal.

129 BROAD STREET,

Cor. South Street, - NEW YORK

Correspondence and Consignments Solicited.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL

SURGEON DENTISTS.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.

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. 53.

In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kethro's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

Adams House

Adjoining Bank of Montreal.

Wellington St. - Chatham, N.B.

This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the comfort of guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.

TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrival of all trains.

GOOD STABLING, &c.

THOS. FLANAGAN, PROPRIETOR.

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.

IMPROVED PREMISES

Just arrived and on Sale at

Roger Flanagan's

Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.

Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

R. Flanagan

ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

This address slip pasted on the top of this paper is 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

Vol. 24. No. 5. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 15, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

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.

ASK FOR

MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a freight allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

SAINT JOHN N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

Millers' Foundry and Machine Works

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B.

Successors to GILLESPIE FOUNDRY.

Established 1852.

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing.

Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.

All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.

Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc., in stock and to order.

Jas. G. Miller.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

Weather and Waterproof

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine, all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Driers.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per keg; 15 Boxes Horse Nails, $3.00 box.
10 Tons Refined Iron, $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

White Mountain Ice Cream Freezers, $1.90. Clothes Wringers, $2.50. Daisy Churns, $3.75.

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions, Violins, Bows and Fixings.

Farming Tools, All Kinds

Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each. Knife Heads, $3.00.
" " Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers.

My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.

J. R. GOGGIN.

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, NEW BRUNSWICK

FLOUR AND FEED

DEPOT.

At the Old Stand Cunard Street,

Shorts
Bran
Cornmeal
Cracked Feed

Hay and Oats

E. A. STRANG

STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

"No, Corcoran! I cannot spare you yet. You must last out this voyage, at least. Wouldn't the whole Castle go into hysterics over this! I sent off the old knight you hit so hard in the stomach yesterday, to arrange matters. He's a sly commonplace curmudgeon, but he may be useful. Remember, you must not claim vindictive damages.'

"Ten thousand pounds! Not a farthing less! They've bruised me all over; charged me with murder, dyeing, robbery—shortened my length, and perhaps my life."

"Never mind. If you threaten them with such penalties as that, you know it will pay to throw you overboard."

This argument produced an impression. "I say, Pendlebury," he said in a low tone. "Do you hear her, next door? She has been going on that way ever since this happened. Curious eh? Is it possible she grieves? No matter, I'll never forgive her."

Lord Pendlebury was a man of the world but he looked a little shocked at the collness of Mr. Corcoran.

"You forgive her, Corcoran! Come now, that's too audacious! You forget, man, that it all came out in evidence—though, God knows, I don't want to be hard on you—and that it was you who were defendant, and it was against you the Ordinary gave judgment."

"Bah!" cried Corcoran, earnestly. "It all comes of your ridiculous English justice. You try a case in six hours, and scamp it, while an Irish Court would take six days at it, and give ample justice for the money! On my honour, Pendlebury, as a gentleman, as I stand before God, I tell you there was not a word of truth in the charge We had no children, and she had nothing to do but to watch and nettle me, and I was always more lively than discreet. but, as sure as I live; she never had any just cause to complain of me. Her attorneys were determined to win their case, and they got the 'proofs'—as they! call them—but there was no truth in the charges."

"Whew!" said Pendlebury. "Tout peut se retablir."

"No, no; she is married. I'm glad to say I'm relieved of the trouble of thinking about it."

"How do you know'?

"What is she doing here? She must be travelling with somebody. That somebody is her husband."

"Where is he then?" inquired the peer.

"I don't know. Ill, on his back, in one of the lower cabins.—Ah! what's this now?"

Sir Benjamin Peakman and the captain entered. The knight in his blandest manner made the humblest apologies for his errors of yesterday. The captain more awkwardly endeavored to make his peace with the Master in Chancery.

"Captain," said the Master, with a grave face, "I'll forgive you on one condition. Do I talk French like a Nantes skipper? Am I six feet eight inches? Is my hair dyed? Do you retract these and all other personal reflections?"

Captain Windlass, being more of an honest sailor than a man of the world, did not relish this raillery; but he took off the irons with his own hands, and there was a tear in the corner of his clear blue eye as he tendered his big fist to his quondam prisoner.

"Faith, captain," said the Master, "your method of examination was 'cross' in more senses than one. If you were to transport that huge corpus of yours into the Four Courts, and emphasise your questions with those big fists as you did with me, there's never a witness could stand before ye. They'd swear anything you liked. However, I'm obliged to you. It's ten thousand pounds in my pocket. But now I'll pay ye good for evil. You say the murderer is on board. I'll help you to detect him, and when he's found we'll manage with him better than you did with me."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Crog, the steerage steward, had gone through a good deal of mental and physical exertion since the vessel had eloped from Greencastle Bay in the manner he so graphically described to his new friend, Mr. Stillwater. The four hundred people under his care were an unusually large number for the season of the year and its invariably furious weather. They kept him busy at all points. Their cries, their tears, their adjurations, their oaths, their threats, their terrors—all of which he would like to have treated with contempt, but dared not, for these people know how to take their money's worth out of the companies—brought down Mr. Crog in three days from a state of breathless redundancy to one of breathless emaciation, and altered his colour from a fine healthy rose-blush to a tint of tawny orange. To meet the fickle fancies of such a various charge, to soothe, to threaten, to nurse, to cheer, and to bully three hundred people who are rolling about in helpless terror and misery, is not an occupation which one would suppose to hold out attractions even to a performing dog, but there are men found to take to it, and not unkindly. Mr. Crog was ever vowing when at sea that he would leave it, and ever when in port reversing his decision.

The storm which had been driving in the teeth of the gallant Kamschatkan for nearly three days began on the evening of the fourth day to abate. The wind shifted a point or two; the barometer, like a repentant spirit, took a turn upward. Hope spread from cabin to cabin, where most of the passengers had been the prey of abject terror and intolerable discomfort. The closed doors and battered hatches allowed no air to penetrate below, and to the horrible swinging and shaking of the vessel was added the steady poisoning of the victims by confined and rebreathed air. It is strange that with all those resources of mechanical science which are available in the construction of these huge floating palaces, no successful means should yet have been devised to produce between decks and in the gorgeous cabins, that most successful antidote to seasickness—fresh air. What are electric bells and gilded cornices to a vomiting mammal? What is the healthy ozone of a deck rising and falling between sixty degrees of variation from the horizontal, to a creature lying below, pitilessly turned upside down and inside out amid the smell of bilge water and cookery? Give us more air, my masters, more air, an you would have us reconciled to the pleasures of the "melancholy ocean."

The steerage—on the main deck below the spar deck— had been, during the three days, a purgatory in more senses than one. It was impossible to rig up wind-sails, and the foulness of the air below prostrated many a sturdy constitution. Here, however, Mr. Crog held on his way, overwhelmed by labor, which was shared by a stewardess, Mrs. Grog to wit, and by the doctor, a little man who, coming on board a very pale pink, had gradually taken on the look and colour of a dirty piece of parchment.

Unhappy doctor! He is the one man on the ship who cannot shirk his duty, and often the man least fit for it. When my Lady Peakman feels that nausea defies all the coaxing arts of her maid, and all the faint resolution she can herself muster, the doctor must be fetched from bed, or board, or cabin, or steerage, to go through the idle form of prescribing again what has invarribly failed before, of trying to find an anodyne for the incurable.

"What do you fancy, my lady?" cries the distracted medico, himself half nauseated by the ferocious motion, and by constant observation of the symptoms of the universal malady.

"Something acid. Oh, my dear doctor, prescribe an acid drink—with something in it to support me!"

"Lemonade and brandy?"

"Ugh! Don't mention it!" She motions with her finger in a certain direction.

"Champagne?"

"Oh! gone long since!" Fingers pointed again.

"Have you tried the effervescent citrate of bismuth?"

"Maria! here, quick! . . . . Doctor, you'll kill me. The mention of it is enough."

(To be Continued.)

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.

There is only one Sirdar in the public mind now, and Sir Herbert Kitchener is his name. But Major-General Sir Francis Wallace Grenfell, G.C. M. G., K. C. B., was Sirdar of the Egyptian army from 1885 to 1892 and his excellent service has all the more reason to be recalled now that the policy he inaugurated has been carried to culmination by his successor. Sir Francis, indeed, as commanding in Egypt, had had the satisfaction of re-

ceiving the Sirdar's reports, and of handing them on to the Home Government. He was born fifty-seven years ago, and he married, in 1887, Miss Evelyn Wood, the daughter of General Robert Wood, C.B. His military career began in the 60th Rifles, in 1869 and he served in the Kaffir War of 1878, in the Zulu War of 1879, in the Transvaal in 1881, in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and the Nile Expedition of 1884. He had his knighthood in 1886, and as Sirdar he commanded the forces at Suakim in 1889, and was appointed Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, War Office, in 1894.

EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

Though in Italy the so-called "emancipation" of women is by no means so far advanced as in England or the United States, there are few countries in Europe where the political influence of women is greater than in Italy. The influence, though great, is not, however, always apparent, for it is chiefly exercised indirectly and privately by the women of the upper classes. Instead of forming themselves into associations and leagues and international unions, and organizing public meetings and competing with political orators, the Italian women interested in politics work quietly, and certainly not less efficaciously than their more "emancipated" sisters.

As a rule Italian women work by means of the old French expedient, the salon. In Rome alone there are no fewer than a dozen salons devoted almost entirely to the discussion of political topics. Each salon has its own special political "color," which is generally that of the husband or father or friends of the mistress of the house; but while the thread and web of the politics carried on in a salon is spun and woven by the men who frequent it, the personal influence of the mistress of the house acts on each one of her guests, modifying views, and softening, or it may be accentuating, the roughness of ambition. As long as they remain in their salon Italian political women are in every way admirable.

JEWELED BELTS.

The "Dutch snake" may possibly become the fashion of the hour and supersede the golden hearts, enamel shamrocks, lucky beans and other devices which at present dangle from the bangle, the neck and the watch chain. During her recent stay in Paris the young Queen of Holland is declared to have worn a long golden chain of medium thickness, which would perhaps have escaped attention but for the exquisite ornament with which it was adorned. This consisted of a glittering snake some eight inches in length, which was coiled round the chain. The head was formed of one magnificent diamond of extraordinary brilliancy, while the flexible body consisted of a mass of brilliants, rubies and other precious stones so thickly incrusted that not a trace of the gold setting was visible, the various colors of the jewels forming a realistic imitation of the scales.

It is said that often as Queen Wilhelmina varies her toilet during the course of the day she is never seen without this chain, and innumerable are the explanations, and even romances, which have been invented to account for a fact which may easily be ascribed to the beauty and value of the ornament itself. Costly copies are beginning to appear in some of the shops in the Rue de la Paix, and promise to be very popular.

The Booby Prize.

It was the first prize money my wife had ever won, so naturally there was a good deal of discussion as to how it was to be spent. She had won it as a consolation prize at a booby golf tournament, and it was paid to her in two new bright five shilling pieces.

"Ted," she said, when I was just dropping off to sleep in my armchair after dinner, "I think a feather boa would be best, don't you?"

"Best for which, dear?" I asked.

"Best way of spending the money, of course. Do you like gray or a sort of mauvy pink?"

"Mauvy pink, dear, I always like mauvy pink." And for a moment the silence of the smoking-room was only disturbed by the click-click of my wife's knitting needles. My wife has a great fancy for knitting my golf stockings; she declares that home-knit ones are much more economical then those bought in shops. I never wear the ones she knits, but that does not seem to affect the principle of economy in her mind. I was going over in my thoughts the excellent approach shots I had made at the "home" hole, when her knitting needles were suspended for a moment at arm's length in my direction, and she caught my eye.

"Of course, dear, a new sunshade would last longer. Now, which do you advise, a sunshade or a feather boa?"

"A sunshade, darling; I always was dead on sunshades."

My wife looked at me with eyes full of proud happiness.

"Ted, dear, I am glad I won the prize; it will save you buying me a new sunshade or a feather boa to wear at May's wedding. I don't know which yet. Really, your silver sardine dish isn't half so useful, although it was valued in the prize list at seven guineas. Neither of us eat sardines, you see."

I had laid aside the sardine dish in my mind as my wife's birthday present, so this was not to be encouraged. "It was the first prize for the Billsworth May meeting, dear."

"I know, darling, but when you think of it, a feather boa of the new mauvy pink, if it is only a 'booby consolation,' is much more useful. What can you do with a silver sardine box if you don't eat sardines? Whereas, if you have a feather boa——"

"You can make even the choir boys jealous on Sunday," I interrupted. My wife fell to knitting again. I always admire the brilliance of the checks with which she illustrates the tops of my stockings; the shelf of the wardrobe on which she displays them looks like a border of mixed primulas in full bloom, but one trait I like in my wife is that she seems to know by instinct the things that irritate her husband, and she does her best to avoid incurring my displeasure. Now, one of the things I dislike most is talking in bed at nights, but just as I was dropping off and was doing a marvelous cleek shot, I had got out of a bunker that had cost my partner four shots, she exclaimed, suddenly: "Ted, are you asleep?"

I grunted "No."

"The worst of it is, darling, that feather boas dirty so soon; now, a silver puff-box would always last, and I could leave it to Gladys as a memento of her mother's"—my wife paused.

"Of her mother's first booby consolation prize," I said. Before I got to sleep I had promised to take my wife next morning to town, and help her choose a mauvy pink feather boa. It was raining next morning, so we had to take a cab. The cab cost me five shillings. My wife certainly chose an exquisite boa, and even a husband couldn't help noticing how becoming it was to her. In the cab on the way home I also noticed that the ticket was still on it; it was marked four and a half guineas. My wife said that it was awfully cheap at that. Of course I could not expect ten shillings to pay for a whole feather boa, but, as she remarked, it would have cost me four and a half guineas instead of four if she hadn't won the booby prize. It was so becoming to her that I let the matter drop, but the rest of our drive was continued in silence. The sardine box arrived to-night, and I sent it off as a prize to be awarded by me at a cottage flower show for the best example of cottage grown honesty.

"How proud the cottagers will be," said my wife, "to have a real silver sardine box!"

"Yes," I replied, "I wonder if they like sardines?"

We had some friends in to dinner next evening, and they pleased my wife much by admiring some candle shades she had put on the candlesticks I had won at the autumn meeting last year. asnwered as pleased as a child, and answered proudly: "Yes, I bought those with the money I won at the booby golf tournament."

I looked up in surprise.

"O, Ted, dear, didn't I tell you that I didn't spend my money for the boa, and these two shades came to exactly ten shillings." I was carving a rebellious duck, and was too anxious to tell her how clever I thought her to get the shades for exactly the sum she had to spend, but with her usual insight she said it for me. "It was so much nicer to buy something that cost exactly what I had won. These are exactly my prize."

Some nights later, when I had had my second pipe, my wife spoilt my peace of mind by heaving a deep sigh. "What's up now, old lady?" I asked.

"O, Ted, dear, I wish I could win another prize."

"Isn't it rather expensive, dear?"

What do you mean?" she asked, with astonished eyes.

"You want to buy so much with it, dear," I said.

"O, Ted, I only bought part of the duckie chiffon sunshade you admired so much on Sunday, you didn't want to invest it for me, did you?"

"No, darling, certainly not; you have invested it much more cleverly."

"You know you like the sunshade, Ted?"

"I thought you bought the candle shades, dear.'"

She laid down her knitting, and was looking coldly at me. "No, dear, I didn't; surely I can change my mind about my own money. May said candle shades were such a prosaic thing to buy with a "booby prize,' it would be nicer to get something you could enjoy as well."

"Yes, pet, I always enjoy chiffons."

"Ted," my wife exclaimed, with burning eyes, "surely you always enjoy seeing your own wife look pretty?" Tears were near to dropping on my wife's knitting needles, and rusty knitting needles made the wool stick, my wife says, so I comforted her by telling her I always enjoyed looking at pretty women, and ten shillings would pay for the fifth part of my enjoyment nicely. She smiled and looked relieved. "Now, you see why I want to win another prize, don't you, dear?"

"Golf is an expensive game, darling, even if you do win a booby prize."

* * * * *

P. S.—My wife didn't spend her money on the chiffon parasol after all; she paid for the fourth part of a periwinkle blue hat.

Modern Marriage Market.

A book written by a quartet of well known English women on the ever-interesting subject of marriage has created a sensation in London. The title has been changed from the antique one of "Advice to Those About to Marry" that has done duty for so long The new book comes into the literary field under the name of "The Modern Marriage Market," and it certainly is causing a greater amount of talk and encountering a fiercer amount of criticism than any market volume ever printed.

The writers are women prominent in England, and their names are sufficient guarantee that the book is by no means an ordinary volume. The quartet of writers are Lady Jeune, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Marie Corelli, and Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. There has evidently been no "getting together" of the distinguished authors for the purpose of comparing notes before writing the book, for the opinions differ widely, and the writers do not hesitate to speak their minds freely regarding the writing of the rest of the four.

One fact concerning the book that has been seized upon with avidity by its critics is that the only one of the writers to take Cupid in her arms and pet the little god, is Miss Marie Corelli, who is also the only unmarried one of the four. This strikes the London critics as being a peculiarly rich bit of irony, and they are making the most of it. Miss Corelli refers with lofty scorn to the ideals of some of her unmarried friends, and has such advanced ideas on the subject herself that it seems a pity that she should ever spoil these by a practical experience of married life. Miss Corelli's view is expressed in this statement: "I want you to refuse to make your bodies and souls the traffickable material of vulgar huckstering. I want you to give yourselves ungrudginly, fearlessly, without a price, or any condition whatsoever, to the man you truly love, and abide by the results. If love is love indeed, no regret can be possible."

The other three, Lady Jeune, Mrs. Steel and the Countess of Malmesbury, undertake to set each other right in the condescending way peculiar to the high-born British dame, who patronizes the world with unruffled good nature and is seldom disturbed in her self-conceit. "Lady Jeune," says Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, "writes from the practical standpoint of a woman who has a wide and intimate knowledge of the special class which she describes, but she confines herself to do that alone." Mrs. Steel, again, is snubbed by the same controversialist who told that she is "more conversant with the matrimonial affairs of our eastern than of our western sisters."

The antagonist that Miss Corelli finds most worthy of her steel is the lady of that name. Mrs. Steel takes the stand that marriage as the most ordinary business of life. Mrs. Steel looks at the world of women through lorgnettes that have been turned on much misery, matrimonial and otherwise, in their time, and the conclusion she arrives at is this: "Compare it the love match with the position which our present system condemns, which nine out of ten women would be ashamed to confess. I do not expect intense personal gratification but I wish to marry, to have a home and children to take my share in the glory and toil, and here is my chance. If you come to analyze this, you will find not only that it brings with it a far higher ideal of life, but that it leaves us with something more of a foundation for marriage than a mutual physical and mental attraction; an attraction which the individual experience of nearly every man and woman in the world teaches them is evanescent."

It is only right to say that the commonsense critics side with Mrs. Steel. However much it may grate on the sensitive nerves of the romance-hunter it is felt by the majority of people in England that where the choosing is left to the man, and the girl has no voice in the matter until she is asked to use her voice —in saying "yes," or "no"—that the girl is apt after waiting a reasonable time, to say to herself: "Here, if I don't accept the first offer that comes along I shall be left in the race altogether." So she goes to the altar with a man for whom she has little regard, and, the novelty of marriage gone, she is left with nothing but the loveless life. As to the poor man who is carried off in this unprincipled manner, the four ladies who write "The Modern Marriage Market" are silent. He seems to have been left out of their calculations altogether. The man's side of the question is now awaited with interest by those who have read the woman's advice to women.

THE IVY'S HEARTHSTONE.

Where the Leaves Gather First in the Spring, and Linger Longest in the Fall.

"There is a wall I know on which the ivy grows," said Mr. Gozzleby, "where the leaves come green at first in a broad vertical band off at one side, and it was a positively a year or two before, following that band with the eye up to the chimney that rose above it, from the edge of the roof, I realized that the chimney ran there behind the wall and it was the chimney's warmth that made the ivy grow,

"As in the spring they are the first to come, so, in the fall, the leaves along this band of vine are the last to go. The whole wall turns with the colours of autumn, and the leaves begin to fall, but those along the chimney go last of all, and when all the rest is bare there may still be some leaves here, lingering yet around the ivy's hearthstone."

Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform when on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colours.

Canada House.

Corner Water and St, John Sts., Chatham.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM,

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.

Wm. Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory

JOHN McDONALD & CO.

(Successors to George Cassady.)

Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings —AND— Builders' Furnishings generally.

Lumber Planed and Matched to order.

BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING

Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.

East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

INSURANCE.

The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased, is continued by the undersigned who represents the following companies:

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER

JAS. G. MILLER

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
Tintypes

Come and See Us.

Mersereau's Photo Rooms

Water Street, Chatham.

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.

—THE—

Medical - Hall

BATH GLOVES And MITTS

SPONGES

A Beautiful Line of

Toilet Soaps

From Five Cents to One Dollar per Cake

Just Arrived

—AT—

Mackenzie's Medical Hall

CHATHAM, N.B.

Headquarters

The Headquarters for Drugs, Patent Medicines and Toilet articles is at the

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE

We have on and now, as usual, a

Large & Fresh Supply

of the different Mulsions, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma, and Catarrh Cures.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF

Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Combs, Tooth Powders and Pastes, Perfumes and Soaps.

Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.

We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

F. L. STREET - Proprietor.

MACKENZIE'S Quinine Wine - and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND

—BLOOD MAKER—

50c Bottles

We Guarantee It at

Mackenzie's Medical Hall,

Chatham, N.B.