

BUSINESS NOTICE
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.
Address 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 month, are charged at eight cents per line nonpareil for 148 insertion, and three cents per line for each additional insertion.
Yearly or season advertisements are taken at the rate of \$5.00 an inch per year. The ad. space is secured by the year, or longer, may be changed under arrangement with the publisher.
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Hants, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec is commensally engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agriculture.
Editor: Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

G. B. FRASER
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENCY FOR THE
NORWICH FIRE INSURANCE CO.
AND
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEONS DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.
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. Keizer's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6.

FURNACES! FURNACES!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.
PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Minks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanese 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, Etc., &c.
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
R. Flanagan
ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles
The unmentioned advantages are claimed for Mackenzie's spectacles. That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary. That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers. That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by Dr. Charles B. Mackenzie's improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched. 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 evening hours 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. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1908.

Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL, LONDON & LANCASHIRE, LANCASHIRE, ETNA, HARTFORD, NORWICH UNION, PHENIX 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.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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

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.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

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 lbs. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 lb. 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, Dri. r.
Joiners' 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.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
30 Kegs Horse Shoes.
15 Boxes Horse Nails.

Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisies, Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, 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, Eows and Fixings.
Farming Tools, All Kinds.
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards Rivets, Oilers.
Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prov this by calling.

The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.
MONEY THAT PRICKS.
People Who Have Paid Their Debts Unexpectedly.
Some years ago before the present bankruptcy procedure was in vogue, Henry Lockman, a flour miller in Yorkshire, England, by sheer misfortune and force of circumstances, was compelled to compound with his creditors, and he paid them as much as he could in the pound. He was then free to carry on business again and under no further legal obligation to his late creditors.
His business prospered greatly, and a few years afterwards his late creditors had a pleasurable surprise for they received the balance of their accounts, together with three per cent. interest for the period beyond the date of the composition. It was the act of an honorable man, and the name of Henry Lockman became as good as a bank. As time went on the firm grew and prospered until it was one of the largest private milling firms in the country.
In the good old days of the press gang, in England, John Adams, a Hull resident, who had no sympathy with the system used his house as a refuge for those fleeing from the press gang. It was a quaint old house with secret doors and passages. On several occasions the press gang searched the house, but fortunately for the occupier they never found a fugitive on the premises, though they would have done had they known the secret doors and passages.
On one occasion a young man fled to the house for refuge, and the press gang failed to find him. In the dead of night Adams got him smuggled away on board ship. He lent him a sum of money and with many expressions of gratitude the young fellow promised to repay it with interest. Some time after a letter turned up from South America from the fugitive saying that he had landed safely, and renewing his expressions of gratitude and promises to refund the money as soon as he could.
Years rolled by and the friend of press-gang fugitives died. Six months after this event, a firm of solicitors in Hull were communicated with from Mobile, Mexico. The letter stated that Alfred Saunders, of that place, formerly of Hull, had died and left all of which he possessed to John Adams or his children. The amount was about twenty thousand dollars which was duly distributed to those entitled to it. There were ten children and no doubt the two thousand dollars then received would be regarded as a complete discharge of the debt of a few dollars.
The British Chancellor of the Exchequer now and then receives sums of money unexpectedly. Strange as it may seem there are some people who have dodged the income tax or other revenue imposts, become uneasy in their minds, and anonymously remit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer sums of money which they ought to have paid in the ordinary course of taxation. It is a pity the identity of these people cannot be revealed, so that their names might be carved in imperishable stone at Somerset House. These sums are termed "Conscience Money" and the Exchequer is obliged to use the advertising columns of the press to acknowledge receipt.
Germany has 21 Universities, with over 200 students each.

What Happened To Jones.

On the morning of September 28th, 1900, Mr. Harding awoke with a start out of an oppressed sleep, and started up in bed, until towards daybreak, after hours of tossing in extreme nervous agitation. His face was very pale, and his haggard, unseeing eyes sent a roving glance around the room, until he encountered objects without seeing them, and plainly attested the terrors of some recent nightmare.
Then, even the revival of consciousness of external things, the pallor of his face remained the same, and it was in a voice entirely unlike his own that he muttered: "To-day I must die!"
After a few moments of anguished torpor he arose. In spite of the distress written on his countenance, there was nothing in Mr. Harding's appearance to indicate the imminent demise he had announced. His person was sound and robust, and his step assured as he crossed the room.
Complete lucidity came to him under the influence of his cold ablutions, and he set to going over in his mind, with extreme exactness, the circumstances which had led to the utterance of his sombre phrase.
Forty years before, at a social gathering of which he formed a part, the topic of astrology had arisen. An old gentleman, who for a long time had held the entire company under the spell of his learned and enthusiastic disquisitions, had just offered to illustrate his own powers of divination, by foretelling the exact date of his death to anyone who cared to submit himself for the experiment.
Harding was a youth of twenty-three. In order to give proof of courage to the ladies present, he stepped forward, and solicited a prophecy of the sort. This date, September 28, 1900, had been categorically specified to him as the day on which he was to die. He had laughed heartily at the time, but the prophetic utterance accorded to him had been sufficiently reassuring.
And in later years, the endeavor first to create a position for himself, and then a fortune in his chosen mercantile pursuit, had left him little leisure in which to consider the prediction; and, in any case, his sixtieth year seemed so remote, so buried out of his mind, that he had not even thought of it. Nevertheless, the date remained indelibly written on his brain—September 28th, 1900.
The years went by. Harding worked, prospered, amassed wealth. Everything smiled upon him. Never once had a halt been called in his steady march to fortune. He finally came to be a person to be considered, to be envied, but, egotistical by nature, he had never married.
Towards 1884, when the striver-for-millions had become an accomplished fact, Harding decided to realize the dream of his industrious life, and purchased in Devonshire a harbour for his dearest wish, a private country estate, which had been known to a garden towards the south, was entitled to the name of "Villa."
Here his inimitable old bachelorhood, jealous of his own independence of outside intrusion, struck steadfast roots of peace and habits. Copious hygienic repasts, morning walks in the park, and the soft, languishing—such was the wise and felicitous intermixture of needs and pastimes that he had devised.
Now, it is just this condition of happy tranquillity, the one most favorable to thought, and the remembrance of the vital foreboding that had been predicted to him failed not to soothe and soothe itself upon Harding, the more persistently as his mind had no enforced occupation with which to combat it.
In the beginning of the year the good gentleman had felt no fear. He even found gratification in uttering witticisms against soothsayers and their kind. "A lot of swindlers, trying to pull the wool over the honest people's eyes," was his verdict.
But after the lapse of eleven years, Mr. Harding had completely lost the thread of his own life, and he had diverted him. The progress of a fixed idea in his brain began to assert itself more and more. These devices of magic had been known to proceed, or, at least, after all!
Impelled by the human propensity to further irritate a throbbing nerve, he took to poring over books on occultism, and set going endless conversations on mystical topics with his friends. He took a morbid pleasure in accumulating proofs of the occult, and he carried them about with him, growing upon him. Yes, yes, it was true! Any number of these wretched predictions had been known to come to pass. He had seen them, he had seen them, he had seen them!
At last, fear, a sheer unreasoning terror, took possession of him—a panic without reprieve that chilled and fettered him in every act of his life. He did not sleep, he did not eat, he did not move, he did not think, he did not live. He kept multiplying his hygienic measures, to the point of self-destruction, as he endeavored to enable him to resist any affection capable of bringing about the predicted event. He gave up wine, Fate, in its malignity being guilty of striking him with a disease which his physicians, who, one and all, pronounced him without a flaw.
The last few months before the terrible date brought this mental torture to its keenest—Mr. Harding feared that he was going mad. But instinctively carrying with it a measure of death, he contrived to keep up some semblance of a calm, although it was long since he had had restful sleep and his digestion was impaired. Had it not been for his superb constitution, fortified by years of regular living, he would have sunk under the strain he was enduring.
So on the morning of September 28th, 1900, he awoke, to await death. There wasn't the least heroism in his attitude of expectancy; he had long since accepted the inevitable, and he had long since decided to which the poor man could enforce himself had its origin in the fear that he might die of fright.

He descended into his garden to breathe the air. The day had announced itself as warm. This was unfortunate. Heat is not favorable to sanguine temperament, often being the determining cause of apoplexy. He resolved to shut himself up in his study, and to go to bed in a cool chamber, for the whole afternoon.
His wakeful night had made him timid, and, concluding, after partaking of his coffee, that he ought to look over his will, it went to his study. There he strove to apply himself to the perusal of the morning paper. Impossibly. The lines danced before his mist-dimmed eyes.
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He passed the first hours of the afternoon in the coolness of his drawing-room, putting the query to himself: What form was the approaching calamity to take—crime, accident, or disease? He thought of it a little feverishly. In intense anxiety he hastened to swallow a dose of quinine. This restored it to normal regularity. The quinine was made to experience a lively shock. The bell rang. He imagined it to herald the irruption of assassins. Incapable of sitting down to eat, he collapsed back into his chair and waited. The maid entered to announce that his friend, Mr. Smythe, was there, inquiring if he would not come out for a walk. The whole outside world was terrifying to him for its suggestions of perilous possibilities.
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Shortly before ten o'clock a violent thunderstorm—the aftermath of the extreme heat of the day—arose, and turned the peace of the evening into dire confusion. The lightning's vivid flashes, and the thunder, and the thunder roared in unchained fury. Mr. Harding at once recognized in this the means chosen by Heaven for his destruction.
One instant he had been sent into a swoon. Oh, if he were now to die! After an hour of indescribable suffering, the perception of his peril should spare him, and he gave him courage to venture to a window and look out. The storm had passed; stars were twinkling peacefully out of a clear sky. The clouds had speeded him, yet his fear was not removed.
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It was noon. He took his seat at the table for breakfast. He could scarcely bring himself to move, and taste the various dishes that were set before him. Then he deeply considered the matter of taking or leaving his bed. Why, even a minister of state is accorded a few little luxuries at his last meal! Still, he decided not to smoke.
He passed the first hours of the afternoon in the coolness of his drawing-room, putting the query to himself: What form was the approaching calamity to take—crime, accident, or disease? He thought of it a little feverishly. In intense anxiety he hastened to swallow a dose of quinine. This restored it to normal regularity. The quinine was made to experience a lively shock. The bell rang. He imagined it to herald the irruption of assassins. Incapable of sitting down to eat, he collapsed back into his chair and waited. The maid entered to announce that his friend, Mr. Smythe, was there, inquiring if he would not come out for a walk. The whole outside world was terrifying to him for its suggestions of perilous possibilities.
The alarm suggested to Mr. Harding the advisability of arming himself for protection in case of criminal assault. But for nothing in the world would he have laid finger on a gun. He hurried to his chamber, and himself with giving orders that all his outer doors be double-locked and bolted, and that not a soul be admitted on any pretence to the house. The hours passed.
His evening meal was gone through with like the first. He could not eat. At one point the servant broke two plates. Contrary to his usual custom, such occurrences never occurred. He feared too much the evil consequences of hasty anger. The last bite choked down. Mr. Harding, at the clock, struck Half-past eight. The fact of the lateness of the hour bore not the slightest assurance with it. The preceding hours had flown by with a speed that indicated, to his despair, the brevity of the few remaining minutes.
Shortly before ten o'clock a violent thunderstorm—the aftermath of the extreme heat of the day—arose, and turned the peace of the evening into dire confusion. The lightning's vivid flashes, and the thunder, and the thunder roared in unchained fury. Mr. Harding at once recognized in this the means chosen by Heaven for his destruction.
One instant he had been sent into a swoon. Oh, if he were now to die! After an hour of indescribable suffering, the perception of his peril should spare him, and he gave him courage to venture to a window and look out. The storm had passed; stars were twinkling peacefully out of a clear sky. The clouds had speeded him, yet his fear was not removed.
Eleven o'clock. There was now only left to him a maximum of sixty minutes to live, and even this to be seized him that shook his very soul. Was ever a human being in such a situation before? To follow around the table a clock should spare him, and the thunder that were to tell of the single remaining hour of his life!
A half-hour more passed uneventfully.
Mr. Harding now came to the consciousness of a wild exultation surging up within him. What if the next hour should spare him, and he were the oracle's prediction should prove false! Visions of future felicity swam through his dizzied brain. So on the morning of September 28th, 1900, he awoke, to await death. There wasn't the least heroism in his attitude of expectancy; he had long since accepted the inevitable, and he had long since decided to which the poor man could enforce himself had its origin in the fear that he might die of fright.

ADmiral Rawson's CAREER.
Admiral Rawson, who is giving up the command of the Channel Squadron, is still young in the sixties, but he has had a long and dramatic career at sea. While at the Cape an incident happened which explains the popularity of Sir Harry Rawson with his countrymen. So on the morning of September 28th, 1900, he awoke, to await death. There wasn't the least heroism in his attitude of expectancy; he had long since accepted the inevitable, and he had long since decided to which the poor man could enforce himself had its origin in the fear that he might die of fright.

He descended into his garden to breathe the air. The day had announced itself as warm. This was unfortunate. Heat is not favorable to sanguine temperament, often being the determining cause of apoplexy. He resolved to shut himself up in his study, and to go to bed in a cool chamber, for the whole afternoon.
His wakeful night had made him timid, and, concluding, after partaking of his coffee, that he ought to look over his will, it went to his study. There he strove to apply himself to the perusal of the morning paper. Impossibly. The lines danced before his mist-dimmed eyes.
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GREAT SEA YACHT RACES.

COLUMBIA-SHAMROCK RACE NOT THE FIRST.
Across the Ocean From New York to Queenstown Harbor.

In March '87, the Coronet, a fine schooner yacht, under the command of that veteran racing skipper, Captain Carter, was pitted against the American schooner Dauntless. The latter in patience for which week proved her mettle in many a stiff contest.
The race in this instance was from New York to Roche's Point at the entrance of Queenstown harbor. On March 12th the two yachts sped away upon their long ocean voyage, a cheer following them as they flew past the lighthouse at Sandy Hook and disappeared into the broad reaches of the Atlantic. No sooner were they off than a small army of American yachtsmen, who were on their way to the races, hurried to the wharves to await the arrival of the yachts at Queenstown. On landing they had to possess their wits in patience for which week proved her mettle in many a stiff contest.
At last, late in the evening of the 28th, word was flashed from a signal station on the coast that one of the yachts