

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published as a weekly paper, every Thursday, at 10 o'clock in the morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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J. D. E. F. MACKENZIE,
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THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

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D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR
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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

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

The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the World's Great People.

Sir Squire Bancroft has, perhaps, the most astonishing memory among actors. He is not only able to repeat any part he has ever acted, but he can recall exactly when and where he appeared in any of the hundreds of characters he assumed while on the stage.

Perhaps the only living explorer who is equally familiar with the dark places of Equatorial Africa and the Land of the Midnight Sun, is M. Paul du Chailu. The mysterious fascination of the "Dark Continent" lured him from an East African counting-house when he was quite a young man, and he was away four years, returning with a live gorilla as trophy. Then he went far north, and his fascination of manner and kindness of heart won him hundreds of friends.

Mr. Henry Richards, Worthenbury, near Wrexham, England, a retired agriculturist, has obtained his 102nd birthday. When over ninety years of age he sang in the Worthenbury choir, and was probably at the time the oldest chorister in the country. In his 100th year he received a congratulatory letter from the Queen. His eldest son is about eighty years of age and his youngest descendant is but a few months old. There are 182 descendants of this grand old man—namely, 11 children, 66 grandchildren, 97 great-grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren.

Earl Russell, who during the last ten years has had considerable experience in legal proceedings, is the grandson of Lord John Russell, the

Caged by A Lion.

"I can conceive of no human quality more fatal in action than jealousy, and of the various kinds of that poisonous power, professional jealousy is the cruellest and meanest."

A look of horror was on the speaker's face and a sort of shuddering spasm seemed to twist his features as he spoke. He was a comfortable merchant, John Jolly by name, and his great, beefy, good-looking wife was with him. They were in Switzerland, enjoying a well-earned holiday after the rigours of business. Just then they were in company with other holiday-makers on the deck of the steamer that was plying between towns on the Lake of Geneva.

One of the party, a little, dried-up dark man, already notorious for trying to get information on all subjects, scented a story.

"Well, perhaps I can give you a yarn. You all know I am a manufacturer and a merchant in a fair way of business. I was not always so well off as I am at present. I had not a spare half penny to my name, yet I had in my head the idea for the making and putting on the market of the Atlati famous articles I manufacture now. Only capital was needed for patenting and floating the things. Capital was as hard to get in the sixties when I was a young man as it is now. I wanted to marry Lucy—here I was working at that time—don't laugh! I'm not ashamed of the fact!—in a wild-beast show, and my only way to keep the animals calm, to feed them and to be generally useful;

One of the lions was Nero, a famous trick-beast, clever, cunning, gentleman, but of an uncertain temper. He was never taken on tour as most of the other animals were in turn, but was always kept at our headquarters, a well-known seaside resort, where he formed one of the attractions of the permanent menagerie.

His trainer was a dashing fellow, fearless and utterly careless of danger. His name was really Smith, but as Smith does not look very imposing when billed, he was always known as Signor Arati.

Arati was married, and he had a family dependent upon him. His wife was one of the lady riders, and was a very good one. Arati's really splendid earnings to keep her supplied with all she would have.

With a woman of this kind to depend upon, Arati's life was not of the rosiest, and it was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to keep such a happy-go-lucky about him. The danger of his calling was as the rest of life to him, and when, in all the trickery of gorgeous circus gear, he entered Nero's cage, and put the great beast through his paces, he was as a man intoxicated with a species of strange pleasure.

Nero tricked about an hour and a half to go through. He was the star lion. As a rule wild beasts only learn thoroughly one or two tricks, but Nero knew a dozen. Arati had a little of Nero's cunning, and the duration of his cage, and the lion himself was the principal character during this act. That was after his tricks had been done, and he had been crowded as usual, and a mass of interested spectators with breathless lips and eager eyes, performed feats, a catastrophe occurred. Nero had been obliged not only to use whips but the hot irons that afternoon at rehearsal, and he had got the hot irons gotten it. The trainer, lithe, graceful, gorgeous, full of quips and jokes, entered his cage and delighted the folk as usual, but when he saw the face upon him before he went in, and I, with another assistant, had instructions to stand ready in case of need with hot iron bars, behind the cage.

An instinct told me, and told Arati, too, that there would be need, Nero had so unwilling to work. He had been so unwilling to work, that afternoon, that even careless Arati had said he should be glad when his night turn was done.

It was a very hot day, and a horrid catch of all breath, then shrieks and screams, gave us the signal suddenly. We sprang to the cage, and were just in time. Nero, with ominous growls, had the tamer down, and his great paw was on him, just as you may have seen act's paw on a mouse.

A touch of two hot irons on his nose, a bang of another on his face, and, with growls of anger, succeeded by a roar of agony, the first-thing I saw was Nero, and he was feverishly. All the cages shut with springs: caged like a beast, but safe.

Then I considered that, should any one enter the lion's cage, the person would run a terrible risk. Though I might shout my hardest, Nero would be upon the intruder like a flash before the word could be given where the voice came from. And I was supposed to be a lion-tamer, yet there I was in that ignominious position! I began to boil as I thought of the lion's movements were detailed, a carefully plotted marked every step of his way, until the fatal moment when he endeavored to seize me. I thought of the police, and thus brought upon himself the suspicion of the police. Witnesses were brought from points thousands of miles away, from Rome and the American States prison to testify concerning his brooding speech and dark intention.

PROBABLY A VICTIM, TOO.

One thing yet remains to complete the ends of justice, and that is the arrest of one Graves. O'Brien's travelling companion and apparent partner in crime. Search has been made for him all along the line, but since O'Brien travelled alone after the date of the murder, it is surmised that he killed Graves also in order to retain all the money and conceal his guilt.

The Hon. Walter Campbell, who has just published a book of humorous poems entitled by the Princess Louise, is said to be one of the best amateur reciters and Scotch story-tellers in society. Always a great favourite of the late Queen, he would bring a smile to her lips at every moment with his quaint tales, his imitations of the peasantry's ways and doings—copied first, hand from local life—their shrewd, witty sayings and their homely mother wit. One of his comic songs, says Lady Violet Grenville, "Jean Jamie's Bonnet," won soon the most stolid of audiences into fits of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the keen sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

INCLUSIVE.

She—"No, I can never marry you. All our family are opposed to you."

He—"But if you are not—"

She—"I said all our family."

The navel 12-pounder is 5 feet longer than the Army 12-pounder.

Mr. Joneswedge (on returning home from business, hopefully): "You are so cheerful, I take it you have got a new cook, Harriet?"

Mrs. Joneswedge (gaily): "No; no such luck. But I just heard that our neighbor, Mrs. Bensonhurst, has lost hers!"

MURDERER OF THE TRAIL

WILL PAY THE PENALTY OF HIS CRIME NEXT MONTH.

Police Authorities Worked for a Long Time Against Adverse Conditions.

On the twenty-third of August the final scene in the famous murder case in which universal interest has been centered since the commencement of the trial, was the hanging of prisoner O'Brien, at the prison from Dawson. Though the gathering of evidence and conducting of the trial has cost the Dominion Government over \$100,000 (the amount is not regarded as extravagant when all the circumstances are taken into consideration and the ends of justice were so energetically worked out.)

The victims of the crime were three men, Clayton, Peefe and Plesion, the latter a Government Telegraph Lineman. On the 17th of December, 1899, Clayton and Peefe, well known and respected in Dawson, started over the icebound river to travel through grey days and bitter cold in order to reach their homes and spend the remainder of the winter on the outside. They carried a few thousand dollars and a couple of dogs. Each was well and happy. They travelled cheerily over the long trail, stopping each night at one of the various roadhouses, which are placed some thirty miles apart.

LAST SEEN OF THEM.

On Christmas morning the three men started on their Christmas Day journey up the Kutchika, which under ordinary circumstances they would have reached at nightfall. But they were not seen afterwards. Six months afterwards, when the Yukon river ran low, there lay upon the sandbars far below Hinto three disfigured bodies bearing the letters in their skulls. Thus the winter crime bared itself under the summer skies, and it was known that these three men were murdered on that Christmas Day. In the meantime the police had not been idle. Two weeks after the disappearance of the men O'Brien, who had previously served sentence in Dawson, and who was discovered attempting to evade the police post up the trail, was arrested and held in custody. A search of the frozen, snow-covered ground was carefully scraped; rocky bluffs and thick spruce groves were searched; the rough, rocky river was submerged for miles to the closest scrutiny; the smallest, most minute detail did not escape observation; and bit by bit a mass of irrefutable circumstances came together, and a man was interviewed a mesh of guilt about O'Brien.

MANY TELL-TALE EXHIBITS.

A notable thing about the trial was the minutiae of exhibits presented by the Crown, proving how excellently the police had done their work under wonderful odds of weather and wild stretches of territory—a rifle, a slip of initialled paper, a rifle shell, a bunch of keys, a marked nugget, a tooth crown, a part of a hat fitted into the jaw of one of those washed-up bodies, a receipt and other damning trifles, gathered here and there, from the vast country. O'Brien's movements were detailed, a carefully plotted marked every step of his way, until the fatal moment when he endeavored to seize me. I thought of the police, and thus brought upon himself the suspicion of the police. Witnesses were brought from points thousands of miles away, from Rome and the American States prison to testify concerning his brooding speech and dark intention.

STOPPED A BULLET.

The accompanying cut is from the photograph of a watch that was sent me a short time ago from Kimberley, South Africa, by Private Peter Flynn, Third K. O. S. B., to his relatives at 19 High Street, Maxwell-road, Dumfries, Scotland. Mr. Flynn bought the watch from a comrade in Kimberley who was short of money, else he should scarcely have parted with it, for in all probability he saved his life. During one of his engagements with the Boers the watch was in the breast pocket—where it must have been face forwards at the time—of his khaki jacket, when it stopped the flight of a bullet, which firmly embedded itself in its centre, penetrating right through the works, and making a deep dent in the back.

morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a trial. At that time, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both of us, and from words I came to blows. After that I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, enticing him by gifts of meat, and using the whip to keep Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon I entered the lion-room I heard an unusual turmoil and roaring going on. Then out, in a great hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I saw a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I saw a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

FROZEN DAINTIES.

To the casual observer who eats whatever is set before him, provided it is good, making no questions—the difference between sherbets, granites, frappes, sherbets and water ices seems as inconsequential as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. To the initiated, however, there is a considerable differentiation.

A water ice is simply a lemonade or fruit juice and water frozen with the clearness. A sherbet is using ice to which white of egg or cream has been added to give it a creamy consistency. Sherbets should be frozen more rapidly than ices. A frozen sherbet is more like water ice, not so hard as a sherbet, and usually has liquor added.

A frosted ice is a half frozen ice. Its distinguishing characteristic is mushiness. If liquor is added to a frappe it becomes punch.

Granite ices and water ices frozen without much motion and with equal parts of salt and ice, so as to ensure a granular texture. They are made in frozen hard. Small fruits or large pieces of candied fruits cut in small pieces may be added just long enough before serving to get thoroughly chilled.

A mosaic frosted mass-like cream prepared by freezing whipped cream without stirring. It should be made a number of hours before using and packed in salt. It is using a greater proportion of salt than for ice cream.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Almond Paste for Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of caster sugar. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry very slowly in the sun.

To Clean a Leghorn Hat.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this thoroughly into the hat with a tooth brush, and when clean place it under a tap and let the water run over to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. Brush over with the white of an egg.

Mixing Salad Dressing.—Many housekeepers complain of the trouble they have in mixing the French dressing. Put the ingredients (one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt and quarter that amount of mustard) into a bottle. Cork tightly, then shake the bottle vigorously a few minutes, and you will have a perfect emulsion. This is by far the easiest way to mix the French dressing.

Roast Beef.—Slice thinly two pounds of thin, raw beef and beat the slices with a rolling pin, sprinkle over them about a teaspoonful of powdered alspice, pepper and salt to taste and mix with a pinch of cayenne. Leave the meat in a cold place with the spices and turn it once or twice. Then place in a jar and add only enough water to cook it. Tie some paper over the top of the jar, cover with a saucer, and cook in a very slow oven all night. Let the room to be sealed after the steam has gone, and then using a little of the gravy in the process and adding more seasoning if necessary. Fine the meat in small jars and add a little melted butter to each. This will keep for some time in a cool place and when served may be used in thin, delicate slices with a very sharp knife.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take a peck of fresh mushrooms and half a pound of salt, place them in a deep pan in layers with salt sprinkled between. Let it stand six hours then break up the mushrooms with a wooden spoon and allow them to stand in the cool for three or four days, stirring once or twice. Then pour off the liquor, and strain through a cloth. Add a few drops of brandy to each. Examine the ketchup from time to time to see that it is keeping well. Should it ferment, boil it up again with a few peppercorns.

WORTH KNOWING.

Paint made with turpentine is a better preservative for iron work than paint mixed with linseed oil.

For a refreshing bath dissolve a tablespoonful of rock ammonia in it. The water is thus made soft and invigorating.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated on the stove removes the odor of onions or fish from the utensils.

Lettuce for salad is greatly improved by being put in cold water for several hours before it is to be prepared for the table.

Scalloped photographs may be cleaned by sponging with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts may be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

To wash butter in warm weather, such as we are at present experiencing, you will find the following a good plan. Plunge jars containing it to the neck in an airtight box that has wet sand fitted closely round the butter jars. Salt may be mixed with the sand with great advantage. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water. The sand is quite large enough to hold the necessary jar.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Take some soft soap and peel carefully, then rub the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rubbing continued. As you go on the latter should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with lukewarm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a silk handkerchief.

DISINFECTING A ROOM.

Sometimes a doctor orders a room to be disinfected and if this is not done properly it might as well not be done at all. An exchange gives the following directions: Soak two teaspoonfuls of powdered gum tragacanth in a pint of cold water for an

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-class.

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JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors of George Casaday.)

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.

Mark You!

We have the BEST Studio, BEST apparatus 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.

Hersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

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.

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

Printing For Saw Mills
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.

EATING FRUITS.

Sickness may be produced by irregular and excessive use of fruits and vegetables but there is no danger when they are eaten in proper amount and regularly.

Children are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of fresh fruits and green vegetables. If they are allowed the free and prudent use of wholesome fruits and vegetables they will not eat them in excess. The greatest danger lies in eating these food when they are not in proper condition.

Select only those that are properly grown and ripened and of the fresh est, otherwise they will excite disease. Never consider perishable foods cheap which are not strictly fresh and sound.

A recent visitor to London is Professor Finsen, the Copenhagen doctor who discovered the light cure for that terrible disease, lupus. Many there are in Britain who would like to thank him for the service he has rendered suffering humanity. But he is a man of excessive modesty, he dislikes publicity, and would walk miles to be out of the way of a vote of thanks. Although a doctor, he does not practice medicine, but confines himself to pathological research. He is himself an invalid, suffering from heart disease, and unable to stand too much of the strain of public life. Some years ago he began to observe the effects of light on smallpox. This led him to the action of strong light as an irritant on the skin and to the work of sunshine as a disinfectant. Then he thought of applying his discoveries to lupus, one of the most painful diseases, and till then practically incurable. The results seemed miraculous, and an institute was founded to carry out the cure on a larger scale. The marvellous results are now well known.

A SURE RESULT.

"Say, old chap, Couffup and I have a bet we wish you would decide for us."

"No, thanks."

"Why, is what not? We're both friends of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"

"The evidence," said the magistrate, "is conclusive as to your having thrown a stone at the policeman."

"Sure, an' it is," agreed the defendant, an Irishman, "he looks as the man shows more than that, yer honor! It shows that Oi hit him!"

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