

**BUSINESS NOTICE**  
The "MIRAMICHI" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mail of each day.  
It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States by prepaid by the Publisher at the rate of \$1.00 per year in advance. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.  
Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line non-stop, for the insertion and three cents per line for each continuation.  
Yearly or seasonal advertisements are taken at the rate of \$1.00 an inch per year. The space, if not secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangements made with the publisher.  
The "MIRAMICHI" has a large circulation throughout the Province of New Brunswick and in the Maritime Provinces, and is read by the business and professional men of the Province and the Maritime Provinces.  
Editor: Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
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MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.  
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**PURMACH FURNACES!!**  
Wood or Coal which 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 and painted 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, Bows, Shoes, &c., &c.  
Also a choice lot of  
**GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS**

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**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 BARDOLPH'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, 1898.

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SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL, IMPERIAL, LONDON & LANCASHIRE, LANCASHIRE, ETNA, HARTFORD, NORWICH UNION, PHENIX OF LONDON, MANCHESTER.

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Matched Flooring  
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Sawn Spruce Shingles,

**THOS. W. FLEET,**  
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# MIRAMICHI

Vol. 27. No. 33 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 26, 1902.

**MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY**  
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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.

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Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings Of All Kinds.  
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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Steel Wire Nails,  
THEY NEVER LET GO,  
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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated Weather and Waterproof THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.  
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.  
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Graining Colors, Dry Colors, all shades.  
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1 " Turpentine.  
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Paint and White Wash Brushes.  
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Joiners' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.  
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Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.  
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.  
35 Kegs Wire Nails.  
30 Kegs Window Glass.  
20 Kegs Horse Shoes.  
10 Tons Redwood.  
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Coils, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

**100 Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,**  
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**Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Acoordions**  
Violins, Bows 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, prove this by calling.

**The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.**  
OUT OF THE CLOUDS.  
Mud, Brown Snow, and Colored Hail.  
New York's recent shower of muddy rain is one of those phenomena which, though not common, occur at long intervals in all parts of the world. Not long ago at Flume, in Austria, there was a heavy fall of half-frozen, brownish snow, and in Italy, and some parts of Germany, there was a down-pour of red rain. It was found upon investigation that the brown snow of Flume was caused by the admixture of sand which had been blown from the desert of Sahara hundreds of miles away across the Mediterranean, and the red rain was not a deluge of blood, as the peasants thought, but was due to the presence of quantities of minute infusoria, which somehow had been drawn up into the heavens and let down again when the clouds fell.

A singular phenomenon of this sort occurred in Venezuela some time ago when colored hailstones fell in the State of Zamora. There was first a heavy thunder storm, with much rain, and then, after a while, the hail came down in such abundance that hundreds of bushels of hailstones might have been gathered. Some of the hailstones weighed as much as two ounces. It is well known that in the tropics hailstones are exceedingly rare in places situated in the low lands. But this hail storm was particularly remarkable on account of the color of the hailstones, some of which were whitish, while others were blue, green, rose color or red.  
Schwedoff, who, in his memoir on

the origin of hailstorms, describes a fall of similarly colored hailstones which fell at Minsk, in Prussia, in the month of June, thinks that the colors are due to the presence of nickel and salts of cobalt, and that the phenomenon confirms his hypothesis of the cosmic origin of hail. There have been many well-authenticated cases where, after a heavy rain, the ground has been found strewn with small fish which had dropped from the clouds, and even young frogs, scarcely out of their tadpole state, have been known to descend upon the wings of the storm. One theory is that all these foreign substances are carried up into the clouds by whirlwinds, and another that the least bulky of them, such as minute infusoria, are caught up in the process of evaporation.

**ELECTRICAL WATCH.**  
A time and labor-saving device is the latest improvement in the horology, which has been perfected by a Swiss watchmaker named David Perret, of Marin, near Neuchatel. He has invented a watch which goes by electricity. Its special feature is its accuracy. It was severely tested by experts, and it was found that it gained only seven-tenths of a second in five weeks. The watch is made of an ordinary gentleman's form, costs £12, and goes for fifteen years without being re-wound.

Tramp—"Yes, madam, I've been a solicitor for nearly twenty years."  
You don't lose time and money in experimenting with new and untried medicines. You know that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are backed by almost a life-long experience of the great physician and receipt book author. They have proven their superiority in scores of cases in every community. Ask your friends about them. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Seized With Cramps. Acute Indigestion.**  
More Evidence to Prove that Indigestion of the Worst Kind Can be Cured and Cured Permanently by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills  
More people suffer from indigestion and its accompanying ills, such as constipation and deranged kidneys and liver, than from any other class of diseases. The use of digestants, such as bismuth, etc., sometimes gives temporary relief when the trouble is confined to the stomach, but the most serious form of indigestion is that which affects the intestines, and is attended with constipation, kidney pains and cramps. This is now generally known, and we here quote a letter from a Peterborough resident, who gives his experience for the benefit of other sufferers.  
Mr. R. Beach, 225 Sherbrooke Street, Peterborough, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I became subject to cramps, which were caused, I was told, from acute indigestion. It was so bad that I would be laid up for weeks at a time. These attacks came on periodically, and distressed me greatly. I then began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and have found them a wonderful medicine. They have entirely prevented a recurrence of my trouble, corrected the derangement of my digestive organs, and made me feel like a different person."  
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**ANIMALS' TOILETS.**  
Cats make the most careful toilet of any animal, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves like a cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the forehead and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus a face sponge and brush and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.  
Stout Old Lady (to chemist's youthful assistant)—"Boy, d'ye keep a preparation for reducing flesh?"  
Boy—"Yes'm." Stout Old Lady—"Well, I don't know how fresh I ought to get." Boy—"Better take all we've got."

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**IN OUR OWN DAYS.**  
The last story on my list is of our own time. Everybody knows that the gallant old Joubert, who was the commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, was always an opponent of Mr. Kruger and of the war. Nevertheless, he went in with his countrymen when the hour of danger came, but he was not without a doubt as to the disastrous final result. He and his troops were before Dundee; and then it was that what was practically the first shot in the war was fired. The scouts brought the information that the English troops were in possession of the town, and it was resolved that they should, if possible, be dislodged.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S**  
CATARRH CURE... 25c.  
In sent direct to the diseased part by the improved method.  
Heals the ulcer, clears the sinuses, and restores the mucous membrane to its normal condition. It is the most effective and permanent cure for all cases of Catarrh of the Nose, Throat, and Larynx. It is sold by all druggists and by the author, Dr. A. W. Chase, 100 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Of course, his world professed no astonishment. It was only what they had expected, and they pity him for his unfortunate mesalliance. I reminded them mildly that he did not seem to consider it in the same light, but invoked an indignant chorus instantly.  
"Of course he pretended to be quite content, and in love, and all that, but every one could see plainly that it was only pretence."  
"A woman like that!" summed up old Lady Farleigh emphatically; but there, Lady Farleigh is a vulgar old woman. Moreover, she possesses six unmarried daughters, "without a soul or idea beyond babies and dinners."  
I happened to know, at first hand, that Mrs. Varley, though certainly no pianist herself, was yet wrapped heart and soul in music, and revelled in Frank's genius "wifely" as it were.

Since that first meeting I had come across her continually at Mrs. Kingston's. Mrs. Kingston had, in the language of the day, taken her up. And it happened that the transformation she had effected in the too unvain young woman. The pretty, untidy hair was waved loosely back from her low brow, and coiled becomingly at the nape of the neck; the shyness and awkwardness had almost entirely disappeared, and with them the unbecomingly nervous stoop of the shoulders, while, as for her dress, it was as tasteful and as a la mode as Mrs. Kingston's own. Could mere man say more?  
Frank himself had altered a good deal since his marriage—grown quiet-er and graver—older, it seemed; his boyish spirits were not quite so indefatigable as they had been, and he sunned himself less often, and with less satisfaction, in the eulogies and flatteries of his admiring circle. Sometimes, too, I caught a look of trouble in his sunny blue eyes, strangely at variance with his brilliant circumstances.

Young Mrs. Varley fell ill. It was quite sudden; only a cold at first, but it settled on her chest, and turned to pneumonia, and her life was in danger.  
With this trouble Frank's genius collapsed like a pricked bubble. He never touched pen or paper from the first moment of her illness. In a week he was a white and haggard ghost.  
For three weeks she was desperately ill. Then the bulletin went out that hope was abandoned, and Mrs. Varley's hours on this earth numbered. That night, to everyone's amazement, Frank appeared at the club.  
"How is she?" someone questioned with an effort.  
"Dying!" Frank replied briefly.  
He stood up and faced them with his young dreamer's face.  
"There is something—I wanted to say to you," he announced, forcing his words. "They stared at him in silence. He drew a great breath, and passed his shaking hand across his eyes. "I am a hypocritical cad!" His face went grey. "I have been meaning to confess for so long time, am not what you think me. All this year I have been living and acting a lie. I will tell you. It was so hard and so fatally easy." He choked and grit his teeth hard; his eyes were pitiful. "Everyone had always thought me so brilliant, and predicted such a glorious future, and I had always accepted the predictions as a matter of course until a year or two back. Then for the first time I began to doubt, and the doubt was awful."  
"As far as technicalities went, I knew all that art could teach me, but it began to dawn upon me that, despite my preparation, I possessed very little originality. I composed, but my compositions were in no ways brilliant or wonderful, and an awful terror of my own crushing failure began to grow in me. You could never understand what that thought was to me. Then the temptation came. I married. He lifted his steadfast, white face. "Before God I married solely and wholly for love, with not the slightest idea then. He paused for a moment, then went on rapidly. "One day I heard Molly singing to herself, and the tune was so quaint and so taking that I asked what it was."  
"She laughed, and confessed that her favorite amusement was to put her favorite verses to music of her own fancy. That was the beginning of the end. You can guess the rest. I meant to own up, but you know how shy she is. I still meant to confess, but each time my courage forsook me. Once I came here, string up purposely. It was the day Harkness congratulated me. After that I felt it would have killed me to own up. And so I let you all think... And now—now she is dying!"  
Frank laid his head down on his arms and sobbed.  
After all, Mrs. Varley did not die. She recovered to find herself, to her amazement and unfeigned dismay, a celebrity, courted and caajoled by all. She protested how indifferently, implying us to tell the world it was a huge mistake, and that all the glory was genuinely Frank's. Indeed, she declared honestly that more than half the compositions were wholly his.  
Mrs. Varley was capable now of holding her own anywhere, in face of the whole world.  
To Frank's utter astonishment and humiliation he is as great a favorite as ever. He still sends forth his brilliant compositions, and it is rumored that there is a grand opera in serious contemplation now. But upon everything appears the double names of Mrs. Frank Varley—London Answers.

Metaphorically speaking, the world stood still when the news went forth of the projected alliance between young Frank Varley and Mary Markham. I confess, even to me, philosophic though I am by nature, the announcement came as somewhat of a shock.  
Frank was such a tremendous favorite with everybody, who had "welcomed him as their pet and darling ever since, a mere sunny-faced stripling, he made his bow to society."  
From the first, they decided he was to be second Faderewski, and every musical composition he sent forth was as extravagantly admired and extolled as if he had in very truth borne that name.  
Frank himself—handsome, gay, debonaire—cordially appreciated his easily-gained laurels; and if it all slightly turned his youthful head, yet his conceit was so frank and so outspoken that to his women friends at least it was rather a naive attraction than falling; while the men accepted it tolerantly, as a pardonable attribute of his genius.  
Somehow no one had ever entertained the idea of his marrying suddenly, and especially an unknown wife of his own choosing.  
That was where the sting lay.  
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I happened to know, at first hand, that Mrs. Varley, though certainly no pianist herself, was yet wrapped heart and soul in music, and revelled in Frank's genius "wifely" as it were.

Since that first meeting I had come across her continually at Mrs. Kingston's. Mrs. Kingston had, in the language of the day, taken her up. And it happened that the transformation she had effected in the too unvain young woman. The pretty, untidy hair was waved loosely back from her low brow, and coiled becomingly at the nape of the neck; the shyness and awkwardness had almost entirely disappeared, and with them the unbecomingly nervous stoop of the shoulders, while, as for her dress, it was as tasteful and as a la mode as Mrs. Kingston's own. Could mere man say more?  
Frank himself had altered a good deal since his marriage—grown quiet-er and graver—older, it seemed; his boyish spirits were not quite so indefatigable as they had been, and he sunned himself less often, and with less satisfaction, in the eulogies and flatteries of his admiring circle. Sometimes, too, I caught a look of trouble in his sunny blue eyes, strangely at variance with his brilliant circumstances.

Young Mrs. Varley fell ill. It was quite sudden; only a cold at first, but it settled on her chest, and turned to pneumonia, and her life was in danger.  
With this trouble Frank's genius collapsed like a pricked bubble. He never touched pen or paper from the first moment of her illness. In a week he was a white and haggard ghost.  
For three weeks she was desperately ill. Then the bulletin went out that hope was abandoned, and Mrs. Varley's hours on this earth numbered. That night, to everyone's amazement, Frank appeared at the club.  
"How is she?" someone questioned with an effort.  
"Dying!" Frank replied briefly.  
He stood up and faced them with his young dreamer's face.  
"There is something—I wanted to say to you," he announced, forcing his words. "They stared at him in silence. He drew a great breath, and passed his shaking hand across his eyes. "I am a hypocritical cad!" His face went grey. "I have been meaning to confess for so long time, am not what you think me. All this year I have been living and acting a lie. I will tell you. It was so hard and so fatally easy." He choked and grit his teeth hard; his eyes were pitiful. "Everyone had always thought me so brilliant, and predicted such a glorious future, and I had always accepted the predictions as a matter of course until a year or two back. Then for the first time I began to doubt, and the doubt was awful."  
"As far as technicalities went, I knew all that art could teach me, but it began to dawn upon me that, despite my preparation, I possessed very little originality. I composed, but my compositions were in no ways brilliant or wonderful, and an awful terror of my own crushing failure began to grow in me. You could never understand what that thought was to me. Then the temptation came. I married. He lifted his steadfast, white face. "Before God I married solely and wholly for love, with not the slightest idea then. He paused for a moment, then went on rapidly. "One day I heard Molly singing to herself, and the tune was so quaint and so taking that I asked what it was."  
"She laughed, and confessed that her favorite amusement was to put her favorite verses to music of her own fancy. That was the beginning of the end. You can guess the rest. I meant to own up, but you know how shy she is. I still meant to confess, but each time my courage forsook me. Once I came here, string up purposely. It was the day Harkness congratulated me. After that I felt it would have killed me to own up. And so I let you all think... And now—now she is dying!"  
Frank laid his head down on his arms and sobbed.  
After all, Mrs. Varley did not die. She recovered to find herself, to her amazement and unfeigned dismay, a celebrity, courted and caajoled by all. She protested how indifferently, implying us to tell the world it was a huge mistake, and that all the glory was genuinely Frank's. Indeed, she declared honestly that more than half the compositions were wholly his.  
Mrs. Varley was capable now of holding her own anywhere, in face of the whole world.  
To Frank's utter astonishment and humiliation he is as great a favorite as ever. He still sends forth his brilliant compositions, and it is rumored that there is a grand opera in serious contemplation now. But upon everything appears the double names of Mrs. Frank Varley—London Answers.

Metaphorically speaking, the world stood still when the news went forth of the projected alliance between young Frank Varley and Mary Markham. I confess, even to me, philosophic though I am by nature, the announcement came as somewhat of a shock.  
Frank was such a tremendous favorite with everybody, who had "welcomed him as their pet and darling ever since, a mere sunny-faced stripling, he made his bow to society."  
From the first, they decided he was to be second Faderewski, and every musical composition he sent forth was as extravagantly admired and extolled as if he had in very truth borne that name.  
Frank himself—handsome, gay, debonaire—cordially appreciated his easily-gained laurels; and if it all slightly turned his youthful head, yet his conceit was so frank and so outspoken that to his women friends at least it was rather a naive attraction than falling; while the men accepted it tolerantly, as a pardonable attribute of his genius.  
Somehow no one had ever entertained the idea of his marrying suddenly, and especially an unknown wife of his own choosing.  
That was where the sting lay.  
Frank, the elegant, the fastidious, and with the most delicate and every-musical composition he sent forth was as extravagantly admired and extolled as if he had in very truth borne that name.  
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**QUIET YEAR FOR THE CZAR.**  
For this year, astrologers have made some interesting predictions with regard to the rulers of Europe. For instance, of King Edward, one of the most important of the planetary influences are unfavorable for his health, and he adds: "Let great care be taken of his Majesty's health and person." A quiet year is said to be foreshadowed for Queen Alexandra, and also for the Prince of Wales; and that he will be a great success in his health. According to star readers, Emperor William will meet with some grave misfortune during the next three years