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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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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.

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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 GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

GORILLA KILLS KEEPER.

Maddened Because His Master Took a Wife.

A strange duel was fought lately in the Marseilles zoo between the only adult gorilla in Europe and his keeper. The gorilla was killed after a fight lasting twenty minutes, in which the keeper was so horribly mangled that he died five hours later.

The famous gorilla was called Francois. He was one of the largest species, and always had been perfectly tractable, showing especial affection for his keeper, a man of the name of Journoux, until the latter married a few weeks ago.

The bride visited the zoo often and the gorilla was very sensitive about the attention she showed Journoux. When he perceived that she undoubtedly preferred his keeper, Francois became more and more jealous, and finally Journoux found it impossible to approach the gorilla, especially if Mrs. Journoux was in sight.

Four days ago Francois was so surly and quiet that the keeper thought he was sick and entered the cage to comfort his former pet. The gorilla immediately sprang upon him. Journoux held a short tanner's fork, which alone accounts for the fight lasting so long.

It being dinner time all the other keepers had withdrawn to a distant shanty. Only three children witnessed the terrible fight, and they were so terrified that they failed to fetch help until Journoux had succeeded in escaping from the cage.

The gorilla followed before the door could be shut and the duel was continued outside from one end of the building to the other, as is shown by the blood stains. Finally the children ran away yelling. By the time help arrived the gorilla had been killed.

The keeper was found with one eye torn out, rapidly losing blood from many other wounds, and laboriously trying to crawl away on all fours. One hand had been completely chewed off and the lower lip and part of the chin had also been bitten off.

THE POINT WAS MISSING.

"Professor," said an acquaintance, "you understand Latin, do you not?"

"Well," replied the professor, "I may be said to have a fair knowledge of Latin; yes."

"I know everybody says you have. I wish you would tell me what 'volix' means. Nobody that I have asked seems to have heard of the word."

"If there is any such word as volix, madam—of which I have serious doubts—I certainly do not know what it means."

"You surprise me, professor. A man of your attainments ought to know that volix means Vol. IX."

The professor devoted a moment to calling up his reserves and bringing his light artillery into action.

"It is no wonder, madam," he said "that I did not see the point of your joke. You left the point out of it."

A Southport man jilted the lady to whom he was engaged and secretly married her sister. They have gone to Canada. The original sister is heartbroken.

The Shop On Wheels

I.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, and Josiah Pim almost began to despair of doing any more trade that night.

"Never knew things to be so quiet," he muttered, in a tone of deep disgust. "It's more like a country churchyard than London town."

Mr. Pim had a pleasant habit of talking to himself, which was probably the result of so often having no one else to talk to.

"Blest if I don't think I'll take the old shop home," he added, with a threatening look at his giant coffee-urn. "I'll take you home, and break you up for old iron! Business," he continued, turning to the teapot for sympathy, "what's the good of talking about the state of trade, when a coffee-stall at the corner of Sloane street can't take more than ninepence in two hours? I shall chuck it, that's what I shall do."

It was one of the advantages of Mr. Pim's business that if customers came not to him he could take his wares, shop and all, to them.

Just then a party of young people returning from some scene of social festivity came in sight.

Mr. Pim eyed them scornfully.

"Tofts!" he said confidentially to the sugar basin. "Not worth twopence to us!"

But for once even Mr. Pim's sagacity was at fault.

One of the young men who was leading the way called out to the rest:

"Here's a coffee stall! Who wants coffee?"

"Oh, I would like to have some coffee at a street stall! Shall we stop?"

Then a young man, who was evidently a humorist, observed that they might as well die there as anywhere, so the whole party pulled up, much to Mr. Pim's astonishment, and demanded coffee, hot.

Mr. Pim was not at all flustered at this inrush of aristocratic patronage. Indeed, he often boasted that at his temperance hotel—as he sometimes used to call his coffee-stall—he served all classes of society, from noble dukes to artful dodgers.

So he served the party with hot coffee of the most aromatic and refreshing quality in his power, talking all the time in a low voice, as was his custom, to the various articles about him.

"Well, it is a rum world, and no mistake!" he said in a confidential whisper to his most intimate friend the coffee-urn. "Here's a lot of swells—downright out-and-outers, as you may see—who could have every blessed thing they asked for, must needs come to a coffee-stall at three o'clock in the morning for penny cups of coffee."

"It's jolly good coffee!" said the noisy young man who had led the way.

"Is it?" inquired Mr. Pim drily. "That's rather surprising. Seeing that I've only been making coffee for the last forty years, you wouldn't expect me to know anything about it yet."

"That's one for you," said a member of the party to the noisy youth. "I suppose you see some funny sides of life here, don't you?" he asked, turning to Mr. Pim.

"Yes," replied the hotel proprietor in the same slow, sarcastic tone of voice. "I get all sorts and conditions of men here. I've had lords and loafers, Prime Ministers and jockeys, rogues and vagabonds, wise men and"—here he looked quizzically at the noisy young gentleman—"fools."

"What heading do we come under?" asked a young lady, turning a pair of beautiful grey-blue eyes to Mr. Pim inquiringly.

The old man, who had been reading human nature in the stillness of the night for nearly half a century, turned his keen eyes to her for a moment, and, after a glance at the young fellow who stood by her side, said, in a softer voice:

"At present, my child, you come under no heading. You have not yet qualified yourself."

Then he looked again at the young fellow by her side, who had a curiously striking face, and said to the girl:

"Your opportunity may be coming."

By this time most of the party had gone on, and these two were alone at the coffee-stall.

The girl appeared to be struck by the old man's remark, for she said:

"Is my opportunity really coming? I wonder if I shall make use of it?"

"What about me, old boy?" asked the young man. "Am I among the sheep or the goats?"

"At present you are among the goats?" said the old coffee-stall keeper grimly.

The young man was evidently half offended, and said sharply:

"Oh, I think it's time we got on, Miss Trent!"

With a nod from the girl, and a somewhat gruff "Good-night!" from the young man, they went away, leaving Mr. Pim to his own caustic shrewd thoughts.

"That's the way of the world," he muttered to his friend the coffee-urn. "A crowd goes by, and, out of the whole crowd, there's one man, and perhaps one woman, who is worth noting."

He proceeded to pack up his utensils, chatting to his silent companions all the time.

"Yes; we shall see him again," he said. "Up the tree or in the gutter. Who knows? She doesn't know; and yet it is she who will write his fate. And perhaps she doesn't ever know that his fate is in her hands. That's the pity of it—she may not even know that the fate of a man is in her hands!"

II.

A couple of years rolled by, and still Mr. Pim wheeled his temperance hotel night by night to the corner of Sloane street.

He was still making caustic observations on the ways of the world at large, and holding confidential chats with his coffee-urn.

But his coffee-urn was not his only companion, for many improbable people stopped at his hotel, and learnt to appreciate the queer old man's acuteness.

There was one man—a young man—who had taken to coming almost every night—or, rather, morning—to drink one of Mr. Pim's cups of coffee.

He was very pale and shabby-looking, and there was a pinched, sharp look about his face that told quick-eyed Mr. Pim clearly enough of the tale of semi-starvation that is being told.

Hardly anyone would recognize in him the well-dressed young swell who once stopped at the stall at three o'clock in the morning, with a young lady who had singularly beautiful grey-blue eyes.

But Mr. Pim had not forgotten the fact, though he had not once referred to it.

"Good-evening, sir," said Mr. Pim one night to his queer customer. "And how's the world been using you?"

"Oh, well enough!" said the young man, quietly.

Mr. Pim looked at him keenly. People who are half starved and wear shabby clothes don't often speak of the world as treating them "well enough."

"I paint pictures which the world won't buy," said the young man; "but I don't know whose fault that is."

"Can't you manage to paint pictures which the world will buy?" asked Mr. Pim.

The young man looked at him with a smile.

"Of course I could if I wanted to," he said.

"Only you don't choose to?" remarked the old man.

"No; I don't choose to," said his customer.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. Pim with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm blest if I wasn't right when I said you were the one man in the crowd worth noting!"

"When did you say that?" asked the young man.

"A couple of years ago," said Mr. Pim, "when you stopped here one night with a party of tofts. You were differently dressed then, and you had a young lady with you."

The young man colored slightly, paid for his coffee, and went away hurriedly.

But one night when he was visiting the coffee-stall he took out his notebook and made a sketch of Mr. Pim and his temperance hotel.

"Oh," said Mr. Pim quizzically, when the sketch was finished, "so you're the young man who paints pictures that the world won't buy? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you care to scribble a copy of that on the front of my stall, for my customers to look at while they drink their coffee, you can come here for coffee every night free of charge."

The young man laughed.

"What's the good of a sketch of you?" he asked.

"That's my business," said Mr. Pim. "It's a business offer; you can take it or leave it, as you like."

"I accept," said the young man. "Why should I not? I have painted a good many pictures and got nothing for them. At any rate, I shall get coffee for this."

So the following night he brought his materials with him, and worked away for over an hour, with apparently a keen sense of enjoyment.

"How is it that you've come down in the world?" asked Mr. Pim, suddenly. "You used to look as smart as any of them."

"Because I'm what most people would call a fool," said the young man. "I can earn a good enough living if I choose to do so, by sketching for the illustrated papers. But I've got a conceited notion in my head that I'm fit for something better. So I plough away at a class of work which the public won't buy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Pim quickly. "You won't mix chicory with your coffee."

Now, there is a certain celebrated artist in London who loves art for itself, and not merely for what it brings in. He is a queer, wandering Bohemian character, who delights in roaming about the great old city at night, when, he thinks, he sees more real human nature than in the day.

He was an occasional customer of Mr. Pim's—a fact which Mr. Pim no doubt had in his mind when he asked for a sketch to adorn his stall—and not long after it was finished it happened to catch his eye.

He looked at it carelessly. But it seemed to rivet his attention, and he put down his cup of coffee to look at it more closely, while Mr. Pim smoked his pipe in observant silence.

But the great man was not satisfied with merely looking at the sketch, for he took out a glass and examined every bit of it anxiously.

"Who painted that?" he asked at last.

"A young friend of mine," said Mr. Pim briefly.

"A young friend of yours?" echoes the artist incredulously. "What's his name?"

"I don't know his name," said Mr. Pim; "no more do you."

"I know the name of every painter in London."

"Yes; but you don't know the name of this one," insisted Mr. Pim. "He doesn't advertise in any paper, and he doesn't run about asking the successful for help."

"Tell me his name!" said the artist impatiently. "Tell me his name, I say! We haven't many artists in England; let me find this one quickly!"

That was how the tide turned.

In two or three mornings the great man had taught him more of painting than he had learnt in so many years. More than that, he introduced him to the public; so that his work got fair attention, and he no longer had to slip out at night to take his walk in order to hide his shabby clothes.

In some way the public heard of the strange manner in which he had been discovered; but there was a circumstance connected with his career which never became public—no, not even when his marriage with the beautiful Miss Trent was announced—and that was a pile of letters, carefully hidden away in his trunk, which had cheered him week by week, without once disappointing him, all through the long time of struggling—letters which had only one message: "I am waiting for you. Struggle on; fear nothing."

Not once had they met after that night when he first knew her; but Mr. Pim could have told how once or twice a young lady, carefully wrapped in a long cloak, had come to him late at night, merely to hear him talk of a customer who was very, very shabby, and very poor.—London Answers.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

NEW WAR MATERIAL.

Military Motor Wagons Are Now Being Used.

Important trials of motor wagons for military use are being carried on constantly in various armies. Among the most interesting of these are those conducted by an army board at Felixdorf, near Vienna, Austria, and the British trials at Aldershot, the results of which have just been published.

In the Austrian trials, the wagons were ten and 12 horse power Daimler benzine motors, and the maximum load was 11,000 poubds. The wagons were used during 249 days, for a total time of 624 hours, making from one to four trips a day. The total distance covered was 3,080 miles, or 12.4 miles a day, and the roadbed varied, being sometimes a good highway, sometimes country roads and sometimes natural meadow. The average amount transported was 9,680 pounds per day at a rate of five miles per hour.

It was found that in deep snow and cold winter weather the use of the motor wagon was very limited; repairs had to be made on many parts, especially on the motor, the driving apparatus, the ignition burners, the wheels and the pipes of the cooling apparatus; some parts had to be entirely replaced, such as the magneto-electric igniter and the driving wheels.

To test the endurance of the wagon it was loaded with 11,000 pounds of shell and 880 pounds of other material, and taken over a wet road in the rain, over rolling country for nineteen hours' steady working. On the first day the road was mostly up hill, and in twelve hours only thirty-five miles were made, or an average of about three miles an hour; but on the second day, mostly on a level the same distance was covered in seven hours, or about five miles an hour. The results proved that bad roads had no effect other than reducing

THE RATE OF TRAVEL.

The motor wagons were also tested in pulling heavy loads, such as seacoast guns and the results were entirely satisfactory, slopes of 5 degrees and ramps of 1 on 8 were crossed without trouble. Finally, the power of the machine in turning on a short radius was tried, and a radius of 11½ feet was found sufficient when pulling two 4.6 inch siege guns.

The uses of motor wagons in the field for the transportation of supplies, to supplement the field railroad and the wagon train are already well known; the above experiments illustrate another great use of them in permanent fortifications for the transportation of heavy ordnance.

In the British trials five types of motor lorries took part, all steam propelled except one petroleum Diamler engine, and only one of the steam engines using liquid fuel. The steam vehicles were a Straker, two Thornycrofts and a Foden wagon.

The trials were conducted at Aldershot by the War Office Committee on Mechanical Transport and the principle requirements were that the vehicles be capable of being used on rough roads and across country occasionally; to be capable of going wherever a country cart can go, to carry five tons (three on the lorry itself and two on the trailer) exclusive of fuel and water, to be capable under full load of a speed of eight miles an hour on fair level roads, or five miles on average roads, up and down hill, and to scale without other aid a rise of 1 on 8. The vehicles are to be worked by one man only, and must run for forty-eight hours without overhauling or cleaning.

One of the Thornycroft wagons received the first prize, the Foden wagon the second and the Straker vehicle the third. The British Government bought the first two for use in South Africa.

A CHEERFUL SOUL.

Citizen—"How're you coming on this winter, Uncle Henry?"

Uncle Henry—"Laws, chile, I got der roomatiz—an chil-blains in bofe my han's an' bofe feet—an' my nose an' my ears done bin fros't-bit; but thank heben, I'se all right myself."

"Yes," said the head of the firm, "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes some queer mistakes." "What, for instance?" asked the silent partner. "Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of 'running expenses.'"

Leading London hotels are doubling their rates for coronation week.

About the ....House

DELICIOUS LAYER CAKES.

Of good homemade cakes those made in layers fill a need for an evening collation or company dessert. The recipes given are unusual and therefore of special value:

Delicate Coffee Cake—Few people are familiar with coffee as a flavoring for layer cake, yet it makes one of the most delicious known. For the layers, cream one-half pound of butter and one pound of sugar. Add six well beaten eggs, one pound and one ounce of flour, one-half pint of milk and two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat vigorously and bake in round jelly cake pans. To make the filling tie two large tablespoonfuls of well ground Mocha and Java coffee in a piece of cheesecloth, put the bag in the pot and pour over it three quarters of a cupful of boiling water. Cover closely and let simmer slowly for ten minutes. Remove from the fire and let stand until settled. Reserve one tablespoonful for icing. Put the remainder in a double boiler and add three quarters of a cup of sugar, a pinch of salt and three-quarters of a cup of milk. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste with a little milk and allow the mixture to cook for two minutes; then pour over one well beaten egg and spread between the layers. To make the icing stir one-quarter of a pound of confectionery sugar into the tablespoonful of hot coffee and spread over the surface of the cake.

Black Chocolate Cake.—Cakes in which chocolate is used are familiar to all households, but this cake is a novelty and well worth a trial. Beat three eggs, the whites and yolks separately. To the yolks add one and one-quarter cupfuls of sugar, half a teacup of sour cream, one large cupful of flour, one-quarter of a pound of unsweetened chocolate melted with a second half-cupful of sour cream, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of vanilla, the whites of the eggs and, lastly, one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little boiling water. For the filling boil one cupful of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water together until it spins a thread. Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and add to it one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the sirup little by little, beating all the while. Whip evenly and vigorously until cold. Flavor with a little lemon juice.

Apple Cake.—Familiar as this delicate cake is, it is but little known to housewives in some parts of the country. For the layers make a good sponge cake by beating the whites and yolks of three eggs separately, then adding to the yolks three-quarters of a cupful each of sugar and of flour, and finally whipping in the beaten whites. For the filling of one ordinary-sized cake grate one large, tart apple, after peeling. Add to it the white of one egg, one cupful of granulated sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Whip all together with an egg beater until white and foamy, when spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

Banana Cake.—Abundant as bananas are, there are many housewives who have little conception of the various dishes which can be made with them as a basis. This delicate cake makes a notable example, and will be found an addition to the family table:—For the cake use the recipe for sponge cake layers already given. For the filling mash two bananas, which have been thoroughly chilled, through a colander and sprinkle the juice of one small lemon over the pulp. Add the white of one egg and beat until white and foamy Have ready one coffeecupful of granulated sugar boiled with half a cupful of water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in water. Pour this sirup slowly over the banana cream, beating briskly all the while. When all the sirup has been consumed add one teaspoonful of granulated gelatin which has been dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Beat until the mixture becomes cool and begins to thicken when spread it lightly between the layers of cake and over the top.

Orange Layer Cake.—Cream thoroughly three-quarters of a cup of butter with two cups of sugar. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, half the grated rind of one orange and a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Put the strained juice of two large oranges into a cup and fill up with cold water. Add this to the butter, sugar and eggs, beat in three and a half cups of flour, then the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Sift two teaspoonfuls baking powder with the flour. Beat hard for several minutes, then bake in layer tins. For the filling scald a cup of milk in a double boiler. Beat till light three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the yolks of three eggs. Add this to the milk, stir till it thickens; take from the fire, add half the grated rind of an orange and two tablespoonfuls of strained orange juice. Set aside to cool, then spread between the layers. Into two tablespoonfuls of the juice stir powdered sugar sufficient to make a thick icing and spread on the top.

WORTH KNOWING.

Worms in the soil of pot plants may be routed by saturating the soil with lime water. If the first application does not kill them, try it again four or five days afterward.

The Chinese can beat us in roasting pork. After it comes out of the oven they hang it in the smoke of aromatic herbs which gives it a fine flavor and robs it of the porky taste.

The London police are circulating a notice calling attention to the great need for providing fire guards in order to prevent the many cases of children being burned to death.

Take a quantity of currants and mash them to a pulp and strain through a sieve. Slice very ripe bananas and pour the sweetened juice of the currants over them. The combination is delicious.

To get a cork out of a bottle, loop a wire and insert it, getting it over the cork. To burn a candle in a jar or bottle slide a piece of pasteboard into the neck, thus causing an outward and inward draft.

When shoes are too large at the heel and are rendered unpleasant by slipping, a piece of velvet should be cut out and fitted in the heel. Glue this velvet to the inside bottom of the heel and the slipping will be stopped, as the velvet clings to the stockings and prevents it.

It is an encouraging fact that the most attractive things about a woman are the very ones she can gain for herself if she will make an intelligent effort. Excellent physical health is possible to all except the constitutionally weak and deformed. Health means so much,—a fine, clear skin, shapely figure, graceful walk, good teeth, bright eyes and glossy hair. They are all obtainable. Add to these a pleasant smile, a cordial manner and a cultivated mind, and last, but also important, good taste and neatness in dress. You may have all of these if you will take intelligent pains. The good health by cleanliness, exercise, wholesome food and pure air; the cultivated mind by reading good books and talking with intelligent people. Of what use are brains to a woman if she cannot learn to make herself attractive mentally and physically?

To take off a ring that is too tight, thread a needle with thread that is strong, but not too coarse. Soap it and pass the head of the needle under the ring. Pull a few inches of the thread towards the hand and wrap the other end of the thread tightly and smoothly around the finger towards the nail. Take hold of the needle and begin slowly to unwind the coil, carrying the ring along with the thread until it slips easily from the finger.

The plants in the living room become dusty, and dust is not healthy for house plants any more than for human beings. If the plants could talk they would thank you for taking them out of doors during a warm spell and giving them a shower bath. Make the dirt around the roots soaking wet, and they will not need moisture again for a week. It is surprising how a good bath from the sprinkling can will brighten them up.

Nature gives you warning of a cold in the first chilly feeling that creeps over you. Heed it at once or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply and keep the mouth closed. If situated so that you cannot do either, breathe deeply, rapidly and noiselessly till you are satisfied that your circulation is acting properly.

Protruding Bleeding Piles.

Two Letters from Mr. Walker Explaining the Severity of His Case and the Permanency of His Cure by Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Some people seem to think that it is too much to claim that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every form of piles, but facts go to prove the truth of this claim. These are interesting letters from one who has suffered much and been cured.

In November, 1901, Mr. Sherwood Walker, a fireman on the Canada Atlantic Railway, living at Madawaska, Ont., writes:—"I am a great sufferer from bleeding piles. Sometimes the protruding piles come down, causing much misery and uneasiness, and at other times I am subject to bleeding piles, and they bleed to such an extent as to make me quite weak. If Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure this awful ailment you will have my everlasting gratitude."

On March 1, 1902, we received the following letter from Mr. Walker, which speaks volumes for Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for piles of the most distressing form. He writes:—"According to my promise, I now take pleasure in writing to you. If you remember, you sent me a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment for bleeding piles some three months ago. I used it faithfully, and can say that it proved a Godsend, for it has entirely cured me of bleeding piles.

"I would have written sooner, but I wanted to be able to tell you that it was a permanent cure. This you can use for the benefit of other suffering people. There are several people here who have been cured of very severe cases of protruding piles by using this great ointment."

So far as we know there is no other preparation extant which is so successful in curing piles of the most aggravated kind as Dr. Chase's Ointment. Its soothing, healing powers are marvellous, and its cures thorough and permanent. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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