

BUSINESS NOTICE
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mail.
It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid) for 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 season are inserted at eight cents per line per week, for its insertion, and three cents per line for each insertion.
Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of \$3.00 an inch per year. The matter, the space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made 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 Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, in communities and in lumbering, fishing and agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address: Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
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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.
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Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
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STOVES at low prices.
PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Sinks, 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.

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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.
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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 here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted at no charge.

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Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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Laths, Paling, Box-Shooks, Barrel Hooping, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Sawn Spruce Shingles.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE
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MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
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Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
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Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
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W. Q.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated Weather and Waterproof THE BEST EVER MADE.

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100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints, 1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil, Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron, 10 Kegs 10 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. Joints' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty. Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.

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Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy 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, Bows and Fixings, Farming Tools, All Kinds, Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards, Rivets, Cutters.

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 GOCCIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

SUMMER PRECAUTIONS.
How to Keep in Good Health in Hot Weather.

Summer is the time for health, or should be by those who know how to profit by it, yet it has special dangers which must be guarded against. These are mostly due to the heat, and the higher the thermometer rises and the longer it stays high, the greater they are.

The chief sufferers are city dwellers, and it is of them mainly that one thinks in very hot weather, and especially of the poor in the cities. They live usually in contracted quarters in high tenements, in small, poorly ventilated, sunless rooms; cleanliness is often impossible to them, for even if certain families are clean they suffer from the dirt of their neighbors; it is almost impossible for them to get fresh and well prepared food; and the walls of their streets, baked during the day in the merciless sun, give out their heat to live so many immense ovens through the night.

This can be endured for a short period, but as they beat term drags on, day and night without relief, the conditions become worse and worse, and finally deadly. Children, especially babies, suffer most, but all young and old alike, are threatened at such a time.

The two chief ills are sunstroke, the direct result of the stifling heat, and digestive disturbances caused by food which has begun to spoil. Much, however, can be done to avert these ills. Those who are obliged to be in the streets during the day

The Sinking of the Delilah.
First Story of the Sea, Based on the Use of Wireless Telegraphy.

At the extreme end of the Cornish coast, on the most southerly point of England, stand the sentinels of the past and the future. A great rugged rock rears its head above the sea, four miles from the shore barren, but for tufts of sickly grass, uninhabited save by the sea birds. Once a guide to the unwieldy ships that sailed seeking empires, a landmark to the mariners, a glimpse of homelands to wanderers, now a danger-mark to the huge black liners—a forgotten sentinel of the past.

And a little inland a small turret house, with a wooden mast rising skyward, and square glass eyes ever staring seaward, stands as the sentinel of the future—the future of the wireless telegraph.

The clouds had been driving round the Lizard point, for several days, forming solid banks of blackness in the southwest, swooping across the green seas, the hourly growl of the restless, and often hiding the old barren rock from the strongest telescope. The lonely watcher—one by day and one by night—in the turret house Martini's wireless telegraph station of the south, had long known of the approach of the storm. Ships already caught in its fierce clutches had telegraphed its advent to the watcher, and he, Jovetiko, had hurled electric warnings of the danger to other boats.

John Priest felt the nervous excitement in the air, communicate it to his body, filling him with a vague unrest and fear. His companion was waiting at the door. "I'm glad you're not late," he said. "I fear even now I shall get caught in the storm before I can cover these three miles along the cliff. Good night."

"Good night," replied John Priest. He watched the other run swiftly down the path, and then he turned back. The quiet threatening of the night, quivering with electricity within his nervous system. "I wonder what's wrong with me?" he said aloud, and then checked himself, unpleasantly conscious of his own voice.

Nothing was visible—not even a tree; not a bird on the wing; nothing. With an effort he laughed and banged and bolted the door audibly and entered the operating room—the room with the square eyes facing seaward. It was a round, plainly furnished chamber, containing on comfortable sofa, a book-shelf with several volumes, maps and charts, a list of rules and explanations concerning the working of the Marconi wireless telegraph, and a flash-light of the room the instrument itself.

Priest looked at his watch. Eleven hours and a half of solitary confinement, practically cut off from all human communication, he had spent. When he looked at his watch again what had seemed an hour proved 15 minutes. Then he swore quietly at himself for a fool, and he looked at his watch again. He had a sudden blaze of light lit the room and a terrible crash rent the air, tearing silence and the night assunder and echoing from cliff to cliff.

With the first great crash all the elements sprang to life. To the watchtower, the sea, the air, the water and wind were swirling and struggling through space, inextricably mixed together. How long he watched with awe and wonder he did not know, but the rushing winds howled him into a semi-conscious sleep, in which he heard the waves rising and roaring nearer and nearer. From whence he awoke with a start, feeling something or some one had spoken to him. The yellow light burned more dimly, but instinctively he reached first at the Marconi instrument. All was in order. The tapper was silent, motionless. As he wondered what had suddenly called him to the instrument, he heard the rushing winds howled him into a semi-conscious sleep, in which he heard the waves rising and roaring nearer and nearer. From whence he awoke with a start, feeling something or some one had spoken to him. The yellow light burned more dimly, but instinctively he reached first at the Marconi instrument. 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