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CHATHAM, N. B.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 2, No. 2 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 19, 1903

D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Jones and the Missing Lady

“You old fox!” exclaimed Dick Sinclair, looking up from his paper as the door opened to admit his friend and the sharer of his chambers.

“What’s up?” growled the newcomer.

“Oh, you might as well drop that, Jones!” continued Sinclair, digging him lovingly in the ribs. “She’s let the cat out herself!”

Jones ignored the tormentor and went in search of his slippers.

Glady’s Raymond is a very pretty girl, and after all, it’s no crime to be engaged.”

The other man paused in the bedroom doorway and stared.

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“Oh, come now, Jones, it’s too late for that bluff! Did she promise to keep it dark? In the name of the Lord, the old ladies of the Sphinx! Just look at this little give-away.”

Jones took the copy of the “Mellowfield Observer” held out to him, and read the paragraph indicated. He stared at it with a dazed expression. Then he read it again—very slowly.

Mellowfield is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and the “Observer” is its only local newspaper. Dick’s aunt, the wife of the rector, sends it every week to keep her nephew posted on news from home. The paragraph in question was as follows:

“An engagement of much interest to Mellowfield is that just announced Miss Glady’s Raymond, daughter of Mr. Robert Raymond, of New Street, to Mr. Cayley Jones of Barrowby, Loamshire, and London. Miss Raymond has just returned from London, where she has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. Patrick Leeman. It is understood that she became engaged to Mr. Jones during her stay in the metropolis.”

“Why, Mr. Jones,” said Dick, “you have a double, because you know that Miss Glady’s Raymond is the daughter of Mr. Robert Raymond, of New Street, Mellowfield,” demanded Jones.

“I required but a glance at the puzzle,” he said, “to convince me that your friend was in earnest.”

“Why, then you’re not the man!” he said, in bewilderment.

“Oh, I know that I have always wondered at your engagement to Cayley Jones. Won’t you tell me what could have induced you to take such a step?”

“She did not answer for a moment. Then she laughed nervously, and said to question Miss Raymond frankly about it.

“He found her in darkness on one of these vineyard porches which adjoin the house, and he told her the next day.”

“But before going,” he added, “I have something to ask you. I think you can guess what I mean. You must know that I have always wondered at your engagement to Cayley Jones. Won’t you tell me what could have induced you to take such a step?”

“The affair,” Jones deliberately determined to begin an investigation at once by going himself to Mellowfield, and the name of Ransome, armed with introductions from Dick, was received by Mrs. Mansfield, Dick’s aunt, with every manifestation of cordiality. Good-looking plain men were rare in the neighborhood, and she hoped to have the exploiting of this rare visitor.

“She began at once to arrange for his entertainment. It was while she was eagerly retelling the plans for the evening that “Mellowfield” broached the subject of Glady’s Raymond, and expressed a desire to meet her.

“Why, Mr. Ransome,” she protested, “what advice has Dick been giving you? Glady is good-looking, of course; but we have ever so many pretty girls in Mellowfield—girls who are bright and attractive as well as pretty.”

The young man hastened to clear his friend of the serious charge of not knowing a pretty girl from a plain one. He explained that he had noticed in a copy of the “Mellowfield Observer” which she had forwarded to her nephew in London an announcement of Miss Raymond’s engagement to J. Cayley Jones. Cayley he explained, had been with him at college.

Mrs. Mansfield bobbed excitedly in her chair.

“Oh, then you know Mr. Jones?” she exclaimed. “Do tell me what he is like! You know, Glady became engaged in London. No one in Mellowfield has ever seen him.”

Jones answered gravely that Cayley was a good enough fellow, as men went.

“As they sat talking the little garden gate opened, from the outside, and that portion of the lawn which

was visible through the vines of the porch became suddenly flecked with bright gleams.

“Are you a wizard, Mr. Ransome,” said Mrs. Mansfield, “or is it mental telepathy? You are going to have a chance to meet Glady’s immediately. I wish I might adopt some preventive measures.”

“The way out of my trouble suggested itself while I was in London lately. I happened to pass a shop-window displaying the Royal Diamond Company’s stock, with realistic stones at unrealistic prices. I stopped in a moment of inspiration and bought an engagement-ring for fifteen shillings. After that the rest was easy. I chose the name of Jones, as one that was not too distinctive. It was necessary to combine it with something well-sounding, so I adopted the name of Cayley from an advertisement I saw in going up town. The ‘J’ was just a little fancy touch to the ‘R’ in Ransome. I put my ring on as I entered the room, as possible, and selected Barrowby as a suitable place.

“When I first met you, and heard that you knew a Mr. Cayley Jones, I was terribly frightened. But when I found that you hadn’t seen him for years, and that it wasn’t likely you would see him soon, I decided not to break my engagement.”

“You talked the matter over at some length,” he said, “and he persuaded her to adopt his own way out of the difficulty, which was to allow the statement in the ‘Mellowfield Observer’ to remain uncontradicted.—London Answers.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

It may be said that Tolstoy is in no sense a popular writer. Yet his works have a wider circulation than those of any living author. At the close of 1902 his books had been printed in no fewer than forty-five different languages and dialects.

Queen Alexandra can claim to be one of the most popular of the present writers. At times she has written as many as forty letters in a day with her own hand, and Miss Knollys, her favorite lady-in-waiting, often gets annoyed at the number of letters written under the Queen’s personal supervision.

It is an interesting fact not generally known that, although King Edward has conferred on his nephew a British Field-Marshal’s baton, the King himself is not even a Field-Marshal of his own army, as it is an unbroken German rule that no officer can receive his rank before he has commanded an army corps in war.

The King of Italy once paid an early and unexpected visit to a Government office, and had to wait an hour before the minister appeared. King promptly dismissed one-half of the staff, remarking that the other half, if keeping office hours, would be able to do the work.

King Edward has a collection of living numismatists, and possesses the finest private collection of coins in the world.

Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop holds the record among women travelers and explorers. She has been to all the continents, she has lived in all the continents, she has traveled and adventured, that at the age of twenty-two she started out alone to see the world, and she has done so, through Korea, North and South America. Afterward she penetrated into the wild and unknown parts of Asia. In 1898, when sixty years old, she made a tour of the continent through Siberia, and China.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the popular librettist, was one day sitting in a club dining-room, when he was approached by a clergyman, who asked: “Have you ever seen this gentleman?” With one eye called James?” With a humorous twinkle in his eye and a solemn look at his questioner, Mr. Gilbert answered, “What was the name of his other eye?” The worthy cleric glared at the librettist’s solemn face; then, without replying, turned on his heel and walked away in an opposite direction.

General Sir John McNeill, V.O., as much of our little war as most men of his time. He entered the Army fifty-three years ago and fought through the Indian Mutiny, the Boer campaign, the Red River and Ashantee (1874-74) expeditions, being very severely wounded in the latter, and finally the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

The Empress of Russia spends \$10,000 a year on perfumes, pastes, soaps, and toilet waters, which she has sent her exclusively from the French capital. Violet is her Majesty’s favorite perfume, and she uses it in perfumes in so copious a general that every day she vaporizes the Royal apartments with the concentrated essences of lilac, jasmine, narcissus, jonquil, hyacinth, and white violets. The Empress’ toilet water is perfumed with violets, which are gathered specially at Gasse between five and seven o’clock every evening—the time when, according to Her Majesty, their perfume is the most delicate.

When the Earl of Linlithgow was a boy he had a particularly fine fleet of miniature ships manned by small boys from the estate, dressed as men-of-war’s men. Once, when the King of Denmark was on a visit to Hopedown House, he reviewed the little fleet, and struck by the smart appearance of one of the small “handy men,” approvingly patted him on the head. The child, apparently over-composed by the unwelcome honor, handed his miniature ship so awkwardly that he sharply prodded the Royal waistcoat with his bayonet. The future Earl, who was then about fifteen, was afterwards heard to reprobinate the offender thus: “When a King pats you on the head, don’t prod him in the stomach; salute him!”

About the ...House

CULINARY HINTS.

Baked Apples.—Select large medium sized apples and wash them. Remove the cores without peeling and fill the centres with sugar. Bake until tender when tried with a fork but not until mushy. The sugar will melt and with the juice form a jelly. Serve hot or cold.

Corn Bread.—Cook one small head of cabbage until tender, add one-half cup of corn meal, two level tablespoons of baking powder. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add two and one-quarter cups of milk and turn into the dry ingredients. Beat smooth and add two tablespoons of melted butter and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff in a loaf thirty to forty minutes.

Egg and Tomato Stew.—Cook together for twenty minutes one quart of tomatoes, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-half cup of fine bread crumbs, with a seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir often, add two level tablespoons of milk and one-half cup of hot water. Beat smooth and add two level tablespoons of melted butter and the whites of four eggs beaten stiff in a loaf thirty to forty minutes.

Banbury Cakes.—Make a rich paste out of egg shaped pieces, after rolling thin, or cut in rounds and press each out longer with the rolling pin. For the filling use one-half pound of currants, one-quarter pound of raisins, one-quarter cup of currant or chopped, one-half cup of butter creamed and one-half level teaspoon each of cinnamon and allspice. Mix in sufficient stale sponge cake crumbs to make a stiff paste. Put a small spoonful of this mixture on each oval of pastry, cover with another, and pinch the edges together. Bake in a quick oven for one hour, and serve with beaten eggs.

Sponge Cake.—Beat the yolks of six eggs light, add one cup of powdered sugar and beat fifteen minutes. Add one cup of sifted flour, two level tablespoons of baking powder, two level tablespoons of sugar and a saltspoon of salt. Mix with one egg beaten with one-half cup of milk. Drop in small spoonfuls into hot and dry lye doughnuts.

OLD MOORE'S PROPHECIES
EUROPE FATED TO HORRORS DURING NEXT YEAR.

National Disorders, Social Distress and Terrible Death Roll.

“Old Moore” has issued his annual prophecies from his home in Pilgrim Lane, London, and as usual he predicts any amount of disaster and death, including the coming of a new month beginning with January next, while his customary fears concerning the safety of His Majesty are not omitted. Red and black is the dominant coloring of his prognostications for each successive month. Various countries in Europe are to experience much disorder, and even England is not to escape her share of misfortune, though Spain and Russia are most fated to suffering. French and English troops are to fight side by side somewhere. Marine and other calamities on a large scale are featured in the prophecies and altogether it is a cheerful outlook.

In January “the elevation of Jupiter” is favorable for the King, the government, and for those who hold high and lucrative offices. The planet Mars threatens wrecks and dangers on the high seas; collisions and sudden deaths, deaths from heart disease, more especially during the latter half of the month or after the new moon on the 17th. The state of the public health will not be good and our old-fashioned influenza will still be busy among us. There will be a good deal of unrest in commercial centres, and securities will fluctuate widely. Strikes will be threatened during the early part of the month, and much distress and privation amongst the poorer classes. In Russia plots will be hatched, for distress will be very acute, and it will behoove the Emperor to be on his guard against the influence of the press. “MAY OUR KING ESCAPE.”

In February, Saturn holds the premier place, and “from the time the month enters until it closes, it will be marked by disaster.” Most serious events will befall the nation. Death will reap a giant harvest. “May our illustrious King escape, may the rays of the beneficent Jupiter surround him and shield him from sickness and danger. From our colonies, from foreign countries, European and Asiatic, will unfavorable particulars concerning this remarkable case. The girl’s name was Ellen Bates, aged 22, and she was the daughter of William Bates of Lamport, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, who formerly lived at Akeley. The girl was very strong and healthy until last October, when she was seized with the most serious illness. She continued to fail, and during February she vomited a number of small animals, the estimate being three of each day.

Children Puffed—Fill a thick mold half full of fine bread crumbs, cover with milk and allow an inch more in depth of milk than crumbs. Then add two level tablespoons of sugar and three-quarters cup of raisins seeded. Cover and boil for one hour, and serve with beaten eggs with a liquor sweet sauce.

String Bean Salad.—Cook young string beans in boiling salted water for twenty-five minutes or longer if needed. Drain, and add a cup of cold water to chill, and drain again. Put on a napkin to absorb all the extra moisture and serve on lettuce leaf well with onion juice.

Quick Biscuits.—To one quart of sifted flour add five level teaspoons of baking powder and one level teaspoon of salt. Rub in two level tablespoons of butter and mix with one cup of milk, shape into biscuits and put into a greased pan. Bake about twenty minutes. Make the biscuits very small.

Chili Sauce.—Chop eighteen tomatoes, green peppers and three onions fine. Add one-quarter cup of salt, one quart of good vinegar, one cup of brown sugar, one level tablespoon each of ground ginger, cloves and nutmeg, and one level tablespoon each of ground cinnamon. Simmer together for two hours, bottle and seal. Or put in small jars and seal.

USES FOR KEROSENE.

The kerosene can is not a thing of beauty, neither is it suggestive of strength, yet it is one of the most valuable of the housewife’s allies. A spoonful of kerosene added to the basin of water in which the dishes are to be washed makes them beautifully clear and easy to polish, while at the same time it repels flies and mosquitoes. A few drops of kerosene in the water of the wash tub, and the windows are thoroughly brushed and freed from dust, then wiped over with kerosene, they will look as good as new. Admiringly, flies and moth-eaters will give them a wide berth as long as any trace of the odor remains.

If, as is frequently the case in the bed-room, the bedstead has become infested with occupants that do not belong there, they may be exterminated by a free use of kerosene. If one has a careless neighbor, as is apt to be the case in an apartment house, baseboards, window sills and the springs of beds should be wiped off with oil at least once a week.

Applied liberally about the kitchen sink, boiler and pipes, cockroaches and water bugs may be defied, even in an old house.

For wagon grease or tar spots rub well with kerosene while the grease is fresh, then wash out in cold, soft water, and the stain will disappear. Kerosene will remove ink stains and fresh paint, while nothing takes out blood stains better than cold soap suds to which kerosene has been added.

Irons that have been put away sticky should be well scraped with a thin knife, then rubbed with a rough cloth moistened with kerosene.

A spoonful of kerosene in boiled starch keeps it from sticking, but do not use enough to make it smell of kerosene.

Nothing equals kerosene for cleaning porcelain bathtubs. The ugly black streak around the sides that requires such vigorous rubbing when first seen, may be removed by the use of kerosene. If by magic when wiped with a soft cloth, moistened with kerosene.

Common kerosene is excellent in cleaning hardwood or stained floors. Sweep carefully and dust before applying.

LONDON'S MEDICAL MYSTERY.

Case of a Girl Whose Body Was Full of Strange Animals.

The extraordinary case of a Buckingham girl in whose body scores of strange animals were found aroused considerable interest yesterday in medical and scientific circles.

A London Express representative paid a visit to the nursing home in Buckingham, where the girl was first taken after she had vomited many of the strange creatures. She learned some interesting additional particulars concerning this remarkable case. The girl’s name was Ellen Bates, aged 22, and she was the daughter of William Bates of Lamport, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, who formerly lived at Akeley. The girl was very strong and healthy until last October, when she was seized with the most serious illness. She continued to fail, and during February she vomited a number of small animals, the estimate being three of each day.

She got worse, and was sent to the Buckingham Nursing Home, where she remained under the care of Dr. Vincent Howard and Miss Potter, the head nurse, for about six weeks. Then she was taken to St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London, and afterwards to another hospital, where an operation was performed, and hundreds of animals—large and small—were taken out. She felt better, and the doctors declared that she could not possibly have lived, because of the number of animals had traveled from the region of her shoulder to her heart.

A medical man writes: The case of the girl who had during life vomited many of small animals, and whose body was found full of strange animals, was probably one of hydatids.

The history of these parasites is peculiar. In the mature state they are greenish, and resemble the flat, round Taenia echinococcus, and infest the intestines of dogs, wolves and jackals, into which they are introduced by feeding on the flesh of pigs tainted by the parasite in the stage of development. The eggs of the echinococcus are introduced into the human body in drinking water, infected by pigs or dogs. Thus the history of the girl’s case is probably a case of hydatid disease.

In the human body the eggs form hydatid cysts most frequently in the liver. Around the cyst the tissue hardens, and the parasite may remain long without interfering with the health. Within the cyst numerous small cysts, called daughter cysts, may form. In some cases there are thousands of these, varying in size. The parent cyst occasionally bursts into the stomach or lungs, or even into the membrane surrounding the heart.

Supposing the girl to have had hydatids, the vomiting of small animals is explained. The animal that was found in her body was the parent cyst, which had burst into the stomach, the daughter cysts being vomited up.

Mark Twain wrote down the names of his own works when he was asked to make out a list of the “books which had helped him.”

Dr. Sven Hedin, the explorer, has remarkable linguistic abilities, and has lectured in Scandinavian capitals, in Russian at St. Petersburg, in German at Berlin, in French at Paris, and in English in London.

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“What do we see?” A satellite of planets, hazy in the twilight house, the house of secret crime, says the prophet in July.

“Upon a crowned head. Disaster upon disaster will occur, and the way of old England will be made to stand in secret, will be anarchy. From the elevation of the beautiful planet Jupiter, better events will occur in our beloved land. Let anarchy abound abroad, there is precious life in this country. Let others prate there is no country so secure for life and freedom as old England. Our bright future has been darkened and won, younger nations have yet to fight for theirs. Again I behold an appalling number of sudden deaths.”

Mars and Jupiter together in August, is of evil omen. Noted met in law and the church will go to the land where no traveler returns and Britannia will weep their loss. “Keen brain,” financiers will suffer heavy losses. The money market will be deranged, and a heavy depreciation in securities will result. In France, ideas of bold adventure and new ideas, such as the formation of students will occur chiefly in connection with aerial navigation. On the high seas disaster will follow disaster with appalling frequency. The home funeral bell will be continually tolling for the departed spirits, that have suddenly, and in many cases, without warning, left their earthly concerns. There seems some trouble brewing in the East. The government will be deranged, and the constantly increasing expenditure will leave the country short of money. The slow progress of the planet Saturn through the sign Aquarius will cause a depression in the East. The reforms which he has inaugurated with so much tardiness will meet the bait for more sweeping demands.

FIANCE, SPAIN, GERMANY.

It is trouble again in September. Great fatales are to befall the planet Mars, in the fiery sign Aries, is in elevation above all planets. Should a general election be held the government will be badly beaten. The elevation of Mars is not good for the health of the King, and the finances of the country will be in a deplorable condition. It looks more like an increase than decrease of taxation. The obnoxious planet Saturn is so situated that difficulties with foreign powers, colonial troubles, shocks of earthquakes and storm may be looked for. The next two years will be marked with a most uncommon number of sudden deaths far exceeding anything hitherto recorded.

WAR IN TURKEY IN MAY.

In May, the glorious sun becomes afflicted by the hostile rays of the leaden hue Saturn. This is not good for the health of the King, neither can it be pronounced favorable for the general welfare of the nation. On the continent, in the domains of the Grand Turk, will the tramp of troops and the roar of cannon be heard. The noise will reverberate to the night dominions of the Great of All the Russians, and he will find it difficult to hold his hand from engaging in bloody strife. In Austria will be witnessed strange events and an upheaval of political agitation. Hungary will aspire to become a separate nationality and shake off the yoke of Austria. They are a brave people and sincere friends of England, and they should be recognized. In Spain, serious disturbances will occur, may be strikes, I hope nothing more serious. But under an auspicious star the young King will find his hands full. Troops will be marched from place to place to overawe the rebellious spirit of his subjects.

Old England at this time will be the scene of many misfortunes, and

“After sunset, in the southwestern sky, brilliant and beautiful, will be seen the planet Venus. There is no lustre in its rays. It is the star of anger, of war, of combat, of bloodshed. At the new moon early on the morning of the 7th that star will be conspicuous, and will raise the assassin’s thoughts in more than one breast. A dire crime will be committed; it may be, a crown will fall, and the old maxim will be again fulfilled: ‘Who wears the crown, that wears a crown.’ Towards the close of the month sudden deaths will occupy the nation’s attention, and more than one home will be left suddenly sad and sorrowing.

Sometimes a man’s warm love melts a girl’s heart, and sometimes it is his cold cash.

DR. A. W. CHASE’S 25c. GARRAH CURE...

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the improved method. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, and relieves the throat and perspiration in the chest and bowels. Prepared by Dr. A. W. Chase and Dr. H. W. Chase, of New York. Sold by all Druggists. Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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Chatham, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR

When the Earl of Linlithgow was a boy he had a particularly fine fleet of miniature ships manned by small boys from the estate, dressed as men-of-war’s men. Once, when the King of Denmark was on a visit to Hopedown House, he reviewed the little fleet, and struck by the smart appearance of one of the small “handy men,” approvingly patted him on the head. The child, apparently over-composed by the unwelcome honor, handed his miniature ship so awkwardly that he sharply prodded the Royal waistcoat with his bayonet. The future Earl, who was then about fifteen, was afterwards heard to reprobinate the offender thus: “When a King pats you on the head, don’t prod him in the stomach; salute him!”

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