

BUSINESS NOTICE.
The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.
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Advertisements, other than yearly contracts, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.
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 therefor 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 Gaspé, 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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Barrister-At-Law
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Chatham, N. B.

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Quinine Wine
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THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER—
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We Guarantee it at
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Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at reasonable prices.
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COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR
STOVES at low prices.

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Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers, the very best, also Japanese stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, at the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.
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Laths
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Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest 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
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Come and See Us.
Moreshead's Photo Rooms
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WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Compare our work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

ZOE'S HUSSAR
It was at break of day at Valencia, that "pearl of Venezuelan cities," and already the bells of the cathedral and convent were calling people to mass.
"I'm on leave, and my brother George, you know, is consul at La Guayra, so can't look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"
"I'm on leave, and my brother George, you know, is consul at La Guayra, so can't look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"
"I'm on leave, and my brother George, you know, is consul at La Guayra, so can't look at him here. Deuced lucky finding you! What are all the bells making such a clatter for?"

JAPAN MOVES FORWARD.
They Are Great Imitators of Everything.
One of the wonders of the Orient is the sudden burst of Japan into a modern progressive nation. There are many who regard the change, believing that in adopting Western methods Japan becomes a mere imitator, gets to be sophisticated and commercialized and loses her own native simplicity and sincerity. However, the change has rapidly gone on, as may be seen from the following statement by the Osaka Exhibition in Japan's weekly, "The Japan." "One is filled with astonishment at what this people have accomplished in little over thirty years. The lacquerwork, the embroideries, and the many branches of manufacture have reached a high standard of excellence, and do not stop short of imitating the labels."
THE JAPANESE COLONIZE.
To show that Japan has caught the spirit of expansion so prevalent now among Western nations Mr. Lynch says: "From Japan I crossed to Korea, with which in so many ways it is now closely connected, being dependent on it for a great portion of its rice supply, and being the ground where the most curious blood-red invasion may be seen in course of progress. We hear a lot about the Russian occupation of Manchuria, but are on every side signs of the Japanese occupations of Korea, and invasion by railway are forced on one's notice. Fusan is likely to become a most important city within a very few years. The harbor, which is perfectly landlocked, is large enough to accommodate the entire Japanese fleet; already the Japanese own all the best sites, and the streets of Japanese houses can be seen in perfectly landlocked Fusan. It is almost impossible to buy a site, as the Japanese will not sell. As a matter of fact the Japanese, despite their avowed abhorrence of it, own one-third of the city, and close on one-half of the next largest city in the kingdom. They have an imposing post-office building in Fusan, and a telegraph line runs from Seoul, to Fusan and runs side by side with the Korean. In fact, there is hardly any department of civil life of industry in which one does not see the quiet Japanese absorption in progress."

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles
Cotor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.
Mr. Alex. McLean, Tarbot Vale, N. B., writes:—"For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's Railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what ailment was, but consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse.
"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains.
"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good.
"I was in a desperate condition, and had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cases that it had cured that he would pay for it himself. I bought a box, and used it as directed. My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment was that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting too soon when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 Cents a Box, at all dealers, or Edmondson Bates and Co., Toronto.
To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

WAS AN UNCANNY SHIP.
First Iron Vessel Was Regarded With Some Suspicion.
Iron vessels are no longer curious. The first that ever was, however, was the cause of great amazement. The vessel with this unique distinction was the Richard Cobden. This craft was built of Coalbrookdale iron in 1824, and was launched in 1824. She was a bark of 401 tons, and had a speed of ten knots per hour. She was constructed of iron throughout, including the rudder, rudder frame and steering gear. In 1844 she set sail for Liverpool, but was laid up twice for repairs at Cork and Rio de Janeiro respectively during the passage.
Her second voyage was to Bombay via the Cape of Good Hope and back. She covered the round trip in some seven months, which was considered a remarkable performance. She made another journey to Bombay, which she reached in 94 days.

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STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
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.
Can Dies,
Iron Pipe, Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.
DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 6, 1903
D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, \$1.00.

About the ... House
DOMESTIC RECIPES.
Gooseberry Catsup.—Boil the ripe fruit with a little water until soft. Put through a colander, weigh, and to every five pounds of pulp allow the pounds of granulated sugar, half pint of red cider vinegar, a tablespoonful each of ground mace and cinnamon and a level teaspoonful of salt. Boil and stir till as thick as tomato catsup. Seal bottles and put in a very excellent catsup, better liked in our house than any other we know.
Gooseberry Marmalade.—Put and-tail the berries, allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar to a pound of fruit; put together in layers and set on the back of the stove to heat up very slowly. As the berries soften and the juice starts, mash the pulp with the fingers and gently till thick. It must be cooked until the skins are tender. Seal like jelly.
Currant Jelly.—Select currants that are not over-ripe for jelly. Steam, put in a preserving kettle and heat very slowly till the juice starts. When the fruit is well cooked turn in a jelly bag and let drip overnight. Carefully turn off the juice, and when it is hot put in sediment. Boil till no more scum rises, removing it carefully as it comes up. When the juice is put on to boil set a sugar-glass—three-fourths of a pound to a quart of juice—in the oven to heat. Put the two together, stir till the sugar is dissolved, let boil one minute and put to glass.
Banana Dessert.—Roll out a rich paste and, using a rolling pin, make the paste as large as possible. Try to make all the edges even; then, beginning at one corner, spread with sliced bananas. Sprinkle with sugar and butter. Roll up in a triangle. Rub over the top with a slightly beaten white of egg and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Press the edges together with a knife and seal the joint. Place in the oven with a broad blade knife and serve with a liquid sauce.
Sauce for Banana Dessert.—Simmer the yellow rind of a lemon in a cup of water for ten minutes. Take out the rind and cut in slices. Put the lemon and one and one-half cups of sugar. Boil for five minutes, then stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir until smooth, then beat with an egg beater for two or three minutes to make it foamy and light.
Ginger Squares.—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, one cup of brown sugar, two cups of flour in which a spoonful of baking powder have been sifted and one and one-half teaspoons of yellow ginger. Chill for several hours in the ice-chest, then roll out in a sheet. Cut in three-inch squares, and with a crossed-rolled makes the square look better, and, lacking this, they may be marked criss-cross with a knife blade.
Potato Rissoles.—Prepare two cups of mashed potato, add one egg and season well with salt and pepper. Divide into balls or cakes and press each out rather thin on a small flat board. Place in a pan, minced and highly seasoned meat on one-half of each cake, fold the other over and press together. Cook the rissoles brown on both sides in a little butter, turning them over with a broad-bladed knife.
Cream of Chicken.—Cook a plump fowl in water with salt, a few peppercorns, a slice of onion, and a small bay leaf. Place in a colander and pour off the water. Chop the meat for this soup. Cook a round tablespoonful of butter and four level tablespoons of flour together, add one-half level teaspoon of salt, a pinch of cayenne, and mix with the chicken stock. When this has cooled smooth add one cup of chicken minced or ground fine. Boil up once and add one cup of whipped cream. It is to be served at once in green and white luncheon or at drop a few green peas and celery tips into the tureen as a garnish.
White Corn Meal Muffins.—Beat two eggs and one-quarter cup of sugar, add one and one-half cups of milk, one-half level teaspoon of salt, one cup of white cornmeal, two cups of sifted flour in which four level teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted and one scant tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake twenty minutes in hot greased gem pans.
SUMMER DESSERTS.
Cheshire Cream.—Put the thin rind of a small lemon into a break-fast-cup of thick cream. Let it steep for an hour or more, then take it out, and add a small teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a glass of sherry. Beat these thoroughly, and place the top in a few minutes in a sieve to drain, and let it remain five or six hours. When ready to serve, put it on a glass dish with a border of macaroons or cocoanut biscuits round it.
Currant Mousse.—Put a quart of ripe currants in a saucepan, with just enough water to keep them from burning, and cook slowly until the juice runs freely. Strain them, and measure the juice. To a pint of this allow 1 lb. of white sugar, put both on the fire and bring to a boil. Beat six eggs very light in a bowl, add the juice, and mix thoroughly, stirring the mixture vigorously. Return to the stove and cook until it thickens, beating all the while. Turn it out to cool, and when it has cooled, add to it a pint of thick cream, add to the mixture, turn into a mould, and set on ice.
Peach Surprise Ice.—Into one

quart of chopped peaches stir a cupful of water, 1 lb. of sugar, and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Turn all into the freezer and grind until firm. The dasher whips the mass into a delicious, frothy "surprise." You may use any fruit you choose in the place of peaches.
Violet Ice-Cream.—Scald one quart of cream and one cupful of sugar in a double boiler with an inch piece of vanilla bean; cool, and then add violet coloring and freeze. Mould in a matter of luck. Sometimes it keeps a double of whipped cream and violet—Harpers' Cook Book Encyclopedia.
HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
It is said that cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will banish them. A sponge soaked in sweetened water and left in places they infest, will trap many. Drop it in boiling water and "set" it again until the ants are exterminated.
With too many housekeepers the keeping of a can of fruit is merely a matter of luck. Sometimes it keeps and sometimes it molds, as happens. They call it luck; others call it carelessness. Generally the fault is in the can or the rubber. It is better and economy to buy new rubber than to try to use the old ones, as they lose the fruit. Use a can whose cover doesn't fit for pickles, or something that will not ferment on exposure to the air. Sometimes a bent cover can be pounded into shape on the can, but try it before the can is filled. Much vexation is saved if the cans and tops are examined and filled before the work of canning is begun.
A handy thing to have in the pantry these days is a roll of paraffin paper—the kind used by confectioners, rather than that grocers wrap round butter. Cut covers for the jelly glasses out of it, making them a little larger than the jelly surface, and pressing them close to it, then cover with strong, white paper, secured with paste or white of egg. A sheet of paraffin paper makes the ice cream tin water and air tight when packed in the mold, and is good to wrap anything that should not dry out.
Keep the cellar sweet and clean by using quick lime whenever the air seems foul. Put in an earthen vessel, sprinkle a little coppers on it, and when it is full of steam, the chlorine gas—arising from the lime as it absorbs the moisture in the air, will do away with all bad odors.
JUDGING HUMAN CHARACTER.
A Clever Irishman Says It Is Very Difficult to Do.
Mr. T. O'Connor, who, as a very general man of the world, has had in and out of Parliament, rare opportunity of meeting all classes and conditions of men, makes some very wise reflections in T. F.'s Weekly on the difficulty of knowing people well enough to be justified in passing judgment upon them. It is a sort of homily on the text, "Judge not that ye be not judged."
"In the first place, forming a conception of character from records written by people of themselves and their emotions, as well as from records of their professions; in the second, all judge others through the spectacles of their own beings. By this I do not mean simply that we have to see people through our prejudices, our preconceptions, or that our own individuality is a refracting medium even though we be exceptionally free from prejudice or passion.
"Take two people—both honest, both intelligent, both broad-minded; they will give opposite estimates of the same individual. It may be that one of them has seen that individual in another, or it may be that the nature of the one person is so different from that of the other that it is quite impossible for them ever to see anything or anybody from the same point of view.
"Or again, there is the subtle power of association, of repulsion or attraction, between one character and another, that makes the same person present different faces to different people."
In his long experience in public affairs, notwithstanding his endeavor to keep his mind cool and unprejudiced, he confesses to have fallen into profound errors of judgment and complete transformation of opinion. He continues:
"I have thought the same man in the course of a few years a scoundrel and a hero, or perhaps, to be more accurate, a hero first and a scoundrel afterward; and in the end I have come to regard him as neither the one nor the other. The man, of course, had remained unaltered, but the difference was in me, not in him. I looked at him through the mists of circumstances, which again produced the mists of prejudice."
He concludes, after giving striking examples of such error, "that the judgment of human character is one of the most difficult things in human thought; that there is a good deal of much self-confidence displayed by most people when they come to deal with it, and that the wisest course is to suspend judgment until you have heard numberless witnesses on all sides of the question."

COURSE ON HOUSE IN PARIS
ITS HISTORY IS FRIGHTFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.
All Who Enter It Marked For Death In Some Horrible Form.
The mention of "50 Rue Boileau" sends a shudder of uneasiness through the Paris police officials and calls forth the question: "Well, who has been killed there now?"
It is a novelty in the way of a haunted house, as it has no traditions and no history over a year old, but the history it has crowded into a year is something frightful to contemplate.
The building of the house occupied about five months. While the construction was in progress no accident happened or no injury of any sort to a workman. Yet fatally followed the building of the house. The construction was finished. It is the custom in France for the building trades to hoist a little cedar tree above the roof of a house as soon as it is finished. The boss builder climbed to the peak of the roof and was in the act of hammering the trunk of the "bouquet" when his foot slipped, he slid down the steep incline, and he heading to the street below. He was dead when his comrades reached him.
"DISASTERS FOLLOW FAST."
That same night two homeless men sought shelter from the cold of the new building. They were found there dead the next morning, suffocated by the fumes from the charcoal fire they had built in the kitchen. A few hours after the discovery of the dead tramps the owner of the house made an inspection of the premises. On his way to the cellar he fell down the stairs and broke his neck. Three policemen entered the cellar to carry out the body. A heated argument ensued between two of them as to the supernatural character of the calamities. From words they proceeded to blows and the calamities were the peace was fatally sabbed.
Attracted by the extraordinary series of fatalities the judge de paix (justice of the peace) of the ward visited the house the same afternoon, accompanied by the coroner. The latter had an apoplectic stroke and expired just as he was being carried across the sill of the front door into the street.
At the urgent request of the dead owner's family the police promised not to inform the newspapers, at least for the present, of the sinister building of episodes of which the neighborhood, however, was soon discussing the matter with bated breath and in all that quarter of the city there was perhaps no one who was not aware of the brief but tragic history of "the fatal house."
BECOMES SUICIDES' RESORT.
It remained closed for two weeks, but even that fact did not put a stop to the fearful happenings. One day it was less than a week after the sudden death of the municipal functionary's secretary—the house agent, who had the property to rent, was visited at his office by a well-dressed man and woman, who made inquiries about a number of houses for rent, and then asked for the keys of the "one in the Rue Boileau." The agent felt it his duty to inform the man of the "unlucky reputation" of the place.
"O, we're not superstitious, my wife or I," replied the visitor, "and since you offer us the house for such a small rent, a little thing like an accident or two would not affect us."
The agent waited late at his office that night, but the keys of the mysterious building were not returned to him. He notified the police of his fears. Two gentlemen were sent off in hot haste to No. 59 Rue Boileau. They found the front door unlocked. In a second story room one of them stumbled over something lying on the floor. By the light of their lantern they saw it was the body of a woman. Near by was a man, also dead. In the man's hand was clutched a note addressed to the police. It stated that he and his companion had been resolved to commit suicide, and that was why they had borrowed the keys and come to the house.
From that time on the cursed house became the favorite resort of persons anxious to die. Though the agent refused to surrender the keys to persons pretending to want to rent the property, calamities went on happening there just the same. A man residing in an adjoining house climbed along the roof and made his entrance by the trap door into No. 59. As soon as he got inside he cut his throat. The following night another citizen, failing to get inside the building, hanged himself over the doorpost. Then a special policeman was stationed in front of the house to keep away all intending suicides, upon whom the place seemed to exercise an irresistible fascination.
AWFUL SPELL RETURNS.
The policeman remained there that post for about six months, during which time no human beings entered the building, and, naturally, no disasters occurred. Then people began to forget about the fatal house, and different floors were rented out to apartments to families from other

cities or from distant parts of Paris. In less than a month a new and more series of fatal accidents had resulted. A child's nurse let a baby fall from a third story window. The following day the nurse killed herself by taking a leap from a window man living in a ground floor apartment was robbed and murdered. A plumber, who had been called in to repair a leak in the water pipes, was fatally scalded by the steam upon his face his molten solder. Two tenants died suddenly from unknown causes. A balloon passing over the chimney caught its guide rope in the basket of No. 59 capsizing, the basket and hurling its two occupants to death on the roof of the house of calamity.
These are only some of the fatalities, but there are others, one or two others that would seem to indicate that the place puts its terrible seal on persons who have been connected with it. For instance, the father of the child who fell from the window from a window moved with his wife from Rue Boileau the following day. Two days later he himself was run over and killed in the street. Two boys, who were playing in the street, were drowned while bathing in the Seine. A man and his wife, who had just furnished an apartment there, were killed in a railroad accident on their way back home.
Naturally, because impossible to keep longer from the general public the story of the fatal house, when its record of deaths accumulated so constantly. So the local journals devoted much space to the general subject and published many letters from subscribers advancing all sorts of strange theories to account for the persistent disasters.
The National Society for Psychic Research discussed the weird phenomena from the standpoint of the occult and mysterious, and tried vainly to demonstrate that the calamities occurring in the house were the result of some perfectly simple and natural cause.

OSTRICH'S HEAD IN SHARK.
Extraordinary Contents of the Leviathan's Stomach.
A huge man-eating shark was captured recently at Palm Beach, Fla. It was one of the biggest ever ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor for many years. The animal measured over 100 feet in length, had a sword-shaped tail that was as long as an arm, and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety, a dangerous beast.
The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line, and had a willow as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook, and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the hook had fastened in his lower jaw. It was the interior of the shark, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was out open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach of the fish. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of a shark inside the monster was a number of inches long, and showed the back bone of the dead animal. A careful examination showed that the backbone was larger than the backbone of the captured shark. The head of the ostrich was also shown that he had been in conflict with another shark, and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the fish had had a hard fight in the do of the opportunity that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the shark was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa, and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested, and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida, and when the institution was commenced with the owners said that they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known. The shark was killed, and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

NOT UP TO THE PART.
Except in time of war the soldier is popularly supposed to lead in an idle life, barring a bit of drill. Really he must be an active in addition to his more martial qualifications. How many persons could stand for hours and hours immovably, as the guards did who watched Queen Victoria's funeral? The requisites of the "brave soldier" appear in a story of a drill-master who was puffing a raw company through the motions of military service. He had them drawn up with their arms reversed, and then he said:
"Now I'll be the bearer."
So he marched solemnly down the line at a slow pace. Turning his eyes to the side to see how his men were behaving, he stopped suddenly and roared:
"Can't you men put on an expression of regret?"
A DEFINITION.
"Pa, what is frazy?"
"Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."

Files
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every case of hemorrhoids, piles, and rectal troubles, we have prepared a full and complete list of the manufacturers in the daily press and ask your neighbors to send you a copy of our circular. You can reach our nearest dealer by mail. If you wish to send your money to Boston, N.Y. & Co., Toronto, Dr. Chase's Ointment

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(Successors to George Cassidy.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Lumber, Planed and Matched to order.
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Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
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Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
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In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. C. Kehler's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6.

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