

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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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 through with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Westmorland, 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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Chatham, N. B.

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Quinine Wine
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THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
500 Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
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Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
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STOVES at low prices.

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

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We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
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Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every one.
-IF YOU WANT-
Picture Frames, Photographs or Tintypes
Come and See Us.
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WE DO
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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
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WE PRINT—
WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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MYSTERIOUS BRONZE BOX

I was glad when the final year of that terrible suspense drew toward a close. I was eager to have the matter of my hands and out of mind. Only three months more, and that tremendous circle of five centuries would be finished. Night after night I sat with the bronze box in my hands under my study lamp, thinking, thinking. There, was, I fancied, something about the box that was almost human. I even found myself talking aloud to it at times. I would sometimes feel the presence of another person in the room and would start and stare around with almost fear, but no one was there, of course. It was only imagination. Yet from that finally the hallucination grew that the box itself was alive.

I dropped it with horror the first time that thought came to me. I, then, really going crazy, as others were often hinting? I took it up, hastened to the chest in which it had lain so long, put it down to the very bottom, and piled all the books upon it, resolving as I did so that I would not remove it again until the time arrived.

Spite of my first resolve, however, the next night saw the box out of its hiding place. I had not been long in bed when I was awakened by a noise which I could not hold out until the 21st day of March, when I opened the box, I do not know. I had now given up lecturing wholly, and my assistant was filling my place. I had now been in the city since the beginning of the year. In my 60s I had often been complimented as looking to be under 50, and now my full age had come suddenly upon me, and more. From freshness and vigor I had sunk rapidly into decrepitude.

As I have said, the bronze box had come to be seemingly endowed with life, and as the days dragged along that impression fastened itself upon me more and more strongly. Was I mad, I asked myself? No, no; I knew I was sane yet. How much longer would I be able to bear the terrible trial? Could I fight through the few remaining days to the end? No, I felt in my soul that I could not.

Never can I forget that fatal 21st! I should live a thousand years. In the broad day I forced myself to a walk abroad. On my return I looked around the room in a startled way. Surely some one was there. But no, there was no one. It was only my imagination which I have mentioned, but now felt with 10 times greater force than ever before. No sooner had I lighted the lamp than I saw the bronze box on the table, and seated myself with it at the table.

The box was alive. The conviction grew upon me so strongly that I believed it in spite of all reason. Some-thing was calling to me. Some one within was calling to me, calling loud and piteously, urging me to open the box, to open it now. Dropping the accused thing at last I ran to the window, and looked out and leaned out, trying to calm myself by fixing my gaze upon the peaceful river, which my room over-looked. I could not, I could not. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

Back to the table I went and took the box up again, looking for some-thing with which to break the seal. There was nothing at all. I had purposely put everything out of reach lest in a moment of weakness I might give way to temptation. I flung the box to the ground, and I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

File and pincers fell from my hands and perspiration bathed my face. What was I about to do? Here it was 11 days before the appointed time, and I was about to open the box. I must stop, I must resist. But that cry from within the box, that terrible, that awful cry! I paced the floor, holding my hands to my ears as if I could shut them out, as if I could close the ears of the spirit against it. What could I do—what could I do?

One more I took up the tools, but something forbade me. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

Ha! The mouse! Like a flash came the recollection of the mouse in the chest. I had not been long in bed when I was awakened by a noise which I could not hold out until the 21st day of March, when I opened the box, I do not know. I had now given up lecturing wholly, and my assistant was filling my place.

Victory was mine at last; a book hit the mouse and before it could recover I had set my foot upon it. Nevertheless, I was sorry the next morning, for now the tiny creature was crushed. But there was no time to waste upon sentiment; the hour of midnight was drawing on apace. I laid the wounded creature on the table, and with my own second's delay set about breaking the seal of the bronze box.

With file and pincers I cut and twisted with feverish hate, and at length, the tough seal parted, when—my God! how shall I tell it. The instant the seal was broken that mouse became a man, his weight great, and his eyes wide, and his face a fierce face, but he was mortally wounded, his left side being frightfully crushed.

In the horror of that moment I would have fled, but my tongue clung to my jaws, and I was powerless to utter a sound. The man glared at me fiercely, striving to get up, but his strength failed, and he fell back, his head striking the floor. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

I must have fainted, for I knew not where I was, and I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.
Each sunny day a little boy comes driving past our house—just the littlest little pony—just the littlest little pony—just the littlest little pony.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.
JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR

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

til of a sudden discovery burst upon me. This was the final day! I marvelled that it had never occurred to me before, but it had escaped my mind till that moment, when the words, "According to the Julian manner of computing," which I saw on the first page of the old book, causing it to burst upon me like an inspiration. I had forgotten the change in the modern calendar.

The bronze box, having been sealed on the first day of April, 1389, to be opened just 500 years to a day from that time, was due to be opened on that 21st day of March!

How my heart leaped! Now I was free to proceed to the solving of the mystery which had for so long tortured me. How I trembled! Eleven whole days sweat away in my effort, as though by a miracle! It was truly wonderful!

Once more I took up the tools, but something forbade me. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone. I was not alone.

Sweet Potato Hint.—When sweet potatoes are high, a few can be made to go a long way, if to them are added some rolled crackers. They are delicious thus mixed, whether fried or mashed potatoes. Of course they cannot well be mixed in any other way for serving.

Orange Marmalade.—Cut one dozen large navel oranges into very thin slices, cutting crosswise. Leave the peel on, but remove the core. Put in a pan, and add one quart of water, and a half quart of cold water and let stand overnight in a cool place. Boil very slowly for two hours, then add six pounds of granulated sugar and boil slowly till clear. Put into small glasses. This lacks much of the bitter tang of ordinary marmalade.

A Delicious Fruit Salad.—Three oranges cut in dice, three bananas sliced, a pound of seeded white grapes, a can of pineapple or one can of orange juice, and some cherries. Any other fresh fruit is desired may be added. Pour over all a dressing made of four tablespoons of sugar, one of lemon juice, and one of vinegar. There should be a cupful of the dressing. Flavor with cinnamon and some serve it covered with whipped cream.

Carroll — "Oh, by the way, Miss Westcott, there was something I wanted to say to you. Now what was it?" Ethel — "Can't you think me?" Carroll — "Wait a minute! Oh, yes, I remember now. Will you marry me?"

Castleton — "Here comes my tailor, old man." Clutterby — "Shall we walk across the street?" Castleton — "No, let's run."

About the ...House

THE GARBAGE PAIL.
If anything has to be neglected, don't let it be the garbage pail. On the mirror or window are annoying. You can't always find time to bake a cake for tea, nor pie for dessert. The sheets and towels may be folded and put under the weight to save ironing, the baby wears colored slips to economize in washing. All these limitations may be generous in a measure, but they are not of vital importance.

The care of the garbage is necessary. Death and destruction sit on the care of the neglected pail, and bacteria are everywhere. In ones — multiply. Decaying fruit and vegetables are just as poisonous as meat, only not quite so noticeable. If you are dwellers on broad acres, any whole receptacle, or even wood will do, provided it is frequently scalded, disinfected and kept clean. One of the five-gallon kerosene oil can makes a very good pail, with a piece of baling wire fastened in for a handle.

Keep an old broom for cleaning out the pail. Take a quart of kerosene, turn a teakettle of hot water on it and scrub. Once a week a disinfectant is in order. A good one to keep on hand is prepared in this way: Dissolve a half pint of washing soda in six quarts of boiling water. A cupful of this added to the cleaning water will be quite sufficient.

Do not throw the contents of the pail, if it be trimmings and parings of vegetables, etc., on the garden to rot. A good plan is to put them in the place to eat them, either bury them, and thus enrich the soil, or burn. If the latter, dry out first, and do not crack the stove. Orange and lemon peelings, peach, apricot and cherry pits make admirable kindling when dried. Bones burned and pounded are excellent for manure. If you have no drain, and are forced to throw your wash water out on the ground, a solution of copper (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is a good proportion) should be sprinkled around once or twice a week.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.
Meat Pie.—Take 1 cup cold chopped meat, 1 small onion finely chopped (or 1 teaspoon onion juice), salt to taste, a solution of copper (a pound and a half to a gallon of water is a good proportion) should be sprinkled around once or twice a week.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
Turkey is more economical and better than chicken. When grated bread, pounded biscuit, crackers, etc., are to be used in puddings with milk, heat the milk, pour it on the bread and let stand, covered, for an hour.

Very good puddings can be made without eggs, but they must be made with a little milk as will mix with the flour. Boiled puddings require plenty of water, which must be kept at a sharp boil. If baked, a quick oven, but not a scorching hot one, is required. A pudding in which there is much bread must be tied loosely to allow room for swelling. A baked pudding should be quite firmly set, frequent fault of this kind of pudding is being underdone.

When Tired of Hamburg Steak served in the usual way, mix with chopped steak some rolled crackers, crumbs, roll it up and then cut in slices. It can then be broiled or fried like slices of sausage meat. Many persons like the flavor of sage in the cold and sleet of mid-winter's morning, or in the enervating heat of summer. At break-neck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine the city he depended upon getting through his rounds in a due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing, and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers, ever in fear of losing one. There are the ice-men carrying 50 pounds and often 100 pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor, the odd is probably not more than it should be, considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is, and moderate as the pay, it is not so bad as it looks. The man who does business on a small scale, and has his own boss, probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the great-



"A man and his wife are one."
"Then, if he kills his wife the law can't touch him."
"It's a case of suicide."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point. To prevent stockings wearing at the heels line the backs of the shoes with a piece of black velvet. To warm up fast in bed lie flat on the back, the arms straight by the sides, the legs straight — then breathe.

A specialist in nerve diseases says a woman should sleep nine hours a night and one hour in the day time. In testing the temperature of the child's bath put in your elbow, or the place to eat them, either bury them, and thus enrich the soil, or burn. If the latter, dry out first, and do not crack the stove.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE
Heals the discharges, cleans the diseased parts by the improved process, relieves the pain, restores the strength and permanently cures. All dealers of Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Cure, Toronto and Buffalo.

Kidney Trouble and Lumbago.
Thirty Years of Backache and Rheumatism—Winter Season is Especially Severe—Attributed Cure to DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

This season of the year is especially trying on the older people. The pains of lumbago grow in severity in the cold and changeable weather, the kidneys get out of order, rheumatism and lumbago torture their possessor, and some of the most serious symptoms of advanced age are the urinary and bowel disorders and serious, painful, and fatal maladies.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are particularly suited to the needs of persons of advanced age. They regulate and invigorate the liver, kidneys, and bowels and prove effective in all cases of kidney and liver trouble. Mr. Robert Jackson, ship carpenter, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was afflicted with kidney trouble and lumbago for about thirty years. The winters were always very severe on me, and I was many times incapacitated by the pain. I had backache, biliousness, rheumatism,

FARM-FIELD

A FARMER'S LIFE.
If some of the farmers who are discouraged because they have not made the best of their farms, and who feel inclined to give up, their brother toilers in the city, imagining that life in the city is more desirable than theirs, easier and filled with pleasures with which their own imagination glids and glorifies those distant scenes and activities, they need only try to find out their mistake. "Far fields are green," and lose much of their attractiveness upon a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means and opportunities, who, like the ordinary farmer, has no account to fall back upon in cases of emergency, life is one "grind," and without the soothing influences of nature "sweats." The farmer, to quiet the fever and unrest which the struggle, competition and turmoil around him keep his nerves on the rack day after day. As a rule, such men are not their own masters, they must order their fields as they see fit, and inclinations to please the backs of both themselves and their families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well can rise in the morning at will, and enough to please him to do; for an hour or two he can rest, and does not make much difference in his affairs except at the most critical periods of planting and harvesting. He can do as he pleases, and his voice them to put in your elbow, or the place to eat them, either bury them, and thus enrich the soil, or burn. If the latter, dry out first, and do not crack the stove.

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The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassidy.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders Furnishings generally.
Cabinet Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
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SURGEON DENTISTS.
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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Katharine's Barber Shop, Telephone No. 6.

booms if need be, and whose business is it? But there is no reason why a farmer cannot live as well, and dress and educate his children, as finely as the average city man; and he does. He lives better, as a general thing, for there need be no scrimping in his larder. The good things of life are to be had in abundance: tables, poultry, etc.—on a well-managed farm, are abundant in their supply. In the city a man needs a purse in order to use these things, and he must have the best quality. He has to practice self-denial there.

And there is always hope ahead for the farmer. If he doesn't have good crops this year, he will have the next. There is always a chance that there will be a better yield in crops, and a better price in the market. The element of uncertainty adds less to his anxiety, a satisfied amount of wages from month to month and from year to year cannot give; and he is always sure of enough to live on the farm, of some sort or another.

One of the most discouraging features about farming is the drought which so often comes to wither both the farmer's hopes and his crops. To see the land he has been so carefully and fully worked, and the young crops that look so promising parched under the burning rays of the sun, and the water drier and drier in the hot winds, while he watches day after day in vain for the refreshing showers is almost heartbreaking. The only hope for the farmer is in the coming of a drought. This often seems impracticable, and entails too much expense, but if one were wise enough to sometimes utilize those natural advantages of the weather, he would realize a surprising benefit at a little cost. I have in mind a section of country a long stretch of farm land lying at the foot of a mountain, or range of wooded hills, for more than two miles—good productive soil, but often drying up in summer because of drought. On the mountain were springs of water-falling, and after the drouth had been opened up, there were great ponds or reservoirs filled with the draining of the quaries, which if the farmers had been enterprising enough to lay the pipe necessary to carry the water down the slope, would have furnished enough water to save their crops, and to water their cattle which had to get out of the beauty of the bright world except when he can take a cat or holiday. A grocer's clerk works more hours and harder, than the average city man, and he can go to the "corner" and pick quots of gossip with his cronies, when the city young man is just getting home from work; and as for the man who delivers milk in the city he has even harder work and longer hours. At 4 in the morning and even earlier, his wagon is heard in the streets, and himself racing from top to bottom of the high apartment buildings in the cold and sleet of mid-winter's morning, or in the enervating heat of summer. At break-neck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine the city he depended upon getting through his rounds in a due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing, and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers, ever in fear of losing one. There are the ice-men carrying 50 pounds and often 100 pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor, the odd is probably not more than it should be, considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is, and moderate as the pay, it is not so bad as it looks. The man who does business on a small scale, and has his own boss, probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the great-

MILLIONS OF NICARAGUA.
The gold output of Nicaragua in 1902 was \$1,326,000. France exported automobiles worth \$5,790,000 last year. The amount of German capital invested abroad is said to be over \$2,000,000,000. The best insured man in the country is Wanamaker, with \$1,500,000 on his life. The largest gold mine in Central America, the Guarani, produced \$1,000,000 last year. The reward of \$1,000,000 offered several years ago for a practical telephone relay has not yet been claimed. The Illinois Central Railway has paid to the state in taxes under its charter, which calls for 7 per cent. of gross receipts, over \$1,000,000 in completion of the road in 1855.

WISE SAWS.
Ambition is often the assassin of hope. Sarcasm has many admirers, but no friends. A light heart sometimes means a light head. Have something to do, or you will be a nobody. A man whom has any trouble in finding trouble. Genius consists in making the other fellow do the work. The man who is his own best friend has few enemies. A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better.

A "WEIGHTY" CLUB.
A society of some weight has just been established at Marselles under the title of the "Cent-Kilos de Marselles." The main condition of membership is that no one shall be eligible whose weight is less than 100 kilos (about 250 pounds). The officers, it need scarcely be added, have been elected by weight also. The president turns the scale at 145 kilos, the secretary at 138. With a weight of 130 kilos it would appear no easy task for the treasurer to decamp in a hurry with any of the society's funds. So far the roll of membership runs to about thirty.

Selim S. Haddad, an Egyptian, has invented a marvellous typewriter for the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian languages, which each have more than 600 characters. The feature of Haddad's invention is the fact that he had reduced these 600 characters, his machine having only fifty-three keys. Irregularities of the sizes of letters also present difficulties overcome in the mechanism. The cylinder moves from left to right instead of from right to left. It is a masterpiece of engineering, a painter in Cairo, but since that time he has devoted nearly all his energies towards perfecting this new invention.

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "when I got interested in a subject I never stop until I have mastered it thoroughly." "That's nice," was his sweethearts' hesitating reply. "I wish I were an interesting subject." And she was