

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, 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, 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.

GARD.

R. A. LAWLOR, Barrister-At-Law

Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc. Chatham, N. B.

MACKENZIE'S Quinine Wine and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND BLOOD MAKER. 50c Bottles. We Guarantee It at Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N. B.

Furnaces! Furnaces!! Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

STOVES COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!! Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanese stamped and plain flowers in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean, Chatham.

Insurance.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL IMPERIAL LONDON & LANCASHIRE LANCASHIRE, ETNA, HARTFORD, NORWICH UNION, PHENIX OF LONDON, MANCHESTER.

Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WOOD GOODS!

WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale Laths, Paling, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Saw Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLEET, Nelson.

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 line. IF YOU WANT Picture Frames Photographs or Tintypes Come and See Us.

Messers' Photo Rooms Water Street, Chatham.

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. Come and see our work and compare it with that of other.

Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office CHATHAM, N. B.

Wonder of the World A Mountain of Gold Existing in Queensland Making Men Rich.

In olden times it was said that there were "seven wonders of the world"—the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens at Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, and other creations of the genius and labor of man. Compared with these, the wonders of nature are as seventy times seven.

And are found in every part of this fabulous earth. We have read in the grandest story of nature, the vision of poets and romantics. However, it is known to many that a veritable mountain of golden ore exists in Queensland, the sunny state of the new Australian Commonwealth. This mountain is now being tunneled and passed through the mountains and levelled, and its stone crushed and passed through chemical processes. In one year over 325,000 ounces of pure gold were extracted, and the value of the mine rose in the share market to more than sixteen million sterling.

Traveling in central Queensland, a few months ago, curiosity induced us to visit this mountain of gold, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the populous city of Rockhampton, in the district of the "Journal." The train by which we made the journey runs some distance through open forest country, and is flanked on both sides by boxgums and iron bark trees, and a very steep ridge called the Razor Back to a range of mountains stretching for miles from north to south, where the air is cool and pleasant after the heat and dust of the city. As the famous mine is approached great activity is apparent. A busy and thriving township has arisen, with its hotels, stores, hospitals, churches and schools, and though some of the buildings are roughly constructed, and in the streets steep natural runnels and blocks of stone are likely to arrest the progress of the unwary pedestrian, there is a buzz of business and evidences of enterprise that augur well for the future prosperity of this mountain.

The sharpness of this mountain top, which has been the cause of a chinery, and occasionally the sudden boom of a blasting explosion; and the smoke from the furnaces and various peculiar chemical odors make the atmosphere less bright and invigorating.

On application at the office, the manager readily gives permission to go over the works; and after a slight delay, a payment of half a crown to a fund for the benefit of the miners, the visitors are provided with a guide, who shows them the process from start to finish by the company's working stone quarried from this remarkable mountain is made to yield gold of the finest quality for the mint or the jeweler's workshop.

WORKING THE MINE. In the immense tunnels made in the mountain, tier on tier, are men busy at work blasting and heaving the stone and loading it on trucks, which convey it to buckets lowered down from one platform to another until the huge crushing machines are reached; then the ore is carried forward by trucks and sockets and funnels, where it is roasted and made porous for the Hall-Richard chlorination process. The ore is now placed in large barrels and treated with chloride solution, under high pressure, and afterward it is discharged into leaching vats, fitted with sand and gravel filters, placed directly underneath. After being repeatedly washed, it is finally made to percolate through perforated board work covered with cheesecloth, and next through a bed of charcoal. This precipitates the gold, and leaves it in shining heaps on the dist. From the surface, the whole process is full of intense interest to the visitor. The granular and riches of nature are there, and also the science and ingenuity of man. More than 1,000,000 pounds has been spent on the machinery, the gigantic dams for the storage of water, and the workings; about eighteen hundred men are constantly employed, and as the mine is lit up by electricity, relays of miners come time to work day and night.

Mount Morgan is somewhat oval-shaped at the base, being about a mile and a half at its longest measurement and half a mile at its shortest. It rises almost precipitously from the banks of a small river called the Dee to the height of five hundred feet and attains at its summit an altitude of twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing in the outward appearance of the mountain to distinguish it from the other mountains of the range; it had the same rugged slopes and gullies, and the same scrubby vegetation covered its surface, as could be seen for miles around, setting the shepherd wandering over the hilly regions till dreamed of the treasure stored beneath. They

would sometimes find alluvial gold in the ravines and creeks and pick up a boulder heavily weighted with the precious metal; but that there was a whole mountain of auriferous ore waiting to be exploited by men of energy and enterprise never entered the minds. The gold was carefully hidden in stone which, in outward appearance, differed slightly from the ordinary metallic structure of the soil around.

DISCOVERY OF AN ACCIDENT. The discovery was made almost accidentally. In the early days of settlement in Central Queensland, a Scotch family named Gordon took up a section on the slopes of the Razor Back, and by additional purchases extended their run down across a creek which divided the slopes from the mountain. A large number of the sons, Alexander Gordon, worked their land with sheep and cattle, and endeavored to win a living from it, but had little success. Among other misfortunes, a large number of their cattle died through eating a poisonous weed which grew abundantly in the neighborhood, and so their sons were obliged to leave the homestead for work elsewhere. One of the sons, Alexander Gordon, found employment with the Morgans, mining speculators living at Mount Wheeler, a few miles from Rockhampton. Mrs. Alexander Gordon was the daughter of a stock man who often drove his cattle over the district, and watered them at the streams flowing at the base of the mountain; and she had received from her father a piece of gold-bearing stone picked up in a creek there. Gordon showed this stone to the Morgans, who at once saw its worth, and offered him £200, which he accepted, and the Morgans, after equipping themselves in Rockhampton with horses and tools for a prospecting tour, started under the guidance of Gordon to find this modern Potosi.

After journeying over the ranges they reached a creek where the gold was supposed to be; but their first investigations were very discouraging, for the stone they crushed yielded little gold. At night a tropical downpour of rain set in, and all the gullies and creeks became flooded, and ran in torrents, so they had to seek a place of safety on the mountain. Next morning, as the rain continued, they were in such a sodden and disheartened condition that they decided to make their way back; but this was difficult because of the floods. Therefore they moved to higher ground, swimming across creeks, and climbing up the steep sides of ravines, and at last reached a spur of the mountain, where they found a Chinaman's hut. In this shelter they made a fire, dried their clothes and ate a hearty meal.

After the rain had cleared off, one of the brothers, accompanied by Gordon, determined to prospect around the neighborhood to see if any gold could be found there. When they had gone some distance off, Gordon being some distance off, a BIG BLACK BOWLER which he thought had some gold in it, so he broke a piece off and put it in his pocket. He also noticed that all along the road were similar stones, and, without telling Gordon of his discovery, he broke pieces off and on his return showed them to his brother, who was still resting in the hut. Leaving Gordon in the hut, the two Morgans went down to the nearest water hole, where they crushed and washed the ore, and to their surprise and immense gratification, found that these pieces of bowler yielded, as they said, "more gold than stone." On exploring the country around, they found that the whole mountain side appeared to be of the same kind of gold-bearing stone. The discovery was kept from Gordon, as his family still owned some of the land, and after having the ore assayed in Rockhampton, the Morgans bought the Gordons' land for the paltry sum of \$5 an acre, and afterward secured the rest of the land on similarly easy terms. This the Morgans became the owners of this famous natural treasure of buried wealth, this wonderful Australian El Dorado.

The mountain, which was formerly the property of the Morgans, was now called Mount Morgan, after its discoverer. Soon a small company was formed and registered, and the Morgans became the owners of this famous natural treasure of buried wealth, this wonderful Australian El Dorado.

The Plot That Failed and Why

deep sea fisherman, was drowned, almost within sight of land, and in his Corbett lost the only ally who could have influenced Kitty, though she herself declares to-day, that not even her father could have shaken her faith in Michael Fenwick.

Hard times then came to Kitty, and at the date of Dick Corbett's disappearance, she was earning a scanty living as one of the many net-menders of the fishing fleet. By and by the fishing industry declined, so, owing to the overwhelming increase in steam trawling, that Michael found it impossible to make a living even, while his prospects of marrying Kitty seemed more remote than ever.

Then it was that he determined to go to sea for a year or two, leaving Tat's Corner with that object, without saying a word to Kitty. Kitty's only mistake was, that she had not told Michael that she had guessed that Dick Corbett loved her; her excuse to herself being that he had actually been spoken of in the above steam trawling, and the consequences of which might, with a little mutual confidence, have been averted.

The Erl King was preparing to warp out of dock, and Michael Fenwick, sick at disappointment at not having had a reply from Kitty, was literally clinging up a rope on the fo-castle head.

The chief mate was standing by the break rail, shouting orders to the man in charge of the steam winch, when, casting his eyes for a moment seaward, he saw a girl's tearful face looking up at that part of the ship.

He could not take advantage of her proximity to speak to her, besides, Michael was too close for that action to be quite prudent—so he made a virtue of necessity, and called to the subordinate's attention to his sweetheart's presence on the deck. It would have been rank insubordination to leave the ship, even for five minutes, so all Michael could do was to lean over the rail and speak to her.

"You shouldn't have come," he said, first looking round to see that there were no immediate listeners. "We'll cast off in less than 10 minutes."

"I couldn't let you go without saying good-by, Michael," he said, "I know it; it was wrong of me to leave you without a word, but I did it for the best, Kitty."

"Don't say anything more about that, Michael—I just want you to promise me one thing."

"Promise me you'll do what I've asked you in this?"

As she spoke the last word she took up on board a piece of paper wrapped round something hard. It fell at his feet, and he picked it up on the instant, and put it in his pocket.

"You mustn't remain any longer, Kitty" (even then the ship had begun to move away from the quay). "I'll remember. Good-by."

At that moment Corbett called her something, and when he looked round again the steamer was a hundred yards from the quay; all he could see being a little figure waving a white handkerchief.

When the dust of the Mersey and fairly on their way seaward he took out and read Kitty's last little note of appeal.

"What a trusty old fellow," he said, "I've never seen a man so true to his word as you are. You've been a good deal of a help to me, and I'll be sure to remember you."

"I'll be sure to remember you," he said, "I'll be sure to remember you."

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BITS OF INFORMATION.

Nubs of Knowledge Which Will Be Found Interesting.

There is no ironical rule for successful advertising. It is a result of the combination of common-sense and tenacity of purpose.

A newspaper or sheet of paper tied on a window or balcony of a dwelling house in Mexico indicates that there are rooms to let in the house.

Advertising is the cement that holds together the foundation of any successful business. Cut out the advertising and the business will weaken and collapse.

It has been calculated that the cyclids of the average man open and shut no fewer than four million times in the course of a single year of his existence.

Before an officer in the German army may marry he is required to notify his superior officer as to his wife's antecedents and the amount of her private income.

There are 31,000 distinct varieties of potatoes in existence. Scotland has 146 parishes without paupers, poor rates, or public-houses.

The number of marriages in London during the last twelve months was 40,010.

Our army in British India costs the empire more than \$200,000,000 per annum.

Umbrellas are rarely seen in Payta, Peru, where the average interval between two showers of rain is seven years.

Here has the reputation of being the most honest town in Switzerland. It is said that not a single article has been lost within the city without being recovered.

After that, for the sake of discipline, I can't say anything to you much in the daytime—but at night, middle watch sometimes, we'll have a little talk over the wall in the Mersey.

Michael Fenwick's letter was to Kitty Hazel. It was not a long one; just saying that "she must not think badly of him for leaving her in that way, and that an unexpected meeting with Dick Corbett had made things easier and the future more hopeful."

He was addressing the envelope, when Dick, who had left him for 10 minutes, returned.

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The Factory JOHN McDONALD & CO. (Successors to George Cassidy.) Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Windows, Builders' Furnishings generally. Lumber Planed and Matched to order. BAND AND SCROLLSAWING! Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand. Last End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL 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. Office in Chatham, Besseon Street. Telephone No. 103. In Newmarket opposite Square, over J. S. Keith's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 1.

WHAT THE GERMANS BURN THEY MAKE BRIQUETTES OF WASTE MATERIAL. Principal Domestic Fuel of the Fatherland—Smokeless and Cheap.

A report which has been prepared by the United States Consul at Berlin, Germany, on the fuel industry of the Fatherland makes very interesting reading on account of the present application of economy on an extensive scale in the waste products and hitherto unused raw material. Briquettes form the principal domestic fuel of Berlin and other cities and districts in Germany. They are used for locomotive and steam firing, and are employed for heating in various processes of manufacture. For all these uses they have the tangible advantages—they are clean and convenient to handle; they light easily and quickly and burn with a clear intense flame; they make practically no smoke and are, with the cheapest form of fuel for domestic purposes.

REGULATES THE PRICE. Like most other German industries the briquette manufacture is controlled by a syndicate, which includes among its members 31 firms from Berlin, Breslau, Chemnitz, and other cities, and regulates the output and prices for each year. From the official report of the syndicate for 1901, which has recently appeared, it is learned that the total output for the last year was 1,566,385 tons, to which is to be added the product of makers outside the syndicate, amounting to 1,648,416 tons.

ANT HYPNOTISTS. That ant doctor, their sick by hypnosis and magnetism is proved by observation, and is a very simple thing to witness what may be termed a seance in medical science among ants. He saw several of these little creatures emerge from the hills and noticed that there were some same them which were very large and emaciated—invalids, in fact. They were accompanied by healthy members of the community, and all made their way toward a distant mound.

A SMOKELESS FUEL. The general use of briquettes for domestic fuel is a very practical thing, as well as for generating steam in a number of electric generating plants, must have a decided and beneficial influence in ridding the smoke which has long been a city nuisance. Berlin, although a busy manufacturing city, ranks as one of the cleanest and best kept in Europe. The briquettes are usually used by American and English travellers visiting the German capital for the first time is the absence of that cloud of dusty smoke which is so common in our cities in our country. The reason for this lies in three facts. These are:—

EDUCATED STOKERS. It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal to whom it is permitted to stoke a boiler. In Germany, before a man can assume such a charge he must be taught the theory and practice of economical, scientific firing, by which the coal is distributed in such a manner and quantity over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion of its volatile elements. The Silesian coal used in most large steam plants and factories is rich in bitumen, and would raise below many of the bituminous coals of the United States, and yet the long, dense clouds of smoke from mill and factory chimneys which are so familiar to us in many of our cities are rarely seen in this section of Germany, where the indiscriminate shovelling of bituminous coal into the steam and other furnaces is considered a crime, and a wasteful proceeding.

NOTHING IS WASTED. Coke making, in retort ovens, by which every element is saved and bituminous coal converted into smokeless coke and gas, is another important factor in German fuel economy, and abatement of the smoke nuisance. If American municipalities beyond the economic range of anthracite are ever emancipated from the blighting influence of the smoke incubus, it will be through the enforced use of one or more of these forms of prepared fuel, coke and fuel gas made in prepared ovens from the bituminous coal.

ELECTRIC FLY KILLER. A new apparatus has been invented for killing flies by electricity. It looks somewhat like a gridiron, placed vertically, with a horizontal shelf hanging beneath. The "gridiron" is composed of wires which are connected with an electric battery, and the wires are so close together that a fly alighting can hardly fail to stand upon at least two of them at one time, and being thus connected with negative and positive, the insect by the mere act of lighting upon the machine completes the circuit, and is instantly killed. At intervals the apparatus may be removed, and the dead flies brushed off.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys

Symptoms That Warn You of the Approach of This Malady so Dreadfully Painful and Fatal in Its Results. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Bright's disease is in reality a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and is the natural consequence of neglecting ordinary kidney derangements.

At first you may notice a slight swelling of the feet after the day's work is over, slow but unmistakable failure of health, pallor of face, and loss of flesh, shortness of breath when going upstairs rapidly, and dimness of sight.

men, young and old, working around him, but she speaks to no one; and, with the sympathy of their kind they leave her severely alone. By and by, the old man who performs the duties of letter carrier is seen to be hobbling towards the beach.

"What he old Maartin a doing 'ere now, I wonder?" said an old dame sitting close by Kitty.

"The woman was sufficient to make the girl raise her head. As she did so, the old postman saw her looking at him, and waved something above his head, as if to say, 'Kitty Hazel, it's a message for 'ee,' he said, putting the orange-colored envelope into her trembling hand.

With feverish eagerness she tore it open. It was from the house surgeon of a large Liverpool hospital.

"Michael Fenwick brought here on landing from Brazil, Portugal, is seriously ill. Wishes to see you."

"Kit," said Michael, sobbing, in his weakness like a child, "you never forgive me for not keeping my promise."

"Yes, dear, I forgive you, for you have suffered most."

"Well, Michael?"

"Dick Corbett—what of him?"

"He tried to raise himself in the bed to listen to her answer."

"Tell me, Kit, are you excited?"

"Is that fend, who tried to drop me over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night—is he to escape justice?"

"Michael?"

"Death!—nothing short of death!"

"Well, dear, the doctor has just told me, that the Erl King, with all his hands, is reported as having founded on the same night that you departed in that small boat to the Portuguese port. Dick Corbett, therefore, has received justice, and you and I have no more to say."