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ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER. ALL THE LATEST FACILITIES. Compare our work with that of others.  
**Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office, CHATHAM, N. B.**

**MANCHURIA'S VALUE.**  
At first sight it is a little difficult to understand what any nation could want with Manchuria, the climate especially being anything but attractive. In the south—that is to say, in the same latitude as that of Spain and Italy—20 to 25 degrees of frost are not uncommon. At New Chwang on the 5th of February, 1902, for example, 31 degrees were registered. In summer on the other hand the heat is equally unbearable. In spite of these extremes of temperature, however, there is plenty of scope for agriculture, the soil being remarkably fertile, especially in the low lying districts, the valleys of the Sungari, which is flooded every year, for instance, producing enormous crops of millet, which forms the national food. The forests also, besides timber, much game, the rivers teem with fish, and pearl oysters abound in the river mouths. The country is rich in metals, copper, silver, and gold being mined in the Singari valley. So perceptive those who ardently desire to possess the country are not without method in their madness.  
Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding):—"My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you." "Prize me, that's all right." "Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to start housekeeping, so you won't lose me, after all!"  
Man at the Door—"I called to see the head of the family." "Mr. Honorable." "She's out; any messenger?" "Expense of people who want the earth."

**An Affair of Hearts..**

Tom Wilton had eaten his dinner with one eye on the restaurant clock all the while. It was twenty-five minutes past six. That would give him time to catch the omnibus which would convey him to Baywood where he had an important engagement—all engagements of that kind are most important, and demand exact punctuality—with Miss Clara Hunter.

He took the top-hat on the peg beside him, and, having hurriedly settled his bill, and tipped the waiter, set off, his hand occupied with pleasant anticipations of a meeting with her, who had promised to be his very own as soon as "Tom Wilton" reached the hundred pounds necessary for the launch upon the matrimonial sea.

"Tom, dear, what is the matter?" cried Miss Clara as she advanced to meet him in the hall, and noticed the gloom upon his face. "Nothing, dear—nothing!" he replied. "You are only thinking how horrible it cannot marry because—"

She stopped him in the usual manner when he uttered that old lament. "You are a great goose, Tom!" she declared—"a great goose? Why, hundreds of men would be only too glad to marry when they've got a hundred pounds!"

"What a nice hat Tom had got!" she lifted it from its place on the stand. "You are a big fellow, carry letters in the lining, she wondered, as her eye caught one stuck there, no doubt to prevent its getting crumpled. "Where's the letter?" she asked. "Possibly Tom has forgotten to post it. Love does make a man forgetful at times. Miss Clara determined to take it to him and remain in his company.

"Miss Ada Bregrave, Wilbrook Mansions, Kensington, W." A little child of terrible premonition passed over her as she read that heading. The letter was not sealed. Had not Tom once declared that he had no secrets—none from her—that he only wished she could know his very heart, and read his secret thoughts? What had she found there in her reading the letter? She was finishing it when she heard his voice from the landing above.

"Crushing the letter together in her hand, she thrust it into her pocket. He must not see her reading it—not for worlds." "Tom Wilton was not to sing that night. A few minutes later the house maid came to tell him that Miss Hunter had been seized with such a violent headache that she had had to retire to her room, and it was not possible she could see him again. The next evening when Tom called was informed that Miss Clara's headache was worse than ever. The next morning the post brought him a letter and a little registered parcel.

In the note Mr. Thomas Wilton was presented with Miss Clara Hunter's compliments, and informed that all was over between them for ever. The last two words were underlined. "Dear Miss Bregrave—Oh, that I might dare to call you my own Ada! But now I take the step which, if you will agree, shall grant me what I desire most. Do not turn a deaf ear to it, I beseech you." Dear Miss Bregrave, can you have been inconsiderate to the feelings which have surged in my heart, devoting it to you? I have loved you from the first, and I cannot understand how I can have been so foolish as to imagine that I really loved her. Only say the word, and I will be there for ever, and you shall have no further cause to reproach me for the sake of a girl who is to you as a butterfly is to a fairy—Yours, in anxiety and trepidation, TOM.

**MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY**  
**STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS**  
Chatham, N. B.

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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.  
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careful Tom could be when writing to a "fairy." Who and what could the creature be. She heard the housemaid deliver her message to Tom, and his footfall as he passed down the stairs, and the closing of the hall door behind him. Of course, he must have discovered that she had taken that letter out of his hat, but he did not dare to claim it! She wondered how much he felt now that he knew his chair as he flashed across him who had written to her. She was well rid of such a wretch, and Miss Ada Bregrave was welcome to him. That letter should go to its destination.

But how? That was a question. She would dearly love to see this miserable woman who had come between them and her wily art, after a night of tossing and sleeplessness Miss Clara resolved to deliver that note personally. She would see the creature, at least.

"Well, this fair takes the cake, that Tom should write to me like this, and send his letter by a girl like you!" exclaimed Miss Bregrave when she had finished the epistle. She was a tall and considerably over-dressed young lady, with a profusion of gaudy ornaments, the shape of very ostentatious jewellery. Her little flat was full of things which Miss Clara Hunter mentally condemned as in the most atrocious and vulgar taste.

"Well, pop will be delighted," she went on. "He's been wild that I didn't get hitched on for a long time, and he really thinks he will marry you?" asked Miss Clara, forgetting that the question betrayed a certain acquaintance with the contents of the letter. "Fancy Tom marrying a 'fairy' like that?" "Marry me?" exclaimed Miss Bregrave, not noticing the admission. "What a lovely girl! I guess it'll be a bad day for him if he doesn't. Didn't you ever hear of such a thing as B. O. P., my girl—breach of promise?"

And that, thought Miss Clara, "Oh, Tom! Tom! What a fool you must be, and what a fine prospect of happiness you have before you!" For a month it is probable that the girl had been no less than the man in the world than Mr. Tom Wilton. The inexplicable conduct and cruelty of Miss Clara Hunter had plunged him into the profoundest gloom, and his misanthropic mood and women were all his foes.

"But I'll be hanged if I'll release myself by starving myself to death!" he muttered to himself as he hurriedly scanned the letter. "I'll show Clara—Miss Hunter—that a man's got grit in him which defies the cruelty of an unfeeling and—"

He did not finish, but took his hat down and set off to the restaurant where he had dined that fatal night. He had remembered it all! When he had last seen her, he took his seat at the table, and began to scan the menu card, when she started with astonishment. "The gentleman who took tea here" cried an excited waiter, and in an instant he was surrounded by three gesticulating attendants, who eyed him with intense curiosity, and appeared to be carrying on a heated argument in Italian, French and German.

"What on earth is the matter?" gasped Tom. "This gentleman has found the pound reward is for offered!" explained the most excited of the waiters to the proprietor, who came bustling forward, the waiter going to the digests in the opposite Monsieur Tom Selbury. He ze hat take. I swore it on my soul and honor. And he waved his napkin frequently towards the waiter, as if he would explain it satisfactorily. "I will explain it satisfactorily," said the proprietor, bowing low to Tom. "The monsieur is in the dark. He understands not that on the hat hangs a tragedy, the name Monsieur Tom Selbury is distract. He wring his hands, he utter the cry of the heartbreak. Ah, child! Is he the digests man? No! No! He is the ghost that walks and rig perpetual. My hat! My hat! Where is the gentleman with my hat? Ha! Here Monsieur Selbury himself come! Angela has found him. Ah! It is a happy day that the hat has come again!"

**KINGS WHO PLAYED GOLF**  
THE STUART KINGS WERE FOND OF THE GAME.  
English Sovereigns From North of the Border Were All Adepts.  
The news that King Edward is developing a remarkable enthusiasm for golf, and that he is a "winder" fails to send a couple of hours to the sports little nine-hole course there, takes one back to the days when golf was a favorite pastime of his Royal predecessors.

**THE EAST BELLIGERENTS**

**FINANCIAL STAYING POWER OF THE TWO COUNTRIES.**  
Japan's Debt Little More Than \$3 Per Head, Russia's Eight Times More.  
Most people have been astounded at the marvellous growth of the military ideas in Japan, but those interested in the financial development of the country, a development that has made the military idea possible, are still more astonished at her economic progress. Money makes the war go. And, after all, the dominant factor of warfare is not so much the number of men and ships available as the financial staying power of the country. When hostilities were pending between these two countries, the military idea was possible, and the number of men and ships available as the financial staying power of the country. When hostilities were pending between these two countries, the military idea was possible, and the number of men and ships available as the financial staying power of the country.

**BEAT THE ENGLISHMEN.**

It is in connection with this house that the following interesting story is told. One day the Duke of York became engaged in a dispute with two English noblemen as to whether or not whether golf was a peculiarly Scottish or English pastime. As the disputants could come to no satisfactory conclusion, it was decided to settle the matter by an appeal to the game itself, the nobles offering to play His Royal Highness and any Scotsman he could bring forward for a large sum of money. "The Duke," he no the rub, "I myself as a golfer was popularly thinking, this had no bad opportunity but for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotsman and flatterer of a national prejudice. Immediately accepted the challenge. He discovered a suitable partner in one John Paterson, a shoemaker, a member of a famous golfing family, and himself a champion player. In the match, the Duke and his partner achieved an easy victory over the Englishmen, and James in his delight handed over half the winnings to his humble co-adjuvant. With this sum the shoemaker bought himself a substantial house which survives to-day in the Canonate, and on its front the Duke caused the escutcheon described above to be affixed. MONEY FOR GOLD BALLS.

**COMPARISON WITH BRITAIN.**

The other factor to remember is—says O. Etzbacher in The Nineteenth Century—"If we compare the national debt of Japan with the indebtedness of other newly-developed countries, we must bear in mind that her foreign indebtedness is limited to a part of her national debt. Her railways, tramways, waterworks, factories, mines, etc., are exclusively financed by Japanese money, and her corporations have not raised any loans abroad." "If you compare her national debt with that of other nations, it sinks to an insignificant place. In 1901, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to £18,950,000,000, while that of Japan is only £419,840,000. In 1901, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to £18,950,000,000, while that of Japan is only £419,840,000. In 1901, the national debt of Great Britain amounted to £18,950,000,000, while that of Japan is only £419,840,000.

**JAPAN'S PROGRESS.**

During the last ten years the amount expended on education has increased 524 per cent., whilst agriculture and commerce has advanced some 232 per cent., justice 215 per cent., and the army and navy 162 per cent. This surely denotes extraordinary progress and shows that Japan's advance in culture and civilization is being carried on with a rapidity that has not been surpassed in any other country in the world. Her industrial progress is enormous, and it places the country in a healthy position to withstand the tremendous financial strain of a great campaign. The bright picture drawn of Japan cannot be repeated in dealing with the financial possibilities of Russia. What are the actual resources which the Russian government have at its disposal? The Russian government has had at its immediate and entire disposal some £40,000,000, with a first possible reserve of another £55,000,000, but it is necessary to deduct from the combined total some £15,000,000 to meet the gold charges on the external debt for one year.

**DANDY AND THE AXE.**

Dandy was a little dog who lived with his mistress in a New York apartment flat up two flights of stairs. He had a very neat and airy room of his own, and a window of an open wood fire in cool weather and Dandy was the errand boy who brought wood from the cellar when necessary. One day Mrs. Scott, his mistress, discovered she had no wood, so she said, "Dandy, go down cellar and bring me a stick of wood." (He always brought one stick at a time, and travelled up and down stairs until the woodbox was replenished.)

**HOW TO KNOW LINEN.**

Cotton may be distinguished from linen when one is buying handkerchiefs by moistening the tip of the finger and pressing it on the handkerchief. If it sticks through at once it is linen, while if any cotton enters into its manufacture it will take several seconds to wet through the threads. In linen the threads are more uneven than in cotton.