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.

Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 11 CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 22, 1903 D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

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.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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 and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, 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
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 Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.
A. C. McLean, Chatham.

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WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
Laths
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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 time.
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A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON 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.

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; but, compared with these, the wonders of nature at the present day are as seventy times seven, and are found in every part of this grand old earth. We have read in fabulous story of mountains of gold; but we supposed that such miracles of nature existed only in the visions of poets and romanticists. 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 leveled, and its stone crushed and passed through chemical processes. In one year over 323,000 ounces of pure gold were extracted; and the value of the mine once rose in the share market to more than seventeen millions 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, says a writer in Chambers' Journal. The train by which we made the journey runs some distance through open forest country, timbered mainly with bloodwood, boxgums and iron bark trees, and up 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, hospital, churches and school of arts; 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 and shapeliness of this mountain town. We hear the clanging of machinery, and occasionally the sullen 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 change of dress and 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 which the common looking 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 busily at work blasting and hewing 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 buckets to the furnaces, 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 leeching 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 of fine dust on the surface. The whole process is full of intense interest to the visitor. The grandeur 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 continue to work day and night.

Mount Morgan is somewhat oval-shaped at the base, being about a mile and a half at its largest 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 dome-like 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 scanty vegetation covered its surface as could be seen for miles around. The farming settler and the shepherd wandering over the hilly regions little dreamed of the treasure stored beneath. They would sometimes find alluvial gold in the ravines and creeks and pick up a bowlder 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 their minds. The gold was carefully hidden in stone which, in outward appearance, differed slightly from the ordinary metallic structure of the soil around.

DISCOVERY 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 this mountain, and partly up one of its sides. They stocked 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 £20 if he would show them the spot where it was found. This he promised to do; and the two Morgans, after equipping themselves in Rockhampton with horses and tools for a prospecting tour, started under the guidance of Gordon to find this modern Pactolus.

After journeying over the ranges they reached a creek where the gold was supposed to be; but their first day's 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 saddened 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 about two miles—Gordon being some distance off—Morgan saw

A BIG BLACK BOWLDER

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 reef there 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 bowlder 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 Rockhamton, the Morgans bought the Gordons' land for the paltry sum of $5 an acre, and afterward secure the rest of the land on similarly easy terms. Thus the Morgans became the owners of this famous natural tumulus of buried wealth, this wonderful Australian El Dorado.

The mountain, which was formerly named the Iron-stone mountain, was now called Mount Morgan, after its discoverer. Soon a small company was formed and registered, and the brothers Morgan, with one or two others who had secured shares, began mining operations. The richness of the stone was unparalleled, and the news of this discovery was soon wired over the world. Speculators in many countries felt the throb of a new sensation, and the share markets became mercurial with excited buyers and sellers; rings were formed, and no small amount of suspected jobbery practiced; shares rose to enormous prices, then fell far below their value, and thus many were ruined; there were lawsuits over adjoining claims, and supposed questionable transactions occurred; fortunes were made and lost and regained; but amid all these variations of speculation and fortune the wonderful output of gold continued. Since 1882, when the discovery was made, over two million and a quarter ounces of gold have been obtained; and the latest reports issued by the company state that for some decade at least there will be no diminution of the steady yield of gold which has been so long continued. Even when the mountain is leveled gold will be found to a considerable depth beneath its base.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Nubs of Knowledge Which Will Be Found Interesting.

There is no ironclad 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.

Out of 100 deaths in London, forty take place in winter and twelve in summer. Twenty-three acres of ground are needed to bury London's dead of one year.

The once famous Inman liner City of Rome has been sold to the shipbreakers for a trifle over $85,000. She was built in 1881 at a cost of over $1,500,000.

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 postage stamps in existence.

Scotland has 146 parishes without paupers, poor rates, or public-houses.

Irish farmers send about 640,000,000 eggs annually to England.

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.

Berne 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.

On an average each Englishman writes forty letters a year, each Scotchman thirty, and each Irishman sixteen. The average Italian only posts six and the American twenty-one.

A Sydney firm of meat preservers have purchased 12,000 sheep at twelve cents to twenty-five cents each, the owners being unable to maintain them owing to the absence of fodder.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

A BOOMERANG.

Of course a man may without reproach refer to the excellence of his own work, but it is never well to call attention to one's own skill by casting aspersions upon the ability of others. A piano tuner had nearly finished his work on her piano when he looked up and said to the lady of the house:

"Your instrument was in awful condition. You ought to have sent for me sooner."

"It was tuned only three months ago."

"Then the man who did it was ignorant of his business."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it, ma'am. He ought to be sawing wood or cleaning the streets instead of tuning pianos. A delicate instrument like a piano needs fingers equally delicate to handle it, and it needs an accurate ear, too. The person who attempted to tune this instrument last evidently had neither."

Here the tuner regarded his own hands complacently, and then continued: "In fact, I am free to say," he added, "that he did more harm than good."

"I can hardly think it is so bad as that."

"Well, he certainly didn't do it any good. May I ask who the man was?"

"Yes, it was yourself."

"Madam, you are mistaken. I never tuned a piano in this house before."

"Probably not; but you tuned that instrument, nevertheless, or attempted to. It belongs to Mrs. Jones, who sent it here for me to use while she is out of town. She told me you had always tuned it, and to send for you when it needed tuning again."

On his way back to the piano warehouse the tuner reflected solemnly on the irritating way some women have of presenting facts.

QUENCHING THIRST AT SEA.

Many years ago Dr. Hing suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched by dipping the clothing in salt water and putting it on without wringing it out. The captain, on being cast away, succeeded in persuading some of the men to follow his example, and they all survived, while the four who refused and drank salt water became delirious and died. Captain Kennedy goes on to say: "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent thirst went off and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes when we had bathed and washed our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

San Francisco is said to have established a record for telephone popularity, having one telephone for every twelve of its inhabitants.

Thirty years ago Japan boasted one newspaper. To-day there are no fewer than 900.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
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.

The Plot That Failed and Why

"Mercy, Michael! — the last man I'd have thought of seeing in Liverpool. Where have you been all these years?"

"Where have you been, Dick? I haven't roamed very far from Tat's Corner, but you! — why, nobody's heard a breath of you for the last six years or more."

Dick Corbett laughed recklessly, and looked at his one-time chum, Michael Fenwick, in—as the latter thought—a peculiarly defiant way.

"No; they haven't; but, as that is my business, and not anybody's, just be content, my son, to know that I've been 'sailoring' in nearly every sea, and that now I'm chief mate of the fastest little fruit steam 'tramp' that trades between Liverpool and the Spanish ports."

"Have you a vacancy for a 'forad hand'?"

"Who for — for you? Why! — what's pretty little Kitty about that she's letting you go to sea?"

"Never mind Kitty, Dick! I'm going to sea again, because things have been a bit rough round about Tat's Corner lately."

He spoke as if any reference to his sweetheart by the other was distasteful to him; for he clearly saw that Dick Corbett, since he had seen him last, was changed, and for the worse; he was no longer the "good fellow" of old days.

For the moment Dick was inclined to resent Michael Fenwick's evident disinclination to bring Kitty Hazel's name into the conversation, but thinking better of it, he brought his hand suddenly down upon Michael's shoulder.

"Look here, old chap!" he said, with a show of good-natured frankness that quite deceived the other. "I don't want to poke my nose into your love affairs; I've lived out my soft side, and don't care a 'rope-yarn-end' for the trimmest petticoat that walks the earth. If you want a berth on the Erl King you can have it—I'm going aboard now; come along, and you can sign on, and finish the business."

The two men were standing by the high wall which bounds the Albert dock, and but a few yards from the dock gates.

"When do you sail?" asked Michael, as he went up the Erl King's gangway.

"Day after to-morrow," returned the mate over his shoulder.

"Time enough to send a letter to Tat's Corner and get a reply."

"Yes," muttered Dick Corbett as he unlocked the door of his cabin in the alleyway opposite the engine room hatch.

"You can write your letter here," he continued, "before you sign on. 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 chance for a 'palaver.'"

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 this 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.

The mate's eyes gleamed viciously as he caught sight of the superscription over the other's shoulder.

"Shall I post it for you?" he said.

"No, Dick—or, Mr. Corbett, I suppose I ought to say—no thanks. I've got to go after my 'duds' to the boarding-house."

The other tried hard not to appear disappointed, and so far succeeded as to awaken no suspicion in Michael's mind of any desire to tamper with the letter.

The new A. B. then signed on; agreed to be on board the following afternoon and left the ship.

Had he but turned around as he went down the gangway he would not have failed to see such an expression on Dick Corbett's face as the latter stood watching, with his arms on the rail, as would have set him thinking that the easiness of things, and the hopefulness of the future, were not quite so substantial as they appeared to be.

So he posted the letter in the first pillar box and the play went on.

Tat's Corner was a quaint little old-world fishing village on the west coast, where, seven years before, Dick Corbett and Michael Fenwick idled as inseparable cronies.

Kitty Hazel, then a girl of 16 only, was pretty and sweet enough to turn the heads of more than one young fellow in the place. But from the first, Michael made the running.

One thing he did not know; that his friend was, behind his back, scheming to surplant him in Kitty's affections; using as his principal tool the girl's own father, Joshua Hazel; the drunkenest fisherman in all the fleet that sailed out of the little harbor of Tat's Corner.

Kitty's would-be lover played upon the old fisherman's weakness to such an extent that in a short time things seemed ripe for a declaration on his — Corbett's part.

Fortunately, however, for Michael and his sweetheart, though disastrously for old Joshua, a storm, that swept the whole of the west coast, was the means of defeating, for the time being, at any rate, Dick Corbett's mean and dastardly betrayal of his friend.

Old Hazell, with many another deep sea fisherman, was drowned, almost within sight of land.

In him 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 no word had actually been spoken.

There were thus faults on both sides, 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 listlessly climbing 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 quaywards, 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, Micheal was too close for that action to be quite prudent— so he made a virtue of necessity, and called his subordinate's attention to his sweetheart's presence on the quay.

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 not immediate listeners. "We shall cast off in less than 10 minutes."

"I couldn't let you go without saying good-by, Michael."

"Yes, 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."

"What is it?"

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

As she spoke the last word she threw 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, Kit!" (even then the ship had begun to move away from the quay). "I'll remember. Good-by!"

At that moment Corbett called him to do 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 they were well in the Mersey and fairly on their way seaward he took out and read Kitty's last little note of appeal.

It was not really a letter; it was just a request in one sentence:

"For your own safety's sake, dear, and for love of me, beware of Dick Corbett."

* * * * *

At six bells, first watch, Michael was relieved, and before descending to the fo'-castle stood leaning on the rail, looking at the seething, rushing water.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was mate, Dick Corbett.

"Cold to-night, Michael," he said.

"Ay — it is that."

"Makes you think of—of firesides and Kitty, our Kitty—eh, Michael?"

"Let Kitty's name alone!"

"No offense, mate. But she's not yours yet."

"As good as mine. Only this one contract, and then——"

"You may never finish this one, my son; the Erl King isn't much of a boat; she's old and cranky, while seas are rough and winds high."

"Well, if we go, we go; but if Kitty can't be mine she shan't be another man's."

"Sure of that?"

"Sure as death!"

"Hope you're right, my boy! Hope you're right — but — I have my doubts."

"Of Kitty?" queried Michael fiercely.

"I don't know! Let's change the subject. Come down to my cabin and have a tot—there's no one about."

Never one to harbor malice or hard thoughts, Michael assented, and the two men went below to the mate's cabin.

Up above, the roaring of the elements; down below, the doing of Satan's work.

Michael's lips were no sooner put to the glass than he was conscious of something uncanny about it.

There is no delay in its effect. Seeming to madden and burn like vitriol, it produced an instant sense of suffocation, but fortunately not of blank unconsciousness.

Except the lookout in the bows, and the man at the wheel, aft, there was not a soul to see Dick Corbett stagger on to the poop deck with the inert body of Michael over his shoulders.

* * * * * * * * * *

At Tat's Corner Kitty Hazel sits, under the lee of some rocks on the beach, wearily mending her nets.

There are half a score of other women, young and old, working around her, 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 be owd Maartin a doin' 'ere now, I wunner?" said an old dame sitting close by Kitty.

The remark 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.

"Kitty Hazel, it's a message for 'oe," 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 Braga, Portugal. Is seriously ill. Wishes to see you."

* * * * *

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

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

"One more question, Kit."

"Well, Michael?"

"Dick Corbett — what of him."

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

"Tell me," he said again, excitedly. "Is that fiend, who tried to drop me over a ship's side, on a dark and stormy night — is he to escape justice?"

"What do you consider justice, Michael?"

"Death! — nothing short of death!"

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

Michael Fenwick went no more to sea, for his case having enlisted public sympathy, a few wealthy gentlemen in Liverpool subscribed to buy him a fishing boat of his own, which he works by deputy.

A little while after the new vessel arrived round at Tat's Corner he and Kitty were married, and so far as report has it, with the happiest results.

ANT HYPNOTISTS.

That ants doctor their sick by hypnotism and magnetism is proved by observation. An ardent student tells how he witnessed 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 among them which were weak and emaciated—invalids, in fact. They were accompanied by healthy members of the community, and all made their way toward a distant mound. On following their movements through a glass the observer saw on this mound a big and sturdy ant which made some motions in the direction of the advancing invalids. The latter went up the mound, one by one, and submitted themselves to treatment. This consisted in the physician ant passing his feelers over the head and body of the patient in a manner distinctly suggestive of the hypnotizing of nerves and muscles practised by human doctors. Every one went through the treatment, then the patients went back, and the doctor marched off in the opposite direction.

HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

The stock of the Hudson Bay Company is mainly held in London, where its affairs are controlled by a governor and board of directors, but the company has a "chief commissioner" resident in Canada. The company has lost its monopoly. In May, 1870, it formally relinquished its charter for the transfer of its territories to Canada of 1,500,000 cash and half of all the surveyed lands within the fertile belt and posts. The land grants probably amounted to more than 3,000,000 acres. The company since has been simply a rival with other traders.

QUITE A NEW NAME.

Mr. Smith, as an English traveler, arrived one evening at an hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart Frenchman and hired him as his servant. In Austria every one staying at an hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book kept for police inspection, so Mr. Smith told the servant to bring the book for him to write in.

"I have already registered milord as an English gentleman of independent means," said Fritz.

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from milord's portmanteau," said Fritz.

"Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith. "Bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him thus:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."

Florida housewives use oranges instead of soap in scrubbing floors. They cut the fruit in two and rub the pulp on the floor. It is found to be very cleansing.

"She refused him, as she thought that he would propose again." "And did he?" "Oh, yes; but it was to another girl."

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.

Soon the digestive system becomes deranged, the appetite impaired, and in many there is a tendency to diarrhoea and formation of gas in the intestines. There are frequently recurring headaches, attacks of dizziness, and severe pains in the back and limbs.

The accumulation of watery fluid—dropsy—continues in the cavity of the chest, and may at any time cause death from heart failure or dropsy of the lungs. Sometimes uraemia, stupor, convulsions and death occur suddenly, before the other symptoms have become prominent and while the dropsy is still slight in quantity.

As Bright's disease causes a wasting away of the cells and tissues of the kidneys themselves, as well as of the whole body, it can only be perfectly cured if treatment is begun in its early stages, when the first symptoms become noticeable. Because of their remarkably prompt and direct action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have time and again proven their superiority as a preventive and cure for Bright's disease.

While toning and invigorating the kidneys, and making them active in removing uric acid from the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills also regulate the action of the liver and bowels, and encourage the digestive organs to properly perform their duties. Their use will quickly stop the dreadful wasting process, which accompanies Bright's disease, and restore the deranged organs to health and activity. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

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Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
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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 fuel situation in Canada and the United States. The manufacture of briquettes from brown coal peat and the dust and waste of coal mines deserves attention on account of its scientific application of economy on an extensive scale utilizing 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 three 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, withal, the cheapest form of fuel for most purposes.

REGULATES THE PRICE.

Like most other German industries the briquette manufacture is controlled by a syndicate, which includes among its members 31 firms and companies, or more than nine-tenths of all the producers in this country, 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, consumed at works, small retail sales, etc., making a total of 1,648,416 tons.

The average selling price in large quantities was $3.16 a ton, against $2.92 for the year previous; so that, notwithstanding the general relaxation of industrial activity and the diminished pressure upon the coal supply, the ruling price was the highest that had been realized since 1891. Of the 1,566,385 tons sold by the syndicate last year, 749,208 tons were taken by the German railways, 124,380 tons were sold to factories and works of various kinds and 149,089 tons, or 9.8 per cent., were used by German merchant steamers and the navy, or exported to the German colonies or neighboring European countries.

A SMOKELESS FUEL.

The general use of briquettes for domestic fuel in a large, densely-built city, 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 in most large cities has become a persistent and oppressive nuisance. Berlin, although a busy manufacturing city, ranks as one of the cleanest and best kept in Europe. One of the first things usually noticed by American and English travellers visiting the German capital for the first time is the absence of that cloud of dusty smoke that overhangs so many towns and cities in our country. The reason for this lies in three facts. These are:—

The preponderant use of coke and briquettes, which are practically smokeless; the skilful scientific construction of boiler furnaces and chimneys, and the high standard of skill that is taught and enforced among firemen who stoke furnaces with coal for steam and manufacturing purposes.

EDUCATED STOKERS.

It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal to whom it is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany. Before he 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 rank 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 a sight in many American cities, are rarely seen in this section of Germany, where the indiscriminate shovelling of bituminous coal into the steam and other furnaces is considered an ignorant and 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 their present vassalage to the smoke incubus, it will be through the enforced use of one or more of three forms of prepared fuel, coke and fuel gas made in prepared ovens from bituminous coal, and briquettes made from lignite, peat and other inferior materials by processes which have been invented, tested and proved to be efficient by the older and more economical countries of Europe.

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 once. The wires being alternately negative and positive, the insect by the mere act of lighting upon the machine completes the circuit, and is instantly killed. At intervals the horizontal shelf may be removed, and the dead flies brushed off.