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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 27. No. 30 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 5, 1902. — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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

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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 therefore 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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NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

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4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted on no charge.

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Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings of All Kinds.

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THEY NEVER LET GO,
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Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

Weather and Waterproof

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
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Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine, all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shellac, Driers.
Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes. 15 Boxes Horse Nails,
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordions Violins, Bows and Fixings.

Farming Tools, All Kinds.

Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guardes Rivets, Oilers.

Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.

The COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

CORONATION CHAIR.

The Singular Superstition Attached to It.

But few people at the Coronation will be near enough to test the truth of the tradition that the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. King Edward's chair, gives out a sound when a legitimate heir to the throne sits in it. In the case of a pretender it is said to be dumb. The sound comes, it is alleged, not from the wooden framework of the chair, but from the Stone of Destiny beneath the seat. It is as well to know this. Otherwise one might have said that there was nothing unusual in a chair creaking, especially if it were sat upon.

There is a tradition that wherever this stone shall be a Prince of the Scythian race shall rule. This was fulfilled when James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England. With the exception of Queen Mary all British sovereigns have been crowned in it. It was the subject of a special treaty at Northampton, when it was promised that it should be returned to Scotland. Needless to say that promise was not kept. This identical stone is said to be the one which Jacob used for a pillow. But the Turks also claim to have Jacob's stone at Jerusalem.

The Koh-i-Noor diamond is similarly said to endow its possessor with the sovereignty of India. It is the private property of his majesty; it was presented to the late Queen by the East India Company. A French traveler mentions seeing it in 1665, when it was in the possession of Aurungzebe, Emperor of the Moguls. Her late majesty had it set in a brooch. It has been valued at one hundred and forty thousand pounds.

Napoleon caused himself to be crowned King of Italy with the Iron crown of Lombardy. The same kind of virtue is ascribed to this crown as is credited to the Koh-i-Noor. But whether the virtue has gone out of it, or, as was alleged, the crown was not the original one, but a reproduction, one thing is certain; Napoleon did not wear it long. Though it is known as the Iron Crown of Lombardy the only piece of iron which it contains is an alleged nail from the true Cross." St. Peter's Chair at Rome, the pontifical throne, so the tradition runs, was presented to the Apostle Peter by a Roman senator, one of the earliest converts to Christianity.

Everyone will remember what a disturbance there was when the British Resident in Ashanti carried off the Golden Stool. The Golden Stool is the throne of the monarch of Ashanti. The regalia also includes a golden axe and a golden hoe. The golden axe is carried before the Ashanti Ambassador when affairs of more than ordinary importance are in hand. The golden hoe symbolizes the intention of the King to hoe his way through all obstacles. Supernatural powers are attached to all three of them.—Tit-Bits.

"What an awful-looking villain the prisoner is!" whispered a lady in the police-court to her husband. "I should be afraid to stand near him!" "Hush!" warned her husband. "The prisoner hasn't been brought in yet. That's his lawyer."

My £50 Engagement.

"Well," I said, addressing Harry Ilford as the door of his shop closed behind a departing customer, "I should have thought that a swell like that would have been able to run to something better than a three-halfpenny Manila. Out of cash I expect."

Harry smiled. "Possibly," he replied, "but it may be merely a question of taste or of stinginess. one can never tell. Even a Sherlock Holmes might be deceived if he began making deductions as to a man's social or financial position from the brand of cigars he smokes. I don't say he would, but he might be. I remember once myself—but it's rather a long yarn, and you may be in a hurry, sir."

"Not a bit of it," I said, lighting a fresh pipe and settling myself comfortably in the chair Ilford provides for loungers. "I hope," I added, "the yarn deals with the—the interesting period of your life."

He nodded assent, fully understanding my delicate reference to his somewhat irregular "past." Then interrupted only by an occasional customer—for the night was wet and cheerless and few people were about—he told me the following story:—

One morning about a year since, just before my poor, forgiving old dad died and left me this business, I was sitting in my diggings looking over the paper when I came upon an advertisement that ran, as nearly as I can remember, like this:—

WANTED.—Immediately, for a few days only, a young gentleman of good manners and appearance to undertake a mission of some difficulty in the interests of suffering humanity. A large honorarium given at the conclusion of the enterprise.—Apply by letter to X., 15a, Embankment Court, Charing Cross.

Well, I thought to myself when I'd read the thing through two or three times, I wonder what the game is. Something risky, probably; anyhow, it'll only cost a penny stamp to try and find out. With which I sat down and wrote a letter applying for the post advertised there and then.

A little later on I went out and dropped my missive into the nearest pillar-box, and next morning I received a reply, signed "William Mynfield," asking me to call after six the same evening.

Accordingly, a few minutes after the hour named, I dismounted from a Favorite 'bus at the corner of Northumberland Avenue and soon found myself in Embankment Court—a narrow, out-of-date-looking thoroughfare in the vicinity of the Adelphi arches. Making my way to No. 15a, I had scarcely knocked before the door was opened by a youngish-looking man, who inquired in a low tone whether I was Mr. Ilford. When I had answered in the affirmative he conducted me upstairs to a small back room on the first floor, which contained two chairs, a bed, and a table strewn with newspapers.

"Sorry we're so untidy," he remarked, when we were seated, "but this is only a temporary office. The society will soon be more conveniently located, I expect. In fact, our tenancy of this room terminates to-morrow."

"Society," I murmured, as he stopped.

"Yes," he said, "of course. But I forgot you didn't know. I'm the secretary of the Society for Benefiting the Undeserving. You see"—as I was about to interrupt—"the deserving have plenty done for them and, after all, they're in a minority—a small minority, perhaps—so that it is only right the others should have a look in. At least, that's my view; don't you agree with me?"

"I'm not sure yet," I replied. "Go on. I'm anxious to hear all about the difficult mission you want undertaken. That is, if the place advertised is not already filled."

He laughed. "Oh, no," he said, it's not filled. There have been plenty of applicants, but none of them will take the job on. Listen! The society requires a thousand pounds for a more than usually undeserving case by next Monday, and their object in advertising was to find someone who'd get it for them."

At this I looked fixedly at Mr. William Mynfield, and observed that, in spite of his light and airy way of speaking, he was evidently trying to determine what kind of a man he had to deal with. So I resolved to give him a lead.

"Mr. Mynfield," I said, "I'm a bit of a physiognomist, and—well, I don't gather from your face that you're quite so philanthropic as you make out. I haven't much faith in societies whose operations are conducted from a fellow's bedroom; and, in short, I reckon you're the more than usually undeserving case yourself."

"Oh, I——," he began.

"And," I interrupted, "that the mission for the benefit of suffering humanity is for your own benefit, eh?"

"What then?" he said. "You can't separate the individual from the mass."

"No," I agreed; "but now that we're beginning to understand each other let us come to the point. What's the game and what's the pay? Out with it; you needn't be afraid. Good gracious, man, I suspected some swindle was afoot from the first. I shouldn't have answered your advertisement else."

"H'm," he remarked, "the other chaps who've been here were down-at-heel mugs who thought me mad, but you're evidently sharp enough, Mr. Ilford. Your dress and appearance, too, are all that could be wished. I should really think my advertisement had not been wasted, after all, if only I could be sure you're to be trusted."

I rose as it to go. "If you can't take my word for it, we may as well part company," I said. "I'll bid you good evening."

"Don't be a fool," he cried, with a sudden change of manner. "Sit down again."

I complied, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The pay?" I asked.

"Fifty pounds, if successful."

"Ah, and the work?"

Mynfield again looked at me dubiously, but a moment later cried, suddenly, "Very well, I'll trust you. Time presses, and I can't do otherwise. The job must be done to-morrow, and it's one that needs a smart man. I bet you'll manage it, though if you'll only follow my instructions."

"I'll do my best; fire away."

"Very well, then. I must explain in the first place that until a fortnight ago I was for some years confidential assistant to Mr. George Codicot, head of the firm of Codicot & Co., the big West-end jewellers and pawnbrokers. I left his service hurriedly, under painful circumstances that need not be entered into now, but before doing so I took a few useful notes as to his future movements. To-morrow he goes to Brighton, and it will be your task, since it obviously can't be mine, to shadow him—on his homeward journey, that is; it'll be better to keep out of the way till then. He'll leave Brighton by the 7.10 train, which runs right through to Victoria without stopping, and he'll travel first class. You must get into the same compartment, and manage somehow or other to substitute the small black bag I shall give you to-night for a similar one he'll have with him. The latter you'll hand to me at Victoria, where I shall await you and in exchange I'll hand you fifty pounds in gold, and the transaction will be finished. What do you say? Will you take it on?"

"Supposing I were to say 'yes,' how should I know my man?"

"Easily enough. I'll describe him. He's a fellow of medium height, wears a beard, and an overcoat trimmed with astrachan; will probably be smoking a cigar, and, as likely as not, will have a drink in the refreshment room before the train starts. Then of course, there'll be the bag to look out for."

"H'm. Altogether I understand Mr. Codicot to be the sort of chap that emits an aroma of opulence, eh?"

"You've put it well."

"Now as to the contents of the bag."

"Jewellery. A tiara, a necklace, and several smaller articles, all placed together in a brown leather case."

"How do you know as much?"

"Because the things come into Codicot's possession about this time every year. They belong to Lady Gwelton, who is a widow and lives at Brighton, and whose income is paid to her annually in May, but don't last the twelve months out. So she's arranged with Codicot to supply imitations, and advance her a big enough sum on the originals to keep her going till her next payment becomes due. To-morrow, for the fourth year, I think, he will take down the fakes and a crossed cheque and bring back—well, what he will actually get home with depends on you."

"It seems to me," I remarked, as Mynfield paused, "that so much depends on me that fifty pounds is a ridiculously inadequate payment for my services. Suppose I were to stick to the jewellery instead?"

Mynfield laughed. "If you tried to get rid of it in this country you'd precious soon find yourself in chokee," he said. "You may bet Codicot won't wait long before raising a hue and cry directly he discovers he's been had. That won't hurt me, however, for I've already made arrangements to bolt to the Continent to-morrow night—never mind where. No, you mustn't try to swindle me, Mr. Ilford, and you must be content with what I offer—if you can earn it, that is."

"I don't know that I can," I answered, gloomily. "Suppose the compartment's full of people?"

"Not likely to be this time of the year; besides, Codicot has a theory—that a person travelling with valuable luggage shouldn't attract notice by appearing to take unusual care of it. As likely as not he'll put the bag on the rack, or at least on the seat beside him. Of course, if he keeps hold of it all the time it'll make your job a little difficult, especially if there should be anyone else in the compartment."

"I should just think it will," I rejoined. "However, I can't afford to let the chance of making a bit go by. Pay my first class return fare to Brighton and I'll see what I can do. If I succeed, so much the better for both of us; if I don't, so much the worse. I shan't take any big risks, mind."

Mynfield wanted me to pay the fare myself, but eventually gave way on the point and handed me the money together with the bag he had spoken of. Then, with a promise to meet him, as arranged, at Victoria Station on the following evening, and a joke about the coming dissolution of the Society for Benefiting the Undeserving, I took my departure.

Well, sir, I need not describe my proceedings on the following day in detail. It will be enough to say that I went down to Brighton by a morning train, and, although the month was February and the air cold, I passed several pleasant hours in the King's Road. Just after six o'clock I turned into West street, and, making my way to the station, entered the refreshment room, where I obtained a bun and a glass of beer. Carrying this frugal fare from the bar counter, I placed it with my bag on a small table near the door and sat down to watch and wait.

At ten minutes to seven I was rewarded by seeing a bearded man pass me, who wore a coat trimmed with astrachan, carried a bag like mine, and seemed in every other respect to tally with Mynfield's description. "Codicot, without doubt," I murmured, as I saw him advance to the bar and, removing his cigar from his mouth, give some order to the barmaid. The next moment a small glass, apparently containing whisky, was set in front of him. "Codicot, without doubt," I murmured again, as I turned and glanced casually round the room.

I was met by a most unpleasant sight, for there, coming through the door, was a second individual, closely resembling the first in appearance and attire, carrying also an ordinary black leather bag and smoking a cigar. Here was an unexpected dilemma, indeed. How on earth was I to identify my man?

I thought of the "aroma of opulence" I was to look for, and I soon made up my mind how to act. I would go behind the two men in turn—for the second, like the first, was drinking whisky by this time—and I would shadow him who was indulging in the more expensive smoke. It seemed impossible to imagine that a well-to-do pawnbroker could possibly affect any brand but the best—impossible!

I may perhaps remind you here, sir, that my poor father had brought me up to the tobacco trade, and that before I quarrelled with him and went astray for a time I'd acquired quite enough experience to tell a good thing from an inferior in the cigar line.

You will understand then, that my task proved an easy one, when I say that the first man who had entered the refreshment room was smoking a twopenny Mexican, while the second was on the point of finishing a high class Havana. I naturally at once decided that Mr. Codicot No. 2 should be honored with my attentions—of course, supposing that he went by the 7.10 train.

Well, to make a long story short, he did go by that train, and when I had seen him get into a first-class compartment, and settle himself in one of the farther corners, I pretended to be a friend of his and bribed the guard to put nobody else in the compartment. Then, when the train was on the point of starting and I had seen the other fellow also installed in a "first" some distance to the rear, I jumped in, and we were whistled off.

Before we had reached Preston Park I had come to the conclusion that I was in for a nice soft job after all. The difficulties I had expected, and some of which I had come prepared to meet, had not arisen. On the contrary, what could be better than that the bag I wanted should be on the rack opposite to me, while its owner reclined against the cushions underneath it fast asleep?

I waited a few minutes, then cautiously but swiftly I took down my own bag from the rack above me, and in a twinkling the exchange was effected.

Having felt that my friend's bag contained a box-shaped article, which I was quite satisfied was Lady Gwelton's jewel-case, I put it on the rack and sat still watching the sleeper, in the hope that he would not awaken until the train was nearing its destination.

Here again the matter fell out as I wished, for we had left East Croydon behind us when at last my companion stirred, and opening his eyes looked blinkingly towards me.

His first remark, however, gave me a sort of shock. It was simply: "Well, I'm hanged!"

"No," I said, "you've been asleep, that's all. We'll soon be in now. I hope you've had pleasant dreams?" I meant, if possible, to keep him engaged in conversation till we reached Victoria.

"I'm hanged!" he repeated. "The sea air must 'ave overcome me to send me off like that. Sea air and a little somethin' else, eh?"

He gave a hoarse chuckle, and continued confidentially. "You see, I ain't accustomed to 'olidays. Travel first, good clothes on, good liquor, and the very best cigars. Twice a year I 'ave a day in Brighton, in February before people begin spring cleanin', in August before they start autumn ditto; guess why, eh? Well I don't mind tellin' you I'm a chimney-cleaner, that's what I am."

I groaned inwardly as he proceeded, with a self-satisfied air.

"Yes, you can call me sweep, if you like. I ain't proud, though on a day like this I'm as good as anyone; yes, even as old three balls, who I saw at the station, but who wouldn't see me. Daresay 'e'll see me to-morrow, when I take back this 'ere furry coat to 'im to mind. 'E'd got one like it on 'imself to-day—blessed if 'e 'adn't. You see, it suits me to let uncle 'ave my best clothes to take care of, as I only want them twice a year. 'E keeps moths out and so forth. Codicot the bloke's name is; 'e was robbed by one of 'is chaps a week or two back, so I've 'eard; p'raps that makes 'im grumpy."

I was much too agitated to do more than nod; but seemingly quite contented to do the talking himself the chimney-cleaner went on:—

"Yes, I've done the gentleman for the first and last time for six months. Only thing now to get 'ome, give my sister the shell workbox I've got in my bag up there—I ain't got a missus, but I always take my sister a little soovenear—and then to work again."

With which he gave another chuckle and, to my relief, subsided into silence. A few minutes later we arrived at Victoria.

I seized the sweep's bag and, jumping from the train, with a muttered good-night to its owner, ran along the platform, wondering whether I should be able to bluff Mynfield into believing I'd brought him the cargo he wanted. I meant to try, and when I'd given up my ticket and found him duly waiting I whispered, hastily:—

"It's all right, but hurry along; the bounder may discover what's happened. We'd better part as soon as possible. Got the coin?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, evidently as anxious to finish the business as I was, and he opened a purse crammed full of glittering sovereigns. "You'll find fifty there, sure enough," he added, closing the purse and putting it in my hand.

"Thanks, thanks," I replied, as I gave him the bag. "Good luck and good-bye."

He disappeared in the darkness and I never saw him again.

Well, sir, I think my adventure proves that a man's position can't be judged from his cigar, and when you've heard the end of it I expect you'll agree with me that, in spite of "combines" and things of that sort, it's better to look to the tobacco trade than to one's wits for a living.

When I got home to my diggings that night and opened the purse which Mynfield had given me, I had the pleasure of discovering that its glittering sovereigns were made of brass and bore the effigy, not of Queen Victoria, but of Mr. Kruger. They used to sell them in the streets at a penny each till the police stopped it.—London Tit-Bits.

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, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

COLD STORAGE OF WEALTH.

The Wonderful Wealth That Billionaires Use.

Many persons who have been amazed during the past few days at the holdings of stock certificates that represent millions of dollars by some of the magnates of Wall Street have more than once wondered where on earth the stacks of certificates are stowed away over night. Some of the certificates are passed day after day in their business deals from owners to owners who have not strong underground vaults. Nor do all firms on the street have vaults above the average kind, says a New York correspondent. Be that as it may, from this time out the millions in bonds and certificates and other "Street" valuables, as well as valuables owned elsewhere, in this city and other cities, are to be stowed away in a safe in a deposit company on Broad street, which has just been put in commission. It is the biggest safe in the world. In this safe are already deposited more securities than in any other place in the world. Wealth untold is represented there by stocks and bonds, jewelry and silver plate. Here also repose the wills of many of the biggest millionaires in America. So vast are the financial interests concerned in this safe that the board of directors in charge of it is made to represent every faction of the financial world. John D. Rockefeller, J.P. Morgan, the Vanderbilts, the Rothschilds, the Harrimans, the Goulds, and other large interests have personal representatives on the board. The door leading to the safe is a tremendous piece of mechanism. It is circular, eight feet in diameter, and 24 inches thick. It weighs 21 tons. The hinge of this big door weighs 7,000 pounds. The door and vestibule weigh 50 tons, and yet so nicely is the door balanced on ball bearings that a baby might close it with a gentle pressure of its tiny finger. The safe is 53 feet long, 38 feet wide and nine feet in height. The walls are four feet thick. The interior is fitted up with 2,000 boxes but 3,000 more will be added as they are needed. Formidable as the mechanical appliances are for safety they are not depended on altogether. Day and night men guard the big door. They pace back and forth like soldiers on guard. Three times in the night a third watchman walks through the corridor to see that the sentinels are attending to their duty. If ever a burglar gets anything out of the safe Wall Street will go out of business.

RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

Count Sologoob Sentenced for Forgery Released.

A much-talked-or-case is at present being tried in the Moscow courts, the result of which will probably expose a gross miscarriage of justice ten years ago. Count Sologoob, the son of the famous Russian author, inherited at his father's death a huge fortune, which he rapidly squandered in gambling and at the end of five years was practically penniless. Later he married the Princess Chlooscheva and received a dowry of $1,000,000 with her.

Once, however, when he was driving in a diligence over the ice-covered River Vistula the ice broke and the diligence fell through. Sologoob not only saved himself, but was successful in rescuing the Russian millionaire tea merchant, S. Popoff. On Popoff's death, ten years ago, a will was found leaving Count Sologoob his whole fortune. But the family of Popoff disputed this will, saying that the signature was a forgery instigated by the Count. He was arrested and expert evidence was called in. The experts were firm in their opinion that the signature was false, and Sologoob was sentenced to life imprisonment in Siberia.

Last year a woman named Zoobova came to his wife and said that she had in her possession letters from Popoff which would conclusively prove that the signature of the will was genuine. She asked a half share of the money to be gained if the case was successfully reopened.

And so the affair has come before the public again with added interest, for Zoobova has been arrested, since it has leaked out that she was bribed to withhold the letters which would have saved Sologoob's reputation. Fifty thousand dollars and a further sum of $100,000 are said to have been promised her for keeping the letters, and as she did not receive the money she turned to the princess and betrayed Popoff's relations, who will also probably be arrested.

The innocence of Sologoob is believed everywhere, and the president of the court has obtained an order for his release.

GETTING AT A WITNESS.

In the Days of Jeffrey and Cockburn.

Among the innumerable traditions and stories that cluster around the old Parliament House in Edinburgh, there is one of Jeffrey and Cockburn that shows in an amusing manner their individual ways of drawing out a witness. The two were engaged on a case where the mental caliber of one of the parties had to be ascertained, and an old countryman was put upon the witness-stand. Miss Lansdale cites the anecdote in her recent work, "Scotland, Historic and Romantic."

Jeffrey began: "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?"

The man gazed at him in bewilderment, and made no reply.

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

Still greater bewilderment on the part of the witness.

"I ask you," said Jeffrey, speaking with great particularity, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?"

The man glowered with amazement, scratched his head, and remained speechless.

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn, then adopting his broadest Scotch. "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" said he.

"Ou, ay," answered the witness, and reached out his snuff-box.

"Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?" asked Cockburn, gracefully taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that height," came the answer, readily enough.

"An' dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said the advocate, insinuatingly, "that there's onything intill the creature?"

"I wad na lippen (trust) him wi' a calf," was the instant and satisfying rejoinder.

TOO PATRIOTIC.

Patrick had worked hard all his days, but his sons had spent his money for him, and when he was too old for active work he was offered the position of look-out man for a gang of railway platelayers.

He looked dubious as the duties of the office were explained to him, and the meaning of the various flags was clearly stated.

"In case of danger, with a train coming, of course you wave the red flag," said his friend, proceeding with his explanation.

A hard old hand grasped his arm.

"Man dear, it'll never do," said Patrick, shaking his head solemnly. "I could never trust mesilf to remimber to wave a red flag when there was a green wan handy."

Miss Millyun—"One can be very happy in this world with health and money." Young Dedbroke—"Then let's be made one. I have the health and you have the money."

Old People's Favorite.

A Medicine that Invigorates the Kidneys and Liver, Takes Away the Pains and Aches, and Regulates the Action of the Bodily Organs---Strong Recommendation for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The experience of Mr. Brown as stated in his letter below, is similar to that of scores of men and women who feel old age creeping in upon them. The kidneys grow weak and inactive, the back aches, there are deposits in the urine, and pain and smarting in passing water. The legs swell, and there come pains and aches not unlike rheumatism.

Under such circumstances old people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for relief and cure, and are not disappointed. They have learned by repeated trial that they can depend on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills every time, and consequently they have become known as the old people's favorite medicine.

Mr. John Brown, 66 Nelson Street, Ottawa, Ont., states:—"I am getting up in years, and having been a hard worker all my life, I am beginning to fail. For some time past I have thought there was something wrong with my kidneys. I seemed to bloat up, was very short of breath, and feared heart disease, although I was told there was nothing wrong with my heart. I got so bad that I had to do something.

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I began using them, and by the time I had used up the first box I felt considerably improved. I continued using this medicine, and to-day feel ten years younger. I am strong and hearty, and do not suffer from my former ailments. I consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills an excellent medicine for old people."

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