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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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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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

HOW THEY EXIST.

Remittance Men in Australia Are a Shiftless Set.

The dipsomaniac remittance men, though an utterly wastrel class, are a degree less abandoned and profligate, consequently a degree more noteworthy than their brethren of the rogue, bankrupt, etc., order. For one reason they are never to be found in the larger towns and cities. As if following an inexorable natural law, within a month of their arrival in Australia they gravitate toward the interior of the continent, and, scattered widely over the vast bush, are to be met with in every little town and village, on every station, in almost every stockman's and shepherd's hut, either as listless "sundowners," wandering "swaggies," stockmen, station hands, bush-carpenters, grooms, stable hands, roustabouts, or station cooks, says the London Mail.

When their remittance arrives they spend a glorious week in some wayside or village public house, assiduously drinking from morning until far into each night, never drunk—it is impossible to make a "dipso" drunk—dreaming wonderful beer-inspired visions of delight, but eating not at all. When their last penny is expended the publican, who—parasite that he is—knows and likes the class, gives them gratis a flask of rum or whisky, and they wander disconsolately off. Their whole ambition, then, is to exist with as little effort as possible until their next remittance arrives, and then another glorious — cave the mark! — "booze."

But to exist—that is the problem. The majority trudge wearily from station to station with blanket and billy, not seeking work—they loathe work—but begging just enough tea and flour to keep body and soul together. The pity is that their begging appeals are seldom, if ever, refused. So they live. Some, however, fearing the privations of a tramp's life, seek employment. These are men who can ride, who understand horses, who can handle an ax, or who can cook. Employment is given them from charity, clothes and rations, too, but they are paid no wages, for it is known that their services, such as they are, can never be relied on. If the remittance man can get hold of a shilling he will walk twenty, nay, if necessary, fifty, miles in order to spend it in drink.

THE KING'S HOROSCOPE.

The reports of the continued improvement in the King's health have created the greatest satisfaction throughout India. Certain Hindu astrologers predict another fifteen years' life for His Majesty. It now transpires that several predictions were recorded long ago foretelling danger to the King between June 21st and 28th.

Parent—"Did you have a nice time in the park?" Boy—"Yes." Parent—"What did you do?" Boy—"Oh, lots of things. Run on the grass, an' made faces at the pleeceman, an' dodged the horses, an' threw stones at the 'Keep off the Grass' notices, an' everything!"

Blobbs—"Wigwag is always going to law about something." Slobbs—"That's right. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue."

Where the King Worships

Pen Sketch of the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, London.

Standing in the angle of the red and grey old Color Court of St. James' Palace, the Chapel Royal, with its Tudor tower, great arched doorways, and copper roofs, makes a delightful picture. Its exact age is unascertained, but the similarity of its architecture to that of the Clock Tower, so familiar to every Londoner, warrants the supposition that it is, at any rate, coeval with the original buildings. Full as London is of storied churches, few of them are historically more interesting than this, while none has been more intimately associated with the personal history of the royal family. Yet no ecclesiastical building is so unfamiliar to the general public. Indeed, the King's private chapel must necessarily occupy an entirely different position from any other church in the capital. It is what lawyers call a "peculiar," and is extra-parochial. The one person in authority, under the sovereign, is the sub-dean, the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, who culminates in his own person the office of precentor and the duties of that mysterious entity, the clerk of the supreme cheque. The Chapel Royal, St. James', and Marlborough House Chapel, on the other side of Friary Court, differ in this respect also from the ordinary church, that the "man in the street" has no right to enter them. They are reserved for the use of the Sovereign and such persons as he may permit or command to attend the services, or to whom passes may be GRANTED BY THE SUB-DEAN.

Picturesque as is the exterior of the old chapel, with its comfortable Tudor brickwork, so strongly reminiscent of Hampton Court, the interior is very different. By no stretch of the imagination can it be thought attractive. It is, indeed, exceedingly plain, save for the panelled and brilliantly-colored ceiling, which may, perhaps, be the work of Holbein. There, amid a riot of Tudor emblems and devices, appear short inscriptions, embodying the date 1540, and the name of Henry VIII. Narrow and lofty, the chapel contains several galleries, for peers and peeresses, members of Parliament, and other privileged persons, while over the western entrance juts out the capacious royal pew or "closet," heavily draped in crimson velvet. At a pinch, a couple of hundred worshippers can be accommodated, although it is to be feared those at the back of the galleries can neither see nor hear very well.

We have spoken of the historical interest of the chapel, but how many of us realize that it was within this narrow, and rather gloomy, parallelogram, that Charles I. listened to his last service that raw January morning, before walking across the park to Whitehall and the scaffold? On the whole, however, its associations are bright and joyous, telling of weddings and christenings. There were published the banns of the Princess Palatine, through whom the House of England derives its right to the throne; there Queen Mary was married to Dutch William; there, too, took place the wedding of Frederick Prince of Wales, whose mother's hatred of him is one of the

PUZZLES OF HISTORY.

And, if the building had no other sacred associations, it would be forever hallowed as the scene of the marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert; while in more recent years the Emperor Frederick and the present Prince of Wales both led their brides to the altar.

The Chapel Royal has, in its time, witnessed many interesting ceremonies; and not the least curious of them—the Epiphany offerings—still survives. On January 6 the Sovereign's representative attends to make the time-honored offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and it is rather odd that a curious public should scarcely ever manifest a desire to witness so remarkable and so ancient an observance. The Epiphany service includes morning prayer and holy communion, and at the offertory the representative of the Sovereign is conducted to the altar rails by the sergeant of the vestry, silver wand in hand. There the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapels Royal, receives from him a bag of crimson silk, ornamented with gold tissue and tied with gold strings. Within the bag are placed three white paper packets, sealed with red wax, containing respectively small quantities of incense and myrrh and 25 sovereigns which latter are distributed among the poor of the neighboring parishes. The usual Sunday service at half-past eight, noon, and half-past five are conducted without a break throughout the year, and are accompanied by the beautiful music and singing for which it has so long been famous. The choir of the Chapel Royal is, indeed,

A UNIQUE INSTITUTION.

It consists of nine "gentlemen" and ten "children" — otherwise boys — and the younger members wear an effective uniform consisting of red coats and ruffles. The boys are educated under the supervision of the "master of the children," but their musical instruction is conducted by the organist, who requires their attendance in the chapel for an hour daily for this purpose. Their pure young voices, trained with so much patience and diligence, add greatly to the charm of the services. Formerly they were allowed to sing pretty frequently in public, but now practically the only other opportunity of hearing them is at a state concert. The "children" have always been a peculiar and characteristic feature of the services in the Sovereign's private chapel, and in the eighteenth century they helped to attract crowded congregations.

When the King attends a service at which there is a sermon it is the duty of the preacher to write out his text, to be placed in the royal pew.

When the Rev. Edgar Sheppard preaches, the discourses are plain and practical, free from ecclesiastical polemics, and never long. For the matter of that, indeed, politics and debatable matters are necessarily excluded from sermons addressed to such an auditory.

It need hardly be added that there is nothing in the nature of ritual; the service is of the simple type which may be seen in thousands of churches, and the sub-dean adopts the now almost universal "eastward position."

SEDDON AS AN INNKEEPER.

Premier of New Zealand Was Once a Boniface.

The first settlers in the British colonies had opportunities for self-advancement second to those in no other part of the world. The present visit of Richard Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, to London recalls to a correspondent the time when he was an innkeeper in the antipodes. "I remember him back in the 70's, long before he made his name," writes the person in question. "It was somewhere near 1875 that I was traveling on foot from Hokitika on the western coast of the south island of New Zealand to the Waimea, now called Goldsborough. It was a boiling day and I was tired, hot and thirsty, and I have a lively remembrance to this day of the satisfaction with which, after my long tramp, ending with half a mile of abominable walking up a dry, stony creek which in rainy weather would have been a watercourse, I saw the fair-sized building, half hotel, half store, which meant the end of my journey for that day. Seddon was the name of the landlord, and I little thought when he came out to give me a genial welcome, followed by his wife and children, that I was speaking to the future premier of the country, destined one day to be the guest of the King.

"It was, I fancy, at this hotel that Mr. Seddon laid the foundations of his now large fortune. At any rate he must have found hotel-keeping a success, for when the digging town of Kumara was formed he built another hotel there, which catered for the miners and had several branches. It may be of interest to remember that the charges were decidedly moderate as compared with those in modern mining towns, the sum of 30 shillings a week being an inclusive charge."

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

A HARD TASK.

"And you say you would die for me, George?"

"Die for you! Yes, a thousand deaths."

"You are a noble man, George."

"My darling, you do not know me yet."

"Well, dearest, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

"What is it, my darling? Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea, 'Ha! ha! cease to flow, for my love wills it'? Shall I tell yon bright and inconstant moon that is glinting the hill-tops with her light that she must not shine on thy face too roughly—ha?"

"No, George, no," she smilingly said. "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this——"

"Yes, my darling."

"All I ask of you is this—don't call again."

CRIMINALS' FINGERS.

Remarkable testimony to the value of the new system of identifying criminals by their finger impressions was afforded in the case of a man charged at London with theft. While in Holloway prison the accused had finger impressions taken, and they were found to accord with those of a man sentenced at Reading in 1899 to six months' hard labor for a jewel robbery. Prisoner, who gave a different name, admitted that he was the man.

Proprietor—"That dummy has fallen down again. Why don't you pick it up?" Shop-assistant—"I thought it would pick itself up." Proprietor—"Where did you get that idea?" Shop-Assistant—"They say that figures won't lie."

About the ....House

SUMMER SQUASH.

Baked—Wash, cut in halves, remove seeds, and lay shells downward in a shallow baking pan with a little boiling water. Bake until tender, and serve in the shell, or scrape out the soft part, mash, season to taste, and serve hot.

Stewed—Wash, pare, remove seeds, cut into pieces, and cook in a little water until tender. Drain, press dry, salt slightly, and serve on delicately browned toast with a cream dressing made as follows:—Into half a pint of rich milk stir one teaspoon of cornstarch, let boil until slightly thickened, and pour it over the toast and squash.

With Egg Sauce—Prepare as directed for stewed squash; heat one pint of milk to boiling, and stir in a dessertspoon of flour rubbed smooth in a dessertspoonful of soft butter. When quite smooth and well thickened, turn in very slowly the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and stir in rapidly until well-mingled. Boil up once, salt to taste, and pour it over the squash.

Scalloped—Take one pint of stewed squash, season to taste and press through a colander. Place a layer of this in a pudding dish, then a layer of bread crumbs, next squash and so on until the dish is almost full, having the top layer of squash. Pour over it half a cup of sweet cream, cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Then remove the cover, and allow the squash to brown delicately.

With Tomatoes—Wash six large fine tomatoes, wipe them, cut off the tops carefully, and scoop out the seeds. Fill the cavity with a mixture of stewed squash, bread crumbs, seasoning, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the tops on the tomatoes again, and bake in a moderate oven on a buttered pan for three-quarters of an hour.

With Green Peas—Wash, pare, remove seeds, cut into small pieces, and cook with two cups of green peas in one quart of water. When done, add one pint of milk, one cup of cream, and seasoning to taste. Thicken with one or two tablespoons of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. When nicely thickened and smooth, serve hot on small squares of toasted bread.

Fritters—Add to two cups of stewed squash the beaten yolks of two eggs, a dessertspoon of melted butter, two tablespoons cream, two tablespoons flour or bread crumbs, and seasoning to taste, mix thoroughly together, and fry in spoonfuls in boiling fat.

RENOVATING MEN'S CLOTHES.

To prevent the coats from wrinkling, get a few hangers, such as dry goods dealers use, to hang them on. You will find these much better than hooks or nails. They make economy in closet room also, for they can be placed very close together.

The cloth of which men's suits are made gets dusty very easily and needs frequent brushing. Provide yourself with a small cane or whip, beat them thoroughly, then lay them out smoothly upon the table, and brush. You will need a hard bristle brush for overcoats and garments that are spotted with mud, but a soft brush is better for ordinary use. Be careful not to hit the buttons for that wears the edges and loosens them. The garments should be perfectly dry before you begin; brush the collar first, then keep brushing towards the bottom.

A good cleaning fluid for coat collars and spots on clothing is almost indispensable. Obtain soap bark from a druggist, put handful in a vessel and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Let it stand two hours, then strain, add a tablespoon of powdered borax, which dissolve quickly, and the solution is ready for use. Sponge the soiled places with this until clean, then with clear water, cover with a cloth that will leave no lint and press dry. When you have finished you will find that the spots have entirely disappeared. A little borax dissolved in a strong suds made of good soap and warm soft water will cleanse woollen goods nicely.

If the elbows and the knees are stretched out of shape, lay a damp cloth on them, fold them up, and leave an hour or two, then lay them on the ironing board, smooth with the palms of the hands and pull gently in every direction until they lie flat. Cover with cloth and press with a hot iron until dry.

Sponging and pressing the back of the cloth coats will remove that shiny appearance. If black cloth becomes rusty looking, dilute ink with an equal quantity of water and sponge the garment with it. When the shoulders of the coats are grey, use ink without diluting.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Corn Fritters—Take a dozen ears of fresh green corn still in the milk. With a sharp knife score each row down the center and with the back of the knife press out the pulps and milk, leaving the skins and the kernels on the cob. To the scraped corn add one level tablespoonful of salt, a heaping saltspoonful of white pepper and one large egg, beaten, and mix thoroughly. Have the pancake griddle very hot, melt a tablespoonful of butter—you can use half butter and half rendered suet—and drop the corn mixture on in small spoonfuls. They will brown very quickly and should then be turned. Dish up on a hot platter, putting the fritters together in pairs. They are delicious.

Sweet Apple Pies—Grate raw sweet apples, two or three to the pie (according to size). Add two eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, and sweet milk enough to make a smooth batter; salt and season to taste. Add a very small lump of butter and bake with one crust. Cover with a meringue if you like.

Glazed Carrots—Cook twelve carrots in salted water until done. Slice crosswise into a shallow baking dish, in which a small lump of butter has been melted. Stir into half a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful of [illegible] and just the least bit of nutmeg. Turn the milk over the carrots and brown in a moderate oven.

Celery Dice—Celery knobs contain all the properties of the more tender stalks and have the advantage of being cheap. Wash and peel a bunch and boil them in salted water until they are tender. Make a cream sauce of a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, the same amount of flour, and salt and pepper to taste. Cut the cooked knobs in dice, turn them into the sauce, and when they are thoroughly reheated, serve. The knobs are nice for salid. Boil them while until they are tender. Cut them in two in the middle, remove a thin slice from the rounding ends and scoop out the interior, leaving little cups. Fill these with a vegetable salad, place a spoonful of mayonnaise on the top of each and serve on a bed of cress.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Deliver us from the woman who beats eggs with a spoon, turns pancakes with a knife, irons with one flatiron on the kitchen table and heats water in a tin pan that she may have lace curtains and velvet carpet in the parlor.

If there is no closet off a bed room, it is a great convenience to have a box made large enough to serve as a lounge, with a hinged lid and lined inside with paper or cheese cloth, in which gowns, wraps, etc., may be laid at full length. The outside may be padded on top with a couple of old comforters, and covered with cretonne, cotton tapestry or even denim, and make a convenient and sightly piece of furniture.

It is said ants "can't abide" the presence of tartar emetic. They are drawn away—so it is alleged, by dampening the drug, putting a little sugar with it, and putting on small plates on the pantry shelves. The ants don't seem to eat it; they simply "get out." There is something about it that is repugnant to their fine sensibilities.

A simple and convenient washing fluid is made by this recipe. Have your druggist give you one ounce each of ammonia and salts of tartar. Dissolve one pound of potash in a gallon of boiling water. Add one tablespoonful of the boiling suds, and rub the clothes after they have been boiled.

"SLOT SEAM" SHIRT WAIST.

Shirt waists with "slot seams" or inverted tucks are among the features of the season and are essentially smart. The very pretty example shown is adapted to all linen, cotton, silk and wool waistings; but as illustrated is of linen batiste with collar and sleeves edged with lace applique and is unlined, whereas the fitted foundation is an improvement when used under silk and woolen fabrics.

The lining is smoothly fitted with single bust darts, shoulder, underarm and centre back seams and extends to the waist line only. The waist consists of fronts and back, which are stitched in tucks, that are inverted to form the so-called "slot seams," and is finished with a regulation box plait at the centre front through which button-holes are worked. The elbow sleeves are tucked to match and are finished with frills at the lower edge; but the long sleeves are plain and in bishop style with straight narrow cuffs. At the neck is a regulation stock.

To cut this waist in the medium size 4¼ yards of material 21 inches wide, 3¾ yards 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 32 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 2 yards of lace applique to trim as illustrated.

GIRL'S FROCK.

Simple frocks are always most charming and becoming worn by little girls and nothing better is offered than just such models as the one shown. It is made of white batiste with bertha and trimming of needlework and is cut low at the neck with short puffed sleeves; but all washable fabrics as well as simple wools are appropriate and when preferred, the yoke can be added and long sleeves substituted for short.

The waist is made over a plain fitted lining that closes with, at the center back and which is cut high and faced when the yoke is desired. The waist itself is gathered at upper and lower edges and arranged over the lining, the shaped bertha finishing the neck. The short sleeves are puffed and held by bands, but the long sleeves are in bishop style. The skirt is simply straight and gathered, the lower edge being finished with a wide hem.

To cut this frock for a girl of 8 years of age 4⅝ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 32 inches wide or 2½ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ½ yard of all-over embroidery for bertha, 4 yards of edging and, ⅝ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
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CHATHAM, N. B.

Most Dreadful of Skin Diseases

A Chronic Case of Eczema of 30 Years Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The demand for Dr. Chase's Ointment is enormous. It is during the warm weather especially that there is such great suffering from eczema and similar skin diseases. That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a thorough cure for this torturing disease is proven in hundreds of cases similar to the following:—

Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed in eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases.

"I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

Mr. Frank Duxbury, clerk in W. Butchart's hardware store, Meaford, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with eczema for four or five years, and tried a good many remedies without obtaining a cure. It was the worst on my face, and caused me a great deal of misery at times. As soon as I began using Dr. Chase's Ointment the itching and soreness were relieved, and now I believe that I am entirely cured. As a result I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Few people realize the suffering caused by eczema and other itching skin diseases. This is an example of what Dr. Chase's Ointment is doing in the way of relieving suffering mankind. Many of the cures it brings about are more like miracles than anything else: 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SPIES IN THE ARMY.

A System Blamed for Much Injustice—Some Hard Cases.

Now that the war is over, says the London Express, the hard cases of several officers and men who have suffered under the drastic rule of martial law are coming forward for Parliamentary and legal hearing.

The chief case is that of Major Camilleri, of the Indian Staff Corps, who was removed from his appointment on the Headquarters Staff in South Africa on the evidence of a female spy in the employ of the Intelligence Department.

Major Camilleri's alleged offence was that of giving away the date of the departure of a convoy from Krugersdorp for Rustenburg while in conversation with a woman whom he did not know was spying upon him.

Major Camilleri denies the charge, and points out that the preparations and departures of convoys were always self-evident, and that the construction put upon his conversation was wrong to the last degree, and cannot possibly stand the test of full legal inquiry.

The case is now in the hands of a well-known barrister, and a peer of the realm, who is also a general, has carefully gone over the details. The latter declares his belief that Major Camilleri is innocent.

The matter now rests with Lord Kitchener, who confirmed the removal of the officer, and if nothing should result the system of espionage upon officers will be laid before Parliament in such detail as will considerably surprise the public, and shake belief in at least some of the convictions secured in South Africa.

The cases of several men, including Sergeant-Major Edmonstone, of the Imperial Yeomanry, are in the hands of lawyers, so that a plentiful crop of appeals is in store for the authorities.

They had been married but two months, and they still loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his boots. "Jack!" she called, at the top of her voice. "Jack, come here, quick!" He knew at once that she was in danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room breathlessly, and found her looking out of the window. "Look!" said she. "That's the kind of bonnet I want you to buy me."