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.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 27. No. 44 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1902 — 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 1st 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 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.

G. B. FRASER
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.

R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc
Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anaesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 43.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. A. Kathre's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

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.

IMPROVED PREMISES
just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
R. Flanagan
ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles
The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.
1st—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.
2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.
3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by Dr. CHARLES BARDOU's improved patent method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.
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 at no charge.
J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

.Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL, LONDON & LANCASHIRE, LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA, HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale
Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson,

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.

ASK FOR
MONARCH Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.
N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

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.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints 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, Dri ra.
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

PLEASING FRENCH TRAIT.

Brotherly Affection a Marked Characteristic.

One of the ways in which the close union of French family life shows itself is the great affection of brothers for each other. There is an intimacy between them in good and evil fortune which one does not find in other countries. A brother who takes a high position by his talents loses no opportunity to forward the interests of one of lesser ability or of no ability. He never treats the latter as a drag on him, and, perhaps, scarcely feels that he is one. Married brothers often like to live in the same house, on different floors, and to hire summer villas in close proximity.

Most of the famous Frenchmen who I knew had each a brother to whom he was devoted, says a writer in the London Daily News. Louis and Charles Blanc, though so dissimilar in appearance, tastes, disposition, and married to women who disliked each other, were, morally speaking, Siamese twins until death severed the bond. The same might be said of the Garnier-Pages, of Jules Favre and his brother Leon, of Ernest and Arthur Picard, of Puech, the sculptor, and his brother the deputy. Paul and Hippolyte Flaudrin, the painters, were known in their student days as the Siamese twins. It not unfrequently happens that brothers go into literary partnership. Instances that occur to me are the Goncourts, the Rosnys, the Margueritte. It would be impossible to discern the work of one of any of these brothers from that of another. What is very curious, each brother, as in the case of Charles and Louis Blanc, Ernest and Arthur Picard, Jules and Leon Favre, differed strikingly in every characteristic from the other. The dissimilarity of the Margueritte is so great that one wonders how brothers could be so unlike. Alphonse Daudet was not a bit like his brother Ernest, an accomplished novelist also.

CHOOSING HIS PRESENTS.

Those about to celebrate their birthday might take a hint from Grand Secretary Yung Li of Peking. On the sixtieth anniversary of his birth a few days ago he refused to accept any presents unless they were of intrinsic value. Some brought him storks and deer of solid pure gold, each a foot high and beautifully chased; gold buddhas; green jadestone vases and rings; and a foot-high "God of Longevity" of solid pure gold, ensconced in a miniature temple of the finest jadestone of the purest white color, incrusted with diamonds and precious stones of great value. All these presents were graciously received, but others, such as scrolls and tablets, unless of great antiquity, were uniformly refused without even a word of thanks.

A TARIFF QUESTION.

A Custom House decision on fleas has been rendered in Switzerland. A package marked "Trained Fleas" reached Geneva. The nearest analogy the collector could find that that of June bugs, which had been ruled to be "edibles" The case went from one official to another, till it reached headquarters at Berne, whence, after much investigation and deliberation, the conclusion was reached that the fleas came under the head of "wild animals in a menagerie."

An Innocent Accomplice.

"Do you always ride on the wrong side of the road?" I asked, irritably, as I emerged from the wreckage of my bicycle.

"And is it absolutely necessary to touch the handle-bar with your nose when you are riding?" was the apology vouchsafed me by the girl, who, taking the wrong side of the road round a sharp bend, had crashed into me a few seconds earlier. "It was entirely your fault, Mr. Lascelles."

It is useless, as a rule, to argue with a woman, so I silently turned to help the real culprit to withdraw from the hedge in which she had taken up a temporary habitation.

"Why, it's you, Miss Purleigh!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Are you hurt?"

"Only a little shaken, I think, but I don't feel that I owe you any thanks for that. You ought to be punished for riding so furiously round a corner," Miss Purleigh declared, in hot anger.

"I'm sure I wasn't 'scorching,'" I protested.

"You were not keeping a proper look-out. I hope you haven't damaged my bicycle; I'll never forgive you if you have."

A mere glance was sufficient to assure me that both machines were beyond the skill of an amateur repairer.

"Oh, this is awful!" the girl exclaimed, when I told her the result of my investigation.

"Where were you off to?" I asked.

"I wanted to catch the 3.15 train to Oxford at Temple Junction — and now I can't."

"There's another at 4.30," I said, philosophically.

"But that may be too late. What shall I do?"

These last words were scarcely addressed to me, but seemed to be wrung from her by extreme distress. The fact, too, that she had not troubled to set her hat straight after her fall convinced me that her journey was of a serious import.

We had become good friends during her stay at Brandon Manor, and, after she had opened my eyes to Edith Bevan's treachery, I had sought to drown my disappointed love by throwing myself into a flirtation with Gladys Purleigh. It was hard luck that I should be even the innocent cause of grief to her.

"Is it very serious?"

"Yes, my brother — he is in trouble. I have had a telegram from him, and I must see him before it is too late. He is in such distress that I am afraid lest he should do himself an injury. Oh, I am miserable!"

"Now that I cannot ride," she added, "is it not impossible for me to reach the junction in time for the later train?"

The tears were streaming down her pretty face and her body was shaken by a storm of sobs.

"Hush, hush!" I said, and in a rush of pity I took both her hands in mine and drew her to me. "I think I can manage. I'll run across the fields to the Hall and bring my sister's machine. You can ride it to the station and leave it there."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Lascelles; you are very kind," she said, looking gratefully at me with her beautiful tearful eyes. Then she tried to draw herself away from me. "Please make haste, Mr. Lascelles, for I shall not have a minute to spare."

My arm clasped her slender waist and temptation came strong upon me. Gladys Purleigh always used a peculiarly dainty perfume, and now the subtle scent of her hair as her head lay back on my shoulder intoxicated me, and I said, daringly:

"Give me something to spur me on, Gladys."

Without a moment's hesitation she turned her face and lifted up her lips for me to kiss.

With this to urge me on my way I sped across the fields in record time, and, dashing open the door of the bicycle shed, drew out my sister's machine.

"Mary meant to use it this afternoon, but Gladys needs it most," I thought.

I was about to mount the machine and ride off, when a happy idea entered my mind. The under-gardener had chanced to come by, and was standing near the lake.

"Where's your bike, William?" I shouted.

"There, sir," he answered, pointing to the wall of the fruit-garden.

"Lend it to me for an hour or two," I said, and jumping into the saddle rode down the avenue, wheeling my sister's machine by my side.

Gladys Purleigh had not wasted her time. I was surprised to find how far she had walked before I caught her up.

"I thought you were never coming," she informed me, curtly, as she lightly sprang into the saddle of Mary's bicycle.

That was all the thanks I received for my raid on the bicycle shed. Nor could I flatter myself that Miss Purleigh was particularly well pleased to find that I was going to accompany her to the station. If I had hoped to gain any more sweet favors from her I was disappointed. She gave me absolutely no opportunity, pedalling so vigorously that I found some difficulty in keeping my old-fashioned cushion-tyred bicycle level with hers. So rapidly did we spin along that, as we were passing through Rudleigh, a policeman shouted out a warning.

At the station we dismounted, and I hurried into the booking-office to take her ticket for her, but when I came out again I could see no sign of her. After a brief search I guessed that she had mistaken the platform, so I strolled across to the up-line. I soon discovered her in one of the waiting rooms, but she had already found a cavalier. As I entered I saw Miss Purleigh and a stranger bending over some luggage placed out on the table. They had their backs turned towards me, and, as I was wearing rubber-soled shoes, they did not hear my entrance. The mention of my name stayed me momentarily at the open door.

"It's no use blaming me, father; but for Mr. Lascelles lending me his sister's bicycle I should not be here now—the stupid little fop! Pah! I had to kiss him before I could get the machine."

The words were bad enough, but she had the effrontery to take her handkerchief and pretend to wipe out the stain of my kiss. It was most unfair. I may be stupid, but I certainly am not little, and I do not believe I am a fop. But, above all, I do protest that I had no intention of meanly forcing a kiss from Miss Purleigh in return for the loan of the bicycle—I was stupid enough to think that she was willing.

"I wonder your woman's wit couldn't find an excuse to keep him from coming to the station with you," the man grumbled. "You've been foolish about this fellow."

"I assure you I didn't want him. It's true he amused me during a very dull month, but that's all," the girl answered, defiantly. "He was so madly attached to a plain frump of a girl—a Miss Bevan — that I amused myself by making him believe she was false to him. In his mistaken gratitude he transferred his attentions to me; then I nearly undeceived him. All the same, I should have been much later if I had had to walk here. As for the risk, he won't think of looking for me on this side, as I told him I was going to Oxford. That's quite enough to put his limited intellect off the scent."

"Edith innocent!" I murmured, as I noiselessly retired. "What a brute she must think me! And I have to thank this heartless girl for making me doubt her. Certainly it would not be kisses now that I would inflict upon you, my dear Miss Purleigh. There's something mysterious about your railway journey, but I don't think it's any concern of mine."

Sufficiently curious, however, to wish to see the end of this little drama, I went into the third-class waiting room higher up the platform, and, when the Langport train came in, had the satisfaction of seeing Gladys Purleigh get into a compartment just as it was starting. As the train passed I had a good view of the father, a tall, thickly-built, close-shaven man.

"Going up to town, I expect. What a splendid little liar she must be!" I thought.

In great dudgeon I left the station, and mounting rode off homewards to make my peace with my sister. I had ridden more than half way when a trap came rattling at a furious pace down the road. As it came nearer I saw that Colonel Miles, the head of the County Police, was driving. With him was the constable who had cautioned us for furious riding at Rudleigh. I saw him lean forward and speak to the colonel. The latter reined in his horse immediately.

"Halloa, Lascelles, what the dickens have you been up to?"

"Nothing, colonel, beyond a ride to the Junction."

"With a Miss Purleigh?"

"Yes."

"You've been aiding and abetting a felony. Here, man, jump up! Leave your bicycles in the hedge — we shall want you."

In great bewilderment, but anxious to understand the mystery in which Miss Purleigh and her father were involved, I clambered up into the trap, and the colonel started his horse again at full gallop.

"I presume you're an innocent accomplice, Lascelles," the colonel remarked, "or you would scarcely have the cheek to come back and face the music. But this Miss Purleigh has gone off with——"

"Her father," I put in.

"That I don't know, but she has absent-mindedly taken with her Lady Brandon's diamonds—worth £20,000."

"Oh, that's the mystery!" I ejaculated. "She told me she wanted to go to Oxford because her brother was in trouble. She and I collided with one another just outside the Hall gates, and as she was in such a hurry I ran across and fetched machines and rode with her to the station."

"Against her wish, I guess!"

"Well, I didn't think at the time that she objected——"

The colonel laughed grimly.

"As far as I can make out, from a short interview I have just had with Lady Brandon, the girl has been making fools of you all. I've heard several tales of your flirtation with her, my boy."

I flushed as I remembered how complete my folly had been, and to cover my confusion told my companion what I had overheard.

"Ah, that's better. But I expect it was jealousy rather than intelligence, Lascelles," he added, jokingly, "that made you linger to obtain a good view of the girl's companion. We must wire a description of both all along the line, as they may get out anywhere, and possibly separate again—in which case the man will probably take the diamonds. I must go on to Langport by a special."

"Now, Mellor," he said to the policeman, as we dashed into the station yard, "go and wire a description of these two to Langport and to all the intermediate stations."

"I want a special, Barclay, at once," he exclaimed, as the station master appeared.

"I'm sorry, sir, but it'll be half an hour, at least, before I can have one ready."

"Then it'll be no good. I want to be at Langport before the 3.40 gets in."

"Can't do it, sir. Well, there's one way, perhaps. There's a light engine coming back after piloting the express. If you badly want to get to Langport I'll stop her, and you might go by the loop and so get in front of the 3.40. They generally go back that way, because, although it's a bit farther, there's less traffic and not so much chance of a block. Would the engine answer your purpose, sir? I haven't a spare carriage."

"Splendidly, Barclay! I wouldn't waste time in having a carriage coupled on, if you had one to spare. When will she be in?"

"She's signalled now, sir," the official replied, and, seizing a red flag, he waved it energetically over the rails. The engine emitted a shriek.

"That's all right, then, sir. I wish I could offer you better accommodation."

"This will do very well, Barclay. Now, get up, Lascelles; I shall want you at Langport."

When the driver knew what was wanted he forced his engine along at its quickest pace. Jumping and rocking, puffing away, we sped through the country. With his watch in hand, the colonel braced himself against the tender.

"Shall we do it, driver?" he anxiously asked.

"Yes, sir, if the signals are not against us at the crossing. Unless she's before her time the slow train won't be ahead of us."

"The signal's down for us," he added, a moment later. "We shall be in first, and you'll probably have five or six minutes to spare."

"We will place ourselves on the bridge, Lascelles," the colonel said, as we walked up the long platform. "We shall then be able to watch the passengers as they come along. If, as I suspect is their intent, our couple mean to go to Euston, they will have to cross the bridge. If they have not already left the train, we are bound to stop them."

"Could they get out on the other side and cross the line?" I asked, when we had taken our stand on the bridge.

"I have told off a man to watch on that side—they won't escape in that direction. Indeed, they would be just giving themselves away."

Six or seven minutes after our own arrival the passenger train rolled into the station. My pulses beat rapidly as I watched the people passing up the platform.

"Well, Lascelles, are they here?"

"I'm afraid they are not here, colonel. They must have got out at another station."

"Look carefully, my boy. I see a man and a woman near the end of the platform."

"Yes, but it is a young man and an old woman, whereas our couple should consist of a very good-looking girl and her father."

"Ah! Then we've had our run for nothing," the colonel said, lugubriously.

"I'm afraid so."

The couple whom we had noticed came up the stairs, and, after a moment's hesitation whether to turn to the right or the left, went towards the exit. By what seemed at the time a curious freak of my brain, my thoughts went back to the moment when, in the road outside the Hall gates, I had clasped Gladys Purleigh in my arms.

"What's the joke?" Colonel Miles asked, testily, as I involuntarily laughed at the recollection of a folly I was far from wishing to repeat.

"Nothing, colonel," I answered. Then I suddenly realized that my thoughts had been turned towards my brief triumph by a strongly pervading odor of scent that had floated towards me as the last passengers had passed us. A second later I became conscious that it was undoubtedly the peculiar intoxicating perfume which I had come to associate entirely with Miss Purleigh. I sprang forward.

"It is the perfume!" I exclaimed.

"What about it?" my companion asked, curtly.

"Did you not notice it—a strong, peculiar perfume?"

"I really don't know," Colonel Miles snapped, for he was feeling very irritable after his disappointment. "I don't pretend to be an expert in scents. This station possesses, I should say, a score of them, at least."

"I could swear to it as a perfume which Miss Purleigh always uses," I exclaimed. Then, as the truth flashed upon me, I almost shrieked:

"That must be Miss Purleigh," and I pointed to the young man in front.

"I hope you're not causing me to make a fool of myself, Lascelles. Do you mean that she has changed her clothes in the train and is disguised as a man?"

"That must be it. Quick, colonel, or she will escape."

My companion did not hurry his steps, but kept his eyes fixed upon the outer doors of the booking-office.

"You are quite sure?" he demanded.

"It must be," I repeated, doggedly.

"It's worth trying," I heard him mutter; and, just as the supposed young man reached the exit, he raised his hand. One of the ticket collectors at once blocked the doorway, stopping egress.

"Ah, you must be right, Lascelles, and the old woman's an accomplice. Did you see that he passed a package to her?"

But the action had been done so deftly that it had quite escaped my notice.

Despite their angry protests they were both taken into custody, and, when searched, the stolen jewels were found in the possession of the father. The coup which had been so nearly successful had been arranged by the latter — a man who had formerly moved in good society. He had succeeded in obtaining an invitation for his daughter to Brandon Manor — to gain possession of the valuable jewels being his special object. The girl watched her opportunity, while the father spent his time at the Temple Station Hotel, ostensibly engaged in fishing.

The raid on the diamonds was carefully planned, and but for my collision with Gladys Purleigh the girl would have escaped with the booty to the junction, where her father was anxiously awaiting her. Luggage, conveniently left in the cloak room, contained a suitable change of garments for each, which would have made them secure from recognition had I not detected the familiar perfume.—London Tit-Bits.

SOME CURIOUS WITNESSES

DOGS AND BEETLES BEFORE THE COURT.

Frogs Called to Give Evidence - A Dog in a London Police Court.

A few days ago, at a London police court, the queerest witnesses that ever appeared there were called to give evidence. One hundred and nine frogs, mostly alive and kicking, were placed on the fore part of the witness box to decide whether or not the owner of them ought to be convicted of overcrowding, says London Answers. They came in a glass bowl, and gave the Court a good deal of trouble, for the counsel for the prosecution did not know what to call them, beginning with "beasts," which was strongly objected to, and falling back on "reptiles," and then "fish," both of which were wrong, and finally described them correctly as "amphibians."

The magistrate kept his eye on them all the time, and their testimony was disputed. It took three-quarters of an hour to come to any conclusion, neither of the learned counsel being able to agree on the frogs' testimony, for the creatures did nothing but jump round the bowl; but finally it was decided that the frogs had made good their case, and the owner was fined $20.

Early last month a dog, which was called as witness in another London court, gave very sound evidence, and got its owner out of what promised at first to be an awkward fix. The defendant — a poor man, and a costermonger — was prosecuted for the alleged offence of having stolen a valuable collie,

WHICH A FANCIER HAD LOST.

A dog answering to that description was found in the possession of costermonger, and the fancier claimed to identify it as his own. It was proved that the coster had not had the dog long, but he declared that the dog was his, and had returned to him after being lost for over a year.

Evidence showed that he certainly had owned a valuable collie a year before, and the fancier had so many dogs that he might be mistaken, though he had made a pet of this one. The case was going against the coster, when the dog was brought into the witness box. It was made to appear before both of the contestants, and at once sprang to the coster with wild signs of joy, declining to take any notice of the fancier. The charge was withdrawn, and the dog given to the coster.

It is not very long since a prickly but amiable porcupine was deposited on the witness table of a county court, to show whether or not it was worth the money claimed for it. The purchaser had given $20, and complained that soon after he had bought it the animal began to shed all its quills, and soon had only about a dozen left out of hundreds. He declined to pay, and the vendor sued him. The latter claimed that porcupines moult in the spring, and that it would grow a fine crop of prickles later on; while the defendant's counsel dismissed this as rubbish, and even a veterinary surgeon who overhauled the animal before the magistrate could throw no light on the point. Finally an agreement was arrived at.

A DANCING BEAR

which had frightened horses in the city was led into the witness box a little while ago, and threatened to clear the court by suddenly commencing to growl and paw at its muzzle. The Bench commanded the ushers to clear it out at once; but the owner showed that he had no nails or teeth, and so could do no harm. He also tried to argue that, being in a clawless and toothless condition, it could not possibly do any harm, and the charge was disproved. But the Bench held that, as it had frightened them and the whole court, there was no doubt it would frighten a horse, so the owner was fined.

It was greatly to the credit of the baboon that appeared in one of the Manchester police courts some time ago that he did not do any damage beyond stealing and chewing up one of the pens on the writing table. He was "hauled up," together with his owner, for having broken into a fowl house and choked fourteen chickens, but the defendant claimed that a fox had done the deed. The baboon, however, had been arrested while at large, and in the box it was shown that his paws bore fatal evidence of the crime, being stained and covered with feathers. So his owner had to pay for the chickens.

Wealthy Merchant—"What, you here again? Why, I kicked you out into the street this morning." Pedlar—"Ish dot so? Vat a splendid memory! I had forgotten all about it. Don't you want to buy a fodder duster before you kick me out some more?"

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

Severe Pains in the Back
Kidney Disease and Stomach Troubles — More Evidence of the Efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Kidney disease and stomach and liver disorders are almost always found together, and for this reason Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, on account of their direct and continued action on these several organs, are wonderfully effective in curing such complications.

Mr. James Keeley, caretaker of the Primary School and Presbyterian church, Newmarket, Ont., states:—"I find that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the best medicine I ever used. I was troubled for some time with kidney disease, pains in the back and stomach disorders. At times I suffered very severely from backache, but since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I am all right again.

"It is my belief that they are the most effective medicine a person can use for kidney disease and stomach troubles."

Mrs. Ross, 100 Manitoba street, St. Thomas, Ont., states:—"I had a very weak back, and at times suffered very much from severe pains across the small of my back. Believing these to be caused by derangements of the kidneys, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This treatment seemed to be exactly what I required, for it was not long before the pains entirely left me, and I was quite strong and well again. We have also used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for the children when they had coughs and colds, and I never knew it to fail to relieve the trouble at once."

There is no quicker or more certain way of curing back pains and kidney disease than by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Scores of thousands have proved this, and many have sent us statements similar to the above. One pill a dose, 25cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Canada House,
Corner Water and St. John Sts., Chatham.
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM,
Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town
Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.
Wm. Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.
—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us.
Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

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.

WE DO—
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of
Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

The war cost £228,000,000, which is three times the cost of the Crimean war; the people have borne it without a murmur; and this enormous expenditure has no whit impaired the credit of the United Kingdom, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Could Germany have achieved this result, or France, or Russia? No. Financially the United States of America might have been equal to the task, but there is not a single power on the Continent of Europe which it would not have ruined. In any one of them the expenditure would have bred riots, revolution, and the loss of empire. Still, even as England has never gloated over her military successes in the great extremity with which she was recently beset, so she will not be purse-proud over her financial triumphs.

CUBA'S FIRST PRESIDENT.

Much of the future new Cuban Republic now depends upon President Palma. He is quite one of the most remarkable men of his time; his history reads more like romance than sober biography. He comes of a distinguished Castilian line and was elected "President" by his compatriots nearly thirty years ago. His mother was starved to death early in that long-lasting struggle. The Spaniards confiscated the estates of the President, and eventually captured him, and sent him, loaded with chains, into captivity. He was offered as an alternative to the intense hardships to which he was submitted, freedom and position if he would swear fealty to the Spanish crown. His reply was prophetic: "No, you may shoot me if you will, but I will die as President of the Cuban Republic."

HONESTY IN PERFECTION.

To find honesty in its full perfection it is said that one must go to the Welsh colliers of the Ogmore Valley, who travel by a workman's train which runs from Maesteg to Abergwynfi every morning and returns in the evening. There are heavy penalties for taking pipes and matches down the pit, so when the train reaches its destination in the morning every smoker lays his pipe on the seat, and when he returns in the evening it is exactly where he left it. During the day the coaches are shunted to a siding; the doors are not locked, but there is no single instance of a pipe having been stolen.

THE TAILORS' BLACK LIST.

The Austrian tailors have decided to publish quarterly a black list for their own protection against bad payers. The list is to contain the names of unsatisfactory clients, their addresses, occupations, age, personal appearance, and the exact amounts of their debts.

"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded lovingly. "Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied. "I will redeem it," he answered absently. "If you will let me have the ticket."