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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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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 the charge.
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THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.
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Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
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Jointers' and Machinists' Tools, a specialty.
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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.

NEW KING IS A HUSTLER.

Indolence of Former Prince of Wales Has Vanished.

Since King Edward's promotion from the position of heir apparent to that of sovereign, a good many rather significant changes have been observable in his character and none of them is more striking than that which has taken place in his attitude toward his work. At present there are probably few business men in his kingdom more methodical and business-like than his most gracious majesty, and not many capable of getting through a big pile of work in such an amazingly short time. He was hardly back from one of his recent trips before he called his council together, discussed important state affairs, gave his sanction to several diplomatic appointments, paid an unusually large number of private visits, not to mention going all over plans for the alterations made in Buckingham Palace at Windsor, says the London correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette.

This propensity of the King's for hustling has simply electrified those who used to come in contact with him as Prince of Wales. At that time he made the lives of his various distinguished secretaries a burden to them. It was like pulling teeth to induce him to settle down to work on the different accounts it was necessary that he review, or to attend to his immense correspondence, and harder still to make sure that he turned up at the different private and state functions, where his presence was indispensable.

Comparatively speaking King Edward has not made so many changes in his retinue or in the various palace staffs, but for everyone that has been made there has been some business-like reason. When it came to head-chopping the King showed himself no respecter of persons. Queen Victoria had given the charge of Windsor Castle to the Duke of Argyll, but the King wanted to have the management in his own hands, and so he placed Lord Esher, one of his most trusted servitors, at the head of the castle affairs.

IT TAKES TIME—

To convince a woman that simpering ways rarely catch manly men.

To chasten the antagonistic spirit of a woman afflicted with a fad.

To bring a man of strong will to a realization of the rights of others.

To make the very young man realize how small an atom he is in the world.

To make an impression on a woman who lives in an atmosphere of self-esteem

To convince a man of the nonsense of thinking himself superior to his station.

To show the man of pretension that merit brings the most substantial reward.

To get a woman to confess that she is wrong in her deduction as to a man's importance.

To make a woman learn that an over-abundance of sentimentality is a heavy load to carry.

Light passes from the moon to the earth in 1½ seconds.

How Wars End

Signing of Peace Not Always the Finish.

The popular conception of the close of a war is the signing of a peace protocol; followed by fireworks, joy-bells, and the immediate cessation of hostilities. As a matter of fact, nothing is further from the actual truth. Great conflicts, waged by hundreds of thousands of armed men, seldom, if ever, terminate, as does an ordinary stage play, with the formal ringing down of the curtain.

The great Civil War between the Northern and Southern States of America, for instance, which cost the lives of 1,200,000 men, and involved the direct expenditure of more than $3,000,000,000, was ended (on paper) by the surrender of the Confederate General Lee to Grant at Appomatox court house in Northern Virginia, on April 9th, 1865. Yet on May 8th, nearly a month later, we find the Confederate general, "Dick" Taylor, fighting merrily in Alabama; and it was not until the 26th of the same month that the surrender of General Kirby Smith, in Texas, marked the final cessation of hostilities on land. On sea the fighting continued months afterwards. The Confederate privateer, Shenandoah, alone destroyed, during July and August, some thirty Federal merchantmen. One of the most valuable of her prizes she towed into Liverpool in triumph on November 6th, and her commander, Captain Waddell, was dumfounded when informed that the war had been officially declared at an end some seven months previously.

FRANCE DIED HARD.

Not infrequently it happens that hostilities are well nigh indefinitely prolonged, owing to the stubbornness of the defeated party. On September 2nd, 1870, the late Emperor of the French surrendered at Sedan himself and his army to his enemies, the Germans. "My brother," wrote the unhappy man to the King of Prussia, "not having been able to die at the head of my troops, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

With Napoleon there surrendered 83,000 officers and men, together with seventy mitrailleuses, 400 field-pieces, and 150 fortress guns. And this was in addition to 47,000 Frenchmen who were killed, wounded or taken prisoners during the fighting which proceeded the capitulation. When the news of this unparalleled disaster was telegraphed abroad, everybody thought that the war was at an end; and when, some weeks later, Metz surrendered, people were sure of it. This latter was an even more terrible blow to France in one sense than was Sedan. Beside Bazaine himself, there capitulated to the Germans Marshals Canrobert and Le Boeuf, sixty-six generals, about 6,000 officers, 173,000 men, including the Imperial Guard, 400 pieces of artillery, 100 mitrailleuses, and fifty-three eagles or standards. This was on October 27th, and forthwith the foreign correspondents and attaches with both armies prepared to pack up their traps and depart. "There can be no more real fighting; France has received her death-blow." Such was the universally accepted verdict. Yet, as we all now know, some of the fiercest and most dramatic battles of that campaign remained to be fought; and it was not until February 16th, when the gallant Belfort garrison marched out with the honors of war, that the fighting was even nominally at an end. The actual last shot was said to have been fired by a franc-tireur at a German patrol near Issy on May 17th, the very day before the treaty of peace was ratified by the French National Assembly.

230 YEARS OF WAR.

A war, especially a guerilla war, is ended only when the last armed irreconcilable has fired his last shot. Viewed in this light, it is quite possible for a state of war to never really end; or, at all events, for it to continue for centuries. Crete, for example, though nominally conquered by Turkey in 1669, never really submitted, and to this very day isolated bands are said to be still in arms against the phantasmal sovereignty remaining to the Sultan under the Convention of August, 1901.

Ask the average man in the street when the Crimean War ended, and he will tell you "with the fall of Sebastopol." This event happened on September 8th, 1855, and it certainly constituted the most fitting "curtain" imaginable to the stupendous drama which had been enacted before its walls night and day for eleven months previously. The great fortress of Southern Russia was ours; its fleet was sunk, its arsenal captured, its streets and squares were drenched in human blood, blackened with fire, and littered with the bodies of upwards of twenty thousand of its brave defenders.

But, as a matter of fact, the fall of Sebastopol did not end the conflict in the Crimea, any more than the capitulation of Metz put an end to the Franco-Prussian War, or the capture of Pretoria to the fighting in the Transvaal. On the contrary, it was not until February 29th following, that hostilities were even nominally suspended; and, so late as May 2nd, exactly one month after the formal proclamation of peace, desperate fighting took place near Kars between a body of irregular Turkish cavalry, and two composite battalions of Russian infantry, the commanders on both sides afterwards professing complete ignorance of the fact of the war having been at the time concluded.

Most people regard the war in the Soudan, wherein the gallant Gordon cut so conspicuous a figure, as having had its beginning in the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army of ten thousand men by the Mahdi's dervishes at El Obeid, on November 5th, 1883, and its ending when, on September 2nd, 1898, the Khalifa Abdullah, the Mahdi's kinsman and successor, was defeated at Omdurman by General Kitchener.

20 YEARS' SOUDAN FIGHTING.

Both dates, are, however, quite wrong. The Sheik Mahomed Ahmed, of Dongola, afterwards better known as the Mahdi, raised the standard of revolt against the Egyptian Government in July, 1881, and so early as June, 1882, he had gathered together sufficient followers to surround and massacre six thousand regular troops commanded by the brave and able Yussuf Pasha, while the closing scene of the long and desolating series of campaigns was not enacted until January 19th, 1900, on which date the redoubtable Osman Digna, last and fiercest of the dervish irreconcilables, was captured in the hills near Tokar.

Few campaigns have had so sudden or so dramatic a termination as that which, in 1868, we waged against King Theodore, of Abyssinia. It was not until about four in the afternoon of April 16th that the order was given for the British to carry by assault the strong hill-fortress of Magdala, the King's capital and residence; yet before the night fell all was over. Theodore, just prior to the rush of the storming party, had divested himself of the gold-brocaded mantle which he had worn earlier in the day, and which he seemed to think made him a mark for the rifles of our sharpshooters. This he gave to a favorite servant.

A few minutes later the leading files of the 33rd burst open the main entrance of the palace. "Fly for your lives!" cried the unhappy monarch, addressing a few retainers who had remained faithful to the end. "As for me, I will never fall into the hands of an enemy." Then, drawing his pistol, he put the muzzle into his mouth, and fell dead. So the war ended.

A WAR THAT ENDED IN SMILES

It sounds queer to talk about the "ludicrous" termination of a sanguinary struggle, yet such a word most aptly describes the closing scene of the last Maori War. Firing had been going on intermittently all day, when, towards dusk, it died away, and from the enemy's stocked "pah" there advanced a couple of headmen bearing a flag of truce.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the British officer in command, as soon as the deputation came within hailing distance.

"We want—you to give us some more ammunition," was the startlingly ingenuous reply of the foremost of the two envoys. "Yes," added the other, with still more refreshing naivete, "or else how can you expect us to go on fighting you?"

"Oh, come, we can hardly do that, you know," demurred the British commander. "Under the circumstances, wouldn't it be as well to make your submission, and let there be peace between us."

"Very well, peace let it be," was the reply, after a few moments consultation.

And peace it has been—from that day to this.—Pearson's Weekly.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Itching, Blind, 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

RAPID BOILER MAKING.

A modern boiler shop is far different from its congener of half a century ago. It is not generally known that a boiler of 40 horse-power can be made and shipped in about eight hours. That is to say, if an order is put in by seven o'clock in the morning, it can be on the way to its destination by three o'clock on the same day, ready for steam when set. This boiler will be taken from the flat sheets, rolled to dimensions, all rivets driven, tubes set and rolled, and the work made water and steam tight within the time named; but it will be of the return-tubular type, where no smith work or flanging is required.

He: "It is a woman's duty to be beautiful if she can. She: "And it is a man's duty to make her think she is whether she is or not."

Running makes a person warm, because, when running, a greater quantity of air is inhaled into the lungs. More oxygen is thus introduced, and the blood is heated.

CAST UPON THE WATERS

FORTUNES WHICH SPRING FROM HOSPITALITY.

Cases Where a Good Turn Has Raised People From Poverty to Affluence.

It is well perhaps that virtue is not always its own sole reward, and that occasionally it reaps a more material harvest, which is none the less desirable because it is deserved.

One never knows too, after how many years the bread of charity which has been cast upon the waters will reappear. Only a very few years ago a poor man in an English country village found himself raised from a life of struggle and poverty to what to him was the very pinnacle of affluence as the result of an act of charity done by his grandparents more than seventy years earlier.

It is known to many that a certain rich London merchant who died a few years ago began his life in the unpromising role of a foundling; but the true story of his early days and its recent sequel are known to few. As an infant, barely twelve months old, he was found on the doorstep of a Mr. Lund, a benevolent but struggling Yorkshire farmer. No one knew with any certainty where the infant came from, but it was assumed that he had been left by a young woman who had been seen on the outskirts of the village with a baby in her arms. The tender-hearted farmer and his wife took the child into their home, and, failing to find any trace of the mother, brought him up as their own child. He received a fair education in the village school and was apprenticed to a draper in a neighboring town, from which he went to London—and commenced the career which ended in a partnership in a leading city house and a fortune. So long as his benefactors lived he visited them at intervals, and surrounded them with every comfort in their old age. On his death he left a sum of £10,000 to be divided equally among such of their descendants as were living. This fortune fell to the lot of James R. Lund, the only surviving grandchild.

A POOR DAY LABORER,

burdened with a large family, who is to-day reaping the harvest which his grandparents' hospitality sowed three-quarters of a century ago.

In the early sixties a young actor a member of a strolling company, was struck down by a severe attack of rheumatic fever while acting in Plymouth. When his company moved on to Exeter he was much too ill to accompany them, and he was left, almost penniless, to the care of the landlady in whose house he was lodging. Fortunately she belonged to the happily still existing class of the good Samaritan, and with motherly devotion she nursed the young man back to health, and from her small savings gave him sufficient money to enable him to regain his company. The mere money obligation was discharged a few months later; but the actor's gratitude did not end here, for when, a few years since, he heard that his benefactress had fallen on evil days and bad health, he purchased an annuity of £100 a year for her, an income which she is still enjoying and which enables her to spend her last days in comfort. Without revealing the identity of this honorable and tender-hearted actor, our readers will have little difficulty in guessing his name.

Much has been said and written to the disadvantage of the late Mr. Jay Gould, the American multi-millionaire, but many true stories could be told which prove that at least ingratitude for kindness could never be laid to his charge. In his very youthful days, when he ran away from the paternal farm, partly in mutiny against the incessant churning which fell to his lot and partly with the boyish ambition to explore the world and make his fortune, he had many proofs of "man's inhumanity to man." One day, when the hungry and footsore boy could tramp no farther, he called at a wayside cottage in Illinois and begged for food and a night's shelter. He was taken in by the hospitable woman of the house, who insisted on his staying some days with her until he was strong enough to resume his journey. Many years later when he was already a rich man, he called again on the hospitable woman and begged her to accept

A THOUSAND DOLLARS

as a token of his gratitude. But the good lady was as independent as she was good-hearted, and declined the offer.

"Very well," Mr. Gould said, "I will invest it for you, and perhaps it may come in useful some day."

A few years later he learned that his benefactress was in great poverty and ill-health, and this time he induced her to accept his present, which by that time had grown under his skilful hands into no less than $20,000. A man who gave such evidence of gratitude could not be wholly bad.

It is well known that a certain gentleman who showed much kindness to M. Gustave Dore when he was an unknown and struggling man after the artist's death reaped many thousands a year from the legacy of his pictures as a reward for his kindness and hospitality; but greater wealth still came to James S. Hodgson, a miner in the days when the discovery of gold in California drew thousands to that El Dorado, some to make colossal fortunes and others to die on the very verge of them.

Among the latter was a man called Henry Hales, who had secured a claim which, although he did not know it, was to prove one of the richest on the fields, when he was seized by a fatal illness, brought on by the fatigue and hardships he had gone through. Although the owner of a potential fortune, he was almost penniless; but James Hodgson gave him shelter, and nursed him with the tenderness and devotion of a woman. When he was dying Hales bequeathed to him all that he had in the world, his claim, which might not have been worth the paper it was written on, yielded a fortune of a million and a half dollars before the mine was exhausted.—London Tit-Bits.

TUCKED "GIBSON" WAIST.

"Gibson" waists, with their broad-shouldered effects, appear to gain favor and adherents week by week. This, the latest of the many sorts, includes many desirable features and suits many materials. The tucks render it becoming to those who object to the plain fronts, and the new cuff gives a dainty and satisfactory finish at the wrists. The original is made of white Madras, and is unlined, but silks and wools give greater satisfaction when the lining is used, and all cotton and linen fabrics are equally appropriate.

To cut this waist in the medium size 4 1-4 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, 2 3-4 yards 32 inches wide, or 2 1-8 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

SPION KOP A DEATH TRAP

ONE WHO WAS THERE WRITES TO THAT EFFECT.

Harrowing Account of the Awful Loss in the Attempt to Take That Position.

From my position I could easily recognize all the different firings, says a trooper, writing in the Fairpire Review. There were the 15-pounders on the opposite hill (our own guns captured at Colenso), the Maxims, and the Maxim-Nordenfeldts that carry pound shells and fire variously five and ten rounds in rapid succession. The last named gun was our pet bug-bear, and had many names. We called it "the pom-pom," Tommy called it "the buck-up," or "Stuttering Carrie," and it certainly is an offensive institution. And, about three miles off, our big naval guns were shelling the enemy's artillery. Lastly there was the continuous rattle of the rifles from four different directions, the Mauser being easily distinguishable from our own Lee-Metford. Men dropped quicker and quicker, and the sight all round was ghastly. Poor old Gen. Woodgate was shot through the eye, and the command devolved on our own colonel. An orderly arrived from the G.O.C. asking what the colonel intended doing, and received the answer, "I intend holding the position—hoping for reinforcements." Finally the Boers gained courage and began advancing upon us, actually showing themselves. This was what we had been waiting for.

FIX BAYONETS AND FOLLOW.

"Now then, T.M.I." said Thorneycroft, "fix bayonets and follow me!" and he dashed out over the wall, followed by the few that were left in that line, perhaps thirty or forty all told. We had not got very far before the terrible fire stopped us. In that short time we had lost almost half our number, but the survivors, lying down, went on firing. I looked round to see my neighbors, and found Pegg off on the right, and on the left at the same distance, McDermott—another pal. I said "Cheer oh!" to both of them, and I think we were all pleased to find ourselves close together. We were now only at duelling distance, and the colonel was kneeling up behind a rock firing his Mauser pistol, while the rest of us, lying flat on the grass, were making it hot for any Boer who popped up his head. "The rest of us," I said, but I must exclude Pegg. He knelt to load but stood up to fire—on tiptoe, too, to get a better view of his man. "I've got one," he shouted. "Come along, sir, let's use the bayonets now." Almost at the same moment a bullet took him fairly between the eyes, and he fell in a hunched-up heap—and stayed there. Hardly had poor Pegg gone to his last account than the man next me—a major in one of the line regiments who was firing from a magazine carbine—quietly murmured "Oh" and died. Next the man on my immediate left gave a gasp and, after gurgling unpleasantly for several minutes—he was hit in the throat—was silent forever.

OFF TO THE HOSPITAL.

While reloading I felt something thud on my chest, and looking down saw a flattened bullet (it must have been a spent one) fall from my bandolier, which luckily was full of ammunition. Immediately afterwards I had the sensation of being struck on the neck with a heavy stick—I was a bit knocked out for a minute, and then putting my hand on the spot I found I had been hit. McDermott came over to me and bound up the wound. I felt that, according to all recognized rules I ought certainly to be dead, but I wasn't. I could wag my head a bit, but on trying to use my rifle found it impossible, so I lay still, awaiting developments. When there were only about half a dozen men left firing, the colonel and others retreated behind the wall, now mostly knocked down. By slow degrees I made my way to the field ambulance, and after being attended by the surgeon, walked off down the hill. There my connection with the fighting ended. Five days later, travelling slowly, partly on foot and partly in a bullock waggon I reached Maritzburg, stopping each day at a different hospital. But a quarter of an inch—and what virtue there is in that "good quarter of an inch"—would have left me with no tale to tell, according to the doctor, to say nothing of the fact that on taking off my jacket I found another bullet had gone in and out at the back. That the journey should have proved a very rough one, and the accommodation and food insufficient, is not surprising.

WAS A DEATH TRAP.

The casualties from that fighting were so enormous as to be altogether out of proportion to the capacity of various hospitals on the way to the base; but after all, no hospital can well provide for more than an average, and the men undoubtedly recognize this, for I heard no grumbling, but saw a great deal of kind-heartedness and self-sacrifice. I found afterwards that McDermott, on getting back behind the wall, missed me—I had got away by that time—and thinking I was still lying wounded, went out again to find me. Not seeing me he brought in some one else instead, and got hit in the head, not badly, I am glad to say. V.C.'s have lost their value in my eyes, and if all the men got them who deserved them they wouldn't be the rarity they are now. When our regiment was ordered to retire, 55 men only were left of the 180 who started the night before. Whatever others may say, I hold that the position was untenable. What could be done was done, and if another 2,000 men had been sent up the next day we should have lost them as well. With the Boer guns commanding the position, as they did, Spion Kop was nothing more or less than a death trap.

PREFERS ENGLISH TO GREEK.

His Majesty King George of Greece is very pro-English in his ideas and mode of living. When conversing with the members of his family he always speaks English, and it is generally understood by his household that English is the preferred language when the king is present. He seldom speaks French, and only uses Greek when compelled to do so. His Majesty draws his own cheques, and a person who had an opportunity of seeing one was surprised to find that the king signs himself "Georgios Christianon" or "George, the son of Christian." King George is a firm believer in the financial capabilities of Englishmen, and their shrewd business methods. Although the royal banking account is in the hands of the Greek National Bank, the bulk of his money is in English funds and British securities.

BUYING OF WIVES.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the district of Kamyschin on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from $50 to $100, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about $25. It is customary for the father of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.

Itching Piles Can Be Cured

As is Being Proved Every Day---Operations With All Their Risk, Expense and Danger Frequently Fail, But You Can Rely on

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It would be difficult to imagine a more difficult case of piles to cure than that described below. After twenty years of misery Mr. McLaughlin was cured, and cured permanently.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 20 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont, writes:

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly convinced that the ointment made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment an invaluable treatment for piles. In my case I think the cure was remarkable when you consider that I am getting up in years, and had been so long a sufferer from this disease."

This is the only preparation guaranteed to cure every form of piles. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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