

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Yearly or by the 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 therewith by the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having the large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Hastings, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec, is commencing to circulate in the following superior inducements to advertisers:

Address, Editor, "Miramichi Advance," Chatham, N.B.

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Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc.
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WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON,
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Compare us with that of
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds,
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CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
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CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904
D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, (paid in advance), 10 cts

A BURNT PHOTOGRAPH

"We are going to have a boddie marriage between pretty Phyllis and our invalid friend. Your resemblance to Markham Penrith may be very useful in the future."

"All right, have it your own way. I am too staid to argue, but I judge one inch in any plot to wrong the original of that photograph."

"Hush! You are forgetting sentimental, Billy, and it doesn't suit you. I am merely going to assist her to find a man who wishes to leave her ten thousand a year."

"All right, fire ahead and I am with you." The telegram was duly dispatched, and early in the afternoon Phyllis Blain arrived. Billy Frigon from the shadow of the window curtain vowed that he had never seen such a dream of loveliness in his life.

Captain Dawson in his most defensible manner conducted her to the room where Markham Penrith was lying. The sick man gave a wan smile as she entered.

"It's—it's good of you to come, Phyllis."

"I am sorry, Markham; I do not know you were ill."

"I'm done for, Phyllis. I can't last more than a couple of days, I want to die the best I can for you. You—will you—leave my wife?"

"What?"

"If you will, I can't leave my wife to you unless you are willing to give up your fortune. You know the terms of uncle's will."

"Yes, but—"

"I loved you, Phyllis, but I know there is nothing in me to like, and you may as well have the money now as when I die, and then you and Harry Cromwell—"

"Oh! Markham, I couldn't!"

"Harry is a poor man, but I think if he and all could do for him. Ah! here is the doctor. Would you mind telling this lady how long you are likely to live? No, don't try to spare my feelings. How long? I'm telling you, she'll be here in two days, perhaps less."

"There you are, Phyllis! a short ceremony with special marriage license. You have ten thousand a year, and if you wish it, Mark, I will do it."

"Thank Heaven, I am happy. I—"

The doctor raised a warning hand and hurried to the bedside. Markham Penrith had fainted.

Half an hour later Captain Dawson with a cheque, which he had hurried Miss Blain to Doctors' Commons, where they made application for a special marriage license.

After seeing Miss Blain into his pockets, spent a pleasant hour or two with her, and then returned to the room where Phyllis looked at it in silence for a few moments, and when she spoke it was in a strangely subdued voice.

"Dawson, old man, we've done many a bad deed together, and I've quaffed the cup of villainy to its very dregs—but I don't think I've done now when I look at that face. The sweetness of it, the gentleness of her mouth, my life is not worth much, but I would gladly die to do service to her."

"A sweet face, certainly, but don't get her! She's not worth it, and she'll be here in two days, perhaps less. It's Phyllis Blain he keeps calling for."

"The Frigon went to bed, retaining possession of the photograph; and Captain Dawson, intent upon securing the knowledge he could get about Markham Penrith, installed himself in the chamber of the sick man."

Towards morning Penrith awoke, very weak, but in his right mind. He lay in bed, and at the bedside in a moment.

"Where am I?"

"All right, old chap; you are with friends. Anything I can do for you?"

"I am very weak, but you'll soon get better. A doctor says you're just what I need, but I don't want to see a doctor, I don't want to see a doctor, I don't want to see a doctor."

"Anything you like old chap."

"Write to Phyllis—Phyllis Blain—ask her to come to me. The Cedars, Little Willow, Surrey."

"I will send a wire as soon as the office opens."

"I think she will come. I—should like to do her a good turn, but I have not made much of my life, and there is not much in me to care about or have any affection for. My uncle left his fortune on condition that she married me, and, well, you see how it is, she loved me, body and soul, and she wouldn't marry me for nothing."

"I got the money for you, and I'll give it to you as you wish."

"Thank you very much. I've only got a life interest, unless she survives me as my wife."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"Well, you see, she's rather poorly off, and the chap she would like to marry—Harry Cromwell—is only a struggling young doctor. I won't have more than a couple of days, perhaps, and if she won't marry me, I'm sure she could have ten thousand a year when I shuffle off."

"Captain Dawson after this conversation was immersed in thought for a considerable time, and then paid a visit to the room occupied by Billy Frigon.

"Billy, my boy, the coast is laying the other way. I am going to wire to Phyllis Blain, and when she arrives, I want you to keep out of sight."

"What's that for? What's your game?"

"Who are you? You have the face of Markham Penrith, and yet you are not his brother. You are not his brother, and you are not his brother, and you are not his brother."

"I know you were I married you, but I had no wicked motive. I came to tell you not to be afraid. I thought you were doing me wrong, but now I see you were right. I'm a good man, but I'm a good man, but I'm a good man."

"Yes, you're what I want."

"How would you like to go with me?"

"I would like to go with you, but I have no money. I have no money. I have no money."

"I'll give you the money. I'll give you the money. I'll give you the money."

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**About the
...House**

WITH TOMATOES.

Eggs and Tomatoes—Wash as many round, smooth tomatoes as there are persons to serve. One thin slice from the top of each for a cover and scoop out just space enough to hold an egg, a little butter in the bottom of the cavity, drop in the egg, taking care not to break the shell. Season with salt and pepper, place a dot of butter on top of the egg. Bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes, and have ready a saucer of tomato sauce to be poured over the egg before the cover is put in place.

Baked Tomatoes—This is especially easy to do over a gas fire, but can be done over coal. Wash and dry fresh, firm tomatoes, wash dry, and cut off the top, leaving a rim of green around the stem. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and grease the broiler, lay on the sliced tomatoes, salted and peppered, and broil over the fire for about ten minutes. Remove the saucer from the broiler, and serve white hot. A variation is afforded by sprinkling with cheese while broiling.

Devilled Tomatoes—Broil quickly together on a chop platter and pour over them a sauce made by heating one tablespoonful of olive oil, a teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls vinegar.

Fried Tomatoes—Slice large, firm tomatoes, cut medium thick, season with salt and pepper; sprinkle plentifully with dry cornmeal, as much as will cling to each slice, and fry until both sides are brown in smoking hot oil, using a deep fryer. Drain on a paper, pat with a clean cloth, and serve with a little butter and a dash of Worcestershire sauce, if desired. This is a particularly pleasing accompaniment to lamb chops or veal croquettes.

Fried Tomatoes with Cream Gravy—Having fried the tomatoes according to the preceding recipe, add another tablespoonful of pork drippings or butter to the grease remaining in the frying pan, stir until frothy; then pour in cream or milk to make a sauce of the consistency of a custard, season with salt and pepper and serve.

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AT THE JAPANESE COURT

THE EMPEROR NOW RECEIVES STRANGERS.

Nothing in These Courts to Suggest the Old Customs of the East.

The outside world knows, perhaps, less of the Japanese Court than of any other. The Emperor's Court in the civilized world, said a gentleman who has spent forty years of his life in the land of the Mikado;—today the life of the Court is publicity itself compared with the days when I first set foot in Tokio. Why, forty years ago no one among his own subjects ever might catch a glimpse of the Emperor except his own family and a few of his principal nobles; whereas now, exalted and almost sacred personage as he is, his face is familiar to millions, and he receives strangers at his Court. If not as frequently, almost as habitually, so frankly as King Edward himself.

But the former scene is little of the picturesque an "impressive" spectacle of the Japanese Court. It is received with little ceremony at a morning Court, and carries away a picture of courtiers in sober, almost dingy, uniform, or the evening Court, of gentlemen in the dress of a dark, solemn-eyed Emperor with a pleasant smile and a few gracious words which may be as good as a picture of a courtier in the dress of the woman, and the reductive mien of the supper, everything as European as if the scene were in Paris itself and not in the Far East. This is the phase of Japanese Court life that is presented to the world; but side by side with it is another aspect, as thoroughly Japanese today as it was a century ago, which if you take your peep at the proper time, you will see the ladies and gentlemen in their "Empire" robes, dressed in the comfortable and picturesque native dress, practising their dainty cups, or blowing wreaths of smoke from equally dainty pipes, chatting to each other with the grace and abandon of children in any other room they sleep on. In those days, when the Emperor was in Paris itself and not in the Far East, this is the phase of Japanese Court life that is presented to the world; but side by side with it is another aspect, as thoroughly Japanese today as it was a century ago, which if you take your peep at the proper time, you will see the ladies and gentlemen in their "Empire" robes, dressed in the comfortable and picturesque native dress, practising their dainty cups, or blowing wreaths of smoke from equally dainty pipes, chatting to each other with the grace and abandon of children in any other room they sleep on. In those days, when the Emperor was in Paris itself and not in the Far East, this is the phase of Japanese Court life that is presented to the world; but side by side with it is another aspect, as thoroughly Japanese today as it was a century ago, which if you take your peep at the proper time, you will see the ladies and gentlemen in their "Empire" robes, dressed in the comfortable and picturesque native dress, practising their dainty cups, or blowing wreaths of smoke from equally dainty pipes, chatting to each other with the grace and abandon of children in any other room they sleep on.

A LIFE-LONG MEMORY.

What will strike him perhaps most of all will be the utter absence of any of the European suggestion of a picture of courtiers in sober, almost dingy, uniform, or the evening Court, of gentlemen in the dress of a dark, solemn-eyed Emperor with a pleasant smile and a few gracious words which may be as good as a picture of a courtier in the dress of the woman, and the reductive mien of the supper, everything as European as if the scene were in Paris itself and not in the Far East. This is the phase of Japanese Court life that is presented to the world; but side by side with it is another aspect, as thoroughly Japanese today as it was a century ago, which if you take your peep at the proper time, you will see the ladies and gentlemen in their "Empire" robes, dressed in the comfortable and picturesque native dress, practising their dainty cups, or blowing wreaths of smoke from equally dainty pipes, chatting to each other with the grace and abandon of children in any other room they sleep on.

VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA.
The Restrictions of Caste and Occupation.

Everybody has heard of caste in India, but few foreigners realize what caste really means. The village life of India, as it is, is a thing that is a particularly interesting study. The restrictions of caste and occupation are so strictly enforced that a man of one caste can never marry a woman of another caste, and a man of one caste can never engage in a trade or occupation that is forbidden to his caste.

A FUTURE MIKADO.

Each of these wives has her little Court, her suite of rooms, her ladies, and her attendants. The Emperor's rooms and the number of the suite being regulated by the relative importance of the lady and her position. And very charming and clever women these wives of the Emperor are; for each one is selected from the ranks of eligible maidens for her grace of manner and bearing, her immaculate dress, and her cultivation, as shown principally by her knowledge of Japanese literature and art, and by her skill in music and the making of verses.

The most picturesque functions of the Japanese Court are those of the Emperor's wives, which the Emperor gives two or three times a year in the cherry-blossom month in the garden of the Imperial Palace, which are, perhaps, the most beautiful in the world.

I was once privileged to attend one of these parties and the pictures of the brilliant Imperial procession, winding through the gardens of the Imperial Palace, were a sight to behold. The ladies were dressed in their "Empire" robes, and the Emperor himself was in his "Empire" robes. The pictures were a sight to behold. The ladies were dressed in their "Empire" robes, and the Emperor himself was in his "Empire" robes. The pictures were a sight to behold. The ladies were dressed in their "Empire" robes, and the Emperor himself was in his "Empire" robes.

BOY IN THE PULPIT.
Ten-year-old Frodgy Who Astonished the Londoners.

In a large tent, which has been erected near Holloway Station, Louis L. Dennis, the American boy preacher, addressed a large congregation of an audience of 3,000 persons in London recently.

It was a strange thing that the lad, who is tall for his years and well built, faced his hearers with all the assurance of a grown man; and his words were so plain and so simple, that his hearers were at his command. His words were so plain and so simple, that his hearers were at his command. His words were so plain and so simple, that his hearers were at his command.

WHERE THEY SPEAK LATIN.

Although it is usually considered that Latin is a "dead" language, it is very much alive in at least one part of Europe. In the central part of the Balkans, where it is spoken by the Bulgarians, Serbs, and Greeks, there is a community of mountaineers among whom strange customs prevail. During the ascendancy of the Roman Empire, a Roman colony was founded here, and then forgotten, on account of its remoteness. For the reason that the descendants of those ancient colonists have never mixed with the people about them, they retain their original characteristics, even to the language. In several villages the Latin that the peasants speak is so plain that a stranger of classic authors can understand them.

Mr. Nowellthy—"Yes, sir, I found the people of Paris to be the best of all the world. Mr. Vasterknow—"How so?" Mr. Nowellthy—"How so? Why, even the laborers kin talk French!"

THE WORLD'S RAILROADS
Represent an Investment of About \$35,000,000,000.

Some interesting statistics bearing on the world's railroads, as published by the Railway and General Statistics Office of the British and Foreign Railway and General Statistics Office, are given below. According to its figures as published by the Railway and General Statistics Office of the British and Foreign Railway and General Statistics Office, are given below. According to its figures as published by the Railway and General Statistics Office of the British and Foreign Railway and General Statistics Office, are given below.

Europe	183,997
Asia	14,338
North America	23,186
South America	28,822
Australia	16,698
Total	269,941

Of the total the New World has 55.1 per cent, and North America 41 per cent. The mileage of the United States alone is about 207,000, as the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows, and this is 10 per cent of the total railroad mileage of the earth.

The railway mileage of the world is estimated at \$23,500,000,000, which has been invested in the world's railroads at the close of 1902 the Arctic railroads in Finland, whose cost is put at \$13,200,000,000, while the mileage of Europe are those in Finland, whose cost is put at \$13,200,000,000, while the mileage of Europe are those in Finland, whose cost is put at \$13,200,000,000.

The narrow gauge roads of Japan, which are also narrow gauge, have consumed \$38,920,000, and those of West Australia, which are also narrow gauge, have consumed \$27,950,000.

From the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission it is possible to draw comparisons between the roads of other countries and those of the United States. Their cost is put at \$12,134,182,964 at the close of 1902, the year in which the United States represented a capitalization of \$12,599,990,258. The progress of the world in railroad building is shown by the following figures: In 1880 there were 12,283 miles a year. From 1880 to 1890 a million miles were added to the total, 9,707 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1890, 10,747 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1900, 10,800 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1902, 13,238 miles, or 19.97 per cent. This makes a total of 85,629 miles in seven years, and is an average of 12,235 miles a year. From 1880 to 1890 a million miles were added to the total, 9,707 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1890, 10,747 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1900, 10,800 miles, or 19.97 per cent. In 1902, 13,238 miles, or 19.97 per cent. This makes a total of 85,629 miles in seven years, and is an average of 12,235 miles a year.

BAKING POWDER AND SODA.

See Seelye-Miller says that though most culinary artists advise us that the soda and baking powder should never be used in combination, in actual practice the combination is most satisfactory.

She says baking powder biscuits are much improved by wetting them with buttermilk sweetened with soda, as can be imagined. It is highly probable that it is the buttermilk that makes the improvement, rather than the soda.

The great mistake made is in using too much soda. A scant even teaspoonful of soda will sweeten a pint of sour milk or buttermilk. Mrs. Miller advises, "If you have not enough soda and you will have it just right."

Doughnuts, she asserts, are much better made with sour milk or cream and soda with baking powder. Sour cream cake, in fact anything which these things are used where tenderness rather than firmness is desired, will be improved by their combination.

In conclusion she gives a rule for baking powder biscuits in which soda and baking powder contributes to tenderness and delicacy.

"One quart of flour sifted well sifted two or three times it is better. Into the flour incorporate one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, a teaspoon of soda, not even half. Mix into the flour, etc., a very large tablespoonful of lard, and wet up with the cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk. If the measuring has been correct the milk will make the dough a very soft-so soft it will seem impossible to handle it. By dredging the bread board well with flour and the hand with a little more flour, the paste it can be rolled out on a sheet not more than half an inch thick, cut with the usual cutter, put in pans so they do not touch and bake in a very hot oven. Five minutes with small cutters, but longer and thicker, more time must be allowed, but the oven must be hot for good biscuits."

CAREFUL HINTS.

When carving salmon and all short grain red fish, cut it lengthwise, using a broad fish slice to avoid breaking the flakes.

Prevent milk from curdling—Add a good pinch of carbonate of soda to each quart of milk before putting it on to boil.

The danger of infection during an epidemic is very much lessened if people will take a warm bath daily, at night if possible, and take plenty of really nourishing food.

A few drops of water on a lamp chimney will crack it instantly.

An invisible cement which will suit your purpose is made by boiling sugar in spirits of wine. This produces a clear, transparent cement which renders the joint almost imperceptible. While the cement is being prepared use a gallipot stood in a pan of salt boiling water.

For cooking ice pop one pound of the best loaf sugar, broken into lumps, into a sauce-pan, and pour over it half a pint of water, and stand half an hour and then place on the fire and allow it to cook for two hours. Remove the sugar with the butter sugar until it is thick and white; then stir into it a quarter of a pound of butter, the amount of butter in the pan, then stir it spread it quickly as possible over the sheet of paper which have dried before the fire. Remove the paper before the ice is quite cold and let it dry.

THE WISE MAN'S REPLY.

When carving salmon and all short grain red fish, cut it lengthwise, using a broad fish slice to avoid breaking the flakes.