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

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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

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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 $6.00 an inch per year. The number of 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.

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

CARD.

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Furnaces! Furnaces!!

Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

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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

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The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

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

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

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N.B., Sept. 24, 1898.

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IMPERIAL,
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LANCASHIRE,
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WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE For Sale

Laths
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Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.

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CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

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MONARCH
Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

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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.
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Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
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7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure.
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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 rs.
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.
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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.

RHODES AND KIPLING.

How the Empire Builder "Got Even" With the Poet.

Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, had a bone to pick with Rudyard Kipling, the poet, and succeeded in doing it to his complete satisfaction. This is how the story is told in the London clubs:

Kipling and Rhodes were fellow passengers on a Cape railway train bound toward Kimberley. Up to the moment of departure from Cape Town Rhodes had been busy sending despatches, and it fell to the lot of the poet to book their seats and berths. The author is a man of boyish build; the empire builder is a ponderous man and has a decided aversion to sleeping in a top berth. Knowing this the poet determined to have fun at the expense of the man of destiny. When that night the ex-premier found that he had been assigned to an upper berth his rage was great. He pleaded with the agile Kipling to exchange with him, but the poet with a sardonic smile, assured Rhodes that he could not think of exalting himself above so mighty an imperialist, and so the bulky statesman had to climb laboriously to bed.

After midnight the train stopped at a small station on the desolate karroo and the wife of a colonial officer got aboard. When she discovered that, notwithstanding her telegram, no reservation had been made for her, she lifted up her voice in loud protest. The commotion awakened Rhodes, who thrust his head out between the curtains and demanded to know the

CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE.

"I am the wife of Colonel ——," she exclaimed, "and although I wired for a berth none has been saved for me."

"That's all right," thundered the Colossus, "my little boy is occupying the berth just below mine; turn in there with him."

The lady was appeased and proceeded to take advantage of the offer. Presently there was an insurrection in the lower berth.

"Now don't cry and make a fuss," the lady was heard to say, "your father told me I might sleep here."

"Madam," gasped the author of The Jungle Book, "do you know who I am?"

"You are the little son of the gentleman in the upper berth, are you not?" faltered the now startled woman, peering into the dark compartment.

"Nothing of the sort," roared the poet, "I am Mr. Rudyard——"

Before he could confess further the frightened woman fled to another car The upper berth shook with convulsive appreciation as the poet, with a mingling vocabulary of several tongues, berated the South African statesman.

"Ring off on the cuss words and swear," exclaimed Rhodes from his altitude of mirth, "and give us something about a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

But with picturesque wrath Kipling stuck to his impromptu programme.

Mrs. Benham—"Not one woman in a thousand marries the man she wants." Mr. Benham—"She doesn't want to marry the man she wants; she wants to marry the man some other woman wants."

Ballaine's Bank Balance.

I.

There was a crowd blocking the pavement, and gazing with evident interest at one of the great plate-glass windows of the Lombard National Bank. At a distance it looked like a "run," but a closer view showed the entrance of the bank unobstructed. A notice, written in a bold hand, and hung inside the window, was the object of the crowd's curiosity. It read:

"At the opening of this Bank today, Mr. T. Fillmore Ballaine's Balance was £2,117 16s. 8d."

For two weeks a similar notice had appeared regularly upon the window of the bank. It began on a Monday morning, and the few that glanced at it learned that T. Fillmore Ballaine had £660 2s 1d therein. Who Mr. T. Fillmore Ballaine was no one seemed to know, and why the bank should make public a matter usually regarded as a business secret none could guess. But everyone who read it puzzled over it, and looked up at the notice the next time they passed the Lombard National Bank.

On Tuesday the notice read £800 12s. 7d., and on Wednesday it read £876 9s. 5d. in the morning, but was replaced at the hour of closing by a new notice which read £720 19s. 3d. By Thursday the affair was in the papers, and on Friday the daily balance was the topic of the town. All day long on Saturday a crowd stood at the big window and discussed Mr. Ballaine's balance of £1,250 7s. 8d., and passed comments thereon.

At the hour of closing a new notice proclaimed that Mr. Ballaine had £1,499 19s. 11d. therein, and some wag in the crowd gravely passed his hat, saying: "Let's make it even money!" On Monday morning Mr. Ballaine was surprised to find that someone had left a deposit of one penny for him, and that his balance stood at an even £1,500.

During the second week Mr. Ballaine's bank balance climbed more slowly; but every increase was hailed with delight by the crowd in front of the window, who knew neither Mr. Ballaine nor the secret of his peculiar advertisement, yet who thoroughly enjoyed both.

Not till Wednesday of the second week did the notice in the window credit Ballaine with £1,600. Then a man in the crowd offered to bet a hundred that it would touch £2,000 by Saturday. For a moment the crowd thought he must be Ballaine, and guyed him unmercifully; but someone recognized him as a city sporting man, and his bet was not taken.

Thursday was the tenth of the month, and Mr. Ballaine evidently paid a few bills, for on Friday the balance in the window went down to £1,486, where it hung till the close of business of Saturday. Then the clerk put up a new notice, and the eager crowd cheered when it read—£2,200 16s. 4d.

On Monday morning a portly man, ruddy of face, grizzled and grumbling, pushed into the crowd and read the notice. With a grunt of disgust he entered the bank. The cashier recognized him as one of his heaviest depositors, and greeted him pleasantly.

"Good morning, Mr. Penny."

"Good morning. I heard about your remarkable window, and came to have a look. Strikes me as being ridiculous. I don't see how you came to allow it," said Mr. Penny, removing his silk hat and wiping a moist brow.

"Mr. Ballaine obtained permission from the manager," replied the cashier, smiling.

"He did, eh? Who is this man Ballaine?"

"A young solicitor. Very bright fellow, quite original in his methods. This plan was his own. He brought enough influence to bear through his friends to obtain the necessary permission from the powers that be. It has proved a remarkable attraction to the public."

"Friends, eh? Who were they?"

The cashier enumerated some of the most prominent of the young business men of the city.

"All right," interrupted the capitalist, with the air of a man who had heard displeasing news. "When the young man comes in tell him he wins." Then he left the bank.

The cashier smiled, for he knew what Ballaine's "winning" meant, and he reported the conversation to the manager.

But the crowd outside knew nothing of this, and only gaped as usual at the sign. That day it dropped to £1,920 9s. 5d., and remained there for ten days, when it jumped to £10,400 11s. 2d. That night the evening papers proclaimed the sale of Mr. Penny's famous riverside mansion for a fabulous sum, and conveyed the interesting information:

"The deal was consummated by Mr. T. Fillmore Ballaine, a solicitor in Essex Chambers, whose commission on this deal alone was £8,480."

Next day many people looked up at the big window of the Lombard National, but there was no trace of Mr. Ballaine's balance. In its accustomed place hung a sign, which read:

"Assay Office. Values Paid for Gold Dust and Nuggets."

But the public had become curious, and the newspapers were worried into doubling their efforts at solving the puzzle; to no purpose, however, as Mr. Ballaine frankly told the representatives of the press to "go to Jericho," and Mr. Penny was the most silent man in Richmond. There matters rested for a time; but when certain society leaders began giving recherche five o'clock teas for Miss Penny, the Society Girl on the "Daily Record" added suspicion to speculation, and arrived safely at the facts.

II.

The story as told in the "Record" was widely read.

It related the coming of Mr. Ballaine to town, where he opened an office as a solicitor, and proceeded to get himself known. Without waiting for business to come to him, he went about making business, and with the small capital given him by his father on which to begin life he bought and sold, and at the same time made friends, and studied men and things.

Then he met the charming Miss Penny, only child of Penny the promoter. Penny the owner of shares and financial interests galore, a man of quick temper, who took delight in a business encounter with a strong mind. With Miss Penny the young solicitor prospered; but with Mr. Penny the sign never seemed to be right.

In the quiet of his office the young solicitor planned assaults on the father, having already won the daughter's blushing permission to do so. He knew that the battle must be a commercial one, but as the weapons were all on his adversary's side he figured that he must capture Mr. Penny with Mr. Penny's own ammunition. That took nerve, but nerve was nothing to young Ballaine.

The scene between Mr. Penny and the young Ballaine, when the latter asked for Miss Penny, was one of the most delightful conflicts of the former's business career. Mr. Penny heaped up conditions which he felt sure the young man could not satisfy, and as Ballaine met them one by one the elder man warmed to the contest. He rather enjoyed being bested in the preliminaries, as he felt sure of the main issue.

Character? The young man named the best men in town as his associates. Family? The Ballaines were known in Yorkshire before Pennys were coined. Prospects? The young man had his profession, some real estate, mining stocks enough to paper a boarding-house, three thousand in the bank, and a nerve that was worth fifteenpence to the shilling. Out of the question? Not at all; the girl loved him, and he was merely calling on her father to arrange matters.

"No young man can marry my daughter till he has £10,000 of his own in the bank."

"That's easy. What will you take for your building lands, Mr. Penny?"

Building lands were Mr. Penny's proud distinction. He had the bulk of the best acres in Essex. Ballaine was striking at the very pearl of the elder man's possessions. No one had ever succeeded in getting him to put a price on them.

"No joking," said the young man. "How much?"

Mr. Penny's soul expanded in an ecstasy as he named a price.

"I told you not to joke," said the young man severely. "I want a thirty-day option on that property. Name a reasonable cash price."

Mr. Penny knew that the Great Eastern wanted the land, but would not buy because someone, who held a bit between the Penny acres and the railway company's proposed station at Danville, would not sell.

But Penny did not know that the young man facing him had secured an option on the much-discussed strip. The option had cost him dear, but it was the key to the whole battlefield. So Mr. Penny, thinking to tantalize the young man, named a very reasonable figure.

"I'll take an option at that price for ten days," said Ballaine.

"I want £2,000 for the option," replied Mr. Penny. "I'll give you a month to get that sum. When you bring the cash I'll give you the option."

"That is fair," said Ballaine, rising to leave the room.

"Keep me posted," shouted Mr. Penny, as the younger man disappeared through the door.

"I will," shouted the retreating voice pleasantly. And then Mr. Penny heard a ringing laugh come back through the long hall, for the lover had been struck with a sudden inspiration.

That week Ballaine gathered a dozen young men, personal friends, leaders in the city's commercial life, at a dinner. At the proper moment he told them his plan, and they helped him to win the manager of the Lombard National to his aid. A telegram to the Great Eastern headquarters, offering the Penny lands under Ballaine's promised option, and the heretofore unpurchasable strip with it, brought a prompt acceptance; and for two weeks the young man sold his property right and left to secure the required £2,000, while the notice in the window kept Mr. Penny, and half the town, also, posted as to his success.

He could have borrowed that amount, but he had a larger game on foot that spurred him to win on his own merits. His office became crowded with men who desired to buy or sell some bit of real property and do it quickly.

Men who wanted a certain bit of property wrote Ballaine confidential letters to buy the coveted corners for them. By prompt buying and selling Ballaine took commissions from both sides, and the balance on the window climbed. When it reached £2,000 mark Mr. Penny capitulated. The word which he left at the bank that Monday morning brought Ballaine promptly to his office. The young man carred a signed cheque for £2,000.

"I don't want your cheque," said the elder man. "I want you to take that notice out of the bank window."

"Not just yet," said Ballaine. "Not till my commission for selling your land to the Great Eastern has been paid to me."

"Do you want to ruin me?" demanded Mr. Penny in well-assumed alarm.

"A moment ago," said Ballaine, "you declared that I could not sell. Now you are afraid I can. Your change of sentiment is a compliment, sir." And the young man bowed.

"After that option has expired," said Mr. Penny, "you can frame it and hang it in your office. Keep your cheque. You will need it."

Ballaine raced back to his office, and then, with the option and certain abstracts and title, went to the general manager of the company he had been in treaty with to report progress. The manager, when he saw the papers in all their delightful completion, pounded on the table, and called Ballaine a brick. The business settled, the young man returned with vouchers and documents proving preliminary settlements, and planted the papers down for Mr. Penny's inspection.

The old gentleman was much surprised, but he signed his deeds and accepted his price without a murmur.

"Miss Penny's dower," said the "Record," in conclusion, "is said on good authority to be a quarter of a million. That means that the Ballaine Bank Balance will shortly take another jump."

But the public never again saw that balance on the window.—London Answers.

RENO WAIST.

This waist is a simple blouse made over a fitted lining. The collar of lace is extended into the velvet straps that are laced over and under each other, and caught to position by frequent tacking. Old rose, pastel blue, or leaf green cloth will develop a charming waist with trimming of black ribbon and cream lace.

Quantities of material required.—The size for 13 years will require one and three-fourths yards of goods forty-four inches wide, one-half yard of all-over lace and six yards of velvet ribbon. The size for 16 years will require two yards of goods forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of lace and seven yards of velvet ribbon.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and, permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

PAT WAS UNPERTURBED.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the colonel.

"Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the whole regiment, and the men told to have a look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole regiment, with the utmost sang-froid:—"Dirtiest regiment I ever inspected, sorr."

KETTLE OUT OF A FARTHING.

A Birmingham, England, workman has produced a novelty in the shape of a kettle made out of a farthing. He hammered the bronze coin till he had obtained a very thin sheet of metal, from which he fashioned a complete and workable kettle, with a swing handle, removable lid, and water-tight body. He can boil water in the miniature utensil and pour it out through the spout.

About the ....House

CAKES AND ICINGS.

Marguerites—Boil one cup of sugar and one-half cup of water until it threads. Remove to the back of the range and drop in five marshmallows cut in pieces. Let stand a minute then pour on to the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Add two level tablespoons of shredded cocoanut and one-quarter teaspoon of vanilla. When partly cool add one cup of English walnut meats. Spread on saltines and brown slightly in the oven.

English Wafers—Mix thoroughly one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter and one cup of sugar. Add one tablespoon of ginger and just enough molasses to hold the ingredients together. Set in a cold place for 24 hours. Roll as thinly as possible and bake in a moderate oven. As soon as taken from the oven take from the sheet and put on a plate to cool.

Chocolate Cake—Cream one-half cup of butter and gradually one cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs and then the whites beaten stiff. Add one-half cup of milk and one and one-half cups of flour in which two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted. Beat well and add two squares of chocolate and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in a shallow cake pan 25 to 45 minutes. Cool slightly and cover with toasted marshmallows placed closely together and pour over chocolate frosting.

Chocolate Frosting—Put 2 squares of chocolate, one cup of sugar and one-half cup of water in a saucepan and cook on the back of the range until a soft ball is formed. Set the sauce pan in cold water to stop boiling at once, then beat until creamy.

Prune Almond Cake—Cream one-half cup of butter, add gradually two cups of sugar and one cup of milk. Sift three cups with four teaspoons of baking powder, add to the first mixture and last the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in layers and put a filling between with a frosting on top.

Prune Filling—Boil two cups of sugar with one-third cup of water until it threads when dropped from the end of a spoon. Pour gradually on to the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. To one-third of the mixture add one-half cup of selected prunes stoned and cut in pieces and one-third cup of almonds blanched and chopped.

TO CLEAN A WHITE STRAW.

There are several ways of cleaning a white straw hat after it has begun to show the signs of having endured the dust and raindrops and sunshine. Simple lemon juice will do wonders in restoring the original whiteness of the straw, but the result is by no means lasting. Oxalic acid and water is better. Make a saturated solution of the oxalic acid and water, and with it sponge the hat carefully. After the entire surface has been cleaned leave the hat to whiten for a short time, then wash it over with a clean cloth dipped in clean water. For a perfectly smooth straw a mixture of corn meal, oxalic acid and water made into a thick paste and spread over the hat is good. The paste may be left to dry on the hat, and is to be brushed off when the bleaching process is complete. Chlorine water applied with a cloth has great effect in bleaching straw. After this has been applied and allowed to do its work it should be followed with clean water. A fine smooth straw such as a leghorn hat may be cleaned by the use of lemon juice and powdered sulphur. Mix this in about the proportion of one tablespoonful of the sulphur to the juice of one lemon. Apply the mixture with a nail brush, brushing thoroughly so that the cleaning agent will reach every part of the straw. Finally, when the hat is clean, rinse it off by pouring cold water over it. Dry it in the shade, but in the open air.

FOR THE FLORIST.

Never apply more water as long as the surface of the soil in the pot appears moist. Wait till it seems dry enough to saturate all the soil in the pot. This old rule needs frequent repetition to impress the importance of it fully upon the amateur, who is inclined to use too much water on her plants. Be sure to provide good drainage for all pots more than four inches across. This is also important, as a plant in a well-drained pot never suffers from over-draining.

Do not apply fertilizers of any kind to plants not growing, because only plants in active growth are in condition to make use of fertilizers. To give a dormant or resting plant food is to injure it, because it has a tendency to excite action at the wrong time.

Turn your plants about in the window at least once a week to give all their branches an equal chance at the light. Let a plant remain in one position and it will soon become so one-sided in development that it is only pleasing when seen from the one side towards which its branches have turned in their efforts to reach light and sunshine.

Keep your plants immaculately and spotlessly clean. Dust clogs the pores of the leaves and interferes with the breathing. Shower them at least once a week all over, and let the operation be a thorough one. The liberal and regular use of water in this manner will have a tendency to keep the red spider within bounds.

Air your plants often. They need fresh, pure air as much as you do.

Remove faded flowers promptly. These interfere with the beauty of the plants and are often a harboring place for insects.

PRISON LIFE HIS IDEAL.

At Bari, Italy, an old man named Gissi Vinenzo, aged seventy-eight, has just been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for manslaughter. Gissi had only been released from prison a few days when he committed the crime. He declared in court that his object in killing the man was to get back to prison. On hearing his sentence, the accused said:—"It is too little. Five years pass quickly. Sentence me for life, otherwise I shall have to kill another man when I leave prison in order to be taken back." Gissi has spent thirty of his seventy-eight years in gaol.

She Gained Eleven Pounds

And Was Brought Back From Nervous Prostration to Health and Strength by Using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is no faith cure about Dr. Chase's Nerve food. You do not need to imagine it is doing good. You can prove it by keeping a record of your weight. This food cure acts in a perfectly natural way. In fact, it is nature's own cure, and is composed of the most powerful restoratives and invigorators that science has yet discovered.

Take the case of Mrs. West, as described in her letter quoted below. She was pale, weak and run down in health. Her blood was thin and watery, and her nerves so starved and exhausted that she was prostrated. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cured her, and added new, firm flesh to her body to the extent of eleven pounds. You will find her letter interesting.

Mr. S. W. West, Drayton, Wellington County, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I got terribly run down, and finally became a victim of nervous prostration. I had no appetite, seemed to lose interest and ambition and could scarcely drag myself about. Hearing of good results from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I used three boxes with great benefit. In a short time I gained eleven pounds, and as I was very thin when I began to use the remedy, I was very proud of the increase of weight.

Then the following spring I became rather poorly, and it again built me up, and gave me such a good appetite that I wanted to eat nearly half the time. I was so pleased with the cure the Nerve Food brought about that I recommended it to others, and they have told me of the benefits they had obtained from this preparation. You may use this testimonial in order that others may learn of the good there is in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

If you have been affected as Mrs. West has, if you are not feeling real strong and well, you will be surprised at the good that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do you. It puts color in the cheeks, rounds out angular and wasted forms, and brings new hopes, new confidence and new life to take the place of despondency, weakness and disease. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, 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.
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A TALE OF LONG AGO.

Whenever a new soldier appeared in the Guards of Frederick the Great of Prussia it was the habit of the King to ask him the three following questions:—

"How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?"

It once happened that a young French soldier, who had served in his own country, expressed a wish to join the Prussian army, and because of his splendid physical development he was at once accepted. He was unable to speak a single word of the German language, but his captain told him that the King was certain to ask him questions in that language the first time he saw him, and advised him, therefore, to learn by heart the proper replies to the usual three questions of His Majesty. The soldier lost no time in learning them, and on the first day that he made his appearance in the ranks Frederick approached him to interrogate him. It so happened, however, that the King began with the second question first, and asked him:—

"How long have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years," answered the young man.

His youth sufficiently indicated that he had not carried a gun for any such length of time as that, and His Majesty, greatly astonished, said:—

"How old are you?"

"One year, an't please your Majesty."

The King, still further amazed, exclaimed:—

"You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses!"

The soldier, of course, taking this for the third question, and glad that the ordeal was over so easily, replied:—

"Both, an't please your Majesty!"

"This is the first time I was ever treated as a ingdman at the head of my army," replied Frederick, greatly puzzled.

The Frenchman, whose stock of German was now used up, stood quiet. Presently the King spoke to him again, whereupon the soldier blurted out in French that he did not understand a single word of German. The King, who had been much annoyed, was now greatly amused, and, after urging upon him the necessity of doing his duty, left him.

"Bobby, your mamma tells me you are a very bright boy, and she expects you to be a great man," said Mr. Blossom, as he sat in the parlor waiting for Bobby's sister. "Ma never does 'spect nothin' right. She doesn't know what she's talkin' about. She told pa she 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore spring, and that was more'n a year ago."

"What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones, at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Mrs. Jones; "it is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnny, in disgust, "my schoolmaster can do that!"