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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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THE BEST EVER MADE.
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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.
All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.
The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

FROG FARMING IN CANADA.

The Industry Reported to Be Profitable and Growing.

Frog farming as an industry is assuming large proportions in many parts of Canada. Not only are large shipments of frogs' legs made to the United States, but there is a growing demand for the luxury in many of the large centers of the Dominion. One of the most successful frog farms is in Ontario. Last year it produced 5,000 pounds of dressed frogs' legs and 7,000 living frogs for scientific purposes and for stocking other waters.

The Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for Ontario reports that in the past year a number of applications were made to the Government for leases of lands suitable for this industry. No licenses were, however, granted, as it was found that the territory concerned was already being farmed by a number of people.

It is safe to assume that in the very near future much land now idle will be stocked with frogs. All that is necessary for this purpose is to place a few paired breeders in the water. Natural food is almost always present in sufficient amount for successful growth. The species considered to be most profitable, on account of its size, is the Eastern bullfrog, Rana catesbiana, which reaches a length of more than eight inches. It begins to breed at the end of three years, is very productive and reaches a marketable size in four or five years.

Only the hind legs are marketed, and they average half a pound a pair in weight. They are worth 50 cents a pound, at times, to the producer, and American dealers take as many as Canada can supply.

LONG-LIVED ENGINES.

A few years ago an engine of James Watt's manufacture, with sun and planet wheel complete, was taken down at a London brewery. It had been continuously working for 102 years, and was not at all decrepit when dismounted. It now forms an archaeological exhibit in the museum of Sydney University. But the oldest engine now at work is said to be a Newcomen engine in a colliery at Rutherglen, near Glasgow. It was built in 1809, and has worked continuously to the present time. Except brasses and one or two spur wheels broken by accident, no important part of the engine has been renewed since it was built.

DID SHE TAKE THE HINT?

A distinguished cavalry leader was once at a dinner party to which he had been invited as the guest of honor.

Beside him was a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking the warrior why it was that his beard was still black, while his hair was turning grey.

With great politeness the old soldier turned towards her.

"I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

The Missing Millionaire.

Society—with a capital S—made much of Mr. Hiram T. Beats. It accepted his dinner invitations, drank his wines, and smoked his cigars (both of which were excellent) with a refreshingly easy grace; and in consideration of these little items cheerfully forgot what, in other circumstances, it would never have forgiken—namely, that his few odd millions of dollars were the result of a judicious "corner" in pork engineered by the astute Mr. Beats in his native Chicago not many years before.

With such an example it is not to be wondered at that society, without the capital letter—particularly the section of it to which I then belonged—should turn envious eyes in the direction of the wealthy American; and many were the schemes set in motion which had for their end the laudable one of relieving him of some of his superfluous cash.

Personally, I pondered the question as to how this desirable consummation could be brought about for a long time, until, in fact, I had well-nigh given up the task as hopeless. At that precise moment, however, Providence, in the unlikely shape of Jim Braggs, intervened.

Stepping into my little sanctum one evening with the mysterious bearing of one who has important news to communicate, he whispered:

"Guv'nor, 'ave you 'eard that old Beats is goin' ter Liverpool! Any-'ow it's right; an' don't yer fergit it! Four o'clock from St. Pancras, stop the night in Liverpool, an' take the New York boat on the Saturday. 'Ow's that fer a bit of news?"

"Glorious," I replied, "if correct. But is it?"

"C'rect! 'Ere, look at that!" Pulling an evening journal from his pocket he pointed with triumph and a dirty forefinger to a paragraph under the heading of "Society Doings," the purport of which was certainly as he had stated. "Now are yer satisfied?"

"Quite," I said. "The opportunity is far too good a one to be missed; and it shall not be my fault if we don't take full advantage of it. Only let me tell you this, Jim, it's going to be a much bigger affair than usual. I can see that plainly. Kidnapping a man——"

"Kidnappin'! Who said anything about kidnappin'?"

"—— is apt to be risky at any time," I continued, not heeding the interruption; "but when the man happens to be a millionaire is a form of recreation which becomes positively dangerous. Still, the stake is worth the risk, and that's the main thing."

"But what do you want ter kidnap him at all for?" persisted Jim. "Can't we work the oracle without?"

"Very likely," I answered, "but not so neatly. You leave it to me. I've got an idea that's going to be worth something considerable to us before it's done with, or I'm a Dutchman!"

"Right you are, guv'nor. That's the way to talk. What's the game this time?"

"Very simple! To-morrow we go down to Liverpool together, take a furnished house in a district where it's pretty quiet, and install you in it as caretaker, or whatever you like. I return to London, travel by the same train as our bird on Friday, in order to keep an eye on him, and you meet us at the station with something that looks as much like an hotel omnibus as possible. Into this he must be got somehow, and the rest should not be difficult. Once he realizes the situation I should fancy he'll be willing to purchase freedom at a reasonable price."

"I should fancy 'e will," chuckled Braggs. "'Ere's wishin' it luck, any'ow?" And, picking up the glass of malt liquor with which, knowing his propensities in that direction, I had furnished him, Jim drained it without so much as stopping to take breath.

"The first thing," I said, "is to consider what we shall want in the way of tackle. Clothes, for instance—you'll want a different rig out from that, you know! And perhaps it would be as well to have a couple of the boys to assist in case a little extra persuasion should be necessary—you can arrange that?"

"Cert'nly, guv'nor—a very good idea. I'll take those two little commissions in 'and at once."

There, for the nonce, we separated. Eight o'clock the next morning, however, saw us together again—this time as travellers to the Mersey seaport. There is no need for me to describe our doings there at tedious length; enough for me to say that, having secured the necessary house and settled various other matters, I returned to town well satisfied with the way things were shaping, leaving Braggs in charge at the other end.

The only fear now was lest something should transpire to postpone the millionaire's journey; and I must own that it was with a sigh of relief I saw the portly figure that I knew so well emerge leisurely from the booking-office about a quarter of an hour before train time on the fatal day.

Mr. Beats halted at the bookstall to purchase some papers; then turned into the telegraph office. I had an inspiration to follow; and lucky it was that I did so. Immediately he had scribbled out his form and handed it to the operator, I (who had occupied the adjacent partition on pretence of also sending a wire) tore off the next sheet from the pad which he had used and crammed it hastily into my pocket.

Five minutes later we steamed slowly out from under the big arched roof, and I had an opportunity to examine it away from prying eyes. As I anticipated, the hard pencil had made just sufficient impression on the paper to enable me to decipher what had been written. "Alexandra Hotel, Liverpool," it read. "Reserve rooms for me to-night.—Beats."

"Oho," thought I, "here is a little matter which must be adjusted slightly." Accordingly at Leicester I paid a hurried visit to the telegraph office on my own account. To the Alexandra Hotel I wired: "Cancel wire re rooms to-night; am returning London.—Beats," and, having done so, dispatched a brief message to Braggs telling him how matters stood.

So far so good. There was not likely to be any more difficulty till we reached Liverpool, and I relaxed sufficiently to allow myself the luxury of a cigar.

Fortune seemed to favor us again. When we got to Liverpool it was raining heavily, and fearfully boisterous withal, the consequences being that few people were about. Immediately Mr. Beats descended from his compartment, Jim who was waiting close by with his 'bus—hired for the occasion at a price which effectually closured awkward questions—touched his hat in true professional style, and inquired: "Alexandra, sir? Yessir."

The millionaire nodded, Jim threw open the door, caught up the brown Gladstone bag while I ascended the box from the off side, and in less than half a minute we were bowling away at a smart pace.

Without the least suspicion Mr. Beats had walked into the trap set for him; in fact, the affair could not have been accomplished in neater fashion had we rehearsed it twenty times.

The first intimation he had of anything unusual was when we pulled up in front of a door in a badly lighted street, instead of the palatial hotel entrance he expected to see; and here again the drenching rain and howling wind proved valuable allies. The exclamation which rose to his lips as he put foot on the step was unceremoniously smothered by a hand placed over his mouth; and before he quite realized what was happening we had bundled him through the ready open door into the house. The whole thing only occupied a few seconds.

Once inside I had little fear. Mr. Beats, too, when he saw how matters were, faced the situation with true Yankee imperturbability.

"Wal, p'r'aps naow, hevin' concluded your acrobatic performance, you'll condescend to tell me what all this means, mister?" he drawled, when the others had left us in accordance with the arrangement made beforehand.

"Certainly," I replied, in my politest manner. "In the first place, it means, sir, that for the time being you are my prisoner, though I beg you to believe that everything shall be done to make the captivity as little irksome as possible," I added. "Allow me to offer you some refreshment—a little whisky and seltzer, or hock, if you prefer it?"

"Wal, thanks, sonny. I don't mind if I do just hev a small peg. Steady; that'll do nicely!"

"I would add," I went on, "that any attempt at escape, even if you contemplated it, would be bound to fail. The only persons in this house besides ourselves are three men who are ready to do my utmost bidding at a touch of the bell."

"That's consoling," he remarked. "Nobody could say you weren't candid, at any rate. Fire away! I reckon it's a question of cash, to come to the point?"

"Exactly," I replied. "I am glad to observe that our ideas coincide, and I trust you will not think me unreasonable if I venture to suggest that a thousand pounds would be a suitable ransom."

"Make it dollars, sonny, and it's a deal!" he snapped out; but I shook my head deprecatingly.

"Pounds!" I insisted. "Your cheque for a thousand will solve all difficulties. There is a train to town at midnight which I can catch. I shall be at your bank at opening time, and my assistants will have instructions to liberate you half an hour later. The inconvenience which you will suffer will be a mere bagatelle; whereas, on the other hand—"

"Wal? Don't think me inquisitive sonny, but I should like to know the other side of the kyard."

"You will miss your boat to-morrow, and consequently your appointment in Wall Street the Saturday following."

"Oh, I shall, shall I?" he drawled, contemptuously. "Look here, mister, I reckon you think yourself pretty smart. Wal, so y'are, p'r'aps for a Britisher; but when you try to take the gilt off Hiram T. Beats you've got to be a goodish bit sprightlier than y'are—see? What do you say to that?"

"That!" I was as quick as he—in fact, I had been expecting something of the sort—and the two shining barrels flashed simultaneously. "And if the truth's known, Mr. Hiram T. Beats," I said, looking him straight in the face, "mine's loaded and—yours isn't!"

There was a moment's silence; then, seeing that his bluff had failed, he let his arm drop to his side.

"Say, sonny," he said—and I took it as a compliment that there was a different note in his voice—"I guess I made a slight mistake when I took you for a green 'un, eh?"

"Green and gold, sir," I replied, sententiously, "may be an excellent combination from the artist's point of view; but in my profession you seldom find them associated. The hour is, however, getting late. I would suggest, with all due deference, that you now hand me your cheque, and we shall have just nice time afterwards for a quiet supper together before I leave."

He gave a peculiar shrug. "Wal, it's the first time anyone's ever drawed a bead on me, sonny, and that you kin bet your last dollar on; but I reckon it's a case this time. What did you say your name was?"

"Oh, make it out to Smith to save any trouble," I said, passing him the writing materials. "It's as good as any other."

"P'r'aps a peg better than some, sonny!" he flashed back, as he tossed the cheque over. "Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins."

I smiled at his pleasantry—I could afford to be good-humored—and placed the precious slip of paper in my pocket.

"And naow bring on that supper, will you?" he said, coolly. "I'm confoundedly hungry, and that's a fact."

The next three-quarters of an hour passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Beats appeared to regard his enforced captivity as an excellent jest—it certainly had not spoiled his appetite—laughed and joked freely, and declared after the second glass of whisky that I was a capital fellow and that it was "a downright pity I was only a Britisher." From which remark it will be gathered that the whisky, or something else, had exercised a decidedly soothing effect on Mr. Beats' feelings.

At parting he shook my hand effusively, repeating loudly that he would not have missed the adventure for worlds.

"Mind you, sonny," he added, "I'm to be turned loose at 10.30 precisely to-morrow. No hanky-panky!"

* * * * *

My subsequent emotions were a queer mixture of exultation and impatience. The long night journey seemed interminable, for I was too excited to catch even a wink of sleep and when at length we rolled into London in the grey dawn I had perforce to curb my haste for some hours longer until the banks opened.

Punctually at ten I stood before the big stone-faced building at which Mr. Beats transacted his business, and after allowing a few minute's grace, in order that I might not be absolutely the first customer, I swung open the huge door and walked boldly up to the counter.

The cashier glanced at the cheque, made the stereotyped inquiry as to how I would take it, and was about to count out the notes, when something fresh seemed to strike his eye. He scrutinized it a second time, then walked a yard or two away to consult a colleague. The action was significant, and for once my usual presence of mind forsook me. Thinking only of what the possible consequences might be, I did the very worst thing I could under the circumstances, namely, made a bolt for the door.

He nodded his head sharply, and a burly commissionaire laid a quiet hand on my arm. I realized the mistake the moment after, and, knowing that any resistance would effectually destroy the last chance that remained of brazening the thing out, submitted to be taken into a private room. There I angrily demanded to know on what ground I was treated in this unwarrantable manner.

"On the ground that this cheque has been obtained by false pretences," was the curt reply of the manager, who had now taken the case out of his subordinates' hands; and no more could I extract from him. I stormed, argued, threatened in turn; but to no purpose. He was coldly inflexible; and I was informed that I should be detained while inquiries were made. To say that I was astonished at the turn events had taken would but feebly describe the consternation that filled me. What could have happened? Why had fortune so cruelly betrayed me on the very point of victory? These were questions which I vainly attempted to answer as I fretted and fumed the next two or three hours away.

The denouement was just as startling. About four o'clock in the afternoon I was told in the same curt voice that I was at liberty to depart, a letter was pushed into my hands, and I found myself on the pavement a moment after, wondering what it all meant.

Free! It was a joyful sensation coming after the visions of enforced retirement from the world which had presented themselves in such unpleasant guise not long before; and realizing that a speedy disappearance was the best policy to pursue I made off as quickly as possible to my humble dwelling. Safely ensconced there, I bethought myself of the missive that had been handed to me; and, guessing that it held the key to the mystery, with eager fingers broke the seal. This was what I read:—

My Dear Young Friend,—I guess by the time you read this you'll have had plenty of opportunity to cool your heels a bit; and a little advice won't come so much amiss. Next time you try to rook anybody make sure you've got the right man. I was laughing at you up my sleeve the whole time if you'd only known it. Don't think I bear you any malice, however; Hiram T. Beats isn't that sort. To tell the truth, I've a sort of sneaking liking for you; and that's why I've told the bank people to let you go. For years my cashiers have had orders not to pay any cheque of mine which was signed with a Greek "e" in the word "Beats"—a little fact of which you were not aware, and consequently failed to observe on that piece of paper last night. Across the pond, you see, we anticipate this sort of thing and provide for it—only they're a lot smarter over there. Here's luck, sonny! You're not half a bad sort, and your whisky was immense.—Yours admiringly,

HIRAM T. BEATS.

I perused this remarkable document twice; then it struck me that the admiration expressed by Mr. Beats was mutual. To this day I regard him as an exceedingly far-seeing individual.—London Tit-Bits.

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

IN A RACK OF FIRE.

Experience of a Young Man in Drury Lane Theatre.

To cling to the network of rods on a huge chandelier, roasting in the uprushing heat of hundreds of gas-burners, with a drop of ninety feet beneath—this is an experience the memory of which still makes Mr. Frank Parker shudder. The circumstances are told in the Strand Magazine:

Before the day of electric lights Drury Lane Theatre was illuminated by a great gasolier, eighteen feet across the base. It hung on stout chains twelve feet long, and was fed by pipes coming down through a manhole in the ceiling. Close to this manhole was a circular crown of burners; a large circle ran round the bottom of the chandelier; and in addition, "baskets" of lights were grouped at intervals about the lower rim.

The boy who lighted this glittering mass of jets and flashing prisms was Frank Parker, a youth of seventeen. As no automatic spark had then been devised, the method of lighting was a primitive one. Parker used to go into the garret above the ceiling and reach down through the manhole with a long pole, at the end of which was a spirit torch. In doing this he had to be very careful not to break any of the glass pendants, which, if loosened, might under the great heat drop off during a performance and kill someone in the pit.

One night, as Parker reached down to light the lower range of lights and the basket clusters, he knocked the pole against a string of glass prisms, which came loose at the end and swung down, supported only by a small copper wire.

Then he remembered the words of the manager: "If any of the crystals come loose, break them loose at all costs. They are dangerous."

So Parker, without hesitation, climbed down through the manhole upon the interlaced rods and braces of the chandelier, which swayed slowly above the black pit.

As he let himself down through the hoop of lights which formed the top of the chandelier, his lamp caught the circle of open jets, and the flame ran round in a succession of sputters, one light catching from another, as a row of dominoes falls. There he was, imprisoned between fire above and darkness below.

At first he did not notice his peril for he was intent on breaking off the dangerous cluster of prisms. With great difficulty he reached it and knocked it into the pit. The pause before it struck told him how deep the chasm lay beneath him. Then he looked up and realized his position, for there was the circle of blazing jets above him barring the way to the manhole.

The heat and poisonous fumes of hundreds of lights rushed over him up through the ventilator. He called for help. The minutes slipped by. The rods he clung to grew hot. Then when he had almost given up hope, the head lightman heard his cries and rushed up, over the grille, through the dark garret to the manhole. Turning off the lights, he lay down, as one does to pull a drowning man from a hole, reached through the opening, and seizing Parker's arms, drew him up to safety.

LANDSCAPES, LIFE SIZE.

Monster Camera Owned By a Western Railroad.

A camera almost large enough to serve as a living room has lately been constructed and put to practical use. It is, indeed, a giant among cameras, and requires a corps of able-bodied men for its operation. A massive framework is substituted for a tripod, and the negative which it takes measures eight feet by four and one-half feet. The Metropolitan Magazine describes it as follows:

This marvellous camera owes its marvelous creation to the enterprise of the general passenger agent of a Western railroad. It was desired to make a picture of the company's "Limited Flyer" for exhibition purposes, and also to take some of the picturesque scenes along the road on a very large scale, but the general passenger agent could not find a suitable camera anywhere.

Enlisting an expert to aid him in the project, the railroad man bent his energies to the task of reproducing every detail of the most approved type of camera on a scale so entirely beyond the ordinary that the optical company which received the contract for the lenses had to set up special machinery for their production.

The best lumber was secured for the walls of the huge box which forms the dark chamber of the camera, and first-class carpenters, rubber-workers, and painters were employed to build and put it up, together with the great bellows to be used in securing a focus.

The cloth for the bellows was selected with the utmost care. In every part of the work every possible provision was made to secure that degree of strength which should be a guarantee of maintained shape and adjustments, such as metal corner-braces and connecting-rods. Waterproof and light-proof conditions were obtained by the use of forty gallons or more of superior cement.

The completed camera can be extended to a length of about twenty feet, and there is room in the chamber proper for two men to stand up and move about without interfering with each other.

The two lenses with which this mammoth camera is provided have a focus, one of five and one-half feet, and the other of ten feet. There is a view finder of special construction, attached to which is an automatic measure, so gaged that each half-inch upon it represents one foot to which the bellows must be drawn out.

The entire weight of the camera without a plate, and not including its support, is thirteen hundred pounds. The plate weighs one hundred pounds, and four men are necessary to handle it.

When it is to be taken a framework is erected at the viewpoint and the camera is placed thereon, the bellows part supported by rollers, which facilitate the drawing-out or pushing-in process incidental to focusing.

LIVES GROWING LONGER.

An Increase of 4.1 Years in the Last Decade.

People are growing healthier and lives are becoming longer, if medical statistics can be relied on. According to the figures recently published life has been lengthened by an average of 4.1 years in the last decade.

In 1890 the average length of life was 31.1 years. In 1900 this mean average has risen to 35.2 years, chiefly by reason of the decrease in mortality among the very young.

The three diseases which have caused the most deaths in recent years are pneumonia, consumption and heart disease, in the order named. Deaths from the first cause have slightly increased and medical science has made comparatively little progress in finding a specific treatment for it.

Pneumonia is an infectious disease like tuberculosis. Although it is not so contagious as many other diseases, the sanitation of houses, schools, shops, factories, places of business and amusement, in medical opinion, undoubtedly determines to a great extent the vulnerability of the system to it.

Neglect of the ordinary laws of health is responsible for many cases of pneumonia. Among personal measures suggested for its prevention are the avoidance of undue exposure to inclement weather and of crowded and ill-ventilated gatherings; temperance in eating and drinking, daily bathing and regular exercise in the open air with special reference to complete respiration.

There is nothing better than systematic deep breathing while briskly walking out of doors.

FAMILIAR WITH THE WORK.

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop for a "job." After quizzing him for some time, the superintendent put him this question:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Sure, I'd like to see the man that can bate me at it."

"Tell me, then, how you'd make a Venetian blind?"

"I do that!"

"Tell he, then, how you'd make a Venetian blind."

"Sure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"

A Spring Medicine That is a True Tonic.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Builds Blood, Creates Nerve Force, Increases Flesh and Weight, and Makes Weak, Sickly People Strong and Well.

The day of sarsaparillas, sulphur and cream of tartar, and salts as spring medicine has gone by. People are beginning to listen to the advice of their physicians and to build up their systems by the use of such preparations as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The strong point in favor of this great food cure is the fact that it actually creates new, rich life-sustaining blood, and builds up the system gradually and naturally. For this reason it is the most satisfactory spring medicine that you can possibly obtain, and its results are permanently beneficial.

The tired languid feelings that tell of low vitality and an exhausted condition of the system soon disappear before the vitalizing, upbuilding influence of this great restorative. It conquers disease by filling the system with health, energy and vigour.

Mrs. S. Thompson, 240 Munro Street, Toronto, Ont., states:—I was very much run down in health, and whenever I exerted myself more than usual I had severe attacks of splitting headache, and was very nervous, so much so that I could not rest well at nights. After using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I found that my nerves were steadier, I could rest and sleep better than I have for a long time, and was entirely free from headaches. I can speak very highly of this preparation for nervous trouble.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has the endorsement of the best people in the land—physicians and laymen alike. It is bound to benefit anyone who uses it, because it is composed of the most potent restoratives of nature. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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