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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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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

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK.

When a Chinaman is Very Much Like Other Men.

A sympathetic picture of the Chinese laundryman is painted by a writer in the New Orleans Times. "John" lives among us, patient, industrious, and often despised by those who know too little of him even to regard him as a fellow being. Yet if we knew the human history that lies behind that yellow mask we should not doubt that here also dwells a soul of like dignity with our own. Says the writer:

Next door to my lodging is one of those squat little houses which now and then you find next to a big mansion. On the lower floor of the small house was a Chinese laundry. In it was a Chinaman about twenty-five years of age. His face was as imperturbable as the sky. He went about his business with the undeviating regularity of the solar system. At first he was an ordinary Chinese laundryman to me, but my attention became riveted upon him and my curiosity was awakened.

The man seemed to live merely for his work. When I came in at two o'clock in the morning I found him with the lights turned high, patiently working at his calling. If I rose early in the morning, that prodigy of industry was up before me. I gradually became filled with wonder at the untiring persistency of the man. Because of his neatness and politeness and exquisite care to please, the neighborhood never thought of sending its laundry anywhere else.

I began to carry my things in person to the Chinaman, urged on by the desire of finding out something about him. I reasoned that no man, white or yellow, could work as he did without being dominated by an all-absorbing purpose. I found him intelligent. He could speak English well. Finally I won his confidence.

The young Chinaman was in love. A girl in China was waiting for him, and he was patiently and bravely undergoing the hardest kind of toil in order to go back to his native country and marry her.

When he told me the story I forgot that he was a Chinaman; I remembered only that he was a man, working like a man to earn a wife, and withal, despite these meager, unpoetical surroundings, cherishing all the dreams of a young man whose sweetheart is far away.

ORIGIN OF THE CANNON.

It is a curious fact that the first cannon was cast at Venice. It was called a "bombard," and was invented and employed by General Pisani in a war against the Genoese. The original bombard, which bears the date of 1380, is still preserved, and stands at the foot of Pisani's statue at the arsenal. The bombard threw a stone 100 pounds in weight; but another Venetian general, Francisco Barde, improved it until he was able to handle a charge of rock and bowlders weighing 3,000 pounds. It proved disastrous to him, however, for one day during the siege of Zara, while he was operating his terrible engine, he was hurled by it over the walls and instantly killed.

"You don't mind me talking so much, do you?" she asked. "No, indeed; but," he said, facetiously, "I may mind after we are married." "But I sha'n't mind then if you do," she answered.

A Boy's Love.

It was Judge Lothrop's house, and I was his nephew, sent to W— to prepare for college under my uncle's eye. An inflexible guardian he was, too, severe upon failures, and sparing of commendation, yet, withal, a genial, hearty old gentleman, young at sixty years. His two daughters, my cousins Evelyn and Jessie, aged respectively twenty and eighteen, were young ladies in whose eyes I was, of course, a nonentity, being a schoolboy and sixteen.

My uncle's house was very gay. Both my cousins were belles in the society of W——, and the judge himself was a popular man. In the early summer, when I first was there, boating and riding parties and evening entertainments succeeded one another rapidly; and there were always relations or friends staying at the house, to fill up the long dining table, and make the rooms populous and pleasant. My cousin Evelyn was always the center of attraction. How beautiful she was with the long, green plumes sweeping back over her dark braided hair, with the flush on her cheek and the sparkle in her eye; and how I used to wish. Well, it is of no use telling what I wished, or enumerating the dreams I dreamed over my Greek Lexicon about being great and famous, and making the world—represented by my cousin Evelyn—envy and admire me. It is of no use remembering how many faded flowers and worn-out gloves I kept because she had worn them; or counting the nights I lurked behind the syringas, under the open parlor windows, so close to her that I might have touched the soft folds of her dress, listened to the light laughter and gracious talk she gave to this one or that one, never dreaming of the boy near her, hungry for just one word or smile.

I used to go into the city, and, having purchased the rarest bouquets I could find, have them sent her, carefully preserving the incognito; and she would receive them carelessly and unquestioningly, for she had lovers by the dozen, who were always sending her flowers, so I could exult in seeing my roses, my heliotrope, and orange blossoms placed in her hair and on her breast.

I seldom—almost never—met her alone. Once she surprised me reading in the arbor, and asked some careless questions. I think she noticed the flush on my cheek and the tremble in my voice, as I answered, for she looked at me a moment in a curious, attentive way, then turned back, humming some light air.

Six weeks had not made her power over me less strong. The reason why I was in the garden that Sunday afternoon was because she was in her chamber writing letters, and every time the pink curtain swayed a bit I could catch a glimpse of face or dress. I had not caught many glimpses, however, before the roll of wheels announced the return of the church-goers. A party of three gentlemen and two ladies were visiting at the house, and as I did not care to be seen in the garden, I threw my cigar away, and strolled into the study to find a book, in which I became so absorbed that I was late at supper; indeed, I would have stayed away altogether, for I detested tea-parties, if my uncle had not sent for me.

My cousin Evelyn could always play the hostess to perfection, and that night she was more than usually beautiful in her simple white dress, with her hair fastened in a heavy coil. Jessie Lothrop and a certain Mr. Tracy, who were having a flirtation, were next me, and quite a buzz of merry conversation was carried on.

"By the way," said the judge, during a lull in the conversation, "I hear you all want to ride to Lookout Ridge after supper. That's the prettiest bit of high land in W——."

Quite a clamor of voices greeted his remark.

"But we shan't have enough cavaliers?" cried Jessie. "Here Mr. Tracy and I are going together, and I see by Evelyn's and Mr. Walters' faces that they'll be partners; and Mr. Douglas will take Miss Vincent, and that leaves Miss Douglas solus. Papa, you'll have to go yourself, or we shall have to beg Alfred, and I know he don't want to go."

Angry at Jessie's frankness, and far from desiring to ride with Miss Douglas, I preserved an indignant silence, wholly disregarding politeness.

"Nonsense!" said my uncle, "it'll do the lad good; and I never knew a boy who didn't enjoy horseback exercise."

"Well, will you go?" queried Jessie.

"Yes."

"Then the thing's arranged. We're going to be en route at half-past five, precisely, gentlemen. I give you fifteen minutes to prepare, ladies. We meet again a cheval." So the supper party was broken up.

I stood putting my horse, a coal-black Arabian, the pet and pride of my boyish days, whom they had arranged Miss Vincent should ride, and reflecting irefully on the necessity of riding the judge's hack, Beverly, when the ladies came down, and Evelyn led Miss Vincent up to inspect her sorrel horse.

"He is as gentle as a child," she said, stroking him fondly. "You need not be in the least afraid."

But Miss Vincent demurred, with her eye on me.

GIRL'S APRON.

Attractive aprons, that are pretty at the same time that they protect the frocks, are essential to every girl's comfort and belong in every complete wardrobe. The very pretty example illustrated fulfills all the requirements and is suited to lawn, checked muslin, dimity, madras and all apron materials, but in the original is of white dimity with frills and bands of embroidery.

The body portion is cut to form a square neck at both back and front and tapers gracefully from the shoulders to the belt. The circular skirt is finished with a generous hem, and is arranged in gathers at the back. Its upper edge is joined to the belt over which is applied the band of insertion that conceals the seam which joins body portions and skirt.

To cut this apron for a girl of 10 years of age 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide will be required with 2¼ yards of wide embroidery, 1¼ yards of narrow and 3¼ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 4177 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

"Is this Firefly?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, adding, "I'm waiting to know who will ride him. I meant to ride Beverly myself."

"Oh, then, I am delighted! But is he safe?"

"He was never ridden by a lady," I answered, concealing some wicked satisfaction.

The ladies retreated a bit, Jessie with a reproachful "Why didn't you tell us?" And Evelyn laughed.

"Will you ride him?" I asked, turning around to her suddenly.

"I don't know whether it will be polite," she said, with a smile, patting his nose with her dainty gloved hand. "He's a splendid fellow."

"And safe, too, I give you my word," I said, eagerly, in a lower voice.

She gave me an amused look.

"So you wanted to deceive the ladies. Well, I think I'll risk him." And, setting her foot on the curbstone, she sprang lightly into the saddle just as Mr. Walters rode up to the gate.

She was a graceful rider. I thought so as I watched her easy carriage, and pounded along on Beverly in the rear. Miss Douglas was mightily afraid of Veteran, a horse never known to be moved by lightning or fire-crackers, and I uncharitably wished her a thousand miles away.

Well, after a mile or two of easy trotting, and half a mile of steep and difficult ascent—after much talking and rhapsodizing, and many useless exclamations, we came out on Lookout Ridge and saw a wonderful sunset. We looked over the town of W—— and its neighbor towns, with their encompassing hills and woods, and saw them all bathed in color; and off beyond the farthest and faintest purple hill burned a bright center that was crossed by bars of heavy crimson.

Everybody was loud in praising the scene; but Evelyn looked at it in a dreamy, unconscious way, and listened in the same manner to some sweet nothing Mr. Walters was saying to her. Different members of the party said a great many "nothings" that night. We scattered, and promenaded, and explored. I followed Miss Douglas about obediently, and was happy when, after an hour's stay, Jessie declared we must set our faces homeward.

"Jessie, you can go home if you like," said Evelyn. "I propose we all go over to yonder ledge and get a better view."

To this there was a unanimous voice of dissent. Even the faint-hearted coxcomb, who acted as her escort, had not sufficient courage to ride that dangerous road after nightfall. They all used their best efforts to dissuade her, but my plucky little cousin had her heart set on the project.

"Miss Evelyn," I said, desperately "if you will allow me, I will show you the way."

She assented, and Miss Jessie led her party off, with an "I won't answer for the consequence" air. I remarked, with secret satisfaction the disdainful look Evelyn cast on Mr. Walters, her cavalier, as we rode away.

"Let me go in advance, please," she said, after we had ridden a short distance. "Your little Firefly doesn't like to be checked, does he?"

So she rode on in advance, and presently seemed to forget my very existence in a prolonged fit of musing.

I followed, keeping close watch upon her, and not a little anxious for her safety, when suddenly Firefly gave one wild spring sideways, then dashed down the road like an arrow. Some one had tied a crimson scarf, probably dropped by some lady, on the branch of a great oak, overhanging the road. The dangling, bright ends scared the horse.

The left-hand road! Great heavens! It led out on a sheer precipice, fifty feet high. But there was a chance, for the road was a winding one. If I could get over that ridge of rock before Firefly rounded the corner! I was off Beverly in an instant, climbing, throwing myself from point to point, with utter carelessness of life and limb.

Just in time! It seemed an hour before I knew it. Just in time to catch the loose rein hanging from Firefly's neck as he rushed by, and pull him back almost upon his haunches, with strength that seemed a giant's!

Then I had no power even to retreat from the edge of the precipice. My cousin was half fainting. I lifted her from the horse and sank on a stone beside her, trembling from head to foot.

We sat in silence a long time. I chafed Evelyn's cold hands in my own gently, and supported her head on my knees. I am ashamed to say, after the first terror was over, I was glad of any chance that had given me the privilege of touching her hands—of being so near her. But presently she drew herself away, sat up, and catching sight of Firefly's foam-flecked mouth, covered her face, with a shudder

"You saved my life," she said, more solemnly, I think, than she had ever spoken before. "An instant more and I might have gone over there."

"And if you had," I said, speaking without extravagance, and with all the earnestness induced by the near approach of death, "I would have thrown myself over."

"Why?" she asked, simply and soberly. And I cried out impulsively:

"Because I would not live in the world without you!" then I put up my hand to hide two or three weak tears that I could not repress. When I put it down, I looked up, and, meeting the steady, inquiring gaze of Evelyn's dark eyes, flushed painfully all over my face.

She said, "Why, Alfred!" in her soft, surprised tones; then, as she saw the tears, laid her little hand in mine and added, lower, "Poor boy!"

I shook the hand off almost fiercely.

"Don't call me that! I don't want your pity. I am not a child to be consoled by a sugar-plum!"

A little flush stained her cheek, and she drew herself up proudly; but I think she liked me none the less for my bluntness.

"When a man loves a woman," I said, passionately, "he wants her to be his entirely. He wants to be all to her or nothing; and I want just that!"

"But, Alfred," she said, in disturbed tones, avoiding my gaze, "this is folly! And it is no time to talk of this, when we have both of us just escaped death. I cannot be ungracious to you when you have saved my life."

"You owe me no thanks," I said, bitterly.

"I shall owe you life-long gratitude; but we must not talk of love. You are young and impulsive. Remember, you have not yet marked out your course in life. You will probably love many times, as deeply as you think you do now. And I——"

"You will forget my very existence in a month."

"I never had a brother, Alfred. You shall be like one to me."

"It will never be that! You are unkind, unjust. You do not know me. You never loved, yourself——"

I stopped, surprised, for the color surged over her neck and brow hotly.

"I am afraid," she said, almost peevishly. "Let us go home. We shall lose our way in the dark."

"Why, you are trembling yet, so you could not hold even Beverly! I am not afraid of losing the way. Evelyn, I will not go till you tell me you may, sometime, care for me a little! tell you I cannot live and be so miserable! I know I am poor and young——"

"I do not dread poverty," she said. "Let me tell you now, what I never told anyone as yet. I am to be married, sometime, to—to your brother—Carl—when he comes back from Florence, and has made himself famous, as I know he will; so you must be contented to be my brother after all, Alfred."

Ah! only those whose earliest hope and love have been blighted as mine were, can tell what I felt! No need of storming and raving! I just threw myself, face downward, on the grass in hopeless despair.

She waited for me, in silence, I scarcely know how long. I was unconscious of anything save my own sorrow and anger. Yes, anger, for I could have borne anything better than to have had her marry my own brother. At length, Evelyn said, hesitatingly:

"Where did you leave Beverly?"

"In the woods," I replied, moodily.

"I wish you would find him. The fright has made me feel ill."

I started up hastily, exclaiming my own carelessness, and ran past her up the road. In a moment I was back with Beverly.

"We will go down by a shorter way," I said, remorsefully, as I busied myself with the saddles, "and I will ride Firefly. Forgive my selfishness, Evelyn."

"We will have the seal of forgiveness," she said, half merrily, leaning toward me from Beverly's back. "Kiss me, Alfred!"

One moment, leaning toward each other in the dusk, lips met, and hands clasped. One happy moment, all the sweeter because it could never come again; then I turned away and mounted Firefly, and we began to wend our way downward through the shadows. Only once on the way did I ask a question:

"Where did you meet Carl?"

"In Rome, two years ago. He will be home in another year."

Ten years later, when I was a young lawyer, practising in a Southern city, I visited New York, where Carl was earning much fame as a painter; and there again I saw his wife, my cousin Evelyn. Beautiful as ever—and evidently very happy. We met cordially like old friends, though we could not but recall our last meeting with some little embarrassment, for I had left W—— the next morning after our adventure on the ridge. But, one day, when we were alone, Evelyn took me into Carl's little studio, and showed me a painting of the cliffs on Lookout Hill. Firefly, with her helpless figure half hanging from his back, was rushing along a woodland road. I was throwing myself over some obstruction, and just in the act of seizing the rein.

"I told Carl you saved my life," she said, "and he painted this picture for me, in his usual inspired fashion. And I want you to own it, Alfred, as a little 'thank you' for the peril you dared for me."

"And a little souvenir," I said, smiling, yet with tears in my eyes, "of a boy's first love."

SOCIETY OF FRENCH BOYS

SECRET ORDER OF TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS.

Its Aim Is to Propagate Atheism and Exercises a Great Power.

Frenchmen during the religious disturbances which are agitating their country have awakened to the existence of an extraordinary secret society which is said to be involved in the controversy. This extraordinary secret society is known to its members as the "F.D.L.C.," which, being interpreted, stands for "Les Freres de la Cote" (The Brothers of the Coast).

Few Englishmen, and not many Frenchmen, says the London Daily Mail, have ever heard of this remarkable society. Its members, to the number of two and a half millions, consist entirely of boys from the ages of fourteen to twenty, the majority of whom are receiving education at the hands of the priests in the ecoles libres, or free schools, which are controlled by the Catholic Church.

The society has two objects in view. First and foremost, they are bound together for the propagation and encouragement of Atheism and the destruction of the power of the Church. On the arm of each member is tattooed in large print the letters "A.D.," signifying Anti Dieu. These letters carry with them a vow to observe as little as possible the rules of the Catholic Church if complete abstinence from her ceremonies be incompatible with home life.

No "Brother of the Coast" must genuflect before the altar; he must never confess unless practically dragged to the confessional, and even then he must treat the ceremony with ridicule; he must neuer communicate unless under parental compulsion, and he must not only not fast or eat maigre, but he must starve himself at the family dinner table only to stuff himself with forbidden meat at some convenient restaurant.

AVOWED ATHEISTS.

He must, in fact, do all in his power to dissociate himself from the Church. At a recent examination, in which 100 of the brethren took part, they one and all, in reply to a question asking them to show the truth of Christ's miracles, answered that they were an invention, an absurd fairy tale!

The second object for which the society is constituted is for the upholding of its members' supposed rights. If a master be too severe, he has at once to reckon with the F.D.L.C. A deputation is formed to wait upon the head-master and complain of the offending tutor's conduct.

Then the F.D.L.C. await results. If the master's behavior does not at once show a radical change, they take action. A sheet of paper, with the letters F.D.L.C. printed large upon it in red ink, is dropped into the headmaster's letter-box, who knows by experience that unless his colleague mends his ways he will have to look out for squalls. Generally the mysterious piece of paper has an instant and excellent effect; but if the "head" be obstinate the brethren show their teeth.

The unfortunate tutor's life is made a burden to him. Let him look away for one instant while in class, and a book is flung at his head; let him turn away for another moment, and an ink-pot follows the volume. Punishment is useless, for the Brethren of the Coast cheerfully bear one another's burdens and it is a rule of the society that no member shall perform the punishment task meted out to him. It is invariably undertaken by another.

Again, if the food allotted to the boys be in their opinion not of sufficient quality, the F.D.L.C. step in to mend matters. A favorite method is to abstain from food altogether, with the effect that on returning to their homes they are in such a state of weakness and ill-health that the parents insist upon an alteration of diet. One boy died of this abstinence ordered by his society.

DISCIPLINE IMPOSSIBLE.

Another way is to actually fling the food in the masters' faces, and the members have been known to go so far as to take their masters' dinners and leave them their own in their place. So powerful, indeed, are the Brethren of the Coast that discipline is made a practical impossibility, though to their credit let it be said that if they are generously and kindly treated they behave themselves and confine their attention entirely to the propagation of pure and unadulterated Atheism.

The punishment meted out by the society to those of its members who break their vows is terribly severe. The most disgusting and ignominious barbarities are resorted to. Sometimes the lobes of the ears are cut; at others a great cross is scratched on the sinner's arm with a penknife; while, if his offence be small he is merely fined. But just as the vows are terrible, so are the punishments for the breaking of them cruel and severe. Punishment, however, is rarely resorted to, for the Brethren of the Coast are more than loyal to their society and their oaths.

THREE CHIEFS.

The society is controlled by three so-called "chiefs," who have their headquarters in Paris. The head chief, who is practically a despot, is unknown to all of the 2,500,000 members save the second chief. Through this second chief he issues his decrees, and no one else is even cognizant of his name. All that the other members know is that he is a boy like themselves. Her term of office expires at the end of his school life, just as the membership of each one of the brethren ceases when he leaves the tutor's hands.

The three head chiefs appoint three local chiefs for each town. These arrange meetings, collect subscriptions, and generally control the local affairs of the society, but they are directly responsible to the headquarters staff in Paris. All the meetings are held in absolute secrecy, and generally in the open air, while sentries are posted in every direction to give warning of the approach of some curious cleric.

Often not a word is spoken, but propositions, statements, or commands are written down and passed from hand to hand. The meetings are held frequently, and are invariably attended by the full local strength of the society, for absence, unless a good excuse is forthcoming, means prompt punishment.

BRANDED ON THE ARM.

The subscription to the society is 10 francs a year. For this, each member is entitled to relief to the extent of 30 francs, provided that he can show to the satisfaction of the local chiefs that he is absolutely destitute of money. Each member, in addition to having his arm branded with the letters "A.D.," wears a badge in the shape of a red moon, and the local chiefs bear distinguished tattoo marks on their right hands. The society also possesses secret signs and "grips."

So far, the priests have been powerless to put down this extraordinary, this terrible institution, which is winked at, if not actually supported, by the French Government, whose great object is to destroy the power of the Catholic Church in France. Hitherto the Church has decided to pretend ignorance of the society.

The Freres de la Cote are increasing in number rapidly, and while they only number 2,500,000, that number is made up entirely of boys between the ages of 14 and 20. It is not for one moment to be supposed that ben these boys leave school they will necessarily leave the atheistical creed they have acquired behind them.

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, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

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Remarkable Recovery From Nervous Collapse.

A Methodist Minister Tells How He Was Rescued From a Helpless Condition by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food possesses unusual control over the nerves and rekindles nervous energy when all other means fail is well illustrated in the case described below. Mr. Brown was forced to give up his ministerial work, and so far exhausted that for a time he was positively helpless. Doctors were consulted and many remedies were resorted to, in vain. Every effort to build up the system seemed in vain, and it is little wonder that the sufferer was losing hope of recovery, when he began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Rev. T. Brown, Methodist minister, of Omemee, and late of Bethany, Ont., writes: "A year ago last November I was overtaken with nervous exhaustion. For six months I did no work, and during that time I had to be waited on, not being able to help myself. Nervous collapse was complete, and though I was in the physician's hands for months, I did not seem to improve. At any little exertion my strength would leave me, and I would tremble with nervousness.

"From the first I used a great many nerve remedies, but they seemed to have no effect in my case. I had almost lost hope of recovery, when I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and began to use it. As my system became stronger I began to do a little work, and have gradually increased in nerve force and vigor, until now I am about in my normal condition again. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best medicine I ever used. Not only has it proven its wonderful restorative powers in my own case, but also in several others where I have recommended it."

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