Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 27. No. 10 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 16, 1902. — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR — TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

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

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

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 $3.00 an inch per year. The matter, if 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.

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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 COGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

THE KING'S CLUBS.

Organizations Of Which Edward VII. is a Member.

It is doubtful if many people are fully aware how pronounced have been the claims of his Majesty King Edward VII. to be considered as a clubman, says the London Mail.

He is, however, one of the most prominent of such in Great Britain, and has belonged to something like twenty clubs. The majority of the institutions whose membership lists are honored by the inclusion of his name therein are of a military description, but when he ascended the throne he was also a member of several established for purely social purposes. Among the best known clubs, once patronized, or still patronized, by the King may be mentioned the United Service, Junior United Service, Army and Navy, Marlborough and Royal Yacht; but his Majesty's connection with clubland now, of course, is almost purely honorary.

The United Service Club was established in "Waterloo year," and is "housed" at No. 116 Pall Mall. Its list of members is confined to sixteen hundred, all of whom must be naval or military officers, whose rank is at least equivalent to that of a major. Prominent among those belonging to that club are the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Roberts and Lord Wolseley. The entrance fee is a very high one—viz., £30—while the annual subscription is £ 10. The membership list of the Junior, or United Service Club, in Charles Street, S.W., contains two thousand names. Among them are those of the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians. Lord Kitchener has been a member since 1877.

The handsomest service club, however, of which his Majesty is patron, is the Army and Navy. This, which stands at the corner of St James' square and Pall Mall, was erected in 1851 at a total cost of £116,000, of which £10,000 was expended on furniture. The foundation of the club, however, dates from 1838, when it occupied the premises at No. 10 King street. One of its first members at this time was the Duke of Wellington. In 1850 it was joined by the Duke of Cambridge, and eight years later by Lord Wolseley, than a very junior officer in the British army.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Security is the offspring of caution.

Adversity tries some men and police judges try others.

Poverty may sidetrack a man but it never blows him up.

When a man wants to make a fool of himself he usually gets some woman to help him.

The average young lady changes her dearest girl about once every three months.

Take things as they come—but remember there are lots of things that it will pay you to go after.

This is the season of the year when you can buy a lot of things you don't need at much less than cost.

The man who talks without thinking and the man who thinks without talking are apt to make each other tired.

Many a man's shiftlessness is due to the fact that his father bore down too hard on the grindstone when he was a boy.

The Man Who Called at Midnight.

I.

Thorne was undressing when a knock called him to the door.

The man who came in did not apologize for calling at such an hour, but walked past Thorne to the centre of the room, drew an overcoat off his sturdy shoulders, and cast himself into a chair, the comfort of which he evidently appreciated. He was in evening clothes, without blemish.

Thorne was irritated, then amused. He suspended judgment until the caller said:

"Mr. Thorne, good-morning!"

"You are hyper-accurate, sir," Thorne retorted. "It is only fifteen minutes past midnight, and you are in full evening dress."

"As you will, sir—as you will; but as I said, good-morning. May I speak with you quietly and in confidence for ten minutes?" The stranger grew affably business-like.

Thorne could not escape a smile as he said:

"You came in of your own accord, my dear sir. Suppose you proceed likewise with your business. My only condition is that I be allowed to enter my bed in ten minutes."

"Good!" the well-dressed intruder said, smacking his hands together. "You are the right sort. I wish I had known you years ago."

"Thank you." Thorne spoke so gravely that the visitor looked sharply at him, as if searching for signs of veiled sarcasm.

"My name I do not give," he proceeded. "Yours I know, and all about you—or enough. I know you for one of the cleverest financial editors in London. I am a gentleman who lives by the goodness of humanity. I subsist by my wits as applied to what others have acquired. I—"

"You are, then," Thorne put in, "a lawyer?"

"Yes"—with a profound bow—"a burglar."

"A what?" Thorne gasped. "You misunderstand. I said 'a lawyer.' "

"And I replied, 'Yes, a burglar.' We thieves draw few class distinctions, you know. I am a burglar. Five of my assistants and myself are preparing to enter the vault of the Mid-Counties bank in Chapel street, through an opening in the foundation which we have been drilling for six weeks from the adjoining house, which we lease. Sixty seconds of careful work will pierce the last section of steel lining about the vault, and let us inside."

"But, man," Thorne cried, "what are you here telling me this for? Don't you know that if what you say is true I'm the last man you could be telling it to in safety? If you know as much as you profess about me you would understand that some of my best friends are in the Mid-Counties Bank, and that you will no sooner be out of my rooms this morning than I shall send a warning which will make your five worthy safe-breakers and yourself decidedly uncomfortable—if what you say is true. Don't you think, though, that you had better leave me to my bed for the rest of the night? Suppose you meet me at the Bank office at one o'clock this afternoon."

The stranger ignored the suggestion smiling again as he resumed.

"Mr. Thorne, you have discovered my very reason for coming here. My purpose is to enter the vault of the Mid-Counties Bank the night after certain large sums of cash, aggregating £500,000, as I understand, are placed there. The deal will be secret, and I can learn the exact date only through assistance. That you can, and doubtless will, give. I am aware how well you know MacArdle and Spurmley in the bank."

"I ask you to see them, and ascertain for me the date of the arrival of this vast temporary deposit. I will then complete my attack on the vault, which can by no possibility fail. You will receive £10,000 in cash for your part of the work, with which you will in no wise be connected, except as I suggest. I must have accurate information of the deposit. This is my one safe way of securing it. What do you say?"

Thorne was already measuring the man's well-set figure, and longing to have his boots. The burglar smiled again over gleaming linen and immaculate black.

"It's of no use, Mr. Thorne. Don't think of it. You're a good man, but you can't afford to try me. Besides, I'm armed like a battleship, and burglars don't box when they can reach a knife."

"But I can, and do, refuse; and you will leave this place immediately sir!" said Thorne, boiling up, and yearning again for his boots and a good grip on a chair. "Leave at once, sir; and be sure I shall lose no time in notifying the police."

"To be sure, my dear fellow, of course!"

The burglar stretched himself, and looked about for a bigger chair. As he did so, Thorne leaped forward. The burglar wheeled, and his left shot forth. Thorne saw it, dropped his shoulders, and let it pass over; then swung back his own right with all his strength and weight in a mighty upper-cut aimed at the other's jugular. But the burglar, in place of dodging, threw himself on his tiptoes, and bent forward, catching the blow harmlessly with a shoulder, and, springing back quickly, displayed an exceedingly ugly knife.

"Don't do it, Mr. Thorne," he said and still that grin and not left his lips. "It's sure death! You can't refuse. You can't warn the police. I make you a fair and plain proposition. Lend me your aid for a fee of £10,000. If you do—all's well. If you don't—why, then, my dear Mr. Thorne, I must tell you that you will be found so soundly asleep to-morrow at daybreak that your friends will not hesitate to summon an undertaker."

"You will murder me like a dog?" Thorne was all white.

"On the contrary you will die as a gentleman should, inconspicuously, and with no violence. Come, now, until to-night you may think it over. Then I must have my answer. Think it over—your friends against your life and a fortune!"

"Against my honor, man!"

"As you please; but you can't deny the fortune—£10,000 and no conditions whatever. You will pardon me, but I really must not let you move out of my sight until you have given me an answer. That will hasten your decision, I am sure, and will certainly serve me better. You may sleep and eat, but I must be your guest meanwhile."

II.

Thorne felt like a lion in a circus parade until it was time for breakfast. He got into his clothing stupidly, and led the way down to where they might eat in due seclusion. While they were finishing an omelet he looked over to where his guardian leisurely perused a morning newspaper, and spoke for the first time in hours.

"I am going to the bank as soon as we finish breakfast. I suppose you will accompany me?"

"Thank you—yes."

"You dare?"

"To be sure. Dare you challenge me?"

"I may expose you the instant we are within the doors of the bank."

"My dear Mr. Thorne," he said, "again pardon my intrusion of self into this well-ordered breakfast. But I must hasten to correct what I perceive to be an insufficient and inadequate comprehension of the very interesting circumstances in which you find yourself at present. As you know, I am not a man of violence. I do not like force, but sometimes I have to use it. On such occasions I resort to hired service, and have the work done by some menial.

"This now occurs to me as I see standing in front of the south window yonder a muscular person who undoubtedly passed the night under your windows, awaiting a possible signal from me; who has followed us here, and will by no means lose sight of us, whether we visit the bank or not. He is committed to certain instructions given by me, a part of which is a caution that at a certain sign from me he is to set in motion the machinery of my office."

The way to the bank was painfully short, Thorne thought, giving him scant time to reach some conclusion. What could he not do with £10,000? Future assured, established where the way of comfort lay open, married, and in a home of his own—something of a society man. Thorne's long professional experience showed him at a glance what $10,000 would do for him, with his friends— his well-laid, well-guarded, carefully-manipulated sphere of friends. Friends! There was the trouble.

The Mid-Counties Bank chairman had been his generous patron for ten years. He called at his house, and played golf with a nice girl that lived there. She was the chairman's daughter, and Thorne felt certain that if he asked her to share life with him she would say yes. Yet how could he ask her to share life with him on £300 a year?

The cashier was a personal friend. He knew even the clerks. They recognized him as a trusted friend of "the old man." Then, again, it was not all a question of money. The gang would murder him if he refused to assist them, just as they would remove every other obstacle to complete escape from detection.

The bank's doors stared at them, and they walked in. Still in a trance, Thorne pushed through the glass door, and in another instant stood before the chairman—his friend. The father of the nice girl looked the burglar over with business like detail as he put them both in chairs.

"Well, my boy"—the old man's eyes were shining, and Thorne saw there was no denying his confidence—"well, my boy, what is it to-day? Do you know I wouldn't have let—see that pile of letters—I wouldn't have let anybody but you in here for all there is in that pile. But I can't refuse you anything, lad." One hand went over Thorne's knees. "What's up?"

Thorne's eyes were glassing and his tongue seemed thick. Beside him the burglar sat, as imperturbable as ever, studying the ceiling critically, and Thorne knew his life was in those most merciless hands. It was like suicide. Thorne caught the glisten of the chairman's eyes again, and suddenly getting up, put his back against the door and said:

"I came here to-day to ask when the Mid-Counties Bank would receive that big Government deposit. Don't stare please. That's what I came here for. What I now say is that I don't want you to answer that question, but press your police call instantly. This man is a dangerous burglar. He plans to rob the bank, and tried to make me a party to the crime. Now we've got him here, and if we work quickly we can prevent him signalling his confederates, as he surely will do. Press your button at once, sir, and I'll keep this scoundrel busy until help comes. Ring, ring, sir—ring! Now, you villain—"

But the chairman only smiled, and the burglar laughed aloud. Thorne stared at them, like an owl at the sun. He could not understand. The burglar laughed some more.

"He's all right," he said.

Thorne reeled to a chair. The chairman spoke:

"Thorne, it was a test. I wanted to try you, and my friend, the junior member of the Plympton Detective Agency, offered to assist me. I want a confidential clerk who can look after my business. I'm getting old, and the girls want me at home more. I'm satisfied that you're safe and I hereby ask you to come around and live with us, be my business representative and accept a stipend of £2,000 annually for the present. You're the kind I want. I've proved you honest. But come, what do you say?"

The chairman was smiling confidently. The ex-burglar turned the leaves of a note-book.

Thorne reeled again, then caught himself. He had his gloves in his right hand.

"What do I say?" he whispered. His voice was gone.

The chairman looked alarmed for a moment, so white had Thorne turned. Then he touched an electric button. The door opened, and the pretty girl whom Thorne had played golf with entered. She looked at Thorne for a moment.

"I'll answer 'Yes' for Mr. Thorne," she said.—London Answers.

PSYCHIC INFLUENCE.

Remarkable Facts in the Treatment of Disease.

Concerning the curative power of hypnotism, suggestion and deception, remarkable facts are reported from the hospitals. A writer in Health, an English publication, reports one case, that of a young woman who cannot sleep without first receiving a hypodermic injection of pure water. She believes she is getting a quarter grain of morphine with each injection, and, as there is no way of her learning of the deception, the treatment works like a charm.

Another case, says a contemporary, is that of an elderly man suffering from imaginary paralysis, who could not be benefited by the use of drugs or the electric current. By pre-arranged plan he was informed by a person supposed to be uninterested in his case, that magnetism, not electricity, was what he needed, and since then he has shown marked improvement under the constant application of a wooden magnet, painted to resemble the genuine article.

Still another case is that of a woman who cannot speak a word unless she is in a stooping posture. For months her voice was lost to her altogether, but one day while bending over caressing a cat her voice returned, and since then she can only talk when her body is bent to a right angle. All efforts to relieve her were of little avail until one day her attending physician informed her that she could not be cured until she had undergone a long course of treatment, but ventured the information that she could be relieved for the period of one week by the application of "raw" electricity to her throat, taken from the city's current. Electricity was applied and the woman's voice returned, but when the week expired her voice was lost to her again.

Now and then a case presents an amusing phase. One woman possessed of the idea that her heart was growing to her side, refused to improve under the treatment accorded her, and the doctors, knowing her condition was due to hysteria, planned to get rid of her. Medicine was prescribed, made up of the most nauseating drugs and the patient was ordered to take doses hourly. After the first day's treatment the woman said she was well enough to go home, and the doctors congratulated themselves that the expelling decoction had proved successful. To their surprise, when the woman left the hospital she asked that a bottle of the medicine be given her, as it had furnished her more relief than anything she had taken. Every observing physician has noted similar cases.

THE BEAR REMEMBERED!

The Woodman's Kindness Was Not Forgotten.

That beasts are sensible of kindness and remember it is proved by many interesting incidents. The following from the Home Monthly is a pleasant illustration of benefits unforgotten:

A woodsman who was fond of pets found a young cub bear in the woods half-frozen and nearly starved, its mother having probably been killed by hunters.

He took the little orphan home with him and it soon became as playful and affectionate as a kitten. Every night he had a romp with it on the floor of his cabin, and upon his return from his day's work in the woods the cub would greet him with the uncontrollable delight that an affectionate dog displays when his master comes home.

But as the bear grew older its wild nature began to assert itself, in spite of its fondness for its benefactor, until finally one day it disappeared in the woods and did not return.

The man hunted long and carefully for his pet searching every nook and ravine for miles about his cabin, but without success.

Two or three years afterward he was going through the woods to his work, unarmed and without even his ax, which he had left the night before at the place where he was chopping. As he was passing through a heavy growth of young evergreens an enormous female bear rose up before him. Behind her were two cubs, and the mother was furious at having been disturbed, and mad with fear for the safety of her young.

The chopper was utterly without means of defense, and even before he had time to realize the extremity of his position the bear was upon him. But just as she reached him a complete change came over her. Instead of attacking him she began licking his hand and rubbing affectionately against him. She was his long-lost pet, and had not forgotten him.

When he had recovered from his fright sufficiently to go on toward his work the bear went, too, and for more than a mile she followed him. Then feeling, apparently, that she had done all that courtesy and her sense of gratitude required, she left him and went back to her cubs.

Aunt Surplice—"How peacefully still and solemn it always is on Sunday." Little Nephew—"Yes, Auntie. That's because so many children's papas stay at home."

HAS NO LOVE FOR LUXURY.

CZAR OF RUSSIA IS NOT FOND OF SOCIETY.

He Is Bored by Banquets and Has a Strong Contempt for Etiquette.

Nicholas II. has the greatest antipathy to every form of luxury, and more particularly at the table. His meals are restricted to a very few dishes and are attended by very few guests. Like all busy men he eats with feverish haste. He finds it impossible to conceal the boredom inflicted upon him by long official banquets. On the other hand, he jests and laughs freely when at his ease among his intimate associates. His contempt for etiquette is manifest in all his habits. While his father, Alexander III., was accustomed to drive through St. Petersburg in a brilliant and showy equipage, the present Czar usually drives in a simple open carriage. He has suppressed the cordon of cavalry which used to keep the street clear for his father, and often the police are unaware of the route he intends to take.

PEASANTS SURE OF JUSTICE.

Russian peasants frequently travel hundreds of versts with their petitions, confident that the sovereign will personally consider their cases and have justice done. He reads all the letters addressed to him and notes the answers to be given on the margin in red pencil. He never forgives those who attempt to deceive him or give false information. Both he and his Czarina are extremely popular throughout Russia. They are like two comrades, neither trying to exercise control over the other.

It is said in St. Petersburg that such a happy married pair were never before seen on the Russian throne. When they drive out together they are always observed to be in animated conversation, frequently laughing and smiling. They intentionally avoid putting on "a proper expression." The Czar remarked one day: "I am a Russian just like my subjects," a saying which made an excellent impression upon the people.

CZARINA AT HIS SIDE.

The young sovereign frequently remains at his desk till a late hour, and sometimes receives his ministers or advisers after midnight, his consort sitting by him at her embroidery or needlework. When a stranger appears at the door she bundles her work together and prepares to leave, but the Czar says, "Nay, no, Lasha, remain here, you do not disturb us in the least." The Czarina then silently resumes her seat and goes on with her work.

It is not perhaps known to all the world that the correspondence between Nicholas II. and the German Emperor, which on important occasions is carried on between the two sovereigns, is in the English language. For instance, the telegrams respecting the appointment of Count Von Waldersee as Commander-in-Chief of the international forces in China, were written by both Emperors in English. The relationship of the two monarchs with the English court is not the sole explanation of this curious departure from the custom in diplomatic and princely circles to employ the French language for such international communications.

TAUGHT BISMARCK A LESSON.

When the Germans defeated the French the victors felt it almost a humiliation to be obliged to use the language of their conquered enemy. Consequently Prince Bismarck attempted to use German in his communications with Russia, which was at that time extremely friendly to victorious Prussia. The Russian foreign office, however, brought him to his senses by an answer in the Russian language. He himself was able to read Russian, but was not prepared to translate all the communications from St. Petersburg, and had not a single subordinate in his department who could undertake the work for him. Although German is as familiar to the Czar as French and English, the latter language forms a happy neutral medium for the correspondence of the two monarchs. Thus William II. does not need to use the language of his hereditary foes, nor Nicholas II. to stoop to the employment of his Imperial brother's tongue, which has no right of precedence over Russian.

STORY OF A SCOTCH SENTRY.

Col. Shiel, who fought in the Boer ranks and was made prisoner, was asked how he had been treated by the British, and he replied, "Fairly well, with the exception of a young Highlander who was on sentry over me when wounded. The Highlander, each time he passed me, spat upon me, and I remonstrated, saying that I was his superior officer, and that I was wounded in the foot, that the night was bitterly cold, and that I had no blanket. The Highlander at first took no notice, but continued to march up and down. At last he stopped in front of me, took off his great coat and wrapped me up, bound up my foot, placed something under my head, and continued his 'sentry-go.' About ten minutes later he stopped again in front of me and said: 'Look, here, Colonel, a've gi'en ye ma overcoat an' a've wrapped ye up weel an' dune ma best for ye, but, mind this, we're no freens!' "

Is Not This Stealing?

In Spite of at Least Half a Dozen Imitators, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has More than Three Times the Sale of any Remedy Recommended for Throat and Lung Troubles.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods.

The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's, with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest. Is it not stealing, or even worse? For, besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result.

Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

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THE OLD-AGE HABIT.

Mrs. Mullaly's Advice to Those Who Are Getting Old

"For why should I look old darling? Answer me that, now!" Mrs. Mullaly demanded. She had been Honora Costigan formerly, Mrs. Morris's loving and faithful housegirl; but that was twenty years earlier. Mistress and maid had been at opposite ends of the earth in the meantime, and the mistress, who had noticeably aged, felt almost a shock of resentment at sight of the plump and buxom Nora she used to know.

"Sure, I've had me bad times and me good times, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Mullaly went on, reflectively. "But, glory be! before the bad times quite finished me the good times came again—me always leaving the door ajar to let them in d'ye mind?

"I am old. I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the face of us.

"'Twas a cousin of mine that teached me the truth of it, this long ago. She begun to be old the day she was born, did Katie, and when she was fourteen, looking and acting twenty, 'twas a great help to her. But when she was twenty, "I'm getting on!" says she. When she was twenty-five, 'No,' says she to Johnny Walsh, that came a-courtin. 'I'm too old and settled in me habits to be marrying.' Then when she was thirty nothing would do her but to get wid the old women and talk of the times when she and they was young.

"So the heart of her went into the face of her. It did so! I mind when she was thirty about and me over twenty, we went together one day to a big new hotel to get work. A good worker was Katie. But the Boss he looked us up and looked us down and asked his questions, and then says he, 'I'll give you a trial, my girl,' says he to me. 'But as for you,' he says to Katie, 'it's young, strong, lively women we want,' says he, 'and I'm thinking you're after mistaking this for the Old Ladies' Home, which,' says he, 'is in the next block.'

"'O-ho!' says I to meself at that. 'Am I going out to hunt for wrinkles and rheumatism before me own mother gets gray in her hair? No, says I, and 'twas then I begun to toss me birthdays over me shoulder as fast as they came. They're all behind me glory be! where I can't fall over thim.

"Whisper, darling," Mrs. Mullaly added, impressively, "old age is a bad habit, like drinking, and if ye give way to it ye won't so easy break it off. Sure, there's a new year to every twelve months, but that can't make ye an old woman—never, darling, until ye're willin' to be!"

At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the duelists should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking for this half-hour."