Board Works
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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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

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THE IRISH IN THE WAR.

Lost Many Officers and Men, But Won Great Glory.

In the South African war just closed, the Second Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, which left Belfast on the outbreak of hostilities, suffered a loss of 43 rank and file killed in action or died from wounds, 84 rank and file wounded, while deaths from disease and accident numbered 82. No fewer than 602 prisoners were taken, chiefly at Stormberg, where Lieutenant-Colonel Eagar was mortally wounded, and Reddersberg. The greatest casualties occurred at Stormberg, where 12 men were killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Eagar fatally wounded, and 7 officers, including Major Seton, second in command, and 24 men wounded, while the missing numbered over 300. The Rifles afterwards won considerable celebrity by making numerous captures. Major Tobin, Captain Spedding and Lieutenant Daunt were awarded the D.S.O., and several officers received a brevet step in recognition of their services, while over a dozen rank and file were awarded the D.C.M. and mentioned in despatches.

NEW TEST FOR DEAFNESS.

A curious test for deafness has been brought before the Paris Academy of Medicine by Dr. Bonnier. On applying a tuning-fork to the knee or other part of the bony structure, nothing is heard by the sound ear, but the note is audible to an ear in which disease has begun.

SCOTCH.

One of the French mail steamers calling in at Rio de Janeiro, having a slight derangement of the machinery in the engine room, sent for the representative of an engineering firm on shore to give some help in the necessary repairs.

The representative had no knowledge of French, but could converse freely in the Portuguese language. The chief engineer of the liner, on the other side, knew a little Spanish but no Portuguese. Explanations, under the circumstances, were a trifle confused, until the shore engineer, in despair, exclaimed:

"Hech, sirs, this is a dreich job. I wish ye kent a few words in braid Scotch."

"I hev ye noo, ma freend," replied the chief engineer; "I hev ye noo."

DISAPPEARING ISLANDS.

The question that has arisen as to the possibility of the Island of Martinique subsiding altogether recalls some curious incidents in the volcanic region of the Pacific. Some years ago Aurora Island, in the New Hebrides, entirely disappeared one night, leaving no trace behind. Seventeen years ago a new island made its appearance in Tonga, and was promptly "annexed" by a loyal British trader, who "boarded" it, waded knee-deep in the soft scoriae to its summit, and proudly hoisted the Union Jack. Falcon Island lived for about a dozen years, attained to the dignity of growing a few banana and cocoanut trees, and then one day disappeared as mysteriously as it came!

The British army has seven field-marshals.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We often hear it asserted that in New Zealand, where the law makes arbitration compulsory in the event of disputes between workmen and their employers, this method of reaching an accommodation is regarded with universal satisfaction. The fact is otherwise. Those who read the Australian and New Zealand newspapers are aware that public opinion has undergone a signal change in this matter, and, whatever may have been temporarily the case, compulsory arbitration is now looked upon with disapproval, not only by most employers of labor, but also by many of the workmen themselves. Compulsory arbitration was introduced in New Zealand under circumstances peculiarly favorable. The colony was just emerging from a period of depression, the worst which it had encountered in its history, and some big strikes, the effects of which had been disastrous to all concerned, were fresh in the public recollection. The prosperity which then set in has continued to this day, and there is no doubt that wages would have materially advanced, even if arbitration had not been compulsory by statute. As it was, compulsory arbitration simply registered an increment which normal economical causes would have assured. Urban employers, who alone were affected by the statute, have been making money so fast that they have had no motive for opposing vigorously the demands of the workmen, and they have submitted cheerfully to the awards rendered against them. It has always been evident to close observers that the test of compulsory arbitration would come when a period of industrial depression should supervene. That hour has not yet struck in New Zealand, but there are signs of its approach, and already the favor or the tolerance with which compulsory arbitration was at one time regarded is beginning to disappear.

About the middle of June, for example, a telegram from New Zealand announced that a large majority of the employers of the Auckland, Canterbury and Wellington Provinces of that colony had declared themselves strongly opposed to both the principle and operation of the compulsory arbitration law. It is reasonable to assume, although we have received no information on the subject, that the hostility is shared by employers in the Province of Otago. A second telegram reported an angry revolt of the Wellington Trades and Labor Councils against an award made by the arbitration court. The Wellington unionists talked of fighting the tribunal. "Why," they asked, "should they obey an adverse award? There was no jail in the colony big enough to hold the lot of them." In other words, they looked upon the court as a wage-raising instrument to be always used in their favor. They have no use for a Judge who pronounces against them. "Call that arbitration? Why he has given it against us."

Dissatisfaction with compulsory arbitration is not confined to the urban employers who are within the jurisdiction of the court of arbitrators. New Zealand farmers have organized themselves to resist the extension of the system to the rural districts. On the one hand, they know that they have to compete with the cheap land, cheap labor and cheap transit of such other exporting countries as Argentina. On the other hand, they have discovered that, when the expenses of moving, handling and shipping rural products have been artificially raised, the cost ultimately comes out of the farmer's pocket. So, too, the community at large has learned that, in proportion as the wages of labor are forced up, the general cost of living is increased, with the result that the inflation in the expense of production is passed on to the consuming public. More noteworthy, however, than these phenomena is the weakening faith in compulsory arbitration exhibited by workmen themselves. Several proofs of this assertion are forthcoming.

At the last session of the New Zealand Parliament, the labor unions petitioned for the removal of such questions as hours of labor, overtime and holidays from the jurisdiction of the arbitration courts. The unions would rather have such questions settled by statute. Then, again, those Government employes who are unionists have proclaimed themselves strongly opposed to bringing State employes under the arbitration act. They say frankly that they have more confidence in Parliament than in the arbitration courts. It has, moreover, been observed as time goes on that the more skilful artisans do not relish being levelled down in earnings to the average man; so far as they are concerned, the impulse to join unions is of diminishing if not of imperceptible force. They prefer independent contracts with their employers to the regulations of unions and the awards of compulsory arbitration. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the proposal to introduce the New Zealand system of compulsory arbitration into the colony of Victoria should be strenuously resisted. An innovation which does not command general approval, even in its birthplace, and which, at all events, is far from having been thoroughly tested, cannot expect to be reproduced elsewhere.

"BROWSING" ON BANK-NOTES.

Probably one of the oddest claims ever made against a bank is recorded as having been made against the National Bank of Belgium. An old peasant woman had laid on the grass a jacket containing bank notes of small denomination for $240 in the pocket, and while she was at work her pet nanny-goat had got at the notes, which it had eaten. The beast was killed, and the chewed paper recovered from the stomach was submitted in support of a claim for compensation, which the bank paid after verifying the facts by chemical analysis and other inquiry.

What 39 Reported

I.

Captain James Richmond was ushered into the room in silence, and the door closed after him. It was not the first time by a good many that he had crossed the threshold, but he had not before had any dealing with the present home secretary.

"Captain Richmond?" the secretary queried with a quick scrutiny of the face of his visitor, who returned the look as he inclined his head. "Sit down, sir. I am pleased to meet you. I understand that you were commissioned by my predecessor to inquire into the abuses in connection with the control of Blackenham prison, and that your inquiry was entirely successful. I believe" — with a smile — "that you were sentenced to four years, and were liberated on a ticket-of-leave by order of my predecessor, after eight months' incarceration. Have you since reported yourself to the police, as you are bound to by the conditions of the ticket to do?"

"No," Captain Richmond replied, "I have not reported myself."

"Good," returned the secretary, "that will facilitate matters. I wish you, if you are at liberty, and not disinclined to return to prison life, to enter Shashnal prison, and see if you can get to the root of the mystery there. If you care to take up the matter, and are successful, you will not find this office ungrateful. When will you be ready for arrest?"

"The day after to-morrow, if that will suit."

"Very well. Be in Candos street between 3 and 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning, with a chisel and a few other burglar's tools in your pockets. Sergeant Crame will be there to arrest you, as before. I will arrange that you serve your sentence at Shashnal."

"How shall I communicate with you?"

"One of the visiting justices will make a point of seeing you privately whenever he visits Shashnal," the secretary replied. "You will say only as little as necessary to the justice; whatever you tell him I shall know the same day, so that you will be able to see me with very little delay. Have I made my wishes clear?"

"Perfectly so, sir."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, unless you can expedite my arrival at Shashnal. I am itching to get there."

"You are interested, eh? Well, I cannot do much to expedite your sentence, but what can be done judiciously shall, I promise you. The preliminaries must, of course, be extremely annoying. I may add," the secretary said, holding out his hand, "if you carry this matter through successfully you may rely upon any influence I may have in the matter of a queen's messengership, for which I see your name has been down some considerable time."

"I'll get to the root of the matter," Captain Richmond muttered, as he walked toward the Strand, "if it has a root?" * * *

"Thirty-nine! Do you call that the way to roll your bed?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"No back questions, please!" shouted the warden, "or, as sure as your name's 'Arris I'll dock your grub! Roll that bed, now, or— report! Next time, mind, report!"

He slammed the door to and went down the corridor.

Thirty-nine smiled blandly after him.

"When I get out of this and that man is dismissed—and I'll take good care he is—I'll waylay him and give him one of the soundest hidings he ever had. The question is, when shall I get out of here? Five days of the five years gone, and I don't see anything queer. Still there's a decent balance left for discoveries."

The cell door swung open and another warden looked in.

"Thirty-nine, talking! Won't do, my lad—won't do!"

"Saying my prayers," replied thirty-nine.

"Say 'em to yourself, my lad!" And the door slammed to again.

Early in the evening of the same day the head warden looked into cell thirty-nine.

"All right?" he inquired genially, as he looked Thirty-nine carefully over.

"Yes, thank you," the convict responded with some surprise.

"Feel yourself as comfortable as at Blackenham? 'Orrid 'ole, Blackenham! Nearly as bad for the officers as for the prisoners. Was there four years myself."

Thirty-nine pricked up his ears nervously.

"My name's Williams," the warden continued with increasing affability. "Remember me? No? Well, p'r'aps not. Can't say I remember you. But we see so many new faces while you don't, so I thought you might remember me. Stop, though. Weren't you in for coining at Blackenham? 'Ousebreakin', eh? Well, well, every man to 'is trade. But I seemed to connect your face with a prisoner we 'ad for coinin' on a large scale—quite a small mint 'e'd been. Sure you never tried your 'and at coinin'? No? Well, well, it must 'ave been my fancy, then. Somebody something like you, I suppose. Night!"

"What did he come for?" Thirty-nine asked himself. "Clearly he had some definite object. I must cultivate my friend Williams."

But Williams did not show himself again for some days, and then adopted an entirely different manner.

II.

Thirty-nine had been in Shashnal prison about three weeks, when the justices paid their usual visit. He had not long to wait for his own call.

A tall, thin, lawyer-like man entered the cell, dismissed Williams with a gesture, and turned to the convict. He drew Thirty-nine to the further end of the cell.

"I am directed by the home office to carry any communications you have to make," he said, in a whisper. "I have pen and paper, if you want to write. But be prompt."

Thirty-nine took the sheet of note paper and the fountain pen, and wrote a few hurried lines:

"I want a complete list of convictions against prisoners 78 and 24, now here; also any other facts bearing upon the nature of their crimes. Sooner, the better. Convey through chaplain, who is honest."

He dried the note on the slip of blotting paper between the leaves and handed it to the justice.

A moment later he was alone in his cell again.

"It sounds a wild notion, I must admit," he thought, "a very wild notion. Perhaps I am wrong. But it is queer that 24 and 78 are never at labor, and that they alone are never taken near the governor's house. There may be a dozen reasons for it, and it may have no possible connection with Williams' first visit to me, but there is something radically wrong and I see no other peg on which to hang my suspicion than the privileges of these two men and what Williams said to me. He has never given me or anyone in my hearing a civil word or look since."

Thirty-nine had to wait until the next visit from the justices for his answer from the home office, and in the meantime he had discovered little that supported his suspicions. But the letter the justice brought him gave him the utmost satisfaction.

It gave a list of convictions against the two prisoners whom Thirty-nine had inquired about. Starting as a boy, with petty larceny, Seventy-eight had turned to burglary, purse snatching, long-firm frauds and coining.

Twenty-four, a younger man, was the son of the notorious "Jim Crow." His first conviction was for stealing lead-piping from an empty house. He was known to have assisted his father in extensive counterfeit-coining schemes and, upon the death of "Jim Crow" inherited £2,000 or £3,000, with which he started himself as a bookmaker. He lost his money, and was mobbed for "welshing" at the Liverpool meeting in 18—. Next he was arrested for attempting to pass bad money in Nottingham, where a large quantity of base coin had been circulating for a period which corresponded with the length of time he had been in the town. Later he was sentenced to four years for passing base coins.

"Any message to take back? You had better not keep this paper," said the justice.

"No. Will you return it to the office? I will write a message back."

He took a pencil from his visitor, and wrote:

"Endeavor to trace movements of every coiner who has passed through here—movements since they left. Want my discharge, for time being."

Three days later a warden entered the cell of Thirty-nine and threw down upon the pallet a bundle of clothes. They were those in which Thirty-nine had entered the prison.

"You've got to change an' come to the governor's," he said.

Thirty-nine changed and followed the warden down the corridor, across the central hall, into the governor's office.

The governor sat at his table, and two men in ordinary clothes stood by.

"You're transferred to Portland, Thirty-nine, under an order from the home office," said the governor. "These officers are here to fetch you. If you give me your word not to molest them or attempt to escape you shall not be handcuffed."

"I won't get up to any game, sir, and thank you," Thirty-nine replied.

He was struck by the fact that his escort were in plain clothes. But it occurred to him that prisoners were not then conveyed from prison to prison in their convict dress, as had been the rule, and it was therefore only consistent that wardens should not be in their uniform, or the spirit of the reform would be lost.

His custodian ushered him into a fly that was waiting in the prison yard, and, as they took their seats facing him, the elder man smiled, and said quietly:

"I expect you can see through this, sir?"

"I think so," Thirty-nine replied.

"We shall take you to the station, if you've no objection, or the driver may smell a rat. There is a first-class to London, and two sovereigns I was instructed to hand you for your return expenses."

They alighted at the station and passed through the booking lobby.

"That is your train waiting, sir," said the second officer, "so we'll wish you a respectful good morning. We're not returning till a later train."

"Good morning," replied Captain Richmond, as the train moved out of the station.

Arrived at the metropolitan terminus, ex-Thirty-nine got into a hansom and drove away to his chambers. An hour later, attired in a smart morning suit, he was shaking hands with the home secretary.

"You were in a hurry to get out," the secretary said, with a deprecating smile. "I'm afraid you cannot have discovered much in the time."

"I don't think I could have learnt more had I remained," Richmond responded. "I have drawn some surprising conclusions, and the test must be made from outside. I have only to wait now for the reports concerning the movements of coiners who have passed through Shashnal."

"Here are the records of three cases. I can get others for you, if necessary. Why you pick upon coiners I don't understand."

"On the other hand, these records," Richmond returned, a slight color mounting to his face, "appear to confirm my suspicions. Does it not strike you as being strange, sir, that each of these men left the country almost immediately upon being released from Shashnal? I note one went to Australia, where he bought a small farm, which he has since successfully cultivated; another went to America, where he quickly ran through a sum of money which was considerable for a man of his position, and then turned his attention to forgery; the last went out to Durban, bought the good will of a small public house, and drank himself to death. In this taste for emigration, which seems to have been inculcated at Shashnal to one convicted for coining, I seem to see a great deal to support my conclusions."

"Which are?" interrogated the secretary.

"That there is a secret mint at Shashnal."

"Preposterous!" the minister ejaculated. "A mint in one of her majesty's prisons? Dear, dear! You must think of something more likely—more possible!"

"Pardon me; but I cannot think of anything more possible to a man in the governor's position, who had the instincts of an enterprising criminal. He has every facility—immunity from raids, unlimited strong cells, which could readily be turned into workshops, a pretty regular succession of skilled coiners, whose assistance could be bought for leniency and a little money to start them on their release from prison, and whose secrecy could be absolutely relied upon."

"Looked at like that, it appears possible; but it is rather risky to base conclusions upon mere possibilities," the secretary replied, with quiet cynicism.

"I don't—at least, not entirely. Warden Williams attempted to discover whether I had done any coining. He was remarkably genial until he learned that I had not, when he became surly almost to brutality. He was remarkably genial to Seventy-eight and Twenty-four, who were the oly men in Shashnal who did any coining. These two men were never in the labor yard. Why? They always looked pictures of health. Time after time I saw them enter or leave the entrance of the basement cells, at the side of the governor's house, which were condemned three years ago as unhealthy."

"Ah! we have something tangible in the use of the condemned basement cells," the secretary said thoughtfully. "That matter shall be inquired into at once. The best thing you can do is to send in your report, Captain Richmond, and then we can duly consider the matter."

He rose, blandly, and held out his hand.

Next day Captain Richmond received a check for his services. He tore it up in disgust, and then wished he had not. He was still debating in his mind whether he could ask for another check when he received an official document appointing him a queen's messenger.

For a time he was puzzled to know why he had been appointed. But he was not kept long in the dark, for he was called to the home office, where the secretary graciously apologized for having scouted the coining theory. Two prison commissioners had visited Shashnal to inquire why the basement cells were being used. It was denied that such was the case. The commissioners demanded to look over the basement. No one knew where the keys were. Other obstacles were put in the commissioners' path, but everything was overruled and the basement opened by force.

"Discoveries were made which left no doubt that your conclusion was only too accurately drawn," said the secretary, hovering between confidence and reticence. "The governor resigned before the commissioners left, and the deputy-governor was appointed as a stop-gap. The same evening a raid was made upon a pawnbroker's shop in Mile End, kept by Warden Williams' brother, and between £400 and £500 of base coin was found there. Strange to say, the police have been interested in that shop for some time, owing to the frequent complaints of sailors, who largely frequent it, that bad money had been there foisted upon them. The business was an excellent medium for passing the coins. We are inquiring what other methods were also adopted. Considerable changes will be made at Shashnal, but it is undesirable that the matter should become public knowledge," the secretary concluded. "The profits appear to have been very considerable, and the coins are really masterpieces of their kind."

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We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
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Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
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IS A SPECIALTY
WE PRINT—
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others.
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FIFTY HOURS' PIANO PLAYING.

A Milan correspondent tells of a doughty pianist named Bancia, who at Venice recently set himself to break the record of piano-playing so far as time is concerned. Apparently what the musician had to surpass was a forty hours' sitting at the instrument. This he undertook to do handsomely by hammering the keys for fifty consecutive hours, that appalling period being only broken by three short rests of ten minutes each. Incredible as it seems, this feat was duly accomplished in the presence of a committee of doctors and musicians.

NOT MEANT FOR A JOKE.

A member of the congregation named Knight died. On the Sunday following the funeral, when the members of his family—widow, sons, and daughters—dressed in deep mourning, sat in a front pew at church, to hear the funeral sermon and eulogy of the deceased, the unconscious humorist, the vicar, gave out as his text: "There shall be no night there." He was much scandalized when a subdued titter was heard at the back of the church.

REFUSE APPLES.

In one respect our farmers should make a prompt reform and that is in the neglect to use the apples that fall from the trees during the summer and autumn, and those that are, or should be, thinned during the summer. All these should be promptly turned into the cider mill, either for cider or for vinegar. Why have not more of our farmers small cider presses? The saving of wasted fruit will much more than pay the cost in a single year.

CURED BY A QUARREL.

One of the most singular cures for deafness ever recorded is quoted by the Independance Belge from the Dutch papers. An old man of seventy, living at Krommeme, who had been deaf for twenty years, got involved in a dispute with some neighbors and became literally transported with rage. In this semi-demented state he suddenly recovered his hearing, which he has retained ever since.

CHINA'S ARMY.

The regular army of China is said to consist of 325,000 men. Besides this, the Emperor's army, there is a national army of 650,000 men, who are paid about $1 a month, but in consideration of this munificence are required to feed themselves. The cavalry receive $3 a month, feed their own horses, and, if lost or killed, are required to replace them out of the pay given by the Government.

Mother—"Johnny, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here you sit in bed yet, while the sun has been up for hours." Johnny—"Yes, but the sun is warm, while I am always cold when I get up. There are different kinds of sons, and you've got them mixed up."

"Quack" doctor originally meant "quake" or ague doctor.