Board Works

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it. If the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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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.

HOW TO INVADE BRITAIN

GREAT SCHEME FOR THE LANDING OF 100,000 MEN.

Practically Impossible to Accomplish the Task With This Force.

An article in the Marine Rundschau, of Berlin, discusses the possibility of a successful invasion of England.

The author discusses a hypothetical scheme of invasion on the basis of landing 100,000 men, which would take 100 transports making on an average only twelve knots an hour, and extending, if grouped in four columns, over a length of five knots. Even if such a convoyed fleet got through a hostile attack, it could only be at the cost of heavy loss, which would weaken it, and, in any case, it would be practically impossible to blockade the whole English coast from the Thames to Plymouth, by which alone the operations of the transports could be secured from grave danger. Besides, Great Britain could easily bring up a fleet from another station if the one in the Channel were worsted.

IF THE FLEET WERE PASSED.

Finally the author assumes that the fleet has managed to slip through the enemy and begin unmolested the landing. Suppose it were safely effected, despite a simultaneous opposition from land and sea? What then?

"At a time when England had 15,000,000 inhabitants, and an army of relatively far less importance than now, Napoleon considered 100,000 men necessary for a war of invasion of England. Nowadays no higher total can be taken into consideration if the troops are to be shipped to England with a simultaneous landing, and whether with such a number, even if enjoying an absolutely unimpeded landing, it would be impossible to break British resistance is more than doubtful.

"Judgments over the capability of the British may differ, but not every one is inclined to unthinkingly endorse what a large part of the French and even of the German press have uttered on the subject. But even if suppositions of the kind that an invading army would only have to reckon with six divisions and

THREE CAVALRY BRIGADES

of the English regular army, and with volunteer and yeomanry formations of small fighting value, do not rest on a considerably depreciated estimate of British power of defence, has not one to count on the opposition of a nation of forty millions of people, a nation which in history, and even in history of most recent date, has given sufficient proof of the endurance with which it sustains the interest of the State and the policy of its leaders?"

The 100,000 men, the writer concludes, would be in the necessity of meeting a crushingly superior force and of living on the land, a land which, even in peace, produces so little, for they could not attempt to keep open their communications. Hence they would soon be driven to act on the defensive.

We learn from Berlin that the article, which is written in no anti-English spirit, is from the pen of a very capable young German officer, and represents the opinion of nearly all German naval officers.

THE MALICE OF JOHN MASON.

"She's only a worker's daughter, is my Kit, an' you are a rich man, Mr. Richwell, but she loves your son as fondly an' truly as any peer's daughter could, an' she'd make him a jolly sight better wife."

"That will do, Mason, I have heard quite enough about this nonsense," returned the iron-founder, severely. "I have been very patient about the matter so far—absurdly so. I am sorry, of course, your girl has formed this ridiculous attachment to my son, who is no doubt to blame to some extent——"

"He can't be blamed for loving Kit," Mason interrupted, with pride in his voice.

"But," continued Mr. Richwell in a loud tone, "the notion that my son—my son—should marry the daughter of one of my own employees is manifestly wild—anyone not blinded by maudlin sentiment, as my son and your daughter are, would realize in an instant that the whole thing is monumentally preposterous."

"An' class distinctions are to stand atween a man an' a girl whose happiness for life depends upon each other, eh?" said Mason, bringing his hand down with a bang upon his master's desk. "Class distinctions are to doom a man—a father of my age, nigh on fifty, to seeing her sweet face grow paler an' thinner, her heart heavier an' sadder every day until she slips out of my reach—she who is dearer than life to me, eh? Surely, man alive, if you have no soft feeling for my Kit, you've some consideration for your son—your own flesh and blood, your——"

"Confound your glib tongue! It is just because he is my flesh and blood that I cannot allow him to throw himself away on a laborer's girl!"

"I am not a laborer, Mr. Richwell; I am a skilled worker, the best in the foundry, an' we both know it. It's my brains that has made your money. Take care that it's not my brains that work your ruin."

There was something so significant in his tone and the delivery of the last sentence that Mr. Richwell looked up consciously. No one knew better than he how valuable were Mason's services to him, else the worker would have been dismissed on the spot for daring to plead that Hugh Richwell should be allowed to marry where his heart was bound.

Richwell's foundry might be said to be working on Mason's brains, for Mason had the true inventor's genius, and in every department he had introduced improvements of his own invention. He had never benefited a penny by so doing, while Richwell himself had reaped thousands.

"You needn't threaten me, Mason" the employer replied softly. "If you had come to me and asked for a rise in salary, I would have said 'yes, you deserve it.' But what you ask is impossible. If I can resist my son's pleadings I can certainly resist yours; and to you, as to him, I say, once for all, N—O!"

"Very well. Then I leave your employ. I am going over to Wilkins', an' with my brains in their foundry I'll undo the good I done you during these thirty years. Mark my words, Mr. Richwell, before my hair is quite white, Wilkins' will be where Richwells are to-day, an' I will be head of 'em."

"You're a very foolish fellow, Mason. You'd better stop with me."

"You can buy me, mind, body an' soul, for my Kitty's happiness, but not for less. Ever since I saw where her dear heart was going, I've been slaving, slaving to perfect an idea which would make me greater than you, so I could come to you as I have done, an' plead the lovers' cause knowing that you'd rue it if you refused me. You have, an' you will. Wilkins' haven't the spare cash to pay my price for my idea, so I go to them a partner, an' I know what my idea will make my partnership worth. Good-day, sir. I bear you no grudge; I play for my daughter's happiness, an' your son's, an' if I crush you in the process of humbling your pride the blame must rest on you."

Not wishing to be questioned upon what he had said, John Mason walked quickly out of the room before Mr. Richwell could speak.

He went straight to his little cottage home muttering: "Purse-proud ape, my Kit's worth any thirty gross of sons you could have," over and over again. At the low gate in the high hedge skirting his front garden, he came upon two figures he recognized immediately.

"Ay, an' what are you doing here now, my young sir?" he demanded of the man. "Didn't your father forbid you to come within a hundred miles of my daughter again, eh? An' haven't I jest come away from him after agreeing in the best possible manner that this young woman is far below your reach? Far, far, my young sir. Go home, an' forget her!"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, in a tone of great surprise, "I expected—don't laugh at us when we're so wretched. Mr. Richwell has threatened Hugh—threatened to turn him out of his home and leave him penniless unless he gives me up."

"I have left my father's house, Mr. Mason," said Hugh Richwell, stoutly, and without much regret. "I told him that I had made up my mind to marry Kit, and he replied that if that were so, I could leave his house at once and never look to him again for a penny or a word. I must make my own way in the world, that's all."

"I like your bounce, Mr. Hugh," Mason returned, "but you can't set up home an' live on nothing. Nor do I think either of you'd be really happy unless you had Mr. Richwell's consent. A man who defies his father takes a very serious step, Mr. Hugh. I say to you go home an' wait. I'm going to boss this show, an' if your father doesn't change his mind within a twelvemonth——"

"A twelvemonth!" cried the young man.

"How he goes!" Mason exclaimed. "Do you fancy now, that if you leave home an' start to make your own living, unused as you are to such a thing, you'll be in a position to marry, an' keep a wife in less than a year? Because I'm certain you won't."

The soundness of this argument could not be contested, and Hugh and Kit fell in with Mason's suggestion.

Late the same night it occurred to Mason that considering he had to deal with a resolute and daring man in Mr. Richwell, it would be wise to remove from the foundry all traces of the secret process of quick-hardening steel which was to buy him his partnership in Wilkins' and a good husband for his Kit.

Accordingly he set out for Richwell's without delay. He went straight to the "Shop" which his master had set apart for him to make his experiments in, and having gathered together all the papers relating to his great discovery, he commenced to destroy all those things which would afford anyone a clue as to the nature of his invention. He had almost finished his task, when in turning round towards a window he beheld an ashy face pressed to one of the panes, watching with eager eyes his movements. How long the face had been there he could not guess. But it was important to learn, for the face belonged to Mr. Richwell.

He sprang to the door, and caught his employer by the arm, and drew him gently, but firmly into the shop.

"How long have you been there, sir?" he asked, anxiously.

"How dare you assault me in this outrageous manner, you scoundrel!"

The answer, and Mr. Richwell's angry expression satisfied Mason. He knew his master well enough to feel certain that if he had been watching long enough to guess the nature of the hardening process, his answer would have been defiant instead of indignant, his expression exultant instead of angry.

"Come, Mr. Richwell," said Mason good-humouredly, taking up a roll of the papers he had collected, "I offer you these as the price of your consent to Mr. Hugh marrying my Kit. It's a discovery which will make you the richest iron-founder in the world, or beggar you by making Wilkins that. On the day Mr. Hugh weds my girl an' you attend the wedding wearing your best smile, I'll give this roll to you. Meantime, it shall not be opened. What do ye say? I'm not built to be a rich man; I only want enough to rub along with. What do ye say?"

"No, you scoundrel! I'd sooner see him dead first, if only because you have taken up this cause," Richwell replied, in a voice of thunder. "Get out of my workshop—out of my foundry. Go to Wilkins', and be hanged to you! They're on their last legs now. In six months you'll be without a job, cringing to my office for work, and I'll see you very much confounded before I take you on again. Out you go, now, or I'll call the watchman, and give you in charge for trespass!"

"Very well, Mr. Richwell," replied Mason, white with passion, but in the civilest manner. "Before my hair is white your eyes will open to the fact that marriage between Mr. Hugh an' my Kit's the most desirable thing in the world."

"Will you clear off my foundry?"

"I'm going now, sir, but I'll be back again before long, an' you won't speak to me like that then."

Next day Mason "went over" to Wilkins'.

* * * * * *

"The naval authorities have been experimenting with some new steel plates which are claimed to be greatly superior to any hitherto produced, and eighteen or twenty per cent. cheaper. In consequence of the success of the experiments, the Admiralty have placed with Messrs. Wilkins and Mason, of Rusper, a large order for these plates, which will be used in the construction of the five men-of-war shortly to be put down, and in all repairs to armor in future executed in H. M. dockyards. It is said that the contract obtained by Messrs. Wilkins and Mason is one of the largest given out for steel plates by the Admiralty for many years."

Mr. Richwell read the marked paragraph in a sort of stupor. It was contained in a copy of the Rusper Mirror, which had been directed to him in a handwriting he thought he recognized as that of John Mason, who eleven months before was his servant.

Eleven months! Mr. Richwell groaned. It seemed like eleven years so great was the change that had come upon him and his fortune in that short space of time.

"He hasn't played a fair game," he said aloud to himself, thinking bitterly of Mason. "I could have fought Wilkins', and held my own, if they hadn't undercut me on every possible occasion."

"There's more in it than that," returned Colonel Jenner, his friend and confidant, who had a small interest in Richwell's Foundry. "They produce a better, harder—much harder steel than you can, in a third of your time. The saving of time allows them to undercut everyone in the market, and yet make big profits and give a better article. I tell you, Richwell, you made a beastly ass of yourself—ruined yourself and hit me hard when you quarrelled with Mason. You should have bought his invention first—he'd have sold it for a song—and then quarrelled with him, if you had to."

"I know I should," said the founder, weakly.

"Wilkins' have taken up practically the whole of your market. Your output isn't a twentieth of what it was a year ago, and I've a very shrewd suspicion that you've been keeping the place in labor at a dead loss, merely to bluff Mason."

"Confound you! I don't want to know your shrewd suspicions. Find me some new capital, that's what I want you to do."

"I could find a cool million for Wilkins' in a week, Richwell, if they wanted it, but I wouldn't—couldn't induce anyone to put a penny in your concern as it's been going the last few months."

"It's the only way to save your money in the foundry, Jenner," Richwell said, very gravely. "I have not been open with you for your own sake. I will now be quite so." He opened a drawer at his side, and took out a sheaf of papers. "Do you know what these are? . . . Writs." He took up a long unaddressed envelope. "Do you guess what this is? . . . A bankruptcy petition against me for eight thousand and sixty pounds. It was filed a day or two ago on behalf of Sevil and Wrightson. Those writs are for over twenty thousand."

"Phew! This is fiendish! What the dickens have you been doing with the business?"

"Reaping the whirlwind of a man's malice," said Richwell, bitterly.

"But assets! What about assets?"

"Sufficient to pay twelve shillings in the pound on my liabilities, providing a purchaser can be found for these premises, and that he is foolish enough to pay what they cost me to erect."

"You'd better shut down at once."

Richwell leant sideways towards his friend, and laid a trembling hand upon his knee.

"Jenner, I shall have to this week-end," he said, with tears in his voice, "for I haven't enough cash at the bank to run the foundry for another six days."

"Phew! This is fiendish!"

"Wilkins' have shot up like a rocket, and I've fallen down like a stone. At sixty years of age, when I hoped and expected to retire from active business, I find myself where I started forty long years ago, penniless, humbled to the dust, friendless——"

"Excepting me, Richwell."

"Thank you, gratefully. My very house and lands are mortgaged. And all this has come about in about eleven months, through the genius of that brigand Mason!"

A knock fell on the door, which opened, and the cheery, kindly face of John Mason, of Messrs. Wilkins and Mason, looked in.

"Busy, Mr. Richwell? Oh, company! Never mind. I'll look in later."

"Come in, Mr. Mason," said Mr. Richwell, dreamily, indifferent. "It is a long time since I saw you here," he added, his thoughts going back to that fatal evening when he refused a fortune and began his own ruination.

"Tidish time, Mr. Richwell. Things have changed a lot since then. I believe we had a bit of a difference last time I was in the foundry, eh? Aye, pity. Let us forget that. We were younger then; more foolish. When can I see you privately on business, Mr. Richwell?"

"I'll see you again later Richwell," said Colonel Jenner, putting on his hat.

Richwell nodded, thoughtfully. He would have liked to have given his friend a hint to stay; he thought he knew what Mason had come for; but he was too worried, too wretched, to quite know how to do it without giving himself away to Mason. So the Colonel went.

"You wished to see me on business?" said Richwell, laying a slight stress on the last word.

"Aye, I sent you a paper this morning, with a paragraph marked——"

"I had it," said Richwell, icily.

"I thought it would help prepare the way for what I had to say. You see we're busy. We haven't room enough at the foundry to turn out a third of the orders coming in, much less tackle the Government contract at once, as we want to. We're building as fast as we can, but we can't run up a city in twelve hours."

A cold sweat broke out on Richwell's forehead. Was Mason going to offer to buy the foundry? It would be humiliating indeed, but it would enable him to meet his creditors.

"Well—er, I don't want to make myself offensive to you," continued Mason, awkwardly, "but you don't seem to have been up to your throat in contracts lately. I mean you're slack, could offer us practically a free foundry. I have put it to my partner, as a matter of form, that your foundry, being in full working order, yet capable of taking our overflow orders on would be worth a deal of money to us, as it would let us out of our corner."

"You want to buy the foundry as a going concern," said Richwell, his heart beating like a frightened woman's.

"No. I thought you and ours might amalgamate. You join us, and we make ourselves responsible for all your debts. We shall walk as one firm."

Richwell's ashy face quivered, his mouth twitched violently and tears forced themselves into his eyes.

"Do you mean that, Mr. Mason?"

"Aye, it's a business proposal."

"My foundry is stagnant."

"All the better; it can take more of our jobs."

"Twenty thousand pounds won't cover my liabilities."

"Pity, but if that's so it can't be helped."

"You do mean it then?"

"It's a plain business offer."

"It is not; it is the offer of a great man who, to humble a fool's pride, thrusts him to the gulf of ruin and then rescues him."

"That's not plain business; that's pure sentiment. If you come over to us, you must come at once. When can you come?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"That's business—settled. I'll arrange details with you later. See you again."

"Wait! Stop!"

Mason hesitated.

"Last time you were here, Mr. Mason, I insulted you, and you said when next you came here I wouldn't speak like that to you."

"And you haven't," said Mason, pleasantly.

"You offered me something that night."

"Stop a bit! I think I see where you are drifting. I brought my Kit along with me, guessing perhaps you might be interested to see whether she looked a respectable young woman or not, whether she was fit to marry a respectable young man who loves her almost as much as she loves him."

"Yes, yes. Ask her up—in here. Let me give her a blessing for Hugh's sake before my heart gives way."

"She's here, Mr. Richwell," said Mason softly, drawing his pretty Kit in from an adjoining room.

Mr. Richwell hurried towards her, and took her hand in his.

"Miss Mason," he said, "can you forgive me? I am coming to your wedding as one of your sincerest well-wishers, and the proudest, happiest of your friends."

"Thank you," she returned simply, blushing a little in her delight and surprise.

"Pity Hugh's not here," muttered Mr. Richwell.

"I'll find him," returned Mason, with boisterous good humor. "I saw him in the foundry as I came up." And he left Kit to seal his victory over Mr. Richwell.—Pearson's Weekly.

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.
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SUNSPOT PERIOD ENDED.

CONTINUED COOL WEATHER MAY BE EXPECTED.

Theory Advanced as to the Effect of Light Upon Our Temperature.

"Some people will say, 'Well, we have had a cool June; we will make up for it in July and August.' That is a wrong idea altogether, with nothing to justify its belief, as far as statistics of the past are concerned," remarked Mr. Stupart, Director of the Astronomical Observatory at Toronto. "On the contrary," he explained, "observations have done much to establish a marked persistency in the continuity of cold or warm weather throughout a whole season. As to the reason for this, there is nothing definitely known. We know exactly how it is that the weather is cold for a few days at a time; but that there is such persistency as has been recorded is a difficult problem, and one that the scientists of the world have been endeavoring to solve for a long time. That there will not be a solution in the near future, I would not like to say. In fact, the scientific world is now interested in a theory recently advanced by a Swedish scientist, which may probably bring the solution within the range of possibility. The reason that the weather was cool during June is because all the winds have been coming from the west and northwest. Last year, at this time, the weather was warm, because the winds came from the south, fetching with them warmth from the tropical region. In the order of things, therefore, it is not unlikely that our summer will remain comparatively cool, as they have always been in the past, when the temperature was low in June."

TYPES OF WEATHER.

"Looking back over the century," continued the director, "probably the coldest summer was in 1843. The two succeeding summers were also cold. Then the next cold seasons were in 1851 and 1852; then, again, in 1857, an extremely cold June, and one below the average in 1859. Ten years afterwards, there was a season about 4½ degrees below the average. Coming down later we had cold Junes in 1881 and 1889, but that in the latter was followed by a warm July. This is the first cold June since then. In June, 1816, the temperature was the lowest of any on record. That is known among weathermen as the 'summerless year.' There was no record kept in Canada then, but we have them from Philadelphia, showing that the temperature here was about 6 or 7 degrees below the average, which would not mean that there was snow on the ground the whole of the season, as many contend. The weather that year in England was almost as cold as it was in the United States. So we find, in going over the century, that cold seasons do occur at intervals, but the cause to us is yet a conundrum.

"Within the past few years, a large number of meteorologists," said Mr. Stupart, "have been endeavoring to discover whether there is any connection between the sun-spot period and meteorological changes, and there is some reason to believe that, ultimately, we will find there is a very close connection. From my own records, for some years, it is obviously the case that rain and snowfalls are greater in the years immediately following the sun-spot minimum. The sun-spot period is 11 years, and the minimum is just about over, so that, in accordance with this theory, we are likely to have rain falls this season greater than the average, and, consequently a low temperature. And this will very probably continue for two or three seasons, in view of the recognized persistency in any particular type of weather. We have had four Junes in succession above the average temperature, and it is very likely we will have four seasons below the average now."

EFFECT OF LIGHT.

"The theory advanced by Arrhenius, the Swedish scientist, recently, connecting light with changes in the temperature," remarked Mr. Stupart, "is receiving a good deal of attention just now, as it is something new, and is exceedingly interesting. He says that not only is the sun the source of those eruptions of ordinary matter which form the prominences upon him, but we have every reason to believe that he must emit streams of electrically charged corpuscles, both directly as a hot body and indirectly, since the electrical discharges (which, according to all terrestial analogies, must accompany the violent chemical actions going on near his surface) will, when they take place in the higher and rarer regions of his atmosphere, give rise to cathode rays, and these in turn, to Roentgen rays. The negatively charged corpuscles are pre-eminently fitted to serve as nuclei for the condensation of the ordinary matter. Hence these particles of the latter, which, having more than the critical diameter, fall back to the sun, will carry back a negative charge to him; while those which have less than the critical diameter will carry a negative charge off into space. The latter proceed radially from the sun above the regions of sun-spots with rapidly increasing speed, which, however, may be shown to approach a finite limit. If they encounter another body, such as the earth, they charge its outer atmosphere negatively, and when this charge reaches a certain value, it will begin to repel them. The oncoming rush will be deflected, and stream past the earth on each side in hyperbolic orbits. It is contended that the rain drops form around these 'particles smaller than atoms,' as many define the minuteness of matter, and consequently form clouds, and, therefore, affect the temperature.

IMPORTANCE OF DETAIL.

As to what will be the outcome of the investigation going on, with a view of connecting meteorological with atmospherical conditions, Mr. Stupart entertains strong hopes that it may be possible to outline the general character of coming seasons. He does not believe that lunar influence has an appreciable effect on terrestial weather, but it is to solar influences we must look, in order to get within measureable distance of a solution of this very intricate problem.

With regard to short range forecasts for two or three days, an improvement is likely to occur concurrently with increased knowledge of the whole subject, but the accuracy will always depend much on the aptitude of the forecast official to observe minor details.

Mr. Bloobumper—"My boy, Bennie, is getting to be a good artist." Mr. Spatts—"Is he?" Mr. Bloobumper—"He drew a picture of a hen which was so true to Nature that when I threw it in my waste-basket it laid there."

Could Scarcely Straighten Up
On Account of Severe Pains in Small of Back—Deranged Kidneys the Cause of Trouble.
KIDNEY LIVER PILLS.
A great many people who suffer from backache, lame back and pains in the limbs think they have rheumatism and that there is no cure for them. At least nine cases in every ten can be cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mrs. Lessard was badly crippled before she began the use of this great kidney medicine. Here is her letter:—
Mrs. J. Lessard, 150 Aqueduct street, Montreal, Que., states:—"My main trouble was with my back, which was very weak, and whenever I stooped I could hardly straighten up again on account of the severe pains which would catch me in the small of the back. Believing that my ailment was caused from deranged kidneys I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and to-day I am all right again. This medicine seemed to act directly on the kidneys and as a result improved my health generally. The distressing pains in my back have entirely disappeared and I feel real strong and well."
Mrs. Ross, 100 Manitoba street, St. Thomas, Ont., states:—"I had a very weak back, and at times suffered very much from severe pains across the small of my back. Believing these to be caused by derangements of the kidneys, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This treatment seemed to be exactly what I required, for it was not long before the pains entirely left me, and I was quite strong and well again. We have also used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for the children when they had coughs and colds, and I never knew it to fail to relieve the trouble at once."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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