

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in the form of a newspaper by the earliest mails of that day.

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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, first insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements are taken at the rate of \$5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Westmorland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers.

Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904

D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

The Case of the Mannings

I was in my old friend Sergeant Ballantine's chambers one day when, rummaging in a drawer, he suddenly produced something which he tossed to me.

"What do you think of that?" he asked. "It was a woman's rather worn black silk glove, with four little pearl buttons at the wrist—a glove so slim that I could easily pass it through the signet ring of any of his wearer had been long and tapering."

"It is a relic of one of my early cases," he observed. "The glove filled that glove had a terrible history connected with it."

It had belonged to the notorious Maria Manning. "A tall, dark, fashionably dressed lady was standing one August afternoon at the door of a house in Greenwood Street, London. With her delicately gloved hand she knocked and rang impatiently."

"Is Mr. O'Connor in?" she asked, as the door opened. "Mr. O'Connor was out," the lady returned. "I am waiting for him."

She returned to her sitting-room, to which she was shown. The lady's name was Maria Manning, and she and her husband were intimate friends of Mr. O'Connor, a somewhat wealthy office in the Customs.

"Then how is it that your papers are like this?" asked the officer, pointing to an open box of documents scattered in confusion. The landlady shook her head.

"It looks as if some stranger had been rummaging," went on the detective. "Who was in the room since Mr. O'Connor left?"

"The landlady could remember no one else's visitor, the Swiss lady—Mrs. Manning. In a few minutes the detectives were on their way to Mr. Manning's residence, a little house in Miniver Place, Bermondsey."

The most vigorous knocks at the door failed to bring any answer. And at last one of the neighbors informed the detective that Mr. Manning had left the house some days previously, having sold their furniture "all in a hurry."

"Mrs. Smith, sir!" A tall, handsome, well-dressed, dark lady was ushered by a clerk into the office of an Edinburgh shareholder of the Royal Exchange. She had a few shawls in the Amiens and Boulogne Railway, she explained, of which she wished to dispose.

"A tall, dark, fashionably dressed lady was standing one August afternoon at the door of a house in Greenwood Street, London. With her delicately gloved hand she knocked and rang impatiently."

"The reason of this visit is what?" she asked, standing before him calmly and dignified. "I have reason to believe, Mrs. Manning, that you are one of the murderers of the gentleman named O'Connor."

"Certainly! With pleasure! You are quite welcome!" answered the imperturbable Mrs. Smith, handing him a bunch of keys. "Ten minutes' search in Mrs. Manning's boxes amply revealed her identity as the lady they were hunting for."

"He had left Miniver Place, so the police learnt, two days later than his wife. By all accounts, he was a man of mean ability; but it is a fact, confirmed by the experience of the best English and French detectives, that he was a cunning fellow."

"We've got a queer chap down here, lodging near Baumeau," confided one of the publicans to a detective, who was staying at a cottage. Drinks brandy near enough to drown him. Stops in doors most part of the day—and no one thinks of looking at his head."

"What is he like?" asked the officer eagerly. "The publican described him. In some respects the description was that of Manning, and the detective resolved to make the responsibility upon himself of making an unexpected descent upon the visitor."

"I am a detective," said the officer to the best man who opened the door to his knock. "You may be a lodger here. I believe he is one Manning, who is wanted for murder."

"The old man led the way along a passage to a door. The detective followed him, and he opened the door, and entered the room. In a corner of the room a man in bed raised himself on his elbow, and stared towards the intruder with a white, startled face."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he cried. "I am a detective," replied the stranger, stepping swiftly to his bedside, and holding the candle so that its beams fell full upon the awakened man's face. "And you are George Frederick Manning, is that right?"

rest you for the willful murder of Mr. Patrick O'Connor!" A handgrip, pitiful villain, Manning appeared, pale and trembling, in the dock at the Old Bailey. His wife, in a black satin dress with a colored shawl round her shoulders, and a handsome white lace veil, was pale and calm—a handsome tigress, as the spectators declared.

"It was she who prompted the crime! It was she who brought me to stand here. I took your pity, and thought you would take vengeance on her!"

Such, shortly, was the defence Manning made by his counsel. The eyes of the pale, dark-haired woman with the firm-set mouth beside him in the dock flashed as she listened. On her behalf Ballantine made one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard at the Old Bailey. But what could avail her? What could avail him?

"Base, shameful England!" she cried. "I am a foreigner, and you turn me like a wild beast of the forest!"

A few weeks later the two were executed. Undaunted to the last, Mrs. Manning, dressed in a simple, sensible, care, she stepped firmly to the dock, while Manning was hardly equal to walking to the gallows.

"Rescue of the Drowning. Some Rules that May be of Use to the Life-Saver. If a good swimmer uses common sense his only peril is the cramps."

The chances of his getting cramps in the stomach are greatly increased if he remains in the water for an hour and a half after eating a meal. A stomach loaded with food acts like a weight of lead.

Cramps in the legs or arms are not nearly so dangerous. If a good swimmer is in the water, he should keep his legs straight and his arms close to his body. He should also keep his head above water.

Do not swim with your burden if help of any sort is within sight. There is no use taxing your strength. If you are in the water, you should try to get out of it as soon as possible. If you are in a boat, you should try to get out of it as soon as possible.

Do not swim with your burden if help of any sort is within sight. There is no use taxing your strength. If you are in the water, you should try to get out of it as soon as possible.

THE GROWTH OF PLANTS

of liquid to shut off the invisible rays have been found better. The invisible glow of the sun's rays has also been tried at West Virginia with success. M. Deherain, at Paris, found that the invisible rays were most injurious from a 2000 candle power lamp unless shut off by glass.

Professor Bailey considers that it is well established that maturity and ripening can be greatly hastened by artificial light, and that plants are not injured by "want of rest," but considers that there are many problems connected with the production of plants from too much light, and the prevention of too rapid seedling and early maturity.

As usual, there were many objections to the proposal. A sort of humanitarianism was shown on behalf of the poor plants themselves. To make them grow right and true would give them no rest, and they would be overworked.

There is no national debt. There is a national debt, only a tenth as large as that of Austria. The ruling prince gives freely for the people, the people out of his huge private fortune. So far from deriving any revenue from his principality he pays liberally for the pleasure of holding it.

Following the close of the war between Austria and Prussia, in which Liechtenstein allied itself with Austria, there came another grave protest. The citizens were weary of the expense of a standing army, an army which, consisting of a single man, with a Captain and a trumpeter, had bravely marched to the scene of hostilities, but too late to arrive before the war had ended.

There is now a written Constitution. There is a little Parliament of fifteen members. Three members are named by the Prince. Twelve are elected by the people, every man in Liechtenstein over 24 years of age having a vote. The little body meets a quarter of an hour for a sitting, once in every year, and remains in session for a few days, engaged in the very attenuation of discussion of petty things.

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THE PREAKS OF BULLETS

Wonderful X-rays Have Saved Hundred of Lives Already. Army Surgeon's Interesting Experience.

It is perfectly true, I believe, that the Japanese soldier is using a bullet smaller calibre than has ever been used before in war, said an Army surgeon to the writer, and it is no doubt equally true, as reported, that Russian soldiers shot clean through the body with one of these tiny bullets might go on fighting for hours and scarcely even know that they have been hit; but when they tell us that these bullets often leave no marks of entry or exit—well, I draw the line there.

The modern bullet is a very remarkable thing, and its further development, which witnessed in the late American-Spanish War, I should say if I had not seen them with my own eyes. Take this case for example. One man was shot completely through the body from side to side by a Mauser bullet; both lungs were traversed, but he had no symptoms, not even bleeding, and all that was visible was a tiny red spot where the bullet had entered the body and a similar tiny spot where it had come out.

No, I scarcely think a man could survive if he were shot through the heart, though it is conceivable that he might die of a heart attack, or that the heart just as it was drawn hard together in its closest contraction; if the heart were on the other beat, and therefore distended and softer it would be more likely to escape.

DEATH MUST ENSE. I recall one case where a man was shot through the breast on the left side, the bullet entering about the nipple and passing out at the back, shattering the shoulder-blade. In this case the surgeons all agreed that the bullet had passed through the pericardium and into the heart, and that more than one declared that the heart itself had been penetrated. Oh yes, the man lived right enough—in his life was never in any danger.

Talking about freaks of bullets, in one case I remember the bullet entering the left chest, passing through the body and out at the abdomen, then went through the air for a foot or so and landed in the right thigh, about half-way to the knee. In another case, a bullet was wound up at the shoulder by a Mauser bullet, which ploughed its way around the chest under the deep muscles and lodged in the left arm, shattering the humerus. This was a puzzler—a wound in the right shoulder, but no bullet; the bone of the left arm broken, but no bullet. Thanks to the X-rays, the bullet was located in sixty seconds.

What hundreds of lives these wonderful rays must have saved already. It is a miracle, and what a relief! Instead of spending hours, it may be, in probing for a bullet and perhaps never finding it, the X-rays will discover it for us with unfailing accuracy in a few seconds or minutes—the time ranging from five seconds for a wound in the hand to perhaps a quarter of an hour for a bullet deeply embedded in the body.

THE MODERN BULLET. is, as I have said, a most remarkable thing, and indeed, an unaccountable one. If you fire a Mauser bullet into a bag of sand, a can of soda, or a dead body, the shattering effect is terrible, but fire at a living body and a similar bullet will pass through it as if it were water, leaving two tiny marks of entry and exit and boring a hole as neatly through a bone as if it had been drilled.

Mauser bullets fired experimentally into the skulls of dead men splintered them into fragments, and yet they pass through the skulls of a living man, leaving just two tiny holes. It is a puzzle, too, that a man may be shot through the brain and live to tell the tale, though nearly all the brains of men are shot through, chiefly through the poisoning of foreign matter brought into the brain with the bullets.

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MEAN TRICKS OF BIRDS

Cheaply Earns Reputation for Virtue. Cuckoo Is a Murderer, Thrush a Song Pirate, and the Dove a Humbug.

The truth is, however, that for sheer blackguardism, depravity, and rank vulgarity, the bird kingdom would be hard to beat. It is generally the birds that enjoy the best reputations amongst average people, too, that are really the most despicable, says Pearson's Weekly.

Take the cuckoo, for instance, who enjoys such universal popularity for the sole reason that he sings the easiest and one of the dullest songs in the bird music catalogue. He is a ruffian and a boaster. His cuckoo cry, which means that it has come to tell us the glad tidings of Spring, but is simply an announcement to other birds that trouble is about to begin.

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Another mean trick adopted by the cuckoo is to steal the eggs of other birds, and to hatch them, and to rear the young in the nest of some other bird that comes handy, generally selecting that of a hard-working bird with a large family of its own to keep.

CUCKOOS MAKE FALSE LOVE. This bird, of course, being generally the most despicable of the bird kingdom, it is not surprising that he should be a ruffian and a boaster. His cuckoo cry, which means that it has come to tell us the glad tidings of Spring, but is simply an announcement to other birds that trouble is about to begin.

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BRITISH SHIPS SUPREME

Sailing Vessels Being Displaced by Steamships. England's remarkable position as the world's carrier has seldom perhaps been more conspicuously illustrated than during the present Russo-Japanese war.

England's remarkable position as the world's carrier has seldom perhaps been more conspicuously illustrated than during the present Russo-Japanese war. Nearly all the vessels stopped by the Russian privateers have been British.

Those who still love the old sailing ship will regret to leave the progress of elimination is still being steadily carried out. In just over three years the figures of the sailing ships owned by the United Kingdom have decreased from 1,894 vessels of 1,727,687 tons to 1,537 of 1,392,132 tons.

According to "Lloyd's Register of Shipping," 1904-5, 7,599 steamers of 13,900,000 tons and 1,537 sailing vessels of 1,392,132 tons are owned by the United Kingdom. If to these we add those belonging to the other countries of the British Empire, we have a total of 1,017,248 tons.

Germany owns 1,483 steamers of 2,891,869 tons, and is followed by the United States with 1,266 steamers of 2,440,794 tons. Norway has in recent years displaced France from third place as far as number of ships goes, and now aggregates 1,038 steamships with a tonnage of 1,017,248.

France, however, has the greater tonnage of 1,252,527 tons in 25 steamships. Fifth in tonnage is Spain, and in order after that come Japan, Holland, Russia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and Italy. A great advance has been made in the past few years by Austria, and she has now gone from twelfth place to ninth. Italy has fallen from sixth to twelfth.

The world's shipping totals are 18,467 steamers of 28,632,684 tons, and 10,823 sailing vessels of 6,155,505 tons. Of these, 8,787 steamers of 14,866,527 tons and 2,163 sailing vessels of 1,714,318 tons are British—if the colonies are included.

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