

BUSINESS NOTICE.
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Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line per week, for 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 therefor with the publisher.
The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Westmorland, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, 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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R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
Solicitor Conveyancer Notary Public, Etc.
Chatham, N. B.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine
and Iron
THE BEST TONIC AND
-BLOOD MAKER-
50c Bottles
We guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Had or Coal which I can furnish
at Reasonable Prices.
STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR
STOVES at low prices.
PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Blks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers, the
best of the Japanese. I stamped and
run in red brass, all of
the best stock, which I will sell low
for cash.
A. G. McLean, Chatham.

Insurance.
SCOTTISH UNION AND
NATIONAL,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON & LANCASHIRE
LANCASHIRE
ETNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION,
PHENIX OF LONDON,
MANCHESTER.
Mrs. Jas. G. Miller.

WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE
For Sale
Laths
Paling
Box-Shooks
Barrel Hoopings
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,
THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

Mark You!
We have the BEST Studio, BEST
assistants and the largest and most
complete EXPERIENCE, and use only
the BEST materials and therefore
produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or
POOR we aim to please every
one.
-IF YOU WANT-
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes
Come and See Us
Messers' Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

WE DO
Job Printing
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads,
Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
Printing For Saw Mills
SPECIALTY
WE PRINT
ON WOOD, LINEN, COTTON, OR
PAPER WITH EQUAL FACILITY.
Come and see our Work and
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Mackenzie's Advance Job Printing Office
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THE FALLACY
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He was inquisitive, but the desire to
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In a brief space the crowd about
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Cranfield's face.
He had seen her before—once be-
fore. That point alone wrought self-
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"Extremely pretty, sarcastic, and
a trifle cold."
He screwed in his eyes and
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"May I have the pleasure?"
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The carpet of the passage was very
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He arranged the cushions on the
divan, and she sat down.
"Do you believe in intuition?" he
asked suddenly.
"I felt afraid of what he was going
to say. He felt that his
chances, his honor—he used the word
bodily—all simple things were
drifting from him like a mirage.
"Have you ever heard of a man
going off his head in a single
night?" he asked at last.
"She looked up at him; and behind
the uneasiness in her eyes he felt
that she was measuring him inch
by inch.
"I'd like to ask you something,"
she said, "if you will mind."
She glanced down, and then once
more glanced up.
"I want you to tell me your
name."
He met her gaze in blank sur-
prise. It was hard to be rebuked;
it was inhuman to be forgotten—
especially when the memory in six weeks
of a man's name is so easily
obliterated. "You've been puzzling me
whole night," she said. "Of course,
I know that you're coming from
Tommy's; but what friend of
Tommy's is it that you're talking
where I met you?" She broke off
suddenly and looked at him once
more. "Please do enlighten me. I'm
just dying to know."
"I suppose you're laughing at
me," he said. "I suppose you think
because you're so—so horribly pretty
you can turn a man's head just as
soon as you like. But let's not
sport. But let's not sport; at least
not to me. I'm handicapped every-
where."
The music of the next dance be-
gan. It appeared distant and much
softer. His balance and nerve
seemed lost. He rose slowly.
"At least," he said, grasping at
the last straw, "at least say that
member giving me tea—Bisshopp
and me, one day soon after you
came back from your honeymoon."
She watched him curiously. Then
an expression—the dawning of a
smile—stole into her eyes. She
clasped her hands, and the smile
crept very slowly from her eyes to
her mouth.
"How delicious!" she said. "How
perfectly delicious!" But how
absurd!
Cranfield was fidgeting with his
programme. At her words he sud-
denly tore it in two.
She glanced at him, and there was
a glow like firelight in her eyes.
"I don't think," she said, delib-
erately, "that I ever gave you my
tea. I'm not Daisy, you know; I'm
Daisy's sister. We are horribly
like, and I always keep forgetting.
Please forgive me—it's been all my
fault."
The swish of the dancers and the
thrill of the waltz came to Cran-
field. He was the accompaniment
to her tangling thoughts.
He passed his hands across his
forehead, brushing away many things.
Then, for the first time that night,
he smiled.
"Might I—?" He halted.
"Your eyes met."
He suddenly bent near, so near
that his breath touched her cheek.
"Might I—?" Just to let her
hear that he was not alone.
When it came, was a whisper—one
of those inaudible mysteries that
never really place. To this day
Cranfield insists that it was "yes,"
but Mrs. Cranfield in quite per-
sistently determined that it was
"no."
"This fundamental provision for
the enforcement of the law is not
only not complied with in most
localities, but in the city of Tor-
onto it has been entirely overlooked by
the Mayor and the Medical Health
Officer."
BREAKING HIM IN.
The momentous question, "What
shall we make little George?"
"I've thought of a plan!" ex-
claimed the father at last. "We
must get him some useful toys—
nothing like watching the toys a
boy is most fond of to find out his
mind. Get him a toy steam engine,
press, a steam engine, a box of
paints, a chest of tools, and any-
thing else you can think of to find
out what his tastes are."
"Very well, my dear," said Mrs.
Brown, "I'll get them this morn-
ing. But on the succeeding evening Mrs.
Brown greeted Brown with a very
puzzling expression.
"I got all those things," she said,
"Yes; well? And what does he
like best?"
"I don't know. He's smashed
them all up!"
"I thought Mrs. Brown's puzzling
expression was reflected in Mr.
Brown's face.
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