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When the ladies had withdrawn Mr. Est-
field seemed more cheerful than might have
been expected of a tradesman who had just
been the subject of so severe a loss. He re-
quested a note to Captain Heaton, informing him
of the event of the afternoon, and concluding
with the statement that in his opinion the
loss was the time of his life. Mr. Estfield
Butterfield had a rather extensive and pecu-
liar business. He had already twice dis-
posed of the jewellery he had sold to
Harry Wynne, and was having in each case
parted with it to a wealthy and inexperi-
enced young gentleman, and in each case
repurchased it from the Delilah to whom
the wealthy and inexperienced young gen-
tleman had presented it, he now felt him-
self on velvet. His terms for selling and
his terms for buying were naturally very
different, and he had the satisfaction of
knowing that whatever came out of the
latest transaction came as pure profit. The
wealthy and inexperienced young gen-
tleman who had already owned the ornaments
were, like their successors, proteges of the
good Captain Heaton, whose introduction
to expensive trade was effected through the
service of the gilded youth, his friends.

Lady McCordale and Mrs. Brotherton
drove straight to the house of Lord Homes.
His lordship was at home and received her
ladyship without a moment's delay. The
horrible story was told, with interjunc-
tions and exclamations of the most
denunciations and uplifting of the hands.
Surely such a prodigious orphan had never
hitherto been heard of in the history of the
world. The trio of ladies rose and went
and shrill, and the three went with each
other in condemnation of the young man's
heartlessness, his infidelity, his filiality,
and all he had done and would not do.
When they had done with him the common
cannon of scandal might have been de-
clined to pick at his faults. There is nobody
who can malign a youthful wrongdoer like
the elders of his own blood.

His lordship, who was not an active man
as a rule, was for prompt and vigorous ac-
tion. The confidential old family butler
was sent for and despatched to Mr. Fer-
gusson's office in the city in Lady McCor-
dale's own carriage, with instructions to re-
turn immediately with Mr. Wynne. Per-
taining the young man's arrival they slew
his three-sister character again and again,
and by the time he came they were in such
a state of solemn, wrathful awe at his
wickedness as they could find no words for
him. Lord Homes, as representing modern
youth, was not so much shocked as the
family sublime head, took the part of the
youth in hand. He stood upon the heart-
break, with one hand behind his coat-tails
and the other thrust into his waistcoat, in
that attitude of natural dignity he had
been wont to assume before his constituents,
and in the House. The ladies, in their out-
door attire, sat at either side of him.

"Young man," said Lord Homes, "we
have sent for you in order to give you an
immediate opportunity of explaining a
transaction which bears upon its face indis-
putable evidence of the blackest turpitu-
de."

"In that case," the criminal retorted, "it
may be hardly worth explaining. Your
lordship was good enough not to know me
when last we met. I thought it possible
that you might have wished to make an
apology."

"At this daring speech, which indicated a
wickedness beyond his years, Mrs. Broth-
erton shrieked, violently, and became rigid.
Her ladyship frowned in her chair, and gave
out an inarticulate note of contempt and
anger. Lord Homes withdrew the hand
which had rested on the young man's arm,
and magnificently waved the accused to
silence.

"Your insolence," he said, "can serve no
object. It is useless to say that it is in-
advisable to accuse the young man who has
already been accused by the family feeling and
the family pride, a feeling, a character, and
which are not accustomed to be dragged through
the humiliating dust of base intrigue, or
Harry relieved him from a dilemma, for
his lordship positively saw no fitting close
to his period.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Will you be so
good as to tell me what I have done? I
may be better able to accept your denuncia-
tions afterwards."

The young man was sore against his titled
relative, and thought he had a right to be.
Lord Homes had publicly insulted him, and
brought a cause that he himself could trace,
and the boy had no more idea of the mean-
ing of his lordship's oratorical greeting than
the man in the moon might have had.

Lady McCordale said, "I have heard of
suppression himself by an heroic effort."
"Has just returned here from the shop of
Mr. Butterfield, a jeweller, in Conduit
Street." The criminal turned a little white
at this, and winced. He had thought that
his punishment enough for his past recklessness
that he should have to pay something
like a thousand pounds for the loss of his
interest on three hundred, and he had not
counted on the humiliation of discovery.

"He had been enough to know that he had
been a fool, and that he had lost his
crippled his own resources. "She has
learned there," pursued his lordship, "that
you are infamous, and that you have sold
the objects you purchased there out of the
shop, but one destination. You pretend, sir,
to aspire to the hand of an innocent and
charming young lady, and in the same hour
grading selfishness in standing in that
young lady's way to wealth and an honour-
able position; you profess yourself to be
indignified by a loss and a quarrel, and in
the same hour with all this you pursue
an intrigue with some vile and
abominable woman whom you hide from the
eyes of your family and of the world."

"That is absolutely untrue, sir," Harry
answered, "thundered his lordship.
"Lady McCordale and Mrs. Brotherton
have with their own eyes beheld the evi-
dence of your infamy."
The young man's countenance boiled, but he re-
strained himself, and indeed the thought
that he was stabbing at him through
Intina so sickened him a moment later that
he had need rather to hold his tongue than
to speak. For a mere instant the thought
assailed him that the construction Lord
Homes put upon his purpose was man-
ufactured for the hearing of the ladies, and
was too natively just-minded to hold that
supplication long. He had to admit that the
charge looked probable.

"Very well," her ladyship responded,
rising and drawing her furs about her.
You understand, Mr. Wynne, that In-
tina is my sister, and I shall permit you to
hold no further intercourse with her, and
I desire that in future you will not ad-
dress me or claim acquaintanceship in any
way."

"Be good enough," interjected his lord-
ship, "to consider our knowledge of each
other at an end. If you have any hope
that your family will assist you in this
shameful matter I take upon myself to say
that to whatever extremities you may be
pushed, that hope is, and will remain, in-
famous."

After this there was nothing left but to
go with what dignity was possible, and the
Pariah, thus solemnly ejected from the
family circle, went away without a word.

CHAPTER VI.
Four or five hours had gone by before he
could properly be said to think of anything.
He walked unconsciously straight back to
his chambers, and sat there in his gloves
and hat, sternly surveying a wild whirl of
incoherent and incongruous fancies. He
was like one dazed by a heavy blow on the
head, too stunned to feel his own pain. It
occurred to him often that he took things
very easily, and once he said, with Hamlet,
that he was pious, and that he was
lacked gall to make oppression bitter. He
could not even find energy to be angry at
the epithets Lord Homes had hurled upon
him, nor even a stranger still - to care
greatly about Intina's wounded heart when
she should hear the calumny. Bit by bit
the pain sharpened, the stunned feeling
cleared away, and his mind got to work
again. He began to think that it inevitable
that on the evidence against him Intina
must believe him guilty. He told himself
that nothing in the world should persuade
him that she was unfaithful to him in a
thought, and out of his own loyalty he
brevetted a cordial and sincere effort
to cheer his failing heart a little. Its effect
was transitory; it evened against him
was too strong, but that could he do but
believe that which everybody about her be-
lieved? He was forbidden her presence,
and he knew how, with the exception of
himself, as everybody hailed his seeming down-
fall. They would press Humphrey Frost
and his millions upon her now, and perhaps,
in the sore desperation of her heart, she
might accept. "I shall not," he said, "I
down his room like a beast in pain. It is
hard to be young and alive from head to
heel, and to be thus fettered by the impos-
sibilities, to stand behind invisible bars, and
youth which has no passage, and to see
the soul's desire borne, passionately weep-
ing, away. His own impotence weighed
him, like a twisted axe in a wound. He
was helpless, helpless, helpless! He could
do nothing.

Yes. One thing at least he could do.
He could write to Intina, and tell her the
whole truth from top to bottom. It was
humiliating, but by contrast with the lie
the truth looked heavenly bright. He had
been to blame, foolishly, wickedly to blame,
but he was no inmate of the sty where
Lady McCordale's fancy saw him, the
vice place of Intina's mind, to be told of as
natural habitat. True to her? How could
he be otherwise than true to her? All pur-
ity, truth and goodness as she was. Could
he leave her to have the worst of it, and
eyes and the sweet wisdom of her hands?
That was a physical repulsion, a nau-
seating sickness, in his fancy. He was
faithful to the core; no faithful
that fidelity was not a virtue to him.
Intina meant the axe, and outside and be-
hind there was no woman in the world
to him.

It was only when he began to look for
writing materials that he became aware of
the fact that he still wore his gloves.
He gave a little mirthless chuckle at
the discovery, and removed them. Then
he sat down, and began to write. He
filled about half a sheet with protestations
of truth and love, and when he had
finished the letter, he held it in his hand,
and looked at it with a kind of horror.
The blood and passion, all the heat and
fervor, seemed to have stopped short at
his finger-tips. Not a tone of the wild
kaleidoscope splendors of his heart
had touched the paper. It stared, blank,
cold, and meaningless. He tore it up,
and across and threw it into the fire-grate,
and began anew, with the same chilling re-
sult. He did not know how the night
went by, but the noise of the fire-fall
and the plash of the mournful rain outside
were part of him. Many and many a time
afterwards the noise of the fire-fall
brought back that time so vividly that his
heart ached at them with the memory of
his own pain.

At length, when he seemed to have cast
all the sorrows out of his heart and brain,
his thoughts ran clear. He wrote a letter,
brief and laud, in which he told, as well
and clearly as another knowing all the cir-
cumstances could have told it for him, the
story of his entanglement. He did not
touch upon his own foolishness, but he closed
with a humble hope that it would be for-
gotten, and that his lesson would last for his
life-time.

He looked up, and lo! the day had
dawned outside already. He drew up one
of the blinds, and looked out upon the
street. A solitary policeman paced, gleam-
ing there in his oilskin cape, and a fog
rolled about the roofs of the houses and
obscured the chimney-pots opposite. The
desolate silence weighed like lead, but he
left the blinds open, and he felt a great
great keenness of feeling left. He
threw himself upon the sofa, and in a while
fell soundly asleep.

The entrance of the house porter with
broom and dustpan failed to awake him,
but on the man's return with breakfast
and Harry came out of his dream. He looked
at the letters written as they lay upon the
table, and turned them over with negligent
eyes. He caught sight of Intina's
writing. A great shock went through him,
and he knew that he held the news of his
fate in his own hands. He tore the en-
velope, and the first thing he read as he
saw him, and shot warm conviction of
safety through him from head to heel.

My Dearest Harry, - I do not believe a
word of the wicked and shameful story that
Lady McCordale has told me. She says
that we are not to meet again, and that
that will make no difference to me, and I am
sure that it will make no difference to you.
You must be brave, dear, and hope and
have patience. I dare not wait to write
more. - Yours ALWAYS,

"ISTHIA."
He kissed that brave message a hundred
times, and hugged it, and kissed it again.
Create! Lord, loyal heart, the peerless
creature! In spite of fog, rain, smoke, and
wind, the wide world beamed with sun-
shine. He dashed joyously into his bed-
room, and he sang as he sang with rollicking
songs of song plucked into his tub, and
emerged from it like a radiant young giant.
He dressed, and sat down to breakfast
with an exquisite refreshment. His inner man
reminded him now that he had forgotten to
dine the day before. He rang for more
eggs, and a further supply of devilled kid-
ney, and made an excellent breakfast. He
did care about Lord Homes and Lady
McCordale and Mrs. Brotherton now that
their suspicions had no longer power to vex
him. He sang that the whole family sym-
phony might go to Hong Kong, might go to
Hong Kong, might go to Hong Kong for
him. You would have been hard put to it
to find a happier young man in London.

In this joyful mood he was preparing for
his daily journey to the city, when the
house porter brought him a letter addressed
in a hand unknown to him. The messenger
who had brought it was instructed to wait
for a response. Harry glanced first at the
envelope, and found that the missive came
from Captain Heaton.
"My dear boy," it ran, "for Heaven's
sake come round to me at once. Do not
lose a moment. It is a matter of the most
urgent consequence to yourself."
Wondering what this might mean, Harry
marched off in front of the messenger, and
in three minutes from the receipt of the let-
ter found himself in Captain Heaton's pres-
ence. The morning plumage of the worthy
captain was gay and brilliant. He was in a
gorgeously flowered and embroidered dress-
ing-gown, and wore Turkish slippers and a
scarlet fez. He had begun his day's work
brandy and soda, and a cigar. In the even-
ing, all things considered, Captain Heaton
was a youngish-looking man for his years,
but in the morning the raffish of his eyes
out in the bulbous under-lid of his eyes
creased into thick folds, and in the strongly
visaged a similar retreating of his eyes
which he was himself partaking, and his
offer declined, he sat in apparently
astonishment, a moment, tugging at a
moustache. To his visitor he bore
the air of a man who has an unpleasant
communication to make, and is unwilling to
do so.

"Mind to have the unpleasant business over,
do you know, my dear boy, that you've
got yourself into a devil of a mess?"
"Upon my word, I don't," returned Har-
ry.

"I shall be deuced glad if I don't," said
the captain. "You don't mean to tell me
that you don't know what you've done?"
"Now," said young Wynne, lifting his
eyes and looking squarely at the captain's
face, "to tell you the truth, Heaton, I had
enough of that sort of thing yesterday to
satisfy me for the rest of my life. If I have
done anything, the good enough to tell me
at once what it is. If it concerns you in
any way I will give you whatever explana-
tion you may have a right to."

"If he has done anything," repeated the
captain, as if appealing to some invisible
third person who knew all about it and
would be bound to share his own friendly
sorrow.
Harry kept a resolute good temper.
"I have done many things in my life," he
said, "all sorts of things - good, bad, and
indifferent. What is the one thing you
want to speak about?"
"Well, upon my word," said Heaton,
"you take it coolly."
"I try to," the young man answered.
Captain Heaton threw the theme clean
away with both hands, and looked mourn-
fully resigned.
"You - you don't know? You - you don't
know?" he said, a moment later, knitting
his eyebrows in inquiring wonderment, and
leaning across the table towards his com-
panion.

"Confound it all, man!" cried the badger-
ed youth, "I have told you already that I
don't know. Do you know what I mean?
I think the whole world's going mad to-
gether."
"Oh," said the captain, with an air of
injured friendship, "if you take that tone,
Wynne, it's no affair of mine."
"What affair is it?" Harry asked.
"Gad," said Heaton, "I should say it's
yours, if it's anybody's, but you've said you
don't know anything about it, and to re-
sist a friendly intervention, you may go to
denounce your own way, by Jove, and
there's an end to it."

"Will you tell me," asked Harry, rising,
"what it is you want to talk about?"
"Oh, well, if you insist on knowing noth-
ing at all about it," returned the captain,
"I'll try to refresh your memory. Did you
ever meet one Butterfield, a jeweller, in
Conduit Street?"
"Yes," said Harry. "What about him?"
"Did you buy over two thousand pounds
worth of jewellery from him?"
"I did. And what of that?"
"Will you tell me what you did with the
jewellery?"
There was a pause for a second or two,
during which Harry regarded the captain
with a glowing air of sardonic humor.
"I'm glad to see you turning evangelist,"
he said, rather grimly. "I should like to
know Miss Tearsheet's ways as well as any-
body. You ought to be experimentally
qualified to denounce them. I took a
lecture from Lord Homes and Lady McCor-
dale on the subject yesterday; but I'll
be hanged if I'll stand one from you."

"It was the captain's turn to look be-
wildered.
"I don't a bit know what you are talking
about," he said, "and unless you're an un-
commonly good actor, I'm beginning to
think you don't know either. You make a
plain question, and you can give it a plain
answer if you like. Did you pawn those
diamonds to me?"
"Of course I did. That's what I bought
them for."

"Well, good Lord," said Heaton,
staring at him, "with a beautiful
disregard of aspect of astonishment, he
confesses it! He talks about it as if it
were the most ordinary transaction in
life. Do you know what you've done?
I have told you what I have done."
"No, you haven't," Harry Heaton re-
sponded, in a tone of almost fatherly sad-
ness, "but I'll tell you how to find out.
You've committed a fraud in the eye of the
law. You have laid yourself out to arrest
and trial on a charge of fraud, and if the
case is proved as you confess it you may get
two years, with or without hard labor, ac-
cording to the judge's fancy."

"The speaker's not a long one, but he
fore it came to an end Harry had dropped
back into his chair, staring at the captain
with a face so horror-stricken that it cost
even that practical and cynical money
twinge. Heaton poured out a glass of
brandy and pushed it over to him.
"Drink that," he said, "and pull yourself
together. My poor boy, the dickens
didn't you come to me? I'd have pawned
my last shirt rather than see you in a mess
like this. Why didn't you ask somebody?"
"Oh, I did," he said, "I did."

"You did?" he said, "I did?"
"Yes, I did," he said, "I did?"
"Nonsense!"
"He was in an awful mess. He wanted
the money. He had a bill of mine. You
know all about it. He said it was a mat-
ter of public bankruptcy for both of us,
and he sent me to Butterfield."

At length, when he seemed to have cast
all the sorrows out of his heart and brain,
his thoughts ran clear. He wrote a letter,
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Humbert on a visit to Queen Victoria in
Florence recently became Queen Victoria
had neglected to return her call of five years
ago.

ITCH, on human or animals, cured in 30
minutes by Vossford's Sanitary Lotion.
Warranted by J. Pallen & Sons.

Jim Collins, a horse thief, was lynched at
Sherman, Ky., Tuesday night by a mob of
farmers. Some of the lynchers were
recognized and will be prosecuted for murder.

Deafness Cured.
"I was for years I was troubled with
deafness, and last winter could scarcely
hear at all. On applying Haysard's Yellow
Oil it restored my hearing and I now hear
as well as anyone."

MRS. TUTTLE COOK,
Weymouth, N. S.

King Bahazin of Dahomey has formally
submitted to French authority, Bahazin
agrees to abdicate the throne of Dahomey,
the French government to give him a pen-
sion.

Best Ever Made.
DEAR SIR, - I can highly recommend
Haysard's Federal Balsam as the best
remedy ever made for coughs and colds.
I am never without it in my house.

HARRY PALMER, Lorneville, Ont.

The St. Petersburg Church Messenger says
out of 1,000 pilgrims journeying to Nazareth
the majority perished from exposure during
the terrible weather encountered on the way.

What can be Done?
When the system is overloaded with
impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the
stomach out of order, as is often the case in
spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious
as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every
trace of impure matter and restore perfect
health.

Weakness, Debility, Paleness,
Anæmia, etc., are cured by
Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

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KIDNEY
PILLS
WILL CURE YOU

GENERAL BUSINESS.

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE
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Chase & Sanborn have been awarded the
mammoth contract for supplying all the Coffee
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country.

This tribute to the Excellence of the
"Seal Brand" proves that it is the best
Coffee Grown.

Kerr & Robertson,
Wholesale Hardware,
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Special Attention Given to LETTER ORDERS.
Now in Stock a full line of SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PITCH, TAR, ROSIN, CORD-
AGE, ETC. Landing to-day 10 tons Dry and
TARRED SHEATHING PAPER.

BOTTOM PRICES. PROMPT SHIPMENT.
'WHERE SMILING SPRING ITS EARLIEST VISITS PAY.
J. D. CREACHAN, CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.

Just landed per Steamer Nestorian direct from Great Britain,
91 CASES AND BALES
EARLIEST SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

Containing - Latest Spring Styles and Patterns, in Dress Goods, prints
satins, silks, carpets, rugs, 1 to 4 yds. wide, floor oil cloth, window hang-
ings, general household goods and spring novelties.
Every department is full with the latest products of the great
centres of trade - London, Paris and New York - where cash cuts
prices, styles are created and inventive conceit feels the fickle pulse of
fashion.

Received from London, England, and New York, 569 doz. gents
scarfs, ties, bows and four-in-hands.
Received direct from Paris and Grenoble, France, 734 doz. ladies'
and gents' Lisle thread, silk and Perrin's kid gloves every pair guaran-
teed.
Received from Boston, 37 cases men's and youths' fur, felt, hair
and soft hats.

Received direct from Canadian Mills, 141 cases and bales cotton
goods, woolsens and general domestic staples, all personally selected for
our trade and now offered at close cash prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
J. D. CREACHAN, NEWCASTLE & CHATHAM
2nd March, 1893.

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The best Equipped

and only Job Printing Office in New Brunswick outside of St
John that has ever won both

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AT A
DOMINION EXHIBITION,
IN A

Competition open to the whole of Canada.
JOB PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Amongst the work that our presses are running on are
the following :-
BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
POSTERS,
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
REPORTS,
BYE-LAWS,
RULES OF ORDER,
CUSTOMS FORMS,
SCHOOL FORMS,
STOCK CERTIFICATES,
NOTE-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
ORDERS,
DRAFTS,
NOTES.

FISH INVOICES,
RAILWAY FORMS
FISH RECEIPTS,
LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS,
SCALERS' CARDS,
MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
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ETC., ETC., ETC.
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For Duty ex-Warehouse, 15 60 1 00
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Report Outwards, 15 60 1 00
Report Inwards, 15 60 1 00
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Warrant for Delivery, 10 35 60
Locker's Receiving Order, 10 35 60
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Per Dozen. Per 50. Per 100
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Summons to Debtor, 10 35 60
Warrant for Defendant, 10 35 60
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Execution for Debt, 10 35 60
Execution for Poor and Co. Rates, 10 35 60
Execution for Road Taxes, 10 35 60
Execution for School Rates, 10 35 60
Venue, 10 35 60
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Affidavit for Capias, 10 35 60
Capias, 10 35 60
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The best Equipped

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RULES OF ORDER,
CUSTOMS FORMS,
SCHOOL FORMS,
STOCK CERTIFICATES,
NOTE-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
ORDERS,
DRAFTS,
NOTES.

FISH INVOICES,
RAILWAY FORMS
FISH RECEIPTS,
LOG AND RAFT RECEIPTS,
SCALERS' CARDS,
MAGISTRATES BLANKS,
SUNDAY SCHOOL CATALOGUES,
SAW BLANKS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
000

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For Warehouse, 20 75 1 00
For Duty ex-Warehouse, 15 60 1 00
Free ex-Warehouse, 15 60 1 00
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Report Inwards, 15 60 1 00
Entry Outwards, 15 60 1 00
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Locker's Receiving Order, 10 35 60
Locker's Delivering Order, 10 35 60

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Summons to Witness, 10 35 60
Summons to Debtor, 10 35 60
Warrant for Defendant, 10 35 60
Warrant for Witness, 10 35 60
Execution for Debt, 10 35 60
Execution for Poor and Co. Rates, 10 35 60
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Execution for School Rates, 10 35 60
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Capias, 10 35 60
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CUSTOMS FORMS,
SCHOOL FORMS,
STOCK CERTIFICATES,
NOTE-HEADS,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
ORDERS,
DRAFTS,
NOTES.