

BUSINESS NOTICE
The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mail of that day.
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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
NOTARY PUBLIC.
AGENT FOR THE
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE CO.

CARD.
R. A. LAWLOR,
Barrister-At-Law
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Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anesthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. S. Keith's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6.

Furnaces! Furnaces!!
Wood or Coal which I can furnish at Reasonable Prices.

STOVES
COOKING, HALL AND PARLOR
STOVES at low prices.

PUMPS! PUMPS!!
Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in the most varieties, all of the best stock, which I will sell low for cash.

A. C. McLean, Chatham.

IMPROVED PREMISES

Roger Flanagan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, &c., &c.
Also a choice lot of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
R. Flanagan
ST. JOHN STREET, CHATHAM

Spectacles
The undenied advantages are claimed for Mackenzie's spectacles.
1st.—That from the peculiar construction of the Glasses they Assist and Preserve the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.
2nd.—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of Ease and Comfort not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.
3rd.—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optical purposes, by DR. CHAMBERS, BANCROFT'S improved method, and is Pure, Hard and Brilliant and not liable to become scratched.
4th.—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.
The long wearing glasses, no one will want a pair of good glasses, so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE,
Chatham, N. B., Sept. 24, 1898.

Insurance.

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

WOOD GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE & HAVE
For Sale

Baths
Palings
Box-Shooks
Barrel Heading
Matched Flooring
Matched Sheathing
Dimensioned Lumber
Sawn Spruce Shingles,

THOS. W. FLEET,
Nelson.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
Chatham, N. B.

JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, PROPRIETOR

Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds;
Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES,
CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

CAN DIES.
Iron Pipe Valves and Fittings
Of All Kinds.

DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

ASK FOR
MONARCH
Steel Wire Nails,
THEY NEVER LET GO,
AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN N. B.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Hardware
Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated
Weather and Waterproof
THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Orange Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints
Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine, all shades.
7 lbs. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pare.
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready-Mixed Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
10 Kegs 100 lbs. each, Dry Metallic Roofing, 92 per cent. Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.

VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil
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Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges, etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps
75 Rolls Dry and Tanned Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails.
30 Kegs Window Glass.
20 Boxes Horse Shoes.
15 Boxes Horse Nails.
10 Tons Refined Iron.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones, Grindstone Fixtures.

Ice Cream Freezers, Clothes Wringers, Daisy Churns,
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wire, Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breach Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Acoordions
Violins, Bows and Fixings.

Farming Tools, All Kinds,
Mower Sections, Heads, Knife Heads, Mower Section Guards
Rivets, Oilers.
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 every way down below the lowest, prove this by calling.

The COCCIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

ENGINES AND THEIR WAYS.
The Veracious Tale of a Retired Engineer.

"Every old railroad man knows that engines have spells, just as human beings have," said a retired engineer. "When they begin to work queer, you've got to humor them; just like you were babies."
"Then, you know, one man can take an engine with a bad reputation and make her do her work the way no other man could. Oh, engines is very much like people."
"They get set in their ways, too, sometimes, get accustomed to doing things in certain ways, you know, and it's awful hard to get 'em out of 'em." Now take them over to the W. & L.—"Winding and Long," was the name called the road, and it's a good name.
"The old chap that laid the road out started to draw a line between the two terminals, but his hand shook, and the line he made looked like a cable message before it was translated; but the old fellow insisted it was the way he wanted it, and the road followed the joggles in the line.
"Why, say! Sometimes the track twists so the sun comes into the cars from both sides at once! I mean, the line he laid out before he enjoys ridin' on that road."
"Well, they've had some good roll-in' stock on that road, and now they've got new blood in the management, and are goin' to make things better'n before. First off, they straightened some of the kinks in the track; and it's just here that I want to tell you about engines gettin'—"
SET IN THEIR WAYS.
"A friend" of mine took out Lis-

Mr. Fitfield's Secret....

The general opinion in Falloway village was that Mr. Fitfield had made a small fortune in business and retired. He had the sober, respectable appearance of a tradesman who had done sufficient work in his "line" to retire at the age of forty-five. Of course, Falloway, like almost every other village, had its scandal-mongers, and the Falloway branch of the huge corporation were wont to say that Mr. Fitfield's "line" could hardly have been so profitable since he was so extremely reticent as to what it was.
And it must be frankly admitted Falloway scandal-mongers had no little excuse for being suspicious of a mystery. His past, his antecedents, ancestors, source of revenue, were all alike mysterious. All that was known of him was that he had lived in the respect-able cottage next to Sexton's for three years; that he arrived there from some unknown place, that he was a widower, with an unusually pretty daughter of eighteen, named Jenny, who was the apple of his eye; that he was a highly respectable looking and well-spoken man; that his credit was good at the village general stores, and that he made fairly frequent journeys in almost every direction radiating from Falloway.

Mr. Fitfield would very probably have escaped such notice had he not so resolutely, though tacitly, declined to talk about himself. Though far from being unneighborly or tactless, no one in Falloway was ever able to extract from him the most trifling bit of information as to his private affairs.
"There was a strange fact of which Falloway had not even the faintest suspicion—that Jenny was as ignorant as anyone as to how Mr. Fitfield made his money and what took him away from home so often. Moreover, Jenny knew her father did not wish her to be acquainted with the facts, whatever they were, and, being as good a girl as she was pretty, she never tried to find out. She respected her father's secret as she loved him, and in course of time found another subject for her thoughts.

This subject was by name John Clements. Clem, as he was known, locally, was a young farmer—a great hearted, honest yeoman, whom everyone liked, and whom every one in Falloway against me and Jenny—and you would be one of the very first to shun us. Jenny does not like you, and I don't know why I suspect it, and I pray Heaven she never may. If you love her you'll help me to keep her from suspecting I cannot tell you go on about it at all. I would make any man any other honest man—so long as her father lives, couldn't let her marry a man with it still a secret, to be betrayed some day, perhaps, and ruin her happiness and her husband's. And if I confessed the secret it would make any man who loved her shun her. That is the position. I ask you to refrain from pressing me to say more, and to believe me when I say that, for my own good, for Jenny's good, and for my peace of mind you had better see very little of her in future."
"But, Mr. Fitfield! I am avowed lovers, Mr. Fitfield!" Clem cried, hardly understanding all he had just said.
"I've been a fool," he cried. "I've let you two play with her because I saw it made Jenny happy. And now it's all over. I know I know. Jenny loves me with all her heart."
Fitfield nodded slowly and sighed deeply.
"I will speak to her to-night," he said. "And I will come over in the morning to see you." Clem looked at him and to count the minutes till he could get into his mind, and at the end of the three weeks he felt sure Jenny's father would never return. He gently urged Jenny to marry him, and finally she consented to do so. He was all alone in the world; she could not deny herself the pleasure of Clem's visits, the help of his advice, and she feared the gossips of the village.
"No, Mr. Fitfield," cried Clem, eagerly. "I don't turn away from either of you; I was only wondering."
They shook hands heartily, but sadly, as men over a grave, and went their separate ways.
The same evening Fitfield spoke of Clem to Jenny. He had gone so often, but on this particular evening his serious thoughts gave him a grave tone and manner in spite of himself, and Jenny blushed most becomingly.
"I don't think he'll be coming here quite so often after what I said to him this evening," said Fitfield, awkwardly.
"Not coming here? Why, father, what did you say to him?" she exclaimed.

claimed, with undisguised astonishment, but the evidence admitted of no other than an act of suicide. The description of the body seemed to Clem very like the appearance of Fitfield.
"Yes, we've got a photo of him, taken after death," said the inspector whom Clem saw. "But I don't think you can throw any light on the matter. The identity has been established since the inquest. That's the photo."
Clem took it, and started. It was Fitfield, without a doubt.
Clem tried to hide his agitation. "Who was his name?" he asked.
"Well, we had an official hint to say nothing about it; but between you and me the poor fellow was Mr. Masters, the public hangman."
Clem recoiled and went pale.
"Did you know him?" the inspector asked, kindly.
Clem gurgled something and left. He went straight home to Falloway, straight to Jenny's room.
"Jenny," he said, it is as I feared."
"He is dead," she whispered.
"He was with an accident. He was a strange man, and you and I must respect his wish not to attempt to solve his secret. Jenny, we can respect his memory at the same time as we can respect his wish."
He took her in his arms. "Jenny, my darling," he said, "I will be both father and husband, and we'll leave Falloway, so it will be easier for you to learn I am not a father and a husband."
"I don't know," said Jenny, "I'm going away for a day or two to-morrow."
He went out straight to the farm, and explained to Clem that he might be longer than usual, but Clem gave Jenny a look in one of the days for him and see that she was all right?
Clem's heart jumping into his mouth, he went on to the top bar, and the handshakes he gave Fitfield emphatically meant "Yes."
Clem saw Fitfield to the gate. Very few words passed between them, for Clem was in his happiness to come and the other was weighing his pleasures past. Men cannot say much at such times.
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