POOR COPY

Mr. Netherstone's Fence.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"It will have to come in, Mr. Netherstone," said the engineer.

"How much?"

"Five inches where it joins Baseline's fence, and four feet three at the other end. It swings out very rapidly on your lot. The man must have been cross-eyed who run that line."

"Well."

And there was more resignation than patient acquiescence in the miller's tone. He turned away without further remark and went into the house, while the civil engineer and his assistants gathered up their instruments and paraphernalia appertaining to their profession, and went away to run the line for the curbing on the south side of Jonagin's alley, from Market street to the river, and they drop into their municipal duties and out of our nirrative.

Mr. Netherstone was out of humour, to say the least. He was a man of yielding and peaceful disposition; he said so himself. He liked his ease, and he enjoyed his comfortable home, and he disliked controversy. He had never quarreled with a neighbor in his life, until Baseline fairly forced him into this unpleasantness. He was amazed at what he termed his neighbor's insufferable, meddlesome meanness. What difference did it make to him if the fence was shaped like a crescent, long as "the city" didn't care, and the council didn't interfere? Not that the honest miller was covetous, and wanted unlawful possession of the little strip of the city's street upon which his front fence had encroached ever since old Isaac Stringer laid off his farm in town lots twenty-eight years ago. Mr. Netherstone had offered the city thrice the value of the strip if he might let his fence stand; but streets are streets, and the lines must be accurately run and rigidly adhered to, and a great part of the duty of the engineer of to-day is to correct the blunders of the engineer of yesterday. So Mr. Netherstone's fence must come in, and its removal would throw two of his finest maples, and an elegant rose bush, a "king of the blacks" and a "Baltimore belle," that crept along the inside of the fence like a hedge of blossoms and perfume, all outside; and how long would such things last on a sidewalk? Mr. Netherstone was fairly ill with vexation. He had exhausted every plea and argument with his neigbor; he had coaxed, cajoled, reasoned, procrastinated, temporized, promised—with many mental reservations—used every argument and expedient save threats—for the miller was not a quarrelsome man—but all to no purpose. There came a time when the evil day could be put off no longer, and Mr. Baseline took the regular legal measures to compel his neighbor to comply with the "ordiances made and provided," and the fence had to come in.

"An' yet," said old Issac Stringer, who used to own all the land in that part of the city, when some of the door yards were his "truck patches," and the croquet lawns of the present were the sheep folds and pig pens of the past—"an' yet ye can't say that Baseline done this fur meanness. I've knowed Tom Baseline sinst he was a boy in bare feet an' stone bruises, an' I tell ye they's no meanness in him. It's jest his way to be perticklar about land. He allus was that way. Ef ye could'nt afford to move yer fence, Mr. Netherstone, Tom 'ud move it for ye. Why, it wan't three weeks ago he found an old Irishman way over on the furder side of town had built his fence and cow-shed, innocent enough, more'n six foot out into a worthless kind of a lot belongin' to a non-resident that don't seem to care a continental cent who occupies it an' has probably never seen it fur it's gone delinquent fur taxes three years past—an' I declar' of Baseline didn't poke around, an' git the city engineer out thar, an' he made that Irishman take in the fence an' shed, and then Tom paid every last dollar of the expense himself. He did, fur a fact. He aint mean, he's on'y perticklar an' fidgetty. Anythin' out o' the plumb nettles him. It's his way."

And, indeed, it was his way. Aside from his unconquerable propensity to have things about him methodically regular, square, faultlessly correct, Mr. Baseline was a good neighbor, a genial man, kind-hearted, and even given to charitable works; but in great matters of law, the line of a neighbor's property, the setting of metes and bounds, and even in more trivial matters, he was unbending and unyielding as a rule in mathematics. He fairly startled and puzzled the stately and elegant Mrs. Cachemire, when he and Mrs. Baseline made their first formal call, by suddenly springing to his feet, after a few moments of restless fidgetting, and remarking that he "couldn't stand it any longer," walked up to a painting that was hung a little askew, and carefully straightened it. On one occasion, when he was a member of the august reception committee, sitting near the head of the table at a grand dinner given to the governor and staff, he leaned forward, half way across the table, while Rev. Dr. Phylacter was saying grace, and knocked over the goblet at the Secretary of State's elbow, with a crash that made the good doctor forget what he was saying, just to smooth out a crooked wrinkle in the table cloth three places below him. People said it used to worry him because his daughter, Nellie, was nearly an inch taller than her brother, Jack, who was two years the older. The elegant shade trees about his handsome home were all coaxed and bullied and trimmed into such an exact similitude, that they all seemed to have been grown in a pod, like peas. He whipped his horses when they didn't step alike, and he parted his hair in the middle, not because of vanity, but because he couldn't bear to see more hair on one side of the line than the other.

Thus Mr. Baseline, the real estate dealer and speculator. Had he confined his peculiarities within the limits of his own household jurisdiction, the neighbors would have laughed at him and thought no more about it. But he could not do this. He could no more refrain from assisting his neighbors in straightening out their lines and setting their angles, than the sun could help shining in at their windows. And so, when nearly two years ago he happened to notice that the long line of pickets which guarded the front of his own and Netherstone's lots seemed to swing out a little at the south end, where Netherstone's place abutted on Hamilton street, he at once insisted on having it straightened.

Mr. Netherstone, usually so yielding and good-naturedly compliant, objected in an evasive, undecided manner. He had been in the habit of complying with his neighbor's whims, and had, to a great extent, acted on his advice in the ornamentation of his yard, the disposal of shrubbery and arrangement of a few lawn ornaments. But he did'nt want to move the fence; it stood just where the old fence did when he bought the ground; he didn't believe it encroached on the sidewalk; if it did, he would buy it and pay the city well for it. In short, he didn't want to move the fence, and the more Mr. Baseline insisted, the more the usually quiet and compliant miller determined that he wouldn't.

The neighbors were astonished at Mr. Netherstone's unheard of obstinacy. And they were no less amazed at Mr. Baseline's remarkable patience. For nearly two years he endured the indescribable torture of this crooked fence, and its power for cruelty was greatly aggravated after he rectified his own line, because that left a great unsightly jog of five inches where the two fences joined. And only after suffering untold agonies, and after the peace of his home had been well-nigh destroyed by the unsymmetrical fence, had he laid the matter before the city council and obtained redress for his outraged feelings, in a peremptory mandate from the municipal government instructing the city engineer to correct the alignment of Mr. Netherstone's pickets.

The miller acquiesced in the judgment of the powers that be, and within a few hours after the departure of the engineer, the fence came down, and men were setting posts on the newly-established and legally recognized line.

Mr. Baseline's eyes danced with evenly distributed joy, one eye beaming no more brightly than the other. That night he slept the sleep of the happy man; and if, in the exuberance of his spirits, he snored, it was with equal and regular cadences of a well balanced mind. Well for the just man and the hater of rugged inequalities had his waking been as smooth as his sleep.

When he walked out on the piazza after breakfast, his neighbor the miller had already marshaled the men who were cunning to work with hammer and hatchet, and was building his new fence.

And such a fence! Mr. Baseline caught his breath in one eager, feverish grasp, and fell into a balcony chair, almost swooning. Great, ragged, unplaned boards, with the checkered marks of the weather and the lumber-pile mottling their surfaces; grinning at Mr. Baseline with the most horrible knot-holes; warped out of all shape and into all other shapes; culls from the refuse of the rafts; a bit of sixteen foot fencing towering above a broken piece of nine foot flooring; here and there a slab from the saw-mill, nailed on with the round side to the street and the bark hanging to it in shreds and patches.

The boys in the street stopped to stare at it; the horses in the street-cars, when they came within sight of that fence, balked, and when whipped past it by the wondering drivers, shied and tried to leave the track. Vagrant dogs looked at it suspiciously, and, whimpering with a vague terror, scampered clear around the block rather than run by it. The neighbors got out of bed and came to look at it, and old Isaac Stringer said "that ar' new fence of Netherstone's 'ud curdle the milk in the cellar." The policeman on that beat jocosely asked Mr. Netherstone if "he was going to leave it all night?" And a reporter, who heard of it, and came up to look at it, told Mr. Netherstone the county central committee would like to buy it for a campaign document.

In response to the wonder of neighbors, the chaffing of his friends, the reproachful agony of Mr. Baseline, and the serious inquiries of newspaper reporters, the miller simply said that business had been very dull with him this year, he was greatly embarrassed, and compelled to practice the most rigid economy in order to pull through, and that was the best fence he could afford to build.

And when Mr. Baseline rebukingly asked him what he had done with the good fence he had taken down, and why he did not put it up on the new line, Mr. Netherstone calmly replied that he had lost it through a hole in his pocket, and it had dropped in the straw on the floor of the car, and he could not find it. And when his neighbor, with considerable heat, scoffed at this reply as evasive and deceitful, Mr. Netherstone then, with an expression of grave humility, confessed that he had carelessly dropped the old fence through a crack in the sidewalk, and a boy got it and ran away with it. He bade his distressed neighbor, however, give himself no uneasiness, as he would have the new fence fixed up in the most artistic and modern style to-morrow.

Hoping as on one who hopes against some awful, unknown, intangible, but surely impending horror, Mr. Baseline closed his eyes that night in fitful slumber, haunted in his sleeping moments by the nightmare of a fence with more angles than a starfish, and more sinuosities than a grapevine. And when slumber shunned his feverish eyelids, he wondered until his brain fairly whirled if this fantastic fence was really the shape of his long-suffering neighbor's vengeance, or only a horrible dream.

The next morning the fence was there in all its ghastly nakedness. But, about ten o'clock, a lively-appearing young man, in a plaid suit, a very small hat and a very large diamond, (best flint glass), a very ready but easy manner of speech, and a large cigar, made his appearance on the field, attended by two assistants, a step-ladder and a bucket of paste. After indulging in a trio of select objurgations and spirited remarks, generally derogatory of the fence, these gentlemen brought up their caissons, opened their limber chests, and went into action.

The horrified Mr. Baseline looked on in speechless helplessness, as their active hands spread over his neighbor's startling fence a grotesque and gorgeous array of the yellowest of tawny lions, the stripedest zebras, the spottedest leopards, tigers with glittering teeth, and writhing serpents with terrible fangs, impossible elephants and improbable rhinoceroses, all tearing, smiting, gouging, lacerating, crushing, mangling, and devouring each other in one awful deluge of green grass, blue sky and red blood, while over all thundered forth the thrilling announcement that the "Thrice World-Renowned Equescurriculum and Monster Mastadon Plesiasaurian Caravan and Phenomenal Hippo-Olympiad of the Orient" was coming.

Mr. Baseline could see no more. He jammed his hat down over his eyes, and hoarsely remarking to his wife that blood would flow for this, hurried away for a lawyer and an injunction. In a brief space of time he found the one, who promptly charged him ten dollars for telling him that he couldn't get the other.

That night Mr. Baseline did not come home until after dark. And even then, that hideous fence glared at him through the gloomy night, resplendent in the fiendish illumination of twenty-three Chinese lanterns, of as many different colors, and no two of the same size, and all dangling at irregularly different distances from the ground and each other. With a howl of unrest Mr. Baseline shut his eyes, rushed into the house, and plunging into bed, pulled the sheets over his head.

At breakfast next morning his wife said to him:

"You said the other day you must ascertain from the census enumerator the number of children in the Seventh and Ninth Wards, between the ages of five and eighteen years. They are all in front of the house, now looking at that fence, if you want to count them."

And Mrs. Baseline was not far out of the way in her estimate. Not more than six or seven children, perhaps, who were too ill to walk, or were dead, or for some other reason could'nt get there.

Mr. Baseline hurried over to his neighbor to make one more appeal. He found the miller packing his goods. He was going out into the country for a few weeks, he said, and on his return he should move into a house over in the Second Ward. The climate in the Seventh Ward did not agree with him. No, he would not allow Mr. Baseline or any other man to build him a fence at anybody's expense. He liked that fence. The architect assured him that it was an Eastlake fence of the purest strain. No, and he would not sell the property, and he would not name any sum, give or take. He was going to let the house to some tenants; very quiet, nice people, of the highest respectability, and whose habits of neatness and method would no doubt please Mr. Baseline much better than his, Mr. Netherstone's, carelessness and slovenliness. In reply to further inquiries on the part of his anxious neighbor, Mr. Netherstone said the tenants were very old and dear friends of his, whose names he had forgotten. And Mr. Baseline went away with a dumb foreboding at his heart.

That evening Mr. Netherstone moved out, and the next morning the tenants moved, or rather, swarmed in, and Mr. Baseline's worst fears were realized. Two Irish families backed up their drays first, and before unloading their goods, drove their pigs into the yard, and then fought for the choice of rooms on the first floor. In about half an hour a colored family, consisting of two grandparents, a father and mother, two aunties, and six children, arrived with their Lares and Penates, and went into barracks on the second floor. About noon an organ-grinder, with his monkey and orchestra, came along and took possession of the garret, and established himself for light housekeeping by immediately putting the monkey out on the roof to play while the master washed a couple of blue flannel shirts for himself, and a red jacket and pair of yellow trousers for the monkey. When this simple but cheerful appearing laundry was hung out of the window to dry, it seemed to rob the pre-Raphaelish fence of some its gorgeous brilliance.

Those happy tenants of the grand house! They fraternized with Mr. Baseline's woodpile the first night, and kept it up right along. Their children fought with each other, and threw stones at Mr. Baseline's family when, at sunset's quiet hour, those stricken people sought to drown their sorrows in the wild dissipation and all-absorbing recklessness of croquet. In the "first dark of the moon" the dusky garrison of the second floor inspected Mr. Baseline's henneries, and left him the roosts and the porcelain eggs that his busy hens had been wont to use for samples. The children of the tenants, of all shades, "sassed" his wife, and on convenient occasions doubled teams and "licked" his son Jack, and the monkey used to climb all over Baseline's porches, and swarm up his lightning rods, and grin in at their bedroom windows and jabber and jabber and frighten the lives out of them.

The distracted man would have gone out into the country with his family, but he did not dare leave his house entirley at the mercy of these howling Comanches. And at length after five weary weeks of incessant prosecution and suffering, he heard that the Netherstones had returned to town. Mr. Baseline sought out his old neighbor and besought him to accept a peace; to turn out his tenants; he might keep the fence just as he wanted it; in fact Mr. Baseline offered to bind himself to enter into any kind of an agreement or conspiracy with Mr. Netherstone to build a fence the shape of a letter Z, and notched at the top like a range of mountains, right across the end of the street, and he would fight the city at his own expense if it should attempt to reopen its own thoroughfare.

Well, the miller relented. He kicked out his tenants. It was six months before the house was fit for him to move his family into. The hateful fence was replaced by something simpler and really neater than Mr. Netherstone's "Eastlake" design. Peace reigns in the Seventh Ward; and old Isaac Stringer says, "Ef a man sh'd build a fence the shape of a corkscrew round his lot, Tom Baseline 'ud say it was straight enough so long as it shet in the land.'

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7.30 a. m.	9 a. m.
10.30 a. m.	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3 p. m.
5 p. m.	6 p. m.

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On Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays:

Leave Newcastle for Chatham, at	8.30 a. m.
" Chatham, for Indiantown } Calling at Intermediate places. }	11 "

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Campbellton to New Mills, inclusive.....	PORTLAND, MAINE.	32	38	60	75	56
Jacket River to Bathurst inclusive.....		30	36	58	71	54
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham.....		27	33	55	65	50
Barnaby River to Weldford, inclusive,.....		25	31	54	61	47
Point du Chene, Shediac.....		24	30	49	56	45
Campbellton to New Mills inclusive.....	BOSTON, MASS.	35	40	60	75	58
Jacket River to Bathurst, inclusive.....		33	38	58	71	56
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham.....		30	35	55	65	52
Barnaby River to Weldford, inclusive.....		28	33	54	61	49
Point du Chene Shediac.....		27	32	49	59	47
Campbellton to New Mills, inclusive.....	NEW YORK, N. Y.	48	53	73	95	83
Jacque* River to Bathurst, Inclusive.....		46	51	71	91	81
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham.....		43	48	68	85	77
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Chatham, N. B.

Notice.

All persons having any legal claims against the estate of John Scott, late of the Parish of Newcastle deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months of this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ANDREW SCOTT

Moorfield, August 10, '80. 6t12

Notice!

All persons having any just claim, against the estate of the late George Grant, deceased, will please render their accounts duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate, will please make immediate payment to either of the subscribers.

RICHARD HUTCHISON, } Executors.
BRADFORD LAPHAM }

Miramichi, 26th. Aug. '80.

NOTICE.

All persons having any claims or demands against the estate of the late Helen Loban of Chatham, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested to R. Carman, Attorney-at-Law within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will please pay the same to the said R. Carman.

Dated at Chatham, this sixth day of September, A D. 1880.

WILLIAM LOBAN, Administrator

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby forbidden to land on Bay du Vin Island, as has been the practice with one in the past, who have committed trespasses thereon by cutting trees and doing other damage. All such persons will hereafter be dealt with according to law.

J. & T. WILLISTON.

ESTATE NOTICE.

All persons having any demands against the estate of the late Wm. Williston, of the Parish of Hardwicke, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same duly attested to the undersigned John G. Williston, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment in like manner.

Dated at Hardwick, this 10th day of August, 1880. }

JOHN G. WILLISTON,
8t2 Administrator said Estate.

Notice of Sale.

To Arthur Palmer and Eleanor Palmer his wife, of Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham.

Take notice that there will be sold by public auction, at the weigh scale, in the town of Chatham, County of Northumberland, on Wednesday, the 10th day of November next, at twelve o'clock, noon:—All that piece of land situate on the South side of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Chatham, being a part of lot number seven, originally granted to Duncan McRae, abutted and bounded as follows, viz.:—Commencing at a stake standing at the South side of the present highway leading down to the front of the Lot, said stake forming the North-east angle of that part of Lot number seven, sold by Hugh McMurray, to James Kelly, thence running South thirteen degrees, thirty minutes, East nine chains, or to a stake standing on the North side of the Wellington Road, thence Easterly, at right angles with the said line, one chain eighty links to a stake standing on the North side of said Road, thence North thirteen degrees, thirteen minutes, West eight chains, fifty links to a stake standing on the South side of the front road, thence Westerly along the South side of said road to the place of beginning, containing one acre, two rods and twelve poles, with the appurtenances to the said premises belonging.

The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eighth day of November, in the Year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Six, and made between Arthur Palmer, of Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham, and County of Northumberland, fisherman, and Eleanor, wife of the said Arthur Palmer of the one part, and James McMurray of the same place, tavern keeper of the other part, and assigned to me the undersigned Amelia Palmer, by the said James McMurray, by deed of assignment bearing date, the 27th day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine (1879) and Recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, in and for the said County, in Volume 59 of the County Records, pages 402 and 403, the thirteenth day of June, A. D. 1879, default having been made in the payment of the moneys secured by the said Mortgage.

Dated this 27th day of August, A. D., 1880.

R. CARMAN, Solicitor. AMELIA PALMER.

A. D. SHIRREFF, Auctioneer.

Notice of Sale.

To Timothy Sullivan of the Parish of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, laborer, and Catharine Jones, his wife and all others whom it may in anywise concern—

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage dated the 16th day of October, A. D., 1877, made between the said Timothy Sullivan and his said wife of the first part, and David George Smith, of the said Parish of Chatham, Publisher, of the other part, which mortgage was duly recorded in the Northumberland County Records, on October 26th A. D., 1877, in Volume 58, pages, 333, 334 and 335, and is numbered 241 in said Volume—There will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Mortgage, default having been made of payment thereof, and in pursuance of the said power of sale, be sold at public auction, at Letson's weigh scales, so called, in the town of Chatham, on Monday, the 18th day of October next, at 12 o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as follows:

All that lot or parcel of land situated in the Parish of Chatham, being part of Lot No. 33, or the "Peter Brown Lot," which piece is bounded as follows:—

Commencing on the West side of the road leading from the steam mill of Hon Wm. Muirhead, to Pleasant Street, at the distance of eighteen inches Southerly from the South end of the house formerly owned by Patrick Lloyd; thence Westerly thirty-six feet, to a stake planted by Deputy Layton; thence Southerly 30 feet to another stake planted by said Deputy Layton, on a line parallel with the street in front of the said dwelling house, leading from Water Street to Pleasant Street; thence Easterly parallel with the first line thirty-six feet, to the West side of the street aforesaid; thence Northerly along the West side of the said street to the place of beginning.

Also, all that other lot or parcel of land situated in Chatham aforesaid, being part of the Peter Brown lot and bounded as follows:—

Commencing on the Westerly side of the road leading from Water Street to Pleasant Street at the Northeast corner of the lot conveyed to the said Patrick Lloyd by Robert MacCalmont and others; thence Westerly along the Northerly side of the land so conveyed, thirty six feet; thence Northerly on a line parallel with the Westerly side of the said road, until it strikes the rear of land formerly owned by the late James Elkin; thence Easterly on a line parallel with the first mentioned side line thirty-six feet or to the Westerly side of the said road at a distance of two feet and a half from the Northerly side of the house now occupied by one of the subscribers. Timothy Sullivan; thence Southerly along the Westerly side of the said road to the place of beginning—Together with the dwelling and other buildings thereon.

Dated at Chatham, in the said County of Northumberland, this, 22nd day of July, A. D., 1880.

D. S. SMITH, Mortgagee

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at public auction, on Friday, 22nd day of October next, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.

All the right, title and interest of John S. Sharp, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the South side of the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Nelson and County of Northumberland, known as part of the half Lot of Land formerly owned by Alexander Davidson. Bounded on the upper or Westerly side by lands occupied by Daniel McKinley, on the lower side by part of the same land conveyed by Wm Garbutt to Abraham McLonis, in front, or Northerly, by the said Southwest Branch of the Miramichi River, and extending Southerly to the rear of the original grant, being the upper half of the land conveyed to William Garbutt, by Roland Crocker, containing acres, more or less, and being the same lands and premises upon which the said John S. Sharp at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Carleton County Court by William M. Connell, against the said John S. Sharp.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle July 3, A. D. 1880 } JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of Northumberland Co.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

I have now opened the well known establishment formerly occupied by the late James Gray, and with the kind patronage of former friends, am prepared to execute all work in

TIN,

SHEET-IRON,

GAS-FITTING.

TINWARE

always on hand, which I will sell low for cash.

PLOUGHS,

Also, a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

fitted with PATENT OVENS the inner shells of which draw out for cleaning purposes.

Those wishing to buy cheap would do well to give us a call.

☞ *Shop in rear of Custom House.* ☜

ARCHY M'LEAN

Chatham July 22.

TO FARMERS.

The Subscriber who is agent at Chatham, for Messrs Reid Bros., of the

Tryon Woolen Mills of P. E. Island,

begs to inform farmers that he has on hand a stock of CLOTHS, FLANNELS and BLANKETS, from that establishment, which he is authorized to dispose of on the most liberal terms.

Either wool alone, or part payment in money and the balance in wool, or whole payment in cash, will be received for any of the manufactures named.

The price for Cloth, is from 32 to 45 cents (according to quality) to cover expenses of manufacturing and 18 oz. of wool, per yard.

The price for Flannel is 20c for manufacturing and one pound of wool per yard.

The price for large blankets per pair is 10 lb. of wool and $2.20 for manufacturing.

Persons requiring first class goods for general wear, should examine the stock and samples now on hand.

JOHN BROWN, Chatham.

Lime Juice.

1 Cask Montserrat Lime Juice from the

PURE JUICE OF THE LIME FRUIT,

For sale low by

J. R. GOGGIN.

100 Kegs, CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS AND SPIKES, selling at manufacturer's prices.

BEST REFINED IRON, all sizes.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.

together with a largest and most complete stock of

HARDWARE

ver offered for sale in Miramichi.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage in calling before buying elsewhere. Prices are very low.

J. R. GOGGIN

Checker Boards

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Wax Figures in Glass Shades

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ALBERT LIME.

THE A. B. LIME AND CEMENT CO'Y.

Are now prepared to furnish their