GOING TO THE BAD.

BY EDMUND YATES.

CHAPTER IV.—MINNIE'S LOVERS.

The sun was shining brightly one brisk autumnal morning about three weeks after the occurrences just related, when Dick Phillimore, stepping jauntily along Jermyn street, St. James, stopped at the private door of a house, the lower portion of which was occupied as a bootmaker's shop, and rapped thereon loudly and consequentially.

Although for many nights previously Dick had not retired to rest until the small hours, and until he had partaken of an amount of drink and tobacco, considerably above the average, there were no traces of excess in his personal appearance. His face was plump and rosy, his eyes bright, his step light and free. His taste being somewhat gorgeous, he was arrayed in a blue body-coat, buttoned tightly across his chest, and a pair of cross-bar pantaloons; on his head he wore a new shiny hat with a bell crown and a curled brim, and as he stood on the door-step waiting to be let in, he whistled a lively air, and looked as if he had not a care in the world.

When the door was opened, Dick inquired of the servant whether Sir Frederick was yet up, and receiving an answer in the negative, he entered the little hall, bounded briskly up the stairs and walked into the sitting-room on the first floor, without the formality of knocking, threw himself into the arm-chair, and lighting a cigar, stretched out his legs and commenced to survey the apartment.

It was not a very large room, although it was lit by two windows looking on to the street, but was perfectly cozy and comfortable, and excellently furnished; the walls were covered with looking-glasses, and pictures representing various scenes in the hunting field, there were sofas and ottomans and lounges, there was a sideboard on which was a silver stand containing spirit decanters, a few soda water bottles, some full and some empty; and some tumblers containing the dregs of the last night's potation.

The table in the middle of the room was littered with the fragments of the dessert and with plates containing the butt ends of smoked cigars, a quantity of their ashes, and a pack of playing cards strewn in disorder about.

On one of the sofas lay a heavy overcoat, just as it had been carelessly flung there, and an opera hat with one of the springs broken, and a pair of lavender kid gloves soiled and split.

Dick Phillimore shook his head slowly as he surveyed this scene.

"Like master, like man," he muttered to himself; "Fred's fast asleep in there, and his servant, Foster, knowing that if he were left to himself he would not wake for an hour or so, hasn't even troubled himself to put the room tidy. They seem to have had a fine time of it last night, if one may judge from what is left. Cards, of course! Fred couldn't get through an evening without them—I wonder whether he lost or won! Not that it matters much; for, unless something very miraculous comes off, the game here will soon be at an end, and we shall have to make our way back to the continent, or perhaps to America or Australia, where the baronet's title may still help us in picking up a few flats and carrying on for a time. Now let me try and rouse him up to a state of consciousness."

He left his chair, and crossing the floor, opened the inner door and looked into the room beyond.

The apartment was as furnished as a bedroom, and beyond it was a bath, and a dressing-table on which were arranged all the appliances for the toilet—silver-mounted bottles containing essences and perfumes, and ivory back brushes, each duly marked with a crest and monogram; a suit of evening clothes was hung upon one of the chairs; boots and slippers were strewn about the floor, while upon the table by the bedside, lay a handsome watch and chain some bank-notes, and some loose gold and silver coin mixed together.

On the bed, half-dressed, lay Sir Frederick Randall. He was asleep and dreaming, but it was apparently no pleasant vision that haunted his slumbers, for ever and anon his forehead would be marked with that peculiar expression which always followed the contraction of his brows, and he would grind his teeth and clench his hands, and moaningly muttered half-formed words.

Dick Phillimore stepped up to the bedside and looked down upon his friend.

"Fred has got the nightmare," he said to himself; "and he is not very pretty to look at when he is in that condition. He must have won, too, last night," he added, turning over the notes and the money with his fingers. "Now, if I had such a haul as that, my slumber would have been as peaceful as that of an innocent child. Hallo!" he cried, as the sleeper tossed restlessly on his couch, and ground his teeth more audibly, "this must not be permitted to go on. Here, wake up, Fred! What's the matter with you, old man?" and bending down to shake his friend roughly by the shoulder.

The touch, at first, had not the intended effect; for Sir Frederick, with his eyes still closed, called out: "Hands off—don't touch her—let her sink—let her sink I say!" Then, gradually becoming conscious, he sat up and looked with amazement to see Dick seated by his bedside.

"What's the matter with you, Fred?" said his companion with a jolly laugh. "Who is to sink—who is not to be touched—what is it all about?"

"I was dreaming," said Sir Frederick, rubbing his eyes. "I thought that Kitty and I were out in a boat together, and that the boat upset and she was thrown into the water."

"And a very rough time she would have had of it, if whoever you were talking to had followed your advice," said Dick. "You told them to let her sink, and——"

"Nonsense," cried Sir Frederick, angrily; "you could not have heard me rightly; that is your confounded mistake! What o'clock is it?"

"Nearly twelve, dear boy; I suppose you were up late last night? You seem to have made a good evening's work of it," he said pointing to the money on the table.

"Pretty well, considering," said Sir Frederick. "Haviland and Crawshay dined here, and we played *ecarte* after dinner, and I lost money to both of them; but later on we went into Moss' and had some hazard and roulette, and my luck must have changed, for at one time I nearly broke the bank, and though I lost some of it again, I came away carrying what you see there."

"What I see there is one hundred and twenty-five pounds," said Dick Phillimore, carefully counting the notes and gold. "A nice little sum to carry us on for a week, but not enough, dear Fred—nothing like enough, I'm afraid, to gild the pill which I have brought with me for you to swallow."

"What is it?" said Sir Frederick, looking anxiously at him. "Not bad news?"

"Very bad news," replied Dick; "so bad, that I must take a little brandy and soda-water to fortify me in breaking it to you."

He went into the sitting-room, and returning shortly after bearing a tumbler of the foaming beverage, seated himself by the bedside.

"You know, dear Fred, I am one of those old-fashioned fellows who always like to take time by the forelock, and to be as much prepared as possible for any contingency that may arise; so, knowing that our joint bill for five hundred pounds would be due in about three weeks, I thought I would just look in upon Samson, who holds it, and ask him to renew it for another three months."

"You could not have done anything more stupid," growled Sir Frederick; "that was just the way to awake their suspicions."

"Of course," retorted Dick Phillimore, "according to you I never do anything that is not stupid; but I did it for the best, and I am still glad I went."

"What did Samson say?"

"Samson said that he would not renew it for another minute, and that he is tired of being put off. If the bill is not paid when it is due, he will put into effect the judgment he holds over you, and you will be arrested the next day."

"The deuce!" cried Sir Frederick.

"And do you think he will do this?"

"I am sure he will," said Dick; "Samson is a strong man, and we have not found out the proper party to cut his hair. He means mischief, dear Fred; and depend upon it, you will have to suffer."

"And why not you, pray; your name is also on the bill?"

"Yes, dear Fred, but I am not worth powder and shot. I'm not a swell baronet, with the chance of drawing on his title in the matrimonial or some other market. I am only a poor devil, who, if I were in prison, means stay there and do nothing; whereas, being out in the world I have a chance of looking about me, and picking up a little money at cards and billiards and betting, and thus earning enough to pay Samson his interest. No, sir, he will leave me alone; but he will go in for you, you may depend upon it."

"He shall not have the chance," said Sir Frederick, suddenly sitting upright in the bed.

"You mean to say you will bolt before the bill is due?"

"Nothing of the kind. I mean to say that the money shall be paid. I don't promise it within three weeks, mind; but if I can give a good guarantee to Samson, make it clear to him that it is all right, and that he will have it, he would hold it over for a short time."

"Do you?" said Dick, doubtfully; "but how you are going to get the money I cannot see—but by betting; there is only the Liverpool steeplechase to come off now, and your book on that is as bad as it well could be; you will lose upon that rather than win."

"How I shall get the money is my business; you don't care, I suppose, so long as you're all right?"

"Not the least in the world, dear Fred; I am by no means proud. So long as I have a clean shirt on my back, and a pound in my pocket, I don't care who pays for them; but I am curious to know how it is to be managed, nevertheless."

"Are you?" said Sir Frederick, with a jeering laugh. "Well, then, I don't mind telling you. The money with which Samson is to be paid, and on which I intend to live like a prince for the rest of my life, is to come from the place where fortunes are more quickly made and more quickly spent than anywhere else in the world."

"And where is that, pray?"

"America, dear Phillimore, the land of dollars. I mean our Yankee friend, Adams, to pay my debts and support me."

"Don't you try to get hold of the old man at cards," said Dick, shaking his head; "he taught me some confounded game called 'poker' or 'euchre,' or something, and won sovereigns off me before I knew where I was."

"Don't be afraid, Dick," said Sir Frederick, laughing; "I'll teach him a better game than that."

"You are not thinking of what you mentioned to me at the hotel at Folkstone, the night of our first landing?" asked Dick.

"I am," said his friend, "there is no other resource left."

"Then, again, I most earnestly bid you beware. I have been thinking it over seriously since, and what I told you about Kitty——"

"Leave Kitty to me," interrupted Sir Frederick. "So soon as I have put matters in train at the Langham Hotel I will go down and see Kitty, and I have no doubt that I shall be easily able to win her over to my views."

"I hope you may," said Dick Phillimore, quietly. "Well, I will go now, for it is full time you were up and dressed. I will meet you at the club at dinner, at seven, for I shall be anxious to hear what progress you have made."

In little more than an hour afterwards Sir Frederick Randall, dressed in excellent taste, and looking remarkably handsome, stepped into a cab, and ordered the driver to take him to Langham Hotel.

"Just two o'clock," he said to himself, after referring to his watch. "I have timed matters admirably. The old people will have had their lunch, and will have started out again on one of those sight-seeing expeditions which afford them such delight, while Minnie, who is by no means of so curious a nature, and who, besides, may perhaps recollect that this is about the time when I usually pay my visits, will probably be at home and alone. I don't think I shall have much difficulty in carrying out my object, for the girl is good and honest, and is, I believe, in love with me for myself, and without any thought beyond; while the old people are so tickled with the notion of having a baronet's lady for their daughter, that they will interpose no objection. Once through with that I must then look after Kitty. I thought at one time that would be an easy matter, but I have come round to Dick Phillimore's opinion, and fancy she may turn rusty. If she does—well, it's a desperate game to play, but with ruin staring me in the face there is no other way out of it."

The cab stopped at the door of the hotel, and after speaking to the hall-porter, Sir Frederick was shown up to an elegant suite of rooms on the first floor.

[*To be Continued.*]

The Temperance Horse.

The horse under ordinary circumstances is entitled to our respect and even gratitude but when he becomes by deed or action a worker in the cause of temperance, although his efforts should prove futile, he is worthy of something more. We are led to this conclusion by recalling an episode on the plains. It was in Northern Kansas about 150 miles from the Missouri. We had stopped for dinner by the side of a nicely wooded stream, when the grateful shade of the fine cottonwood trees was duly appreciated after hours of fatiguing travel over the rolling prairie under a June sun.

Extended on the grass we were taking as much comfort as possible, and were just going off into a doze while the bacon was being fried when much noise in the shape of shouting and swearing brought us to a sitting position. Soon after a queer looking specimen of the *genus homo* put in an appearance, announcing without ceremony or preamble, the fact that one of his horses absolutely refused to pull a pound. The stubborn animal even refused to walk by the side of his mate. If he would do this much it was possible the latter could draw the load which consisted of only a couple of barrels of whiskey which he was taking to Marysville a village, by the way, thirty or forty miles ahead. Would we come and help him. He would give us a drink of strong waters round. It may be supposed that far as we are from this prime necessary of life the offer is irresistible. The cook at once leaves his bacon to take care of itself without so much as deigning to look at the coffee pot which, from the supports burning away is in imminent danger of toppling. Our funny man Walsh leads the way at a smart run. We are soon at the wagon. The hill is quite sharp, yet there is no doubt that a united effort of the sorry-looking team would bring the load to the summit. Walsh declares that whiskey, however, is much heavier than its specific gravity would seem to indicate. "He had seen a strong man crushed to the ground by a gallon and had actually staggered under less than a quart himself." "Still there was a difference between a man and a horse." "They ought to haul it." "Hi up Jerry" said he seizing the reins. Jerry switched his tail wickedly, sets his ears back and gets as near the wagon as possible. The promise of a drink, and the cut of a whip by the way of instalment, is treated with the utmost contempt and stoicism.

"Shove boys," says Walsh.

We shove, but whipping and swearing are ineffectual in inducing our equine friend to get out of the way of the wagon.

"Did you allow him to drink while in the river?" says the funny man turning to the sassafras coloured vendor of liquors.

"I did" says he in evident wonder at the simplicity of the question.

"Ah! that's it" says Walsh; "I've seen just such another horse as this in my time." "A temperance horse, boys" says he turning to us. Failing to see the point he ventures further explanations. "You see," began this sage, "It's a very rare horse as will drink whisky if left to himself, when he can get water."

We unanimously accede to this assertion. "Might not a horse have a conscience," he continued. "Some horses has more heels than conscience I'll admit but this quadruped is not one of them. He's found the benefit of cold water pure and simple and doesn't want to allow this good man to poison his decent neighbours in Marysville or turn their brains till their heads is as chuckfull of monstrosities as the British Museum, as changeful as a Kladiscope, or whatever you call it, and as light as if he had been operated on by an Indian barber who is the slickest cutter known. My bullies, we'll lighten the load and the horse's conscience at the same time. We'll have the drink now. Then, boys, stand from under, the thing has got to go."

The owner is passive. He has tried everything and can't be worse. Walsh drinks the health of the horse with many trite observations on the extreme narrowness of his views in regard to liquids adding a caustic remark or two on laziness. This important part of the performance being completed he proceeds to business.

"You'll not haul whiskey," said Walsh, addressing the animal. "What business is it of your'n." "Did the critter ever act this way before" (turning to the leather coloured, open mouthed owner.)

The person addressed answers negatively but explains that he has had him only a short time.

"Well then I've applied to his reason and he don't mind me. I'll operate on him as far from the brain as possible," at the same time proceeding to tie his tail to the whippletree.

The horse is uneasy and suspicious. The renewal of this simple ancient method of attaching an animal to his work is evidently not to his mind. The stubform element of his nature keeps him set doggedly back till the fastening is complete.

"Here my man take the reins." "Hi up Jerry" roars Walsh pulling the wagon back till the tension of the horse's tail was like that of a violin string. The effect was miraculous. On he started pulling the entire load and making it quite an effort for the other horse to keep up with him and in spite of all the endeavours of "sassafrass" who tried his "best" to stop him, being afraid he would pull his tail off. The astonishment and terror of the owner was ridiculous. His droll antics furnished us in material for merriment during many a day. Going over the top of the hill at a hand gallop was the last we saw of the temperance horse. The fact that the coffee was upset and the dog had finished licking the frying pan when we returned failed completely to dampen our spirits.—*On the Plains by Geo. J. Forbes.*

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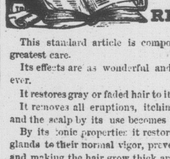

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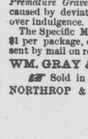

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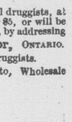

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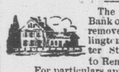

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1 PIPE CHOICE SHERRY; 1 Pipe Choice Port; 83 quarter casks Superior Old Port Wine; 37 quarter casks Superior Old Sherry; 160 quarters and octaves cheap Tarragona and Cadiz WINES.

DANIEL PATTON, SAINT JOHN.

Brandy! Brandy!

345 PACKAGES, Hogsheads and Quarter Casks finest Cognac Brandies; Hennessy, Martell, Sayers, Jules Robin, Pinet Castillon, Riviere Gardrette, Alex. Seignette.

DANIEL PATTON, SAINT JOHN

Law, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Ætna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

BATHURST OFFICE:—two doors from store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING, WATER STREET,

CHATHAM.

2-52

JOHNSON & FRASER.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS.

Insurance Agents, &c.

UNION BUILDING.

WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq.

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE N. B

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

14-tf

Law Notices, etc.

Sheriff's Sale!

TO be sold at Public Auction, on

Thursday, the 29th day of March next,

in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.,

All the Estate, Right, Title & Interest, Property, Claim and Demand

of Peter McAndrew in and to all that certain piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on the road leading from Negnac to Bymiest's Mill Stream, in the Parish of Alnwick, upon which the said Peter McAndrew at present resides, being the Southerly half of Lot Number Fifty-Three, and being the same land and premises sold and conveyed to the said Peter McAndrew by Gilbert Vautre by Deed, bearing date the Twenty-First day of July, A. D., 1865; as by reference thereto will more fully appear, and containing 95 acres, more or less: the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Peter McAndrew at the suit of William G. Creighton.

JOHN SHIRREFF, *Sheriff of North'ld.*

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 18th September, A. D. 1875. } mar 20

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on Friday the 19th day of June next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Maxim Manuel in and to all that certain Piece or Parcel of Land lying and being in the Parish of Hardwicke on the Westerly side of Portage River and bounded as follows:—in front or Northerly by the said Portage River, Easterly by Lot number 22, occupied by L. Sigley, Westerly by Lot 20 granted to James Tait, Senior, and Southerly by vacant Crown lands, containing 40 Acres more or less; with all the Buildings, appurtenances and improvements thereunto belonging, and being the land and premises upon which the said Maxim Manuel at present resides—the saving been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Maxim Manuel at the suit of Phineas Williston.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of Joseph Manuel, Senr., in or to the Lot or Piece of Land above described, and upon which said Joseph Manuel, Senr., also at present resides,—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Joseph Manuel, Senr., at the suit of Phineas Williston.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of North'ld.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876. }

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of August next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.:—

All the Right, Title and Interest of John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, in and to all that lot or Tract of Land situate lying and being on the South side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Chatham, known as Lot No. 41, bounded on the upper or westerly side by lands owned by the late William Hay, on the lower or easterly side by Lot Number 40, formerly occupied by John Stewart, deceased, which lot 41 extends in front 60 rods, and contains in the whole 300 acres, more or less.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux and Catherine, his wife, in and to all that Piece or Parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, known as part of Lot Number 25, and bounded as follows: commencing on the Westerly side of the road or street leading from Water Street to the Wellington Road, called Henderson Street, at the South-Easterly angle of the piece of land owned by Caleb McCully, being 54 feet Southerly from the corner of Water Street; thence Southerly along the West side of Henderson street, aforesaid, one hundred feet; thence Westerly on a line at right angles with the last mentioned line 90 feet; thence Northerly on a line parallel with the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, 98 feet, or to the Southwest angle of the piece of land formerly owned by James A. Pierce; thence Easterly along the rear lines of the said James A. Pierce and Caleb McCully's lands 90 feet, or to the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, being the place of beginning; being the same land that was conveyed to the said John Devereaux by Robert McLaisant and others by Deed, dated the 6th August, A. D., 1856.

Also, all the individual Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux in and to the said last mentioned land aforesaid, and being the land and premises on which the said John Devereaux at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court, and out of the County Court of Northumberland, against the said John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, and against John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and against John Devereaux individually.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of Northumb'ld.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newcastle, 20th January, 1877. }

CARD.

To the Travelling Public.

THE Subscriber will, on the close of the River, run a Stage, twice a day, between

CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE

as follows:

Leave Chatham for Newcastle at 9·15 a. m., and 2 p. m.

Leave Newcastle for Chatham at 11 a. m., and 4 p. m.

Parcels and small freight carefully attended to.

He also informs his friends and the Public generally that his sleighs will be in attendance on the ARRIVAL and DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

ALSO—First-class Horses and Sleighs to let on reasonable Terms.

☞ All orders left at the Waverley Hotel, Newcastle, and at his own residence, Chatham, will be promptly attended to.

D. T. JOHNSTONE.

Chatham, 9th Dec., 1876.

Brokerage, etc.

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BANKERS & BROKERS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 23

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SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

SAINT JOHN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.

HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,

UPPER WATER STREET,

HALIFAX N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL,

General Agent

SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

Next the Bank of Montreal.

QUEBEC.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP.

Sausages and Boulognies,

—WHOLESALE & RETAIL—

Orders from out of town carefully filled and promptly shipped.

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186 Union Street, - - - - - - St. John.

SAFES!

AGENCY for the

FAMOUS HALL SAFE & LOCK COMPANY,

—AT—

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Samples shown on the premises,

"Miramichi Advance Building."

N. B.—These SAFES are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all business men. They are a sure protection for Books and Paper Money against Fire and Burglars.

D. G. SMITH.

The Fire on the Hearth.

THREE THINGS IN ONE.

Ventilation of a Fire Place,

Radiation of a Stove,

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PURE AIR & EVEN TEMPERATURE THROUGH A ROOM.

Endorsed by the Medical, Scientific and popular Press,

WILSON, GILMOUR & CO.,

138 Prince William St., ST JOHN

Fire! Fire!!

HALL'S SAFES ALWAYS VICTORIOUS—A HALL'S SAFE RED HOT FOR FORTY HOURS AND CONTENTS UNINJURED—BOOKS, MONEY AND PAPERS SAVED.

Office of Davis & Haden, Wholesale Liquor Dealers, No. 9 Main-st., bet. First and Second, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19, 1876.

Messrs. Halls Safe and Lock Co., Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen,—The large number 13 Double Door Fire Proof Safe purchased from you in March, 1872, was in the disastrous fire, corner Eighth and Main streets, on the night of the 16th inst., when over a half million dollars of property was burned, and stood nobly one of the most severe tests possible, falling into the cellar with the walls of the building, and several hundred barrels of whiskey stored in the upper stories poured their contents into the cellar, keeping the safe literally boiling in burning whiskey for over forty hours. The bricks and stone were burned into ashes and lime, and it was the hottest fire ever known in Louisville. The safe was buried several feet under the bricks and ashes for two days, and after being dug out of the ruins was opened, and we are proud to say the books and papers were found uninjured, not even discolored or scorched. Several gold watches and some valuable jewellery were found untarnished.

We wish you to deliver, to day, a duplicate of the safe to our new store, No. 9 Main street, and we will send you a check for the money. We want no other safe but a Halls. Yours truly,

DAVIS & HADEN.

A large lot of all sizes and kinds of these Standard Fire Proof Safes constantly on hand, at prices to suit the times.

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Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—

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do 83 State-street, Boston, Mass.
do 93 Smithfield-street, Pittsburgh, Pa.;
do N. E. Cor. Main and 5th sts., Louisville, Ky.
do 147 and 149 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.;
do 612 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.;
do 103 Superior street, Cleveland, O.;
do 28 Sansom street, San Francisco, Ca
Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.

D. G. SMITH, AGENT, Chatham.

Kitchen & other Household

UTENSILS,

TIN WARE, &C

The best place to purchase HOUSE KEEPER'S REQUISITES for the Kitchen or the Dining Room is at the well-stocked Establishment of James Gray,