GOING TO THE DOGS.

BY EDMUND YATES.

What Mr. Hiram P. Adams had look ed forward to as a lunch, but what was in reality an excellent, substantial dinner, appearing extra enjoyable to the travellers, after the light and fanciful repast to which they had recently been accustomed, was discussed, and the American family, wearied out with the travel and fatigues of the day, sought their couches at a comparatively early hour.

After they had retired, the two young men, who had remained in constant attendance upon them, proceeded to the smoking-room, which they fortunately found empty.

Ordering each a steaming glass of whisky toddy, they lit their cigars, and the taller and younger man dragging up a huge easy-chair in front of the fire, threw himself into it, and plunging his hands in his pockets stretched himself out at full length and with his eyes fixed upon the fire, began smoking steadily.

The doctor walked up to the window, and pulling aside one of the heavy curtains looked out across the harbor.

"The rain has cleared off," he said, "but there seems to be a devil of a wind blowing; the clouds are scudding along at a rapid rate and the white-crested waves look angry enough in the moonlight."

"I wish they would run in and swamp this whole infernal place," said his companion, expelling a mouthful of smoke and holding his hand before his face to shield it from the blaze.

"Why, what's the matter with you Fred, to-night?" said the doctor, turning round and looking at his friend. "Ever since we landed you have been cross and down in the mouth, not to be recognized as the same man who was the life and soul of Homburg only a month ago."

"Matter with me!" cried the man addressed savagely. "It's enough to take the pluck out of the best man to bring me back to such an infernal country as this, more especially under the circumstances in which I am placed.

"Dear me, is it indeed?" said the doctor, sarcastically. "Seemed to be devilish pleasant circumstances, and such as I should not at all object to suffer under!"

"Of course you would not," said his companion, fiercely, "of course you would not, Dick Phillimore, because you are as hard and as plain and as common as dirt, because you never knew what delicacy was—refinement was, and so long as you can get plenty to eat, and drink, and smoke, all of the best, so long as you can have a good bed to lie on, and good clothes to wear, you don't care what any one says or thinks about you."

The doctor had frowned at the beginning of this sentence, but before it was concluded, he burst into a jolly laugh, and said:

"You are quite right about that, Fred; I'll be hanged if I do!"

"Now, I am different," said Sir Frederick. "I was happy and in good spirits as you say at Homburg, but why? Because there one could live with a pleasant, jolly set of fellows—Frenchmen, Americans, Russians, what not—where one's rank was respected, and where they knew and cared nothing for one's antecedents. Here, in this accursed place, you are—I am always on the lookout for some one to recognize me as Russell, his fellow jail-bird, in the Westchester County prison. Besides, it's a most horrible nuisance to a man of my position, to have to live from hand to mouth, not knowing what may turn up next day, and entirely dependent for his livelihood on horse-racing and cards."

"Yes," said the doctor, shaking his head, as he looked at the fire, "it's very much to be regretted that your respected uncle, Sir Crampton, did not leave you his money as well as his title. He could not prevent your becoming a baronet, but he determined, so far as lay in his power, you should be a devilish poor one, so he left all his estates to your cousin, the parson. I wonder whether the old boy could ever have heard of any of the little games which you used to carry on in your early days, my sweet youth. If so, there is no wonder at his being somewhat shocked."

"I have thought of that myself,' said Sir Frederick Randall, reflectively. "If my uncle had heard anything against me, he could only have learnt it from two persons—one of them would be you—and I don't think you would be likely to betray me!"

"You may safely assume that, dear boy," said the doctor pleasantly, patting his friend on the shoulder. "If I had betrayed you it would have been on condition of receiving a large sum of money, and from the condition of your dear Richard, you can easily argue that he has not yet, at all events, touched the ingots, and is at present dependent for his support upon you, and upon the general youthful ignorance of the games of *ecarte* and billiards."

"There was only one other man whom I entrusted with my real name, when I was in that horrible prison, and that was King—Walter King—he must have told my uncle!"

"I think not," said Dick Phillimore, placidly. "King is not a friend of mine; in fact, I hated him from the bottom of my heart, and I am bound to say that he has a very manly and genial contempt of me, partly founded on my ignorance of my profession, partly on account of my fondness for this very seductive tipple whisky toddy, and my general dissipation. But still, he is a gentleman every inch of him, and the last man on earth to go back on his word, when he has once given it. Speaking of King brings all the incidents of that extraordinary night forcibly to my mind," continued the doctor, leaning back, and puffing at his cigar. "Let me see—it is just three years ago, and——"

"Stop, for heaven's sake!" cried the baronet, passionately. "What pleasure can you have in torturing me by recalling that scene of my misery. I hate to think of it—I shut it from my thoughts, it is in the past as terrific to me as will be the future, the day of my death when it really arrives. You never think of such things! Are you never memory-haunted or conscience-struck?"

"Never," said the doctor, blowing his smoke into the air, and looking up to the ceiling. "I may say never, unless indeed, I have been silly enough to eat Welsh rabbit, or anything indigestible just before going to bed; then I have an awful time of it, and fellows tell me who have been sleeping in the next room, that I yell out and kick up the devil's delight; but that's only happened to me once or twice in my life. Ordinarily, whatever I have done, or intend to do, never troubles my conscience, and to tell you the truth, I don't think I've got one!"

"You are a lucky fellow," said Sir Frederick, bitterly.

"Yes," said the doctor, smiling pleasantly; "the less one thinks about such ridiculous matters the more time one is enabled to devote to practical purposes. Let us be practical now, dear Frederick. Are you aware of the state of our funds?"

"They must be low enough," said the baronet, gloomily; "that run of fourteen times upon the red at Homburg was enough to break the bank of England."

"Well, dear Frederick, we are not the bank of England—I wish to Heaven we were; wouldn't I show them how to rig the money market—and it certainly broke us. If we hadn't borrowed that five thousand francs from little Barre, on the strength of your noble name, we should have been stuck down there in pawn, and heaven knows how long we should have remained there, for there is no money to be raised in England."

"How much of Barre's advance remains?" asked Sir Frederick.

"Just thirty pounds," said the doctor, after looking into his pocket-book. "We shall get out of this for five, as I will undertake to settle the bill for our friends up stairs—to save them trouble, you know, and will lump it in altogether, and that will just leave us five-and-twenty when we arrive in town. Five-and-twenty pounds doesn't go far in London, dear Frederick."

"It does not, indeed," said the baronet, in a despairing voice. "What on earth is to be done? Can you not think of anything?"

"Well, dear boy," said the doctor, drawing his chair nearer to his friend's, "it does not do for us to beat about the bush, or to hide any thing from each other, and to tell you the truth, I have been thinking of something. "Now, with regard to our dear friends up stairs, you may have observed that, during our three weeks' acquaintance with them, while you have been philandering and saying sweet nothings to the young lady, I have been paying great attention to the old one, partly in the cause of friendship, but partly, I blush to say, from a baser motive."

"Go on. What then?"

"That is all he says to me for my sacrifice," said the doctor; "but no matter. What then? Why, in the course of my intimacy with the old lady, I have discovered that, like most uneducated women who have been enriched at a late period of their lives, her sole happiness in having money is to spend it in the most lavish and preposterous manner."

"She need not go far to find two fitting objects for her bounty," said Frederick, sententiously.

"No," said the doctor; "but that is not at all in her line. She likes to spend it on herself, and she does it. In Paris and in Rome, in Vienna and in Frankfort, in fact wherever she has been, she has been purchasing rings, bracelets, necklaces, and jewels of all kinds, to dear diamonds; and they are all in that bag which she invariably gives me to carry."

"Did she tell you they were there?"

"No, dear Frederick, but I know they are, because I have seen them. When the old girl was asleep in that journey between Geneva and Paris, I took the liberty of lifting her gold key from her watch chain, and opening the bag with it. Then I saw them all in their white satin-lined cases; heavens, glorious sight!"

"Then what does all this lead to, pray?" asked the baronet, with a yawn.

"Well, dear Frederick, my idea was this: When we arrive at Charing Cross to-morrow morning, we see these worthy people into a cab, and you go off with them to the Langham; I remain to take care of the luggage, and an hour and a half afterwards I arrive at the Langham with all the luggage, expect Mrs. Adams' little bag. I am white as death—I am very good at making up my face—I can scarcely articulate—I remember quite enough of anatomy to simulate rigor of the tongue, and tremble all over. 'What is the matter?' 'The bag! Is it here?' 'No.' Great heavens! I will devote my life to searching for it!' And I go off. Letters are received from me from Boulogne, St. Petersburg, Pesth, Bucharest, Indianapolis, and Baggleboro, Pa., but I never come back. Meantime I take the diamonds to our old friend Schaub, at Amsterdam; they are broken up in the usual way, and you and I have rather a fine time upon the proceeds."

"Bah!" said his companion, lighting a fresh cigar. "You are always a fool, Dick; but never, even out of your idiotic brain, did a proposition spring so preposterous as that which you have just broached. You have done as many bad things as I have, committed as many crimes, and worse crimes, I have no doubt, if all were known—but you have never suffered for them as I have. You have never been found out—or, at least only half found out—you have never been sent to jail—how my flesh creeps at the mere mention of the word! I see the long stone corridors, the cold, slippery staircases, like serpents winding themselves up to the roof, the blank white-washed walls! I hear the dull, measured tramp of the warder's feet, the rattle of the bolt as it shoots in the lock, the solemn clanging of the chapel bell rousing one perhaps from the dreamland of hope to the gloomy horrors of conscience, to the knowledge that another day of misery has begun! I feel again that desperate sinking of the soul, that conviction that I am worldly dead to all outward influences of happiness and joy! that haunting horror that I shall be actually dead before the time of my release arrives; that I shall never again see the bright sun beaming on the fields, the brilliant lines of gaslight, with the busy population moving among them; never hear the sound of laughter, never look upon merry faces. Good God! the mere recollection of all this is enough to drive me mad!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and covered his face with his hands.

Dick Phillimore looked at him with strange curiosity. "You are quite right, dear Frederick," said he. "All the things that you have mentioned are confoundedly unpleasant, to say nothing of being deprived of one's smoke, made to wear ill-cut-garments, and being put upon a light and wholesome but scarcely appetizing farinaceous diet, the product of Oswego, which I am given to understand is a thriving city belonging to our American cousins, or the porridge of Scotland does not make up for the enforced absence of a tender steak, and a bottle of Muir's dry! As you say, dear Frederick, I have never experienced any of these things, nor do I quite understand why you have imported this unpleasant element into the conversation."

"Because you seem to have forgotten the chances of detection in this preposterous scheme of yours. You would know all about them soon enough supposing you failed to get clear off with your booty, or were detected even when you had disposed of it. No, Dick, no; we must and we will have money, but we will get it in a very different manner, very different, and much safer than the insane scheme which you propose."

"We will, dear boy, we will, by all means," said Dick Phillimore, taking a long pull, which emptied his tumbler, and ringing the bell; "but how?"

"It shall be duly provided for us by those from whom you intended to obtain it by force," said the baronet. "When the waiter has attended to your summons, I will give you the details."

The waiter answered the bell, and soon re-appeared, bearing two huge jorums of the steaming mixture.

When he had taken his departure, Sir Frederick turned to his friend and said: "Did you do what I told you in reference to pumping this Yankee as to his fortune?"

"Sucked him as dry as the oil well out of which he got his money, and afterwards sold to his brother-in-law, dear boy," said Dick Phillimore, with an engaging smile. "For it was out of oil he got it. Ten years ago our friend, Hiram P., was in a small way, and kept—a dry goods store, as he calls it—something equivalent to our linen draper's shop, I suppose—in Titusville, Pennsylvania. He was doing sufficiently badly, when a friend of his, Colonel Drake, of Connecticut, arrived at Titusville and commenced to bore for oil. He took Hiram P. into his confidence, and they worked away together, but they had a mighty hard time of it. Had to send fifty miles every time their tools wanted repair; but they persevered and at length they struck 'ile.' It was a splendid vein, and in a little while they were pumping out of it at the rate of from thirty-five to forty barrels per day. Hiram P. had a share in this, and he had fortunately previously secured a bit of land in the neighborhood, which he 'prospected' on his own account, and which turned out almost equally good. He did not launch out, did Hiram P., but went on living in his usual quiet, modest way, amassing bit by bit, until he had accumulated something like two hundred thousand dollars that is to say, between forty and fifty thousand pounds. Then, like a sensible man, he thought he had had enough of lubrication, sold his lot and plant to his brother-in-law, who blew his own head off in despair a year afterwards, and came quietly down to New York. There was a swindle on there at that time, as there usually is, a 'corner' as they call it, and Hiram P. having a shrewd head of his own, and good advice from his friends, went down into Wall street, and operated successfully. In the course of three months he had nearly doubled his capital, and then he withdrew, meaning to buy what he calls, 'an elegant house up town,' and take his daughter, to whom he has given an excellent education, into society. But Mrs. A., who, as you may perceive, is a woman of ambition, determined on coming to Europe, and it was during this tour we had the good fortune to meet them."

"You may well say good fortune," said Sir Frederick, puffing at his cigar. "A hundred thousand pounds isn't a bad sum to play with, Master Dick."

"No, indeed," said Dick Phillimore.

"Better, still, to have the interest of it to spend."

"Safer," said Dick, with a wink; "for such fellows as you and I, who have a fatal habit of not finding the interest sufficient, and digging into the capital."

"Exactly," said Sir Frederick. "Now, I intend to have the interest of that money at my disposal."

"Noblest of men," cried Dick, with an appreciative nod; "but how do you intend to get it?"

"You addle-pated old fool, I have been arranging for it for the last six weeks, and it is just ready to drop into my mouth."

"The deuce it is," cried Dick in astonishment. "How so?"

"Why, while you were dancing round the mother, and worrying your old brain, in endeavoring to see how you could rob her of her diamonds, I was planning to get hold of a more valuable jewel than any of them, her daughter."

"Ay—ay," said Dick. "I knew you were making great running with the young lady; but even supposing you managed to persuade her to run off with you, how would that bring you any nearer the money?"

"Run off with me!" cried Sir Frederick, scornfully. "I intend to marry her."

"To marry her!"

"To marry her with her parents' consent. What do you think of that for a scheme?"

"Well, it sounds well enough," said Dick Phillimore, rubbing his fat chin thoughtfully; "but," he added, after a pause, looking up at his companion with a queer glance, "but what about Kitty?"

Sir Frederick's pale face flushed a deep-bronzed red, and as he knit his brows heavily, his forehead became indented with parallel crimson bars. He was silent for a few minutes, then withdrawing his right hand from his pocket, tossed it lightly in the air. "What about Kitty?" he repeated. "Well, Kitty has been too well trained, and she has my welfare too thoroughly at heart to dream of standing between me and its accomplishment."

"You think so, do you, Fred?" said Dick Phillimore, doubtfully. "Kitty is devoted to you, body and soul, I know that; but she is a woman, recollect, after all, and I don't think she would stand another woman slipping into the place which is lawfully hers, and which she has occupied so long."

"Oh! don't you?" said his friend. "Well, I do. Time will show; but if she does not with a good grace, she must be made to, that's all."

He set his teeth savagely as he said this, and looked so fierce and determined that Dick Phillimore thought it best to change the subject.

"Well, we shall see," he said, throwing the stump of his cigar into the fire; "there is plenty of time to decide about that, and the plan is a good one as it stands. Meantime, it's agreed upon between us, I suppose, that if it does come off, we share the proceeds—honor among—"

"Thank you," said Sir Frederick, interrupting him, and rising from his chair, "you may spare me the pleasure of hearing the concluding word."

[*To be Continued.*]

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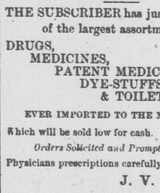

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Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.
OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET,
CHATHAM.
2-52

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 Neguac to Joseph Mill stream, in the Parish of Alnwick, upon which the said Peter McAndrew at present resides, being the Northerly 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. mar20

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. Sipley, 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 same having 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'd.
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876.

Stables, Horses, etc.

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.

BASS' ALE.
JUST RECEIVED ex-*Olympia*, from Liverpool:—25 Hhds. Bass' PALE ALE.
For Sale low by
M. A. FINN,
Water St., St. John.

Boneless Codfish.
WE have just received—50 cases BONELESS COD FISH, packed in 30 lb. cases, a splendid article for housekeepers.
LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.,
St. JOHN.

Fall Produce, &c,
The Subscriber has now on hand
50 quintals Halifax Codfish, (large)
50 barrels No. 1 Herring;
20 barrels Real Winter Apples;
50 boxes Raisins;
20 boxes Digby Smoked Herring.
—ALSO—
Flour,
Fresh Pork,
Lard, Butter,
Potatoes,
Salt Pork,
Oysters,
and other articles for Household use.
E. A. STRANG,
Snowball's Wharf

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,
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

LUKE STEWART,
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.
JOHN HOPKINS,
186 Union Street, - - - - - - St John.

SAFES!
AGENCY for the
FAMOUS HALL SAFE & LOCK COMPANY,
—AT—
CHATHAM
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 Vapor 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,
Circulation of a Furnace.
PURE AIR & EVEN TEMPERATURE THROUGH A ROOM.
Endorsed by the Medical, Scientific and popular Press.
WILSON, GILMOUR & CO.,
133 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, Wh'sale 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 14th 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.
HALLS SAFE AND LOCK CO.,
Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—
Halls Safe and Lock Co., 345 and 347 Broadway, N
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 Samson 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, George Street, Chatham, who, being both an
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER
in the above line, is prepared to furnish almost anything that may be required by those who favor him with their patronage
ANGLERS AND OTHER SPORTSMEN
will find all the utensils they require for
CAMP OUTFIT
at this Establishment.
JAMES GRAY,
George Street.

CARD!
THE UNDERSIGNED would beg leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he is now prepared to furnish
PLANS, DESIGNS
—AND—
SPECIFICATIONS
For any description of Building required.
PRICES REASONABLE!
GEORGE CASSADY,
Architect
Chatham, N. B. 4th April, 1876.

GASPEREAUX NETS.
JUST RECEIVED:
1 BALE TWINE FOR NETS.
W. H. THORNE & CO.,
St. John, N. B.

Lumber Sawing.
The Subscriber is prepared to saw lumber for any parties requiring such work.
ROBERT B