THE MOONSTONE AT SIFCOTE.

(Charles Reade's Continued.)

Young Hipgrave stopped and the unpleasantness of a quiet chat between Mr. Yorke and Crane the gardener. The extraordinary part is that the murder should have been known to either of them at that early hour of the evening struck everybody; upon Mr. Maskell, a keen man of the law, it made a strong impression. Who could have known it, hours before he was found, save those concerned in the deed? Argued Mr. Maskell. Very true, said the village, but Crane and his wife are above suspicion, and so—of course—is Mr. Yorke. This must be sifted, concluded Mr. Maskell, and I shall take care that all three are summoned before the coroner.

Ere the day, Friday, was over, the murderers of the farmer were in custody—two men, of whose guilt there was not a shadow of doubt. The spoil taken from Mr. Louth was found upon them, and there were other proofs, which need not be entered into, since that is not the murder with which we are most concerned. These two men had been seen lurking about the village in the afternoon with another suspicious character—a man named King. It was assumed that this third had also been in the mischief, but at present he could not be found. The murder of Mr. Louth and that of Mr. Janson must have taken place about the same time, rendering it next to an impossibility that the same parties were guilty of both. The inquest was fixed for Monday, the coroner being unable to hold it sooner, and poor Mr. Janson lay in his own house, the outside of which presented a scene of bustle, night and day, inasmuch as it was regularly besieged by crowds of the curious, who stood there for hours on the stretch, gazing at its closely-curtained windows. Towards evening, on the Saturday, their perseverance was gratifyingly rewarded by witnessing the arrival of Mr. Janson's mother, who had been summoned from a distance. She took up her abode at the sorrowful house, although several neighborly offers to receive her were made, and the delighted crowd of stationary gazers was forthwith doubled.

Now the reader cannot fail to perceive that suspicion lay fearfully strong upon Mr. Yorke. His jealousy of his wife and Mr. Janson supplied the motive; a jealousy for which there was no foundation, save in his own distorted mind. Certain attendant circumstances known to Mrs. Yorke, were fraught with suspicion. His staying out that night, saying he lost his way in the fog, his stealing up-stairs in the dark when he came home, and the complete changing of his clothes, would have been comparatively nothing; but there was his prematurely-proclaimed knowledge of the murder. Mrs. Yorke heard of the opinion, expressed by the surgeons, that a gun had probably been used to inflict the blows, and she shivered as she listened. Did her husband bring home his? She could not tell. Neither could she arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the clothes he wore, whether they were put away in concealment, or whether they were amongst those hanging openly in the closet; for Mr. Yorke was an extravagant man in the matter of wearing apparel, and possessed several suits for out-door sports. The terrible suspicion was eating into her brain. And yet it appeared too monstrous a one to have real foundation.

On the Sunday morning, though Mrs. Yorke rose to breakfast, she excused herself from going to church. She said she was not sufficiently well; perhaps it was no false plea, for she looked very ill. Mr. Yorke went, accompanied by Miss Hardisty and Henry Yorke. When they were gone, Maria entered her bedroom and locked herself in. A desperate determination was on her face, the index to that which had settled on her mind; her dreadful fears, her uncertainties, were hard to bear, day and night they were as one living agony; and now that the house was free from interruption she would search and find, or not find, proofs. The gun. That was the point; had he thrown it away as he came home that night, stained with his crime, or had he brought it home with him and concealed it? A gun appeared as usual in the customary place; but—was it the gun he had taken out with him, or the other one, which he might have reached from his gun-case and put there? The gun-case was fast, and she had no means of ascertaining.

There was an old-fashioned piece of furniture, half bureau, half chest, in the bedroom, black with age, very long and narrow. Mr. Yorke had laughed when this caught his eye on their taking possession of the house. "Why, it's long enough," said he, in a joking way, "to put a coffin in." He had appropriated it to himself for his private use, and this was the plague-spot of dread to Mrs. Yorke; if the gun was in the house concealed, it was there.

She had been to the box of tools, and by dint of exertion she contrived to bring the bureau from the wall. Her intention was to break in the back, satisfy herself, and then replace the furniture. Knock, knock! hammer, hammer! Two servants were at home, the rest at church; Charlotte was in the nursery, the cook in the kitchen. Whether they heard the noise, or hearing it, what they might think, Mrs. Yorke did not stop to enquire; her resolution was desperate. She persevered, and at length the wood was stove in. Not space enough yet, but she soon made it so.

Alas! she did not require a second glance. On the very top of all, quite at the back, lay the gun, *broken*. How many pieces she did not count, she could not have touched them for the whole world; they were wet, as if they had been soaked in water for the purpose of washing, and they lay on a suit of wet shooting-clothes; had he got into a pool, as he came home that night, to wash away traces? Probably. Mrs. Yorke staggered away and sat down, pale and sick. Beyond all doubt, her husband was Edward Janson's murderer.

Again she dragged up her shaking limbs, and, leaving everything as she found it, save for the great hole, pushed the bureau back to its place. The first time her husband opened it, he would see the hole, and detect what she had done. She cared not, henceforth, there was little that she would care for in life She took up the heavy hammer and the chisel, and was concealing them under her black silk apron, lest she should be met going down-stairs on her way to the tool-box, when a quick knock came to the chamber door right in front of her. It startled her into a scream, which she could not have prevented had her life depended on it.

"Please, ma'am, it's only me," said the cook's voice. And what Mrs. Yorke answered was a mystery to herself, but the servant rejoined—

"It's a stranger, ma'am, asking to see you directly, and won't take no denial."

With a ghastly face and a frame that shook from head to foot, Mrs. Yorke opened one of her drawers, and shut up the hammer and chisel. Then she unlocked the door and the cook stepped inside.

"It's a strange lady who wants to see you; she— Why, ma'am, what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"One of my sick headaches," murmured Mrs. Yorke. "A visitor, did you say? I am not well enough to see any one. Go and say so."

"A few minutes' conversation only," interrupted a strange voice close at the door; and there stood the visitor, who must have silently followed the servant up-stairs. Her face, stern and pale, bore the remains of severe beauty; and Mrs. Yorke grew sick, as unto death, with undefined fears, for she recognized Mr. Janson's mother.

She utterly lost her self-possession. She did not say, "Walk down to the drawing-room," or, "Walk in here;" she only looked up with her ghastly face, the picture of terror and misery. Mrs. Janson stepped in, and closed the bed-room door, fixing her searching eyes full upon Mrs. Yorke.

"I have come to ask you who murdered my son."

Mrs. Yorke felt as if her brains were turning. There stood his mother, putting that startling question, and there, at her back, were the hidden pieces of—the—gun; there, in another spot, were the hammer and chisel. Ominous witnesses, all.

"Did you kill him?" proceeded Mrs. Janson.

Mrs. Yorke, in her perplexity and confusion, burst into tears. "I kill him!" she uttered—"I set on, and beat a man to death! it would be physically impossible. Why do you come here with so cruel a thought?"

"Ever since I heard the details of the crime yesterday," continued Mrs. Janson, "my thoughts have never quitted it, no, not for an hour, for my eyes last night were sleepless. I have sought in vain for its motives. All tell me that my son had no enemy here, that he was beloved and respected. To-day I heard that you were living here, and I said to myself, 'There lies the clue.' You could not kill him yourself, you say; perhaps not: but you might get it done. Did you?"

Strange to say, Mrs. Yorke endured such words without indignation. Indignation from her!—when the wicked instrument of his death was within a few inches! She answered in a tone of humility, of pitiable depression:—

"You may spare yourself such thoughts. I would have given my own life to save his."

It may be that her words struck Mrs. Janson as being the words of truth, for her voice lost some of its harshness.

"Years ago you were my son's bane; you led him on to love you, and then left him for another: what wonder, then, amidst so complete a dearth of motive for other's committing the crime, that my thoughts should turn to you?"

"If I did marry another: it was not that I disliked your son," answered Mrs. Yorke, in a low tone; "it was that circumstances were not favorable to my marrying him. Since we met again, on the occasion of my coming here, we have been excellent friends. Madam, I beg you to understand me—friends; the past was forgotten by both of us; it was never once recalled or alluded to by either; your son has attended my child, and brought him through a dangerous illness. Pray put away these dreadful ideas," added Mrs. Yorke, with emotion. "Your son was the last person in the world whom I would have injured."

"What makes you look so ill?" demanded Mrs. Janson, abruptly. "It appears like mental illness, not bodily."

"I have no objection to tell you that I have felt ill ever since the news of the horrible crime was brought to our house—as I should do had its victim been any other friend. And to-day," she added, with a faint color at her invention, "I have a sick head-ache, which kept me from church, and causes me to look as I do now. Believe me, I knew no more of the crime than you did, who were far away."

"Nor your husband?"

"My husband!" echoed Mrs. Yorke, with well-feigned astonishment. "What motive could my husband have in wishing him ill? Quite the contrary; had I not chosen him, when I could have chosen Mr. Janson? Ah, poor thing! was it wrong that she should appear thus brave in his defence, guilty though she believed him, in her breaking heart? He was her husband; he was the father of her children. Mrs. Janson's keen eyes were upon her. Could she bear them, and stand the ordeal?

"Mrs. Janson," said she, rising, and assuming a courageous, open tone, "you must search elsewhere for the guilty parties—not in our house."

Mrs. Janson probably thought so. She likewise rose.

"Years ago, Maria Saxonbury—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Yorke—I told you that should your future existence be one of retribution, you had richly earned it. Should it have been so, or should it ever become so, you may remember my words."

Ay, she did remember them; remembered them with an awful shudder. Her future existence! Mrs. Janson walked to the threshold of the chamber, and turned her gaze full on Maria.

"Then, you can give me no information? No help—no clue?"

"Indeed I cannot. You might as well ask me after the murderers of Mr. Louth," she added, with desperate energy.

Mrs. Janson turned, and began to descend the stairs. Maria made no effort to show her out, or to have her shown out: the courtesies of life were as nothing to her then. She sat down and strove to keep herself from fainting. As she heard her go through the front door, some one appeared to enter it, and foot-steps came up the stairs. Was it Mrs. Janson returning? A cold fear was turning Maria's heart to chillness, and something like a dull sound began to thump in her brain. Not Mrs. Janson. It was Miss Hardisty who entered.

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Yorke, glancing sideways at the drawer which contained the hammer and wishing it was safe in its place. "Church cannot be over!"

"No. I came out before the sermon. Maria, you look like death. Stay! let me speak to you; I came home to do so. I thought of doing so yesterday, but my courage failed me. What shadow is it that has fallen on the house?"

"Shadow?" she gasped.

"Ay, shadow. I have known you from a child, and I loved and reverenced Mr. Yorke's mother. I have liked him. For your sake and hers I have resolved to speak. As I went into church—Mr. Yorke was in advance, and I behind with Henry—some people stood in the churchyard. They did not know us, we were strangers, and they continued talking over the marvel of Mr. Yorke's knowing that the murder was committed before others could know it—for it seems that the neighborhood trusts Crane, who has been in it all his life, in preference to Mr. Yorke. I spoke a few words to Henry and we went in. In the commandments, when the clergyman repeated 'Thou shalt do no murder,' and I remembered next to whom I was standing—Maria, don't scream; suspicion, above all things, must not be courted here, even from your servants. Well, I felt as if I could not remain there by his side, and when the clergyman went out to change his surplice, I left and came back to you. Let me say to you what I have to say".

Mrs. Yorke only bowed her head. She could not speak.

"Understand, Maria. I assume no one's guilt or innocence; I ask not what led to that incautious revelation of your husband's, the premature knowledge of the murder and the manner of its committal; I would rather not know. But that avowal must be remedied."

"Remedied!" wailed the unhappy lady, in a tone of despair. "Oh, my children!"

"There is a remedy, Maria."

"How?"

"I and Henry Yorke must give false testimony," continued Miss Hardisty, in a slow, distinct whisper. "Your husband also; but to him the speaking falsely will probably be of no moment. Henry, as he came through the village on his way to us that night, saw the crowd gathered around Mr. Janson's house; and the murder, as we have heard since, was then discovered. He must have heard the details; must have mixed with the crowd and heard them; and he brought the news to us. Do you understand?"

"But he did not," said Mrs. Yorke, less quick of comprehension than she would have been at a more tranquil moment.

"No; but he must say he did; and swear to it, if necessary. I am also prepared to do so—that is, that I heard him tell the tale when he came in. I am not insensible to the disgrace and danger—let us not allude to the guilt—of taking a false oath" added Miss Hardisty, her voice growing harsh, and her brow contracting, "but it may save disgrace, the most frightful that can be inflicted on man, from falling on Mr. Yorke, and consequently upon you and your children. We must have been under a mistake you know: Mr. Yorke must have confounded the words spoken by Crane with the account afterwards brought in by Henry Yorke; and thus the mistake must be explained away. Do you not understand now, Maria?"

"Yes—yes," she replied. "Oh Olivia," she continued with a shudder, "this is a horrible affliction!"

"Do not speak of it to me," hastily interrupted Miss Hardisty. "I know that you are innocent, and I would rather not know more. I wish I could have saved you from it, more effectually than I am now trying to save you from its consequences."

"But about Henry?" whispered Mrs. Yorke.

"Henry will be found all right. The boy's doubts were excited before mine. Did you notice his countenance on Friday, when Crane and Squire Hipgrave were here? He is even more alive to the dread and the danger than I; and this plan is as much his as mine, for he met me half-way in it. There is no fear of Henry: deep feeling and sound sense lie under his random manner. Do you suggest this course to your husband and be assured of us. Fortunately, *fortunately*, Mr. Yorke did not speak while Finch was in the room telling of Mr. Louth's murder, and none of the servants know but what Henry Yorke did bring the news of Mr. Janson's."

(To be Continued.)

Crumbs of Comfort.

Ear ache, tooth ache, head ache, neuralgia, and deafness can be instantly relieved and finally cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. Get a bottle and read directions.

The editor of an agricultural paper says there is absolutely no cure for hog cholera, but that *Sheridan's Condition Powders* given occasionally will certainly prevent it. Be sure to get Sheridan's. The other kinds in *large* packs are trash.

Medical.

MATTISON'S

Pancreatic Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

—WITH—

LACTO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

This medicine can undoubtedly be used with greater success than any other remedy now known, in cases of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Chronic Rheumatism, General Debility, Wasting Diseases of Children and Adults, and whenever it is necessary to increase the vital forces and build up the system.

Nearly every person that has taken any preparation of Cod-Liver-Oil, knows how very liable it is to disagree with them after a time; this is mainly due to the inability of the stomach (weakened by disease) to digest the full amount of the oil taken. To overcome this trouble we have added Pancreatine to our Emulsion, which not only assists in digesting the oil, but is an acknowledged remedy of itself in the treatment of Consumption.

In taking Mattison's Pancreatic Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Lacto-Phosphate of Lime, you receive the benefit of two of the best remedies known to science, in the treatment of any of the above diseases.

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CURING Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions & Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most concentrated purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action; and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but formidable diseases. Most skilful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar coated, they are easy to take; and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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FOR THE BLOOD.

CURES SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, SALT-RHEUM, ALL SKIN-DISEASES, TUMORS, ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN, RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS, LEUCORRHŒA, CATARRH, AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

A Highly Concentrated Extract of

RED JAMAICA SARSAPARILLA

AND THE

DOUBLE IODIDES.

Space forbids the giving more testimony in this place, in favor of this great medicine. Is not one certificate, however, from an eminent and well-known Physician like Dr. Bessey, of Montreal, sufficient to establish its superiority over the numerous mixtures called Blood Purifiers offered by Druggists and others?

F. C. STRATTON, Esq.

Montreal, Feb. 1st, 1877.

I cannot but regard the formula from which Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as one of the most possible combinations to constitute an effectual remedy, for the cure of *Blood Impurities*. So far as my experience leads me with this remedy, I can testify to its great value in the treatment of all strumous and Cachectic affections, as Glandular Enlargements, and a wide range of skin affections; as a reliable preparation for general use as a *blood purifier*, I know of none equal to it, combining as it does, all the imputed virtues of Sarsaparilla, and several other valuable remedies, with the extraordinary alterative properties of the "*Double Iodides*," and of none that can be more highly recommended as safe, certain and reliable, and I have every confidence that such a remedy for general use, taking the place of the many worthless nostrums of the day, will be a great boon to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended with the most satisfactory results. It should be invaluable to persons beyond the reach of medical advice, and will, no doubt, become popular with Medical men throughout the country.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. BESSEY, M.D

Beaver Hall Square.

NOTE.—Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in the Glass, and retails at $1.00 per bottle, or Six Bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores. Be sure, and ask for Dr Channing's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. If not readily obtained in your locality, address the General Agt

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Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburgh, Kings Co., N.Y.

HEARTBURN,

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SOUR RISING,

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The restore the action of the Liver and Stomach, and cure COSTIVENESS and its results

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AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh*, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a Positive and Radical Cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

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Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. **I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.**

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

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Law, etc.

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.

Chatham, N. B.

July 9, 77

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

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

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

E. H. McALPINE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Room 3, First Floor, Barnhill's Building,

PRINCESS STREET, ST. JOHN.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

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

CASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the Local Legislature of New Brunswick at its next Session for an act to extend the Parish of Addington line to the County line and to include and take in the Parish of Eldon, as one parish and to be called the Parish of Addington.

Restigouche County, Feb. 3rd 1879.

Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the Estate of James Kerr, late of Chatham, N.B., deceased, are requested to hand the same duly attested, to D. Ferguson, of Chatham, forthwith to whom all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

MARY KERR,
WILLIAM KERR, } Administrators.
D. FERGUSON,

Chatham, N. B., 4th Feb., 1879. 413

Executors' Notice.

All persons having claims against the Estate of the late James Stothart are requested to render the same, duly attested, within 3 months, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to Wm. Scott who is duly authorized to receive them.

MARY STOTHART, Executrix.
GEORGE I. WILSON Executor.

tf

NOTICE.

To all parties having or pretending to have interest in the Estate of the deceased John McDowall, Fireman or Engineer, Chatham, County of Northumberland, Province of New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada.

As the Estate of the said late John McDowall, Fireman or Engineer, (a native of Johstone, Renfrewshire Scotland) some time in the employment of Jabez B. Snowball, Esq., at his Steam Saw Mill, Chatham, aforesaid, and who was accidentally killed there by the explosion of a boiler, on or about the 18th day of August, 1877, is about to be divided amongst his nearest of kin who are principally resident in Scotland, it will be necessary that all parties claiming an interest in his Estate, communicate with the Subscriber, George R. Fraser, Solicitor, and Notary-Public, Chatham, aforesaid, within one month from the date hereof, under certification that if no such claim or claims be made or communicated the Deceased's Estate will then be divided amongst his next of kin, in Scotland or elsewhere.

G. R. FRASER,

Chatham, Feb. 5th., 1879. 7y27

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be Sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the 18TH DAY OF APRIL, next, in front of the Post Office, Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.,—All the right, title and interest of Angus McDonald, in and to all that piece parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, and bounded as follows:—Northerly, by the Long Cove Brook, Westerly by land occupied by Farquhar McGraw, Easterly by land occupied by Alexander McLean and Southerly by the Big Cove, containing 100 acres more or less; and being the piece of land conveyed to the said Angus McDonald by David McDonald and Margaret, his wife, by deed bearing date the 21st day of April, A. D. 1875.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court at the suit of Daniel O'Gorman against the said Angus McDonald.

Sheriffs' Office, Newcastle, 3rd January, A. D. 1879. } JOHN SHIRREFF. Sheriff of North'd.

NEW BRUNSWICK, KENT COUNTY.

To the Sheriff of the County of Kent, or any Constable within the said County greeting:—

Whereas Wm. M. Kelly, Administrator of all and singular the Goods, Chattels and Credits of John Stothart, late of the Parish of Harcourt, in the County of Kent, deceased, hath applied for a License to sell the Real Estate of the said John Stothart for the payment of his debts.

You are therefore required to cite the heirs and next of kin of the said deceased and all creditors and others interested in the said Estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be holden at the Registry Office in Richibucto, within and for the said County, on Saturday, the 15th day of March, next, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to hear and examine the proofs of the said Petition, and to show cause, (if any they have) why a License should not be granted to sell the Real Estate of the said deceased, for the payment of the debts against the Estate of the said deceased.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this, twelfth day of February, A. D. 1879.

(Signed.) ROBERT CAIE, Registrar of Probates, for Kent County. } (Signed.) THOS. W. BLISS, Judge of Probates *pro hac vice* in the Estate of JOHN STOTHART.

HUTCHISON & PHINNEY, Proctors.

NOTICE.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, on

Tuesday, the Twenty-Fifth Day, of March next,

at 12 o'clock, noon, at Letson's Weigh Scales, in the town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the ninth day of November, A. D. 1878, in a cause therein pending, wherein Alexander Loggie is Plaintiff and James Morrison, Hellen Morrison and Janet Morrison, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged premises described in the said Plaintiff's bill and in the said Decretal Order pursuant to the provisions of the Forty-ninth Chapte of the Consolidated Statutes, as follows, namely:—All that piece, part, or parcel hereinafter described of a Lot or Tract of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland, on the north side of Burnt Church River, which said lot of land was granted by Letters Patent to Joseph Benoit and is distinguished in the said Letters Patent as the Sixth Tract, containing by estimation two hundred acres more or less, and is abutted and bounded as follows, to wit:—Westerly by Lot No. 5, granted to Alexander Loggie, Northerly by vacant Crown Lands, Easterly by Lot No 3 granted to Lewis Robicheau, and Southerly by Burnt Church River, and the part or parcel of the said lot or sixth tract hereby conveyed or intended so to be, is described as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake standing at the Northerly part of the marsh about five chains from Burnt Church River on the dividing line between the said sixth tract and Lot number three, granted to Lewis Robicheau, thence North ten degrees West according to the course laid down by the original Grant, making allowance for the difference of variation, one hundred and forty chains or to the rear of the said sixth tract; thence South eighty degrees, West fifteen chains, or until it meets the north-east angle of Lot number 5, granted to Alexander Loggie, thence South ten degrees East along the dividing line between the said sixth tract and the said Lot number 5, until it meets the Northerly edge of the marsh in front thereof and from thence following along the Northerly edge of the marsh in an Easterly direction to the stake at the place of beginning.

Also:—The whole of the Island of upland known by the name of Robicheau's Island, situate, lying and being on the front or Southerly part of the marsh on the front of the said Lot or sixth tract and containin about three acres, more or less.

Also:—All that Lot or Parcel of Land which was granted by Letters Patent to one Alexander Loggie and by him conveyed to William Morrison, situate lying and being on the North side of Burnt Church River in the aforesaid Parish of Alnwick described on the original Grant as Lot number five and abutted and bounded as follows, viz:—Westerly by Lot number six granted to James Anderson, Northerly by vacant Crown Lands, Easterly by a Lot known in the original Grant as the sixth tract, granted to Joseph Benoit, Southerly by Burnt Church River and containing by estimation seventy-five acres, more or less.

Dated the 5th day of December, A. D., 1878.

RICHARD CARMAN, Barrister.

A. H. JOHNSON, Pltfs, Solicitor,

LAW BLANKS!

All kinds, for sale at the Miramichi Bookstore.

20 Cards. All lovely Chromos, Mottoes, Flowers &c., with name 10c ts. NASSAU CARD CO. Nassau, N.Y., U.S.

Travelers' Column.

Chatham Branch Railway.

WINTER 1878-9.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1878, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1 Express.	No. 2 Accom'dation
Chatham,	Depart,	2.00 a. m.,	9.50 a. m.
Chatham Junc'n,	Arrive	2.30 "	10.20 "
" "	Depart,	2.50 "	10.40 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	3.20 "	11.10 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. Accomm'dtion.	No. 4. Express.
Chatham,	Depart	4.30 p. m.,	11.40 p. m.
Chatham Junc.,	Arrive,	5.00 "	12.10 a. m.
" "	Depart,	5.20 "	12.30 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	5.50 "	1.00 "

The above Tables are made up on St. John (or Miramichi) Time.

All the above Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

☞ *Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from Halifax, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.*

Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train may obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare.

Tickets for the Chatham Railway are sold at the Junction Station (as well as at the Chatham end of the line) and all passengers are requested to procure them before going on the Cars. Passengers who are not provided with Tickets will be charged extra fare.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878. Winter Arrangement. 1879.

ON and after MONDAY the 18th November, 1878, Trains will leave St. John as follows:—

At 8.00 a.m. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene and Campbellton (per accommodation from Moncton), and intermediate stations.

At 11.00 a.m. (Accommodation) for Point du Chene and intermediate stations.

At 5.00 p. m. (Express) for Sussex, Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Montreal and West.

At 8.15 p. m. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou and intermediate Stations.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE,

At 8.35 p. m. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene, Campbellton and intermediate stations.

At 6.05 a. m. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou and intermediate stations.

At 9.15 a. m. (Express) from Sussex, Riviere du Loup, Quebec, Montreal and West.

At 3.15 p. m. (Accommodation) from Point du Chene and intermediate stations.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Gen. Supt. Gov't Railways.

Railway Office, Moncton, Nov. 13th, 1878.

D. T. JOHNSTONE.

Chatham Livery Stables.

Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at CHATHAM RAILWAY STATION.

Office and Stables - - - - Water Street, Chatham.

Hotels.

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE,

ST. JOHN : : : - N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, - - - Proprietor.
(Of the late Barnes Hotel.)

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE,----------MIRAMICHI, N B

THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers.

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor

"NORTH AMERICA HOUSE,"

SHIPPAGAN, N. B.

HOUSE has lately been refurnished and every arrangement made to ensure comfort to travellers. Good Stabling and good Shooting to be had within easy distance.

E. DeGRACE,
4-1 3, 79. PROPRIETOR.

Canada House,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices.

The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES

2-52.

ROYAL HOTEL,

King Square.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it, as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Provinces.

Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquor and Cigars, and superior accommodation.

☞ Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.

THOS. F. RAYMOND

St. John, July 9 1877.

Brokerage, etc.

LUKE STEWART,

SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

SAINT JOHN.

1-52 **NEW BRUNSWICK.**

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.

Vroom & Arnold,

SHIP BROKERS AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

MARINE INSURANCE AGENTS,

SMYTH STREET,

ST. JOHN N. B.

W. E. VROOM. R. H. ARNOLD.

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

Next the Bank of Montreal.

QUEBEC.

Manufs., Builders, etc.

NEILSON'S

Engine & Machine Works.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to make and execute all kinds of the undermentioned work, viz:—

MARINE AND STATIONARY

ENGINES,

with or without boiler, or fittings, from 5 to 100 horse power, for Mills, Mines or steamboats.

SAW MILL WORK,

CRANK SHAFTS for WATER MILLS, GANG SHAFTS, GATE and LOG GATES, with power Down-holders, Saw spindles of all kinds, of Cast Steel or Iron.

MILL SHAFTING of all sizes and lengths, from one inch to eight inch diameter.

GEARS AND PULLEYS of all sizes.

IRON TURNING AND BLACKSMITH'S WORK, and general repairing of Machinery of all kinds.

ACCIDENTAL BREAK-DOWNS of Machinery correctly and punctually attended to.

BRASS CASTINGS.

of the best quality at lowest prices.

I beg to call the attention of Millmen and Lumbermen to my new Machines, viz., my

COMPOUND EDGER AND SINGLE EDGER, AND MY RESAWING MACHINES

are got up expressly for the lumber business.

My Edgers have now been running in St John, and Miramichi for twelve months and have given every satisfaction desired and I feel pleased to be able to refer to any of the Mill owners who have them, including: Messrs. Randolph and Baker, Long & Barnhill, Clark Bros.—Firms of such standings as are well able to advise intending purchasers as to what is best for their interests and in regard to the practical superiority of my machine over all others. My

COMPOUND OR DOUBLE MACHINE

will edge 10,000 feet per hour, if required. My SINGLE EDGER, which I am getting up expressly for Steam Mills of limited power, with a view to do the most work with the fewest hands, will be about half the weight of the Compound, and about half the price, will have only two saws and will run 40,000 feet per day of 10 hours. My RESAWING MACHINE is got up expressly for recutting deals and scantling from four inches down to ½ in. thick or deals into boards any thickness.

Plans, specifications and estimates furnished.