GOING TO THE BAD

BY EDMUND YATES.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"That's well done," he said, as he threw off his coat and cap, and kissed her on the forehead. "I must have taken you all unawares, Kitty, and yet you could scarcely have been quicker if you had expected me."

"I did expect you," she said, looking saucily at him.

"The mischief you did!" he cried. "Oh, you remembered what I said, and looked for my return about this time—that is what you meant?"

"Not at all," she said; "I knew you were in the neighborhood this morning, and naturally expected your arrival here."

"Who told you I was in the neighborhood?"

"No one."

"You saw me yourself?"

"No, indeed."

"Don't play the fool, Kitty," he said, angrily. "What does it mean?"

"Only this, Fred," she said, laying her arm caressingly upon him; "poor Hannah, the deaf and dumb girl, whom you know attends upon me, conveyed to me in her pantomimic language, this morning, that she had seen a stranger walking on the cliff, and looking over it at the sea below; and by what I gathered from her description of the man's dress, I concluded it was you."

"Oh, that was it, was it," growled Sir Frederick, still somewhat surlily. "And what has become of dummy now?"

"I knew you would come here, and that you would not want to see her, so I gave her a holiday and sent her off for a whole day."

"That was quite right," said Sir Frederick; "I hate all those kind of creatures—cripples, idiots, and dummies—and can't bear to have them staring at me."

"Poor Hannah," said Kitty; "she is very harmless—however, she is safe out of the way. And now, Fred, tell what on earth brought you here so early in the morning."

"Came to Pallington by the mail, and walked over in the night. It was earlier than I anticipated and I got here by daybreak."

"But what on earth were you doing on the cliff? Hannah seemed to convey that you were peering about in a most inquisitive manner."

"Hannah's a fool," said Sir Frederick, gruffly. "I was only looking about for a way to get you out of this place."

"To get me out of this place—not by the way of the cliff, Fred, surely?"

"Yes, by way of the cliff," he said. "The fact is, that some friends of mine are cruising about here in a yacht, and I thought the best and the safest way for us to slip quietly off, and in order to prevent any inquisitive fools hitting upon our track, was to ask these fellows to give us a passage for a day or two, land us at Torquay or Sidmouth, or the first place at which they happened to touch, so I went up the cliff to see if there were any signs of them, or if I could discover any path by which I could reach the shore."

"And did you see any sign of them?"

"No," he answered shortly; they can not have got round here yet."

"There was a yacht sailing off here yesterday afternoon," said Kitty.

"The duece there was!"

"Yes; but it could not be the one you mean; for the coast guard to whom I spoke, told me she was an American vessel."

Sir Frederick Randal started at the word.

"Then," he said hastily, "I dare say it was the same; the fellows on board of her are full of nonsense, and they may have shown Yankee colors just for the fun of the thing. What has become of her?"

"She sailed off to the westward, and when I, pursuant to my evening stroll, she was out of sight."

"She will be back in time, I dare say," said Sir Frederick, with averted face. "We will go out on the cliff and look after her presently. Well, how have you been going on?"

"Very well, Fred. I have not said a word about my going away, of course, as you bade me not; but I have been quietly putting my things together and am quite ready to start."

"That's right," he said. "It will be better far for us to get away before this dumb wretch returns."

"Where are we going to, Fred?"

"I have not yet quite made up my mind; but somewhere near London, of course."

"Not into London itself, dear, I hope—you know how hateful the city is to me. In its glare and bustle and noise—some quiet place in the neighborhood will do, won't it?"

"Oh! yes, that will do well enough," said Sir Frederick. "You know I must be in the bustle and noise as you call it, during the day for my chances of money making lie there; but you can have a quiet place in the suburbs, and I can come out to you in the evening."

"That is what I would prefer," said Kitty. "And you are going to acknowledge me as your wife, and introduce me to your friends, Fred?"

"Oh! of course," he replied carelessly.

"Yes, but I mean your nice friends, not such as Mr. Phillimore."

Fred started.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Well, Mr. Phillimore is a good kind creature, and I like him very much in his way; but you know he is rather dissolute, and not quite the style of company you ought to keep now; you are going to be a proper married man, Fred."

"Dick Phillimore won't trouble you much," said Sir Frederick, shortly.

"You have not quarreled with him, I hope," asked Kitty. "He was such a good fellow, and so kind to me just after we were married, and always sounding your praises so loudly—you could not quarrel with Mr. Phillimore, Fred."

"Oh, I shouldn't quarrel with him," said Sir Frederick; "only I feel just what you say about his being scarcely a fit companion for me under the present circumstances, and so we will drop him quietly, that's all."

"Poor Mr. Phillimore; perhaps when he sees how changed you are, Fred, he will take pattern by your example and reform."

"Yes, perhaps so," said the baronet; "but I think we have given sufficent time to discussing Richard Phillimore—let us talk of other things. Do you think the people here will be much surprised to find you are gone, Kitty?"

"Why yes, Fred, of course they will! I have come to be looked upon now as one of the regular inhabitants of the village; and do you know I have been worrying myself a great deal thinking over the deceitful part I have been acting towards these good people, and how odd my behavior will seem in slipping off without taking farewell of them. However, there is one comfort, I shall not leave any debt behind me. You brought the money for the rent and the other things, didn't you, Fred?"

"Oh, yes, of course," he answered.

"Well, then, before we start, I will take it round to Mr. Harvey, and leave it with him when I say good-bye. He can tell the village people to-morrow that I was obliged to go, without giving any reason—they will accept anything he says."

"Do you think," said Sir Frederick, looking down into the fire, "that there will be much inquiry after you?"

"Not if Mr. Harvey tells the people he knew that I was going, and that it was all right."

"Yes but," said Sir Frederick, "suppose Mr. Harvey was not in when you went to him, that you could not see him for some reason or other, would there be much outcry when the people found you were not there?"

"No, I think not," she replied. "If any harm had happened to me—I mean if any attempt at robbery had been made, and there were one or two suspicious tramps about the village this time last year—they would be able to see traces of disorder in the cottage; but, seeing that all the things were straight, they would conclude that I had been called away somewhere; and before they started their inquiries, Mr Harvey would have received a letter from me explaining all."

"Yes," said Sir Frederick, who had been plunged in thought for the last few minutes; "exactly; I see. And where is dummy spending her holiday?"

"At Pallington: she always goes there whenever she has a chance, to stare at the shops—she is just like a child, you know."

"Which way did she go?"

"Oh, there would be no chance of our meeting her, if it is that you are thinking of. She goes with old Goodlake, the carrier, and will return snugly ensconced in the recesses of his cart, while if it were daylight, and the tide were out, we should go by the lower road in the valley of the rocks; but I thought you talked of a yacht, which you expected to take us up, Fred?"

"So I did," he said; "and it will be there right enough, and I suppose we ought to go out and look for her. Put on your hat, Kitty, and come. By the way," he muttered, "have you got any spirits in the house? It is a strange thing to ask such a temperate creature as you, I know, but I am tired and chilled with my night's walk, and I think a little brandy would do me good."

"Fortunately I have some brandy," she said, "part of the stock which Dr. Travers brought down from London, and insisted upon my keeping in the house in case of illness."

She placed the bottle before him, and he poured out a wineglassful and tossed it off."

"That's better," he said. "Now, as soon as you are ready, we will go out and look for the yacht. Stay, you go out first and see that there is no one spying about."

"You don't know the customs of the place, Fred," she said, with a smile; "there is never any one about here at this time. I told you so," she said, after looking round, "the coast is quite clear."

He had left his huge overcoat behind him, but had put on his heavy disguising cap, and pulled it low down over his forehead; his shooting coat was buttoned closely round him, and he tucked in the ends of his neckcloth, which were fluttering in the breeze.

So they walked out together, Kitty stopping for an instant to tie up the skirt of her heavy merino dress which she wore, and which rather encumbered her progress.

"No sign of your friends yet, Fred," said Kitty, after they had been strolling idly along for ten minutes.

"You are right," said he, "but they will not disappoint me; I have perfect faith in them."

He looked stealthily around; not a human being was in sight, nothing was to be seen, save a few sheep some distance off nibbling the scant herbage.

They were descending a bit of undulating ground, a little indentation on the face of the cliff, between two bluffs, which rose before and behind them high and towering; below them, several hundred feet down, lay the broad expanse of ocean, calm and spotless as a mirror.

A thick, heavy rain-cloud for a moment obscured the sun, the wind had dropped, and not the faintest sign of a breeze was to be heard.

All nature was dark and hushed and fitting for his hellish purpose.

The girl was walking on the side nearest to the edge of the cliff, within a few feet of it.

"See!" cried Sir Frederick, suddenly. "What is that creeping round the headland?"

The girl glanced at him, and then made a step or two forward, looking in the direction of his pointed hand.

"It must be the boat," he cried. "You can not catch it from there! See—yonder!"

The girl made another step forward, and the next instant, with a rapid action of his arms, he thrust her over the edge of the cliff into the yawning space.

She uttered one loud, long, piercing cry.

Shutting out the sound from his ears with his hands, the murderer turned and fled in the direction of the cottage.

Staggering like a drunken man, with his knees knocking together beneath him, now sliding on the slippery surface of the short dew-covered grass; now stumbling, as his feet caught in the holes made by burrowing vermin, but always pursuing his headlong career, Sir Frederick hurried on until he came in sight of the little cottage, where for such a length of time poor Kitty had passed a peaceful, if not a happy life.

Then he stopped.

There was the window from which she had so recently given him a smiling welcome; there was the door through which they had passed together, she confiding in his love and hopeful as to the future; he with his black heart restless and agitated at the thought of the deed which it had conceived, and which he was about to execute.

The deed was done now! There was no crying off—no going back from it.

"Hush! What was that?" He wiped the beads of perspiration from his clammy forehead, and putting his hands to his ears, bent down to listen.

Nothing! nothing but the distant tinkle of the of sheep-bell or the hoarse, wild cry of the sea-birds high up in the air, wheeling in circling flight above his head.

"Curse the birds! why did they scream like that?" It reminded him of the shriek which she had given, which seemed to pierce his heart, and which even at that moment was ringing in his ears.

See! the birds fly away now, but the noise in his ears still continues, he must rid himself of this folly, he has his work to do and must go through with it.

No one in sight, he makes sure of that looking cautiously round.

Then, with straight, sure steps, so different from his former gait, he makes direct for the wicket gate, unlatches it, hurries through the garden, and entered the room.

The bracelet—let him get that, and he will wait for no more, he knows there is nothing else worth taking.

She kept it in the inner room in that chest of drawers most likely.

He tries all—one, two, three. Yes, there lies the dark leather case, scarcely hidden under one of the simple pretty cotton dresses which poor Kitty used to wear.

He seizes it, places it in his breast, and is hurrying through the parlor when he stops.

"What is that she said?" he mutters, "that if robbers had been here the place would be in confusion. It is better to give them that idea, it may divert suspicion."

Then, returning to the bed-room, he pulls out the drawers and throws their contents in a heap upon the floor, overturns the table in the parlor, and is seizing a burning brand from the grate when he checks himself.

"No," he says; "it would be folly to fire the place; it would give the alarm too quickly."

He picks up his coat and wraps it round him, pulls his cap over his eyes, and is on the threshold ready to start, when he staggers forward and listens eagerly.

"A scream," he cried; "a piercing, thrilling scream, it rings in my ears now, it will echo there forever."

He turns back into the house once more, and searches for the brandy bottle, from which he had drank that morning.

He finds it, places it to his lips, takes a long draught, and puts it into his pocket; then he starts forth a murderer, branded with the brand of Cain, and with his wife's innocent blood crying up against him from the ground.

About half an hour after the occurrence of these events, a gracefully built and elegantly appointed schooner yacht came round the headland, leisurely drifting with the tide, and with the half capful of wind, scarcely sufficient to fill the few sails which she carried.

The angry clouds had disappeared and the sun was shinning forth in his glory.

Stretched out on a couple of rugs on the yacht's deck and basking in the genial rays were two gentlemen. One of them was our old acquaintance, Colonel Willamette, the other was the owner of the vessel, Mr. Hoyt, an American gentleman of fortune, whose passion was yachting, and who, during the past season, with his beautiful craft, the Columbia, had sailed and won several matches with the members of the English yacht clubs.

Both gentlemen were smoking cigars and quietly enjoying the tranquil beauty of the scenery.

The silence was broken by Mr. Hoyt.

"Come now, Harry," said he, "was I not right in persuading you to defer your departure for a week or two—isn't this Devonshire scenery beautiful? I recollect your saying last year, when you were cruising with me, that you never saw any thing to beat Narragansett Bay, but I think this is prettier—not so bold, perhaps, but softer and more beautiful—confess that you are glad you came!"

"The place is pretty enough, Wilbur, and you have done everything you could to make the trip agreeable," said Colonel Williamette, "but after all, I somewhat reproach myself for having lacked the moral courage to sail for Amecica, on the day on which I had fixed. I guess the real reason is that I dare not go home again; I had pictured the old house to myself under such different circumstances that I have a dread of going back to it and living in it in the same solitary state which I have done for years."

"Say," said his friend, "you are still thinking of Minnie Adams, Harry; what will cure you of that infatuation."

"Nothing," said Colonel Williamette seriously; "nothing but time—and I doubt if even that would have the power, for till the last day of my life I shall think of her as I could never of any other human being!"

"And is the case quite hopeless, my friend?"

"Quite, Wilbur, quite! She cut away the last plank beneath my feet, when she told me she could regard me as a brother, but with no other feelings."

"That's so," said Wilbur C. Hoyt, puffing reflectively at his cigar, "it's rough when it comes to that. Love is a fraud, Harry; why don't you do as I do—do without it?"

"I wish to God I could," said Colonel Williamette, "but my love for Minnie Adams is a portion of my life, and both will end at the same time!"

"I believe you," said his friend, "and I am sorry for it. It is a blessing not to be constituted in that way. Now, I am very old, but in my time I have known some nice girls—real cunning, elegant young ladies—but beyond taking a sleighride or dancing a German, I would not give a cent for the best of them!"

"Who's gassing now?" said Colonel Willemette, with a grave smile.—"There is no more tender-hearted man living than Wilbur C. Hoyt—none who would be more ready to befriend, in a manly honorable way, any woman who needed it, no matter at what trouble or danger to yourself."

"Bully for me!" cried Hoyt, laughing. "How is that for high? If ever you are under the weather pecuniarily, Harry, you can always earn ten dollars of me on board the Columbia, as my trumpeter! How lovely this is; the green and red of these cliffs, and far away in the distance the little white village climbing up its side. I had Tom Daleham cruising with me last month, and he is such a genuine New Yorker, that he could find nothing to compare these cliffs to but Staten Island, only declaring that it was quite as pretty. Just look at those two bluffs, standing up like twin giants guarding the small ravine between them, and—why! what's that?"

He pointed as he spoke, and the colonel, following the direction of his arm, saw on the face of the cliff a dark object standing out in bold relief against the white chalk.

"It looks like a sheep, or some animal that has just slipped over the cliff, and has been caught midway," he said, after a long gaze.

"Sheep—no sheep would look like that!" cried Hoyt, springing to his feet. "More like a bundle of clothes, and I have a strange fancy there is a human being inside of them! Here, Pete!" he cried to one of the seamen on watch; "hand me my glass, quick!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the sailor, at his skipper's elbow in a moment.

"By the Lord, I was right!" cried Hoyt, after a minute's glance. "It is a human being—a woman, I should guess, from what I can make out from the clothing. She must have slipped over the edge of the cliff and been caught in her fall by some projecting spur or bush, what I can't make out. One thing, however, is clear, that there is not much chance of her being alive. Whoever she is, she must not be suffered to perish without help. Hallo there, Davis, man the gig, and stow away a mattress, and a couple of slings in it. Give me the surgeon's instrument case, and a roll of lint, and my brandy flask. Look sharp, man, it may be a case of life and death!"

"But how on earth are you going to climb the face of that cliff?" asked Colonel Williamette. "It looks sheer straight up."

"We shall find a way, depend upon it," said Hoyt. "You never found a sailor beaten yet when there was a woman to be helped."

"Nor a soldier either, for the matter of that," said Colonel Willamette, buttoning his jacket. "I am along with you in this!"

"Jump in," cried Wilbur Hoyt. "All ready, men!" he exclaimed, as he followed his friend into the stern sheets. "Steady all—give way!"

And the next moment the little boat went bounding over the water in the direction of the shore.

[*To be Continued.*]

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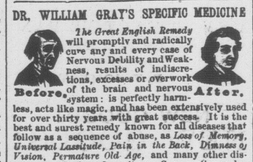

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10 gross Stove Polish;
5 cases NUTMEGS;
2 do Liquorice;
60 barrels Castand, Filbrets & Walnuts;
100 cases Colman's No. 1 Starch;
400 dozen do Mustard, ¼ & ½ pounds;
100 Tins do Ginger, 7pounds & 4;
25 gross Nixey's Black Lead;
2 cases Colman's do
50 boxes Corn Starch;
100 do T. D., Woodstock, Miner and assorted PIPES.
50 Sacks RICE;
100 boxes Fancy Soap—3 doz. each;
200 dozen Assorted Perfumery;
50 do Hair Oil—assorted.
50 do Assorted Essences,
150 boxes do Confectionery;
2 bales Whole Cloves,
25 casks Washing, Soda,
100 cans Coleman's Mustard, 4 pounds.

TOBACCO,

150 Boxes & Half-Boxes "CHARTER OAK."
50 Boxes Mahogany TOBACCO—6s.
50 Caddies do Little Corporal.
50 do do Little Sergeant.
50 do do Real Virginia.
50 do do Rough and Ready
40 do do Black Diamond.
100 do do Solace.

30,000 CIGARS,

(Assorted Brands.)
25 cases SARDINES—¼s and ½s.
40 boxes Wax Candles,
50 tins Ground Cinnamon,
20 gross Shoe Blacking,
200 dozen Scrub, Shoe and Blacking Brushes,
100 do Corn Brooms, (assorted)
100 boxes Clothes Pins,
50 dozen Bed Cords and Clothes Lines,
100 do boxes Gelatine,
300 boxes Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel,
30 cases Table Salt (in bottles)
150 boxes Pepper, Ginger and Allspice,
100 cases Fruits, Lobsters, Oysters, &c.
200 boxes New Layer Raisins.

With every article usually found in a Wholesale Grocery.

☞ *WHOLESALE.* ☜

LEE & LOGAN,

46 Dock St., St. John.

SPRING, 1877!!

2500 Pieces of

NEW ROOM PAPER,

—EMBRACING—

85 VARIETIES,

All New Colorings and Patterns.

Just Opened and will be Sold at Reasonable Prices.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

Chatham, Feb. 20, '77.

1877. SPRING SALE. 1877.

To Purchasers of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS.

GRAND

Clearance Sale,

AT NO. 7 MARKET SQUARE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having determined to sell his Large and Well Assorted Stock at a TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE, for Cash, would respectfully call the attention of intending purchasers to the SPECIAL PRICES quoted below.

10,000 yards American and Domestic GREY SHEETINGS, at 6, 7, 8, 8½ and 9 cents per yard.
5,000 yards WHITE COTTONS, from 7 to 12 cts. per yard.
10 pieces WHITE TWILLED SHEETINGS. 90 inches wide, for 35 cents per yard, former price, 50 cents.
20 pieces half bleached SWANSDOWN, very heavy, from 13 to 17 cents per yard.
50 pieces Black, Brown, and Steel WINCEYS, from 10 to 17 cents per yard.
3,000 yards COTTON and HINDOO SHIRTINGS, from 14 to 20 cents per yard.
5,000 yards Blue, Brown, Scarlet, Grey and White FLANNELS, from 25 to 40 cents per yard.
20 pieces TWEED SKIRTINGS, 45 inches wide, at 30 cents per yard, former price 50 cents.
50 pieces English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds from 75 cents to $1.00 per yard.

Together with an endless variety of other goods, too numerous to particularize, will be cleared out at unheard of prices.

Call early and secure Bargains.

P. J. QUINN, - - No. 7 Market Square.

P. S.—Gent's Custom Garments of every description made on the Premises by experienced workmen, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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.

BARRISTERS, and

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.

1½-tf

Law Notices, etc.

RECTORY SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY, the 7th day of May next, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises,

The Parsonage Buildings and the Glebe Lands

in connection therewith, formerly occupied by the late Revd. Samuel Bacon as the Rectory or Parsonage Lands, situate in the Parish of Chatham bounded on the Westerly side by the Homestead Property of Henry Cunard, Esq.; on the Northerly side by the Highway leading to Newcastle; on the Easterly side by the Road known as the Parsonage Road, and on the rear or Southerly side by the land of late James Maher.

This Property is very favorably situated, about a mile from the Town of Chatham, and but a short distance from the steam mill and mercantile establishment of Alex. Morrison, Esq.

TERMS—One-third cash at the time of Sale; the balance to be secured by mortgage on the property and to be paid in one and two years from date of Sale.

DAVID FORSYTH, Rector.
GEORGE BURCHILL, } Church
MICHAEL SEARLE, } Wardens.

Chatham, April 4th, 1877. 2y3

Wood Sale at Derby.

TO be sold at Public Auction, at Miller's Bark Factory, Derby, in the County of Northumberland, on

THURSDAY, 3rd MAY,

A QUANTITY OF

CORDWOOD, (HARD)

cut in trespass, by John Flynn, on Crown Lands.

THOMAS DOOLAN,
Commissioner, Derby.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the Fifth day of October 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 Oliver Foster in and to all that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being on the South side of the Miramichi River, at Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham, and bounded as follows viz—southerly by the Queen's Highway; northerly by the said Miramichi River; easterly by lands at present owned by Andrew and Robert Loggie, and westerly by land owned by Guy, Stewart & Co.; and fronting on the said Highway 99 feet, more or less, and being the land and premises lately occupied by the said Oliver Foster,—with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging—

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of Executions issued out of the Supreme Court in Northumberland County against the said Oliver Foster.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
24th March, 1877.

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.

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 35, 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 McCalmont 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 Northumbl'd.

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

Brokerage, etc.

**MACL