THE FOGGY NIGHT AT OFFORD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN OF THE "BUSHING WATER."

A week came in, and the fishing-boats began to return from Iceland, laden with their spoil: by ones, by twos, by threes, by little fleets of them. At length all were in, save two, the *Belle Helene* and the *Bushing Water*. These two delayed much, and a report got about, nobody knew how, for it was certainly without foundation, that the *Bushing Water* was wrecked. Miss Saxonbury, in spite of herself and her betrothal, heard the evil fear with a quivering heart, and looked out for it in secret more yearningly than any one.

Or than any, save one. For, if her anxiety was great, what was it compared with that of poor Mrs. Janson? One day, it was on a Friday, Therese had gone to the fish-market to purchase the usual fast-day's dinner, when in the midst of her equally bargaining with the fish-vendor, news flew about the market that one of the two missing boats was signalled—it was thought to be the *Bushing Water*. Dashing the disputed fish back on the woman's board, away went Therese to her mistress, and without circumlocution announced that the *Bushing Water* was making the harbor.

Mrs. Janson went down to the port. The boat was then in, and being moored to the side—*La Belle Helene*. She asked the crew news of the *Bushing Water*, but they had not seen her on their passage home. Yet the *Bushing Water* had been one of the first boats to leave Iceland.

Disheartening news! As Mrs. Janson went back again, with a heavy step, she encountered Miss Saxonbury.

"Young lady, go home and pray," she said, in her abrupt, stern manner; "pray that you may not have caused his death, as well as his misery. Stay upon your knees until Heaven shall be pleased to hear you, as I am going to do. There is little hope now."

"I heard the *Bushing Water* had come in this morning," answered Miss Saxonbury, in a faltering tone.

"So did I. But it proves to be the *Helene*. And the *Bushing Water* left Iceland days before her."

She passed on with her pale, severe face, and Maria Saxonbury continued her way.

The days went on, five or six of them. Lady and Miss Saxonbury were sitting in the twilight, the latter expecting Mr. Yorke, whom she was trying, with all her might and main, to like better, as a dutiful bride-elect should, when one of their French servants came in, and said a gentleman was asking to see her.

"Me! To see me?" returned Maria.

"A gentleman-sailor, mademoiselle. I think it is Mr. Janson. He says will you allow him a minute's conversation?"

"O mamma!" she uttered, Mr. Janson! Then the *Bushing Water* must be safe in."

Lady Saxonbury made some indistinct reply. Her thoughts were buried in other things. What, to her, was the safety of the *Bushing Water*.

Maria passed through the ante-room and entered the one where he had been shown. He was in sailor's attire, his glazed hat carelessly thrown off, looking (Maria fancied so), handsomer than ever.

"Then you are in safety!" she exclaimed, grasping his hand in her agitated thankfulness, perhaps for his mother's sake, but forgetful, at the moment, of Mr. Yorke, of the whole world.

"We have been counting you as amongst the lost."

"Our homeward voyage has been bad, perilous, unlucky altogether, save that we have ultimately arrived. Miss Saxonbury, I hear that you have been mourning Harry as dead."

"Yes, yes. Oh yes!"

"He is safe. He has been with us."

She did not scream, she suppressed it. Then she thought that he must be dreaming, or that she was.

"He got into some trouble, fell into the water, and was afraid to go home," proceeded Mr. Janson. "That mischievous imp, Paul, encountered him in his wet plight, persuaded him into making the voyage, brought him on board, coiled him up under some sails and ropes, and four-and-twenty hours after we left port, Master Harry came out. I wished the captain to put back, but he laughed at me; so he had to go with us, and I have taken care of him. Paul says Harry bribed him with a five-franc piece; three francs for himself, and two to give to a messenger to take word to his mother where he had gone."

"No messenger came to us," eagerly interrupted Maria.

"As I find. When I landed an hour ago, I heard that the boy had been mourned as dead. So I came on at once, after calling in upon my mother. I should not have presumed to ask for you," he pointedly added, "but that I assumed it might be better to acquaint you first with the news, ere it was broken to Lady Saxonbury."

"Oh! how shall we ever thank you?" said Maria, attributing all the good to Mr. Janson, in her confused feelings of joy. "Where is Harry?"

"Waiting just inside the cafe at the next door, until I send for him, and being made a lion of."

Maria went into the drawing-room, which was almost dark then, and knelt down beside Lady Saxonbury's chair.

"Mamma! mamma! I have some joyful news for you. You will not faint if I tell it?"

"What news will ever be joyful to me again, Maria? What is the matter with you that you kneel in such a manner? How you tremble!"

"Mamma—suppose I have news to tell you about Harry? That he is found?"

"Is it? is it?" excitedly uttered Lady Saxonbury.

It! She was thinking of the dead Harry, not the living one.

"Not 'it,' mamma. He. Could you bear for me to tell you that he is in life—safe—well?"

"Maria, what do you mean?" faintly asked Lady Saxonbury.

"He is, he is. Dearest Lady Saxonbury, he has been out with Mr. Janson in the *Bushing Water*."

She did not continue. For the door had opened, and a happy lad stood peeping in, in a nondescript attire, composed partly of his own things, partly of Paul's. He was browned with the sea air, taller than before, and his fair curls were wild and entangled. With a cry he flew into his mother's arms, and she sobbed upon his neck and kissed his pretty face and his untidy hair, and strained him to her as if she could never let him go again.

"Lady Saxonbury, will you forgive my saying that I think you will find him a more dutiful boy than he used to be?" said Mr. Janson, who had followed him. "He has had to rough it, and he now knows the value of a happy home and a mother's love. I have taken upon myself to discipline him; I have kept him from the sailors, so far as was practicable, and read him lessons on his faults, and I believe you will find him changed for the better."

"Oh yes, indeed, mamma," sobbed the lad, "I know now how naughty I was, and I will try and never grieve you and Maria again."

"Mr. Janson," cried the mother, rising and speaking in impassioned tones, "how can I reward you for the joy that you have brought me this night? If you asked me for my life in repayment, I almost think it should be yours."

She left the room as she spoke, too much overcome to remain in it. Harry followed her. Miss Saxonbury was lost in thought.

"Phillip Anson has held to it to this day, that Harry was saved," she said in a musing tone. "He persisted in declaring that he saw Harry after he scrambled out of the water."

"And now that my task is done, I have only to take my leave," observed Mr. Janson, holding out his hand. "This house was an interdicted place to me before I left; I conclude that it is so still."

Miss Saxonbury put her hand in his, and burst into tears.

He held it, and looked at her. "Maria, what do those tears mean? That you hate me as you did before?"

"I never hated you," she answered, forgetting prudence in her tumultuously glad feelings! "It was the contrary. I am very miserable."

"I went this voyage," he whispered, "striving to forget, if not to hate you. I come from it, loving you more than ever. The child's being on board was against my project; how, when I constantly saw him, could I forget you? My dearest, why should we separate?" he added, straining her hand to his heart. "Let it be between us as it once was. Your mother has said she would give me a reward, even to her own life; let me ask her to give me you."

"It may not be," she gasped struggling to release herself from him. "It"—

"Not just yet can I marry," he interrupted. "I threw up the prospect opening to me in the spring; and the only position I could at present offer would not"—

"Edward, pray hear me," she said, in a broken voice, as she drew away from him. "You know not what you ask. I am promised to another."

"To another!"

"And in less than a month I shall be his wife," she continued, too agitated to weigh her words, "and I love you and not him. Do you wonder that I am miserable? There—now that you have the avowal, let us part forever."

"Who is this? Mr. Yorke?"

"Mr. Yorke."

There was a gloomy pause. "*Must* you fulfil the contract? Can you not give him up for me?"

She shook her head. "I can only be plain with you. I am not fit to be a poor man's wife. No, I have deliberately entered upon it, and matters have been advanced too far to be broken off now. Forgive me Edward—forgive me all. We must forget each other."

"Oh Maria! must this indeed be the ending?"

"Yes," she answered, the tears raining from her eyes, and her heart aching with pain. "I wish it had been different, but circumstances are against us. Farewell, Edward; if ever we meet again, it must be as strangers. "Not so," she hastily added, as he drew her face to his for a last embrace, "it is not right to him. Do you not hear me say that in a little space I shall be his wife."

"For the last time," he murmured; and she made but a faint resistance.

"He ought not to grudge it to us. Now—farewell forever."

Mr. Janson turned to leave the room. He saw not that somebody drew away from the door, and stood bolt upright, in silence, against the wall of the dark ante-room, while he passed out—somebody with a revengeful face, and teeth that glistened like a tiger's. Not that Mr. Yorke was of a dishonorable nature, or had dishonorably set himself to listen. He had caught somewhat of the scene as he was entering from the ante-room, and surprise, doubt, and rage had chained him there to the end. He followed Mr. Janson from the house and strode about the old streets of the town till morning; now standing under its high and ancient tower, as it sent forth its sweet chimes on the night air, now pacing under the portico of the church, now slouching round the railings of the famous statue in the Place, the town's pride; and now striding off to the port, to surprise the sentinels. But he buried his wrongs within him—very great wrongs indeed they appeared to be to his heated brain—and told them not.

Little did Miss Saxonbury think, on the day of her wedding, when she gave her hand without her heart, that the bridegroom, kneeling by her side, knew just as well as she did that she had no heart to give. At the best it was an inauspicious beginning of life. She felt that it was. She felt, too, that should her future existence bring somewhat of retribution, she had only invoked it on herself: as Mrs. Janson had almost predicted that night, outside the little chapel, when she had been praying for the safety of the *Bushing Water*.

CHAPTER IX.

ALNWICK COTTAGE.

A blazing hot day in August. More especially hot it felt at the railway station of Offord, a quite country village; for it was a small, bare station, with not a tree, and but little covering about it, to shade off the sun's hot glare. The two o'clock train came puffing up, stopped, deposited a few passengers and a good deal of luggage, and went screaming and puffing on again.

Nearly all who had alighted were of one party. Mr. and Mrs. Yorke, their two young children, and some servants. She was young and beautiful still, but her manner had grown colder. Little trace remained of the gay lightness of Maria Saxonbury.

From the love, incidental to Englishmen, of temporary change, of new scenes, Mr. Yorke had quitted Saxonbury, its comforts and its elegances, for a "shooting-box" in another county. All he knew of "Alnwick Cottage," he knew through an advertisement, except what he learned by two or three letters from Mr. Maskell, who had the charge of letting it, furnished. Excellent fishing and shooting were promised, and Mr. Yorke had taken it for six months. It stood nearly a mile beyond the village.

No one was at the station to meet them, and Mr. Yorke, in his haughty spirit, was not pleased at the omission. He deemed that Mr. Maskell ought to have been there.

"It is a disrespect which he ought not to have shown me," he remarked to his wife, when the bustle of their arrival at the cottage was over.

"I wonder he was not there,' she answered. "But something may have prevented him, Arthur; we don't know."

"I think I shall take a stroll out and have a look at the locality," resumed Mr. Yorke. "Do you want anything ordered in, Maria?"

"Not that I know of," she answered. "The servants can see about all that."

Mr. Yorke departed, taking the direction of Offord. When he reached the village, one of the first houses he saw was Mr. Maskell's, as the door-plate announced: "Mr. Maskell, Lawyer and Conveyancer." He rang, and was admitted.

"I am so sorry not to have met you at the station," began Mr. Maskell, when he learnt who his visitor was. "I was called suddenly out of Offord this morning to make a gentleman's will, and have not been home half-an-hour. I have despatched my clerk to Alnwick Cottage with the inventory. Sir, I hope you will like Offord."

"It seems a very poor place," remarked Mr. Yorke.

"The village can't boast much, but the neighborhood is superior: a small society, but excellent. Capital shooting too!"

"Have you good medical advice?"

"He is a very nice young fellow, our doctor. We have but one, the place would not support more. Not but what he makes a good thing of it."

Mr. Yorke's lip curled. He had not been thinking of "nice young fellows", but of superior medical skill. "I asked you about the doctor before I decided on the cottage, and you wrote me word there was an excellent one," said he, in a dissatisfied tone. "It is most essential, where there's a family, to be near a clever medical man."

"We all think him very clever," replied the lawyer. "He bought the practice three years ago, our surgeon had died, and I negotiated its sale with this gentleman. He has attended us ever since, and is a great favorite. He was in London for two years before that, qualified assistant to a large medical practitioner. Plenty of experience he had there: it was a large hospital practice. He was smoking his cigar with me yesterday evening; he often runs in, does Janson; and was saying"—

"What is his name?" interrupted Mr. Yorke, his accent shrill and unnatural.

"Janson."

"What?"

The lawyer wondered whether Mr. Yorke was attacked with sudden deafness, and why his eyes glared, and his teeth shone out, so like fangs.

"Janson," he repeated—"Edward Janson. Do you know him?"

Mr. Yorke's mouth closed again, and his manner calmed down. "It is a curious name," said he. "Is it English?"

"Of Dutch origin, I suppose. Janson is an Englishman."

"Does he live in the village?"

"A few doors lower down. It is the corner house as you come to Rye Lane; the garden door at the back opens on the lane. I assure you, sir, you may call in this gentleman with every confidence, should you or your family require medical advice."

Meanwhile, during this talk of Mr. Yorke's, everybody was busy at Alnwick Cottage, as is the case when going into a fresh residence. Finch, the nurse, a confidential servant, who had been Mrs. Yorke's maid before her marriage, was deputed to go through the house with the lawyer's clerk and the inventory. The eldest child, a boy of four years, chose, and he had a will of his own, to attend on Finch: Finch submitted to the companionship, failing in some coaxing attempts to get rid of him.

But after a while he grew tired of the process of looking at chairs and tables and cups and saucers, and quitted her to go down stairs.

"Go to Charlotte, Leo dear," said Finch. "I shall soon have done. Charlotte," she called out, over the balustrades, "see to Master Leo."

When Finch and the clerk had finished the inventory, the former proceeded to the small room on the ground floor, which had been appropriated as the nursery. In the list it was set down as "Butler's pantry." Charlotte, the under-nurse, sat there, with the youngest child asleep on her lap.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FOR SALE.

OIL of Lemnon, Peppermint and Cloves.
ESSENCE of Lemon, Cloves, Almond, Vanilla, Peppermint, Cinnamon, Nutmeg, Pineapple and Strawberry.
PEELS Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel.
SPICES Cloves, Cinnamon, Caraways, Coriander, Allspice, Ginger.
FOR PUDDINGS, &C.; Macaroni, Sago, Tapioca and Arrowroot.
SEASONING Sage, Summer Savory, and Sweet Marjoram.

ALSO:—AN ASSORTMENT OF

CHOICE PERFUMES
—AND—
TOILET SOAPS.

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Medical.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff; and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing nothing has been found so effectual, or desirable.

Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, says of it: "I consider it *the best preparation* for its intended purposes."

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE,
For the Whiskers.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in *one preparation*, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

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Sarsaparilla
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?

T. 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 best 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,
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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 Agent

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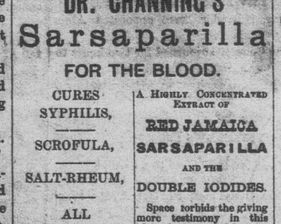

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AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh*,

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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 6 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 Horses in Canada, Maine, etc., are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are almost positively invaluable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint feed.

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Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure it in its worst form. Information that will save many times its cost sent by mail. Price 25 cts. and $1. Larger than ever. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine.

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—ALL—
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—ALSO: A LOT OF—

HATS,
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SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

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In Stock at LOW RATES,

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Dec. 18, 1878.

FOR SALE
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1000 BUSHELS OATS.
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100 DO. TURNIPS,
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Bread, Pastry, Cake, Crackers,

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☞ Orders left at the upper and lower stores of the Messrs. Johnston, or with the driver of the cart will be punctually attended to.

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Brandy! Brandy!

Just arrived per Dunsinane, from Charente:

30 Quarter Casks
MARTELL BRANDY,
PALE and DARK.
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PALE and DARK.

JOHN W. NICHOLSON,
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I. & F. BURPEE & Co.,
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HAVE on hand and to arrive by weekly steamers Bar Iron, Common and Refined; Lowmoor, Swedde and Burden Best; Sheet Iron; Common R. G., and Galvanized; Hoop Iron; Cast Steel; Firth's Flat, Square and Octogonal and Best Axe Spring Steel; Sleighshoe, Tire, Calking and Rd. Machine

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Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,
IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.

Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

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Gentlemen wanting Clothes made to order for

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GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS made up under the general supervision of

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

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NEW YEAR!
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RICH FRUIT,
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ALL KINDS OF PASTRY.

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ISAAC HARRIS, WATER ST., CHATHAM,

has now on hand the largest Stock of *Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fancy Goods Electro-Plate Ware, &c., &c.*, ever shown in Miramichi, which he will sell at greatly reduced prices for the Holidays. Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere

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WINTER 1878-9.

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GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1 Express.	No. 2 Accom'dation
Chatham,	Depart,	2.00 a. m.,	9.50 a. m.
Chatham June'n,	Arrive	2.30 "	10.20 "
" "	Depart,	2.50 "	10.40 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	3.30 "	11.10 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. Accomm'tion.	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.

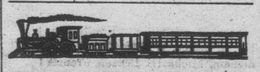
All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges.

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. 879.

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. 18th, 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 S, 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.
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.

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.

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.
1½-tz

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq
CASTLE STREET.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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 then.

MARY STOTHART, Executrix.
GEORGE I. WILSON Executor.
tf

LAW BLANKS!
All kinds, for sale at the Miramichi Bookstore.

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 Robichaud, 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 Robichaud, 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 Robichean'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 containing 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, Pltf's, Solicitor.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

TO THE
FARMERS OF MIRAMICHI.
We have been Manufacturing
IRON FRAME MOWERS
For the last four years, and are now offering to the farming community this, the

BEST MOWER,

combining greater excellence of mechanical simplicity together with greater durability and entire reliability for all the requirements of the field, than any other Mower extant.—In construction they are similar to the celebrated Walter A. Wood's Iron Frame Mower, and the Richardson Buckeye, both American Machines. Of the former there are over 200,000 in use, and the extraordinary number of 20,000 were manufactured and sold last season, by the Wood Company of United States. We have over 500 of our manufacture now in use, every one of which (no exceptions) stands as a monument of the grand and unprecedented success of home manufacture and our enterprise. A list of our Agents in this section of the Province will be found appended, and farmers are requested to ask information of them relative to our Mowers in use in their respective localities, which will establish beyond doubt their unquestionable superiority over any other mower to be had in our market.

The facility of procuring all parts or pieces within a nominal length of time must show beyond the shadow of a doubt the claims such an enterprise has upon the farmers of the Maritime Provinces.

For the coming harvest of 1877 we will manufacture LARGELY in excess of our numbers of last season, and trust that our growing enterprise may find such inducements held out to it as will be commensurate with its merits.

Let it be remembered we have no hesitation at all times, in entering into a friendly competition in the field with any other machine in our market. WE GUARANTEE OUR MOWERS TO BE INFERIOR TO NONE. Farmers would do well to enquire prices and terms before purchasing elsewhere.

AGENTS:

Campbellton—MALCM PATTERSON.
Dalhousie—DAVID RITCHIE.
Bathurst—CHARLES ROSS.
Newcastle—STEPHEN Y. MITCHELL.
Doaktown—ROBT. SWIM & SON.
Richibucto—WILLIAM WHETEN.
Buctouche—B. FOLEY.

M'Farlane, Thompson & Anderson.

P. S.—Various patterns of the most improved HORSE RAKES to be had of our Agents, CHEAP.

Fredericton, June 5, 1877.

ENCOURAGE HOME WORK.

CARRIAGES, FARM WAGONS, EXPRESSES, SLOVENS, &c.,

Manufactured of the very latest styles, first class stock, and workmanship second to none.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

of every description on hand and made to order.

REPAIRING, BLACKSMITHING, PAINTING, & TRIMMING

properly attended to.

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Please give us a call.

BAKER & CO.,
ST. JOHN ST., - - - CHATHAM