THE FOGGY NIGHT AT OFFORD.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Raby was unacquainted with the episode in his mother's early life, therefore, the flush that rose to, and dyed his face, was caused only by a greeting of a stranger; with these sensitive natures, it is sure to do so, whether they be man or woman. The bright color only served to render him more like Maria Raby, and Sir Arthur, in spite of the sore feeling her treatment had left, felt his heart warm to her son. A wish half crossed his mind that that son was his—his heir; he had no son, only daughters. Raby was astonished at the warmth of his greeting. Sir Arthur clasped and held his hand: he turned with him to inspect the painting he was engaged on. It was a self-created landscape, betraying great imaginative power and genius; but genius, as yet, only half cultivated.

"You have your work cut out for you," observed Sir Arthur, who was an excellent judge of art, and its indispensable toil.

"I know it, Sir Arthur. I ought to have begun the study earlier; but during my father's lifetime the opportunity was not afforded me. It is all I have to depend on now, for with him died my wealth and prospects."

"He had great wealth once. How could he have been so reprehensible as to dissipate it all, knowing there was one to come after him?" involuntarily spoke Sir Arthur.

"These are thoughts that I avoid," replied Raby. "He was my father."

"Do you remember much of your mother?"

"I remember her very well indeed. She died when I was seven years old. All the good that is in me I owe to her. I have never forgotten her early lessons or her early love. I seem to see her face as plainly as I saw it then. I see it often in my dreams."

"It was a face that the world does not see too often," said Sir Arthur, whose thoughts were buried in the past. "Your own is like it," he added, rousing himself.

"Did you know my mother Sir Arthur?"

"Once: when she was Miss Raby," answered the baronet, in an indifferent tone, as he turned again to the painting. "Where do you live?" he suddenly asked.

"I give my address here," answered the young man. "Mr. Coram allows me to do so: though indeed it is never asked for. I have only a room in an obscure neighborhood. I cannot afford any thing better."

Sir Arthur Saxonbury smiled. "You are not like most people," he said: "they generally strive to hide their fallen fortunes; you make no secret of yours."

Raby shook his head, and a strangely painful flush rose to his face. His poverty was a sore point with him, the sense of disgrace it brought eating into his very heartstrings.

"My fallen fortunes have been a world's talk," he answered. "I could not keep them secret if I would."

"Have you retained your former friends?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not one. Perhaps it is, in some degree, my own fault, for my entire time is given to painting. Few would care to know or recognize me now: Raby Verner Raby, the son and heir of the rich and luxurious Verner Raby, who made some noise in the London world, and Raby, the poor art-student, are two people. None have sought me since the change. Not one has addressed me with the kindness and sympathy that you have now, Sir Arthur"

"I shall see you again," remarked Sir Arthur, as he shook him by the hand, and turned away to the great artist and his paintings.

In the evening, Raby turned to his home—if the garret he occupied could be called such. Coram had spoken accurately: not half sufficient for what would generally be called the bare necessaries of life, remained from the wreck of his father's property. But it was made to suffice for his wants. It would seem that surely his clothes must take it all, and none could conjecture how he contrived to eke it out. He was often cold, often hungry, always weary; yet his hopeful spirit buoyed him up, and pictured visions of future greatness. He never for one moment doubted that he was destined to become a world's fame; those who possess true genius are invariably conscious of it in their inmost heart: and he would repeat over and over again to himself the words he felt must some time be applied to him—"The great painter—the painter Raby."

He sat down that evening to his dinner-supper of bread and cheese. It tasted less dry than usual, for his thoughts were absorbed by the chief event of the day, the meeting Sir Arthur Saxonbury. He attributed, in his unconsciousness, the interest which Sir Arthur had betrayed in him, to admiration of his genius: he knew how warm a supporter of rising artists Sir Arthur was, and he deemed the introduction the very happiest circumstance that could have befallen him. Could he but have foreseen what that introduc- was to bring forth!

CHAPTER III.

MARIA SAXONBURY.

The golden light of the setting sun was falling on a golden room. It is scarcely wrong to call it such, for the color prevailing in it was that of gold. Gold-colored satin curtains and cushioned chairs, gilt cornices, mirrors in gilded frames, gilded consoles whose slabs of the richest lapis lazuli shone with costly toys, painting in rich enclosures, and golden ornaments. Altogether the room looked a blaze of gold. The large window opened upon a wide terrace, on which rose an ornamental fountain, its glittering spray dancing in the sunlight: and beyond that terrace was a fair domain, stretched out far and wide; the domain of Sir Arthur Saxonbury.

Swinging her pretty foot to and fro, and leaning back in one of the gay chairs, was a lovely girl budding into womanhood, with bright features and a roughish eye, the youngest, the most indulged, and the vainest daughter of Sir Arthur. She was in a white lace evening dress, and wore a pearl necklace and pearl bracelets on her fair neck and arms. They had recently come home after the short London season, which had been half over when they returned from the Continent, and were as yet free from visitors. Lady Saxonbury was in ill health, and Mrs. Ashton, the eldest married daughter, was staying with them while her husband was abroad

In a chair, a little behind Miss Saxonbury, as if conscious of the difference between them—for there *was* a distance—sat Raby Raby. It was said the house was free from visitors, but he was scarcely regarded as such. Sir Arthur, in the plentitude of his heart, had invited him to come and stay a couple of months at Saxonbury; the country air would renovate him; he could have the run of the picture-gallery, and copy some of its *chefs d'œuvres*. And Raby came. Sir Arthur's early secret was safe with hinself, and he could only explain that his interest in Raby Raby was but that which he would take in any rising artist. So the family, even the servants, looked upon him with a patronizing eye, as one who had "come to paint." Raby had accepted Sir Arthur's invitation with a glow of gratification—the far-famed Saxonbury gallery was anticipation enough for him. He forgot to think where the funds could come from to make a suitable appearance as Sir Arthur Saxonbury's guest; but these the painter Coram delicately furnished. "It is but a loan," said he: you can repay me with the first proceeds that your pencil shall receive."

Thus Raby went to Saxonbury. And there had he been now for half his allotted time, drinking in the wondrous beauties which it had been as well that he had not drunk in. The elegance that surrounded him, and to which he had been latterly a stranger—the charms of the society he was thrown amongst once again, as an equal for the time being—the gratification of the eye and mind, and the pomp and pride of courtly life; all this was but too congenial to the exalted taste of Raby Raby, and he was in danger of forgetting the stern realities of life, to become lost in a false Elysium.

He was thrown much with Maria Saxonbury—for more than he need have been. The fault was hers. A great admirer of beauty, like her father, and possessing a high reverence for genius, the exquisite face of Raby Raby attracted her admiration as it had never yet been attracted; whilst his eager aspirations, and love for the fine arts, were perfectly consonant to her own mind. His companionship soon grew excessively pleasing, and she gave her days up to it without restraint, absorbed in the pleasure of the moment. Nothing more: of all people in the world, Maria Saxonbury was the last to think seriously of one beneath her. So, leaving consequences to take care of themselves, or be remedied by time, she dwelt only on the present. She would flit about when he was at work in the picture-gallery, she would linger by his side in the gardens, one or other of the little Asthtons generally being their companion: in short, it seemed that the object of Maria's life, just now, was to be with the artist-visitor. Even this night, when her father and sister had gone out to dinner, she had excused herself: she would stay at home with her mother, she said: but Lady Saxonbury was in her chamber, and Maria remained in the drawing-room with Mr. Raby. It is probable that Lady Saxonbury, if she thought of him at all, believed him to be painting then. Was it in rememberance of some one else that Sir Arthur had named his youngest child "Maria?" But they sometimes called by her other name, Elizabeth.

"Do you admire this purse?" she suddenly inquired, holding out one of grass-green silk, with gold beads, tassels, and slides; a marvel of prettiness.

Raby rose and took it from her, and turned it about in his white and slender hands. Those remarkable hands! feeble to look at, elegant in structure, always restless; so strongly characteristic of genius, as well as of delicacy of constitution.

"It is quite a gem," he said, in answer.

"You may have it in place of your ugly one," continued Miss Saxonbury: "that frightful porte-monnaie, of grim leather, I saw you with, the other day. I made this for somebody else, who does not seem in a hurry to come for it: so I will give it to you"

A rush of suspicious emotion flew to his face, and her eyes fell beneath the eloquent gaze of his. "How shall I thank you?" was all he said. "It shall be to me an everlasting remembrance."

"That's in return for the pretty sketch you gave me yesterday," she went on. "One you took at Rome, and filled in from memory."

"You mistake, Miss Saxonbury. I said I drew it from description. I have never been to Rome. That is a pleasure to come."

"As it is for me," observed Maria. "I was there once, when a little girl, but I remember nothing of it. A cross woman, half governess, half maid, who was hired to talk Italian to us, is all my recollection of the place. Last year and the year before, when we were wasting our time in Paris and at the baths of Germany, doing mamma more harm than good, I urged them to go on to Rome, but nobody listened to me. I have an idea that I shall be disappointed wherever I do go; we always are, when we expect so much."

"Always, always," murmured Raby.

"I long to see some of those features I am familiar with from paintings," added Miss Saxonbury. "The remains of the Cæsars' palaces—the real grand St. Peter's—the beautiful Alban Hills—and all Rome's other glories. I grow impatient sometimes, and tell papa there will be nothing left for me to see: that Sallust's garden will be a heap of stinging nettles—I dare say it is nothing else; and Cecilia Metella's tomb destroyed."

And thus they conversed till it grew dark, and the servants came in to light the chandeliers. Miss Saxonbury remembered her mother then, and rose to go to her, to see why she had not come down.

When Maria returned, the room was empty, and she stood in the bow of the window and looked out. It was the custom at Saxonbury House to leave the curtains of this window open on a favorable night; for the moonlight landscape, outside, was indeed fair to look upon. Mr. Raby was then walking on the terrace; his step was firm and self-possessed, his head raised: it was only in the presence of his fellow-creatures that Raby Raby was a shy and awkward man. He saw her, and approached the window.

"I have been studying the Folly all this time," he said; "fancying it must look like those ruined Roman temples we have been speaking of; as they must look in the light and shade of the moonlight."

"Does it?" she answered, laughing. "I will go and look, too."

Miss Saxonbury stepped on to the terrace, and he gave her his arm. Did she feel the violent beating of his heart, as her bracelet lay against it? They walked, in the shade cast by the house, to the railings at the end of the terrace, and there came in view of the fanciful building in question, "Lady Saxonbury's Folly." It rose, high and white, on the opposite hills, amidst a grove of dark trees.

"I do not like the building by day," he observed; "but as it looks now, I cannot fancy anything more classically beautiful in the Eternal City, even when it was in its zenith."

"It does look beautiful," she mused. "And the landscape, as it lies around, is equally so; look at its different points showing out. You have not seen many scenes more gratifying to the imaginative eye than this, Mr. Raby."

"I shall never see a second Saxonbury," was the impulsive answer. "Take it, for all in all, I shall never see—— but look at this side," he abruptly broke off, turning in the opposite direction.

"Oh, I don't care to look there. It is all dark. I only like the bright side of things."

"Has it ever struck you that these two aspects, the light and the dark of a moonlight night, are a type of human fortunes? While some favored spirits bask in brightness, others must be cast, and remain, in the depths of shade."

"No. I never thought about it. My life has been all brightness."

"May it ever remain so!" he whispered with a deep sigh; but Miss Saxonbury turned to the pleasant side again.

"What a fine painting this view would make!" she exclaimed. "I wonder papa has never had it done. One of your favorite scenes, Mr. Raby, all poetry and moonlight, interspersed with a dash of melancholy. Some of you artists are too fond of depicting melancholy scenes."

"We depict scenes as we find them You know the eye sees with its own hue There may be a gangrene over the gladdest sunshine."

"Artists ought to be always glad: living as they do, amidst ideal beauties: nay, creating them."

"Ideal! That was a fitting word, Miss Saxonbury. We live in the toil and drudgery of the work; others, who but see the picture when it is completed, in the ideal. When you stand and admire some favorite painting do you ever cast a thought to the weary hours of labor which created it?"

"No doubt the pursuit of art has its inconveniences, but you great painters must bear within you your own recompense."

"In a degree, yes," answered Raby, the expression "you great painters" echoing joyfully on his ear. "The consciousness of possessing that rare gift, genius, is ample recompence—save in moments of despondency."

"And yet you talk of melancholy and gangrene, Mr. Raby, and such like unpleasant topics!"

The lives of great men are frequently marked by unhappiness," observed Raby. "In saying 'great men, I mean men inwardly great, men of genius, of imaginative intellect. Look at some of our dead poets—at what is said of them."

"I think their fault lay in looking at the dark side of things, instead of the bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself at present. You will keep turning to that gloomy point, where the scenery is all obscure, nothing bright but the great moon itself; and that shines right in your face."

"They could not look otherwise than they did," he argued, his own tone sounding melancholy enough.

"Well, well, I suppose it is the fate of genius," returned Maria. "I was reading lately, in a French work, some account of the life of "Leonardo da Vinci. He was not a happy man."

"He was called Da Vinci the Unhappy. How many of his brethren might have been called so!"

"Were I you, I should not make up my mind to be one of them; I should be just the contrary," said Maria, gaily. "Fancy goes a great way in this life. And so," she added, after a pause, "you think some of the queer old temples in Italy must look like that?" pointing to the Folly. "How I wish I could see them!"

"How I wish we could see them!" he murmured—"that we could see them together!"

Perhaps he wondered whether he had said to much. She did not check him only turned, and began to move back towards the drawing-room, her arm within his.

"We may see them together," she said, at length. "You will, of necessity, visit Italy; I, of inclination, and we may meet there. I hope we shall know you in after life, Mr. Raby; but of that there will be little doubt. Everybody will know you, for you will be one of England's famous painters."

They reached the window, and he took her hand in his, though there was no necessity, to assist her over the low step; he kept it longer than he need have done. Not for the first time, by several. had he thus clasped it in the little courtesies of life. Oh, Raby Raby! can you not see that it had been better for you to clasp some poisonous old serpent? He did not enter, but turned away.

Lady Saxonbury was in the room then, in her easy chair, which had its back to the window. The tea was on the table, and Miss Saxonbury began to pour it out.

"My dear," cried lady Saxonbury, a simple-hearted, kind woman, "where's that poor painter? I daresay he would like some tea."

"He was on the terrace just now," replied Maria.

"He must feel very dull," resumed Lady Saxonbury. "I fear, child, we neglect him. Send one of the servants to ask him to come in."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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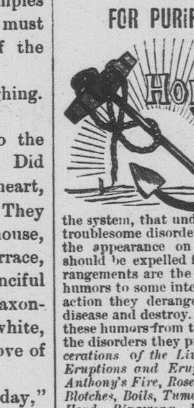

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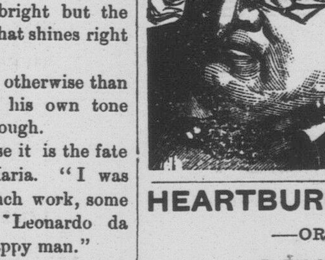

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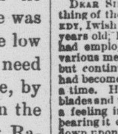

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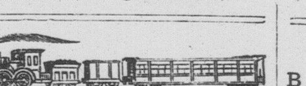
Travelers' Column.



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 June'n,	Arrive	2.30 "	10.20 "
" "	Depart,	2.50 "	10.40 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	3.20 "	11.10 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. ACCOMMD'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.

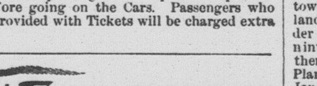
All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges.

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. 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.

1878.

INTERNATIONAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK.

ON and after MONDAY, Sept. 23rd, and until further notice, the splendid sea-going Steamer CITY OF PORTLAND, S. H. PIKE, master, will leave Reed's Point Wharf every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for EASTPORT, PORTLAND and BOSTON, connecting both ways at Eastport with Steamer BELLE BROWN for St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais.

Returning will leave Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY Mornings, at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m., after arrival of noon train from Boston, for Eastport and St. John. No claims for allowance after goods leave the warehouse.

☞ Freight received Wednesday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock, p.m.

W. H. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

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.

TO LET.

THE TWO-STOREY BUILDING owned by the subscriber, situated on Wellington Street near his residence.

It is 42x32 feet and in good condition; it is suitable for warehouse, factory, or other similar purposes.

Also, for sale a quantity of seasoned PINE BOARDS, first quality. Apply to

W. M. KELLY.

BRIDGE NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received at the Department of Public Works, Fredericton, until TUESDAY, 24th inst., at noon, for the repairs of THE BRIDGE OVER THE NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER, near the Railway Bridge, Newcastle, according to plan and specification to be seen at said Department, and at the Office of A. A. Davidson, Esq., M.P.P., Newcastle.

The Tenders to give the names of two responsible persons willing to become sureties for the faithful performance of the contract.

The lowest Tender not necessarily accepted.

P. A. LANDRY,
Chief Commissioner.

Department Public Works,
Fredericton, Dec. 2, 1878.

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-t1

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.

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 Plantiff 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, Plffs, Solicitor,

Manufs'., 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 LARGLY 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 else where.

AGENTS:

Campbellton—MALCOLM 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.

☞ TERMS LIBERAL ☜

Please give us a call.

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

I. MATHESON & Co.
Engineers & Boiler Makers
New Glasgow, N. S.,
Estimates Furnished for Engines and Boilers, Mill and other Machinery.

99

ELECTRO-PLATING.

KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS
TEA-SETS, TRAYS, CAKE
and BREAD BASKETS,
SLEIGH BELLS, and
other articles

plated equal to new work. Orders by Express or Mail promptly attended to.

R. HENDERY.

Manufacturing Silversmith and Electro-Plater.
184 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Spirits and Rye.

ONE HUNDRED hhds. Walker's Rye;
150 hhds. Spirits, 50 and 60 % o. p.
DANIEL PATTON, St. John.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

MIRAMICHI TOE WORKS.

NORTHESK, MIRAMICHI,
New Brunswick.
Joseph Goodfellow - - - - Proprietor.

GRINDSTONES, Spindle Stones and Building Stone supplied in any quantity desired at short notice.

The Grindstones from the above works were awarded one of the two Medals for that class of Manufactures at the CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

REMINGTON
FIRE ARMS

Received Two Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition 1878.

THE BEST SCORE ON RECORD
MADE WITH A
REMINGTON
CREEDMOOR RIFLE,
—AT—
Columbia Range, Washington, D. C., Oct. 1st. 1878, by Mr. Partello.

SCORE.

75 at	800 yards.
74 at	900 yards.
75 at	1000 yards.

224 Out of a Possible 225.

☞ SEND STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

New York Office 281 & 283 Broadway.

REMINGTON
AGRICULTURAL CO.,
ILION, N. Y.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

LOWMAN PATENT
CAST STEEL SHOVELS,
SCOOPS
—AND—
SPADES,

Made without Welds or Rivets.

PLOWS,
HOES,
GARDEN & HORSE RAKES,
MOWERS,

And Agricultural Implements generally.

NEW YORK OFFICE,
57 READE STREET.

☞ SEND STAMP FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. ☜

THRESHING MACHINES
AND WOOD CUTTERS
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
SMALL & FISHER.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

EXCELSIOR
ROOFING FELT
MANUFACTURING COMP'Y,
J. W. PATERSON, - - MANAGER.

PITCH, TAR, APHALT,
Dry & Tarred Paper,

Always on hand in large quantities at lowest Market Prices.

A. P. McDONALD & CO.,

Sole Agents for Maritime Provinces,
No. 17 ALEXANDRA BUILDINGS, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Notice to Mill Owners

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish his PATENT LOG CARRIAGE SHIPPING MACHINE, to any parties requiring the same, or supply drawings, etc., to enable parties to manufacture it for themselves.

The above is in use in several Mills on this River, and perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

Full information given by application to the Subscriber.

ROBERT McGUIRE.

Chatham, 29th May, '78.

Saws! Saws!!

MR. THOMAS B. PEACE, a Practical SAW MAKER, has opened a SAW MANUFACTORY in Chatham, and is now prepared to execute all kinds of work in that one of business. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. B. PEACE,
March25—tf. WATER ST., CHATHAM

Patronize Home
MANUFACTURE.

I am now prepared to supply the Public with Superior Quality of

Doors, Windows, Blinds
HOUSE FINISHING,

For Inside or Outside. First Quality Pine or Cedar Shingles, and to

Plane and Match Lumber, and Plane and Butt Clapboards.

Scroll Sawing to any Pattern
TURNING, &c.

Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do Joiner work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.

☞ ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO. ☜

CALL AT THE

Sash and Door Factory.
PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - - CHATHAM
PETER LOGGIE.

Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sawn Shingles P. L.

46-4

CARD!

THE UNDERSIGNED would beg leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he is now prepared to furnish

PLANS, DESIGNS
-AND-
SPECIFICATIONS

For any description of Building required.

☞ PRICES REASONABLE! ☜

GEORGE CASSADY,
Architect.

Chatham, N. B. 4th April, 187

Herring! Shad! Codfish!
Pollock!

180 HF-BBLS. No. 1 SHAD;
40 qtls. bright dry CODFISH;
20 " " POLLOCK;
600 boxes SCALED HERRING;
200 " No. 1 do.

For Sale low by
HARDING & HATHEWAY,
17 and 18 South Wharf, St. John.