THE FOGGY NIGHT AT OFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

VERNER RABY.

It was the height of the London season—not now, but years ago—and a drawing-room, all sun, and light, and heat, looked out on a fashionable square in an exceedingly fashionable locality. At the extreme end of the room, away from the sun's rays, a yet young and very lovely lady reclined in an easy-chair; a feverish flush was on her cheeks, but otherwise her features were white as the pillow on which they rested. The house was the residence of Verner Raby; this lady was his wife, and she was dying.

It was said of spinal complaint—of general debility—of a sort of decline: friends and doctors equally differed as to the exact malady. None hinted that care, disappointment, crushed feelings, could have anything to do with her sinking: yet it was probable they had more, by far, than all the other ailments ascribed to her. Somewhat of remorse may have been added also.

Once, when very young, she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Mair. She thought she liked him; she did like him; but one, higher in the world's favor, came across her path. His dashing appearance dazzled her eyes, as the baron dazzled fair Imogene's, in the old song; his position dazzled her judgment; and Maria Raby would have discarded Arthur Mair for him. Her parents said No; common justice said No; but Mr. Verner exerted his powers of persuasion, and Maria yielded to her own will, and candestinely left her father's house to become his wife. The private union was followed by a grand marriage, solemnized openly; and the bridegroom took his wife's name with her fortune, and became Verner Raby. Very, very soon was her illusion dissolved, and she found she had thrown away the substance to grasp the shadow. Mr Raby speedily tired of his new toy, and she lasped into a neglected, almost a deserted wife. He lived a wild life; dissipating his fortune, dissipating hers, tinging his character, wasting his talents Meanwhile, the despised Arthur Mair, through the unexpected death of a man younger than himself, had risen to affluence and rank, and was winning his way to the approbation of good men. He had probably forgotten Maria Raby. It is certain that his marriage had speedily followed upon her own: perhaps he wished to prove to the world that her inexcusable conduct had not told irremediably upon him. Thus Mrs. Raby had lived for many years, bearing her wrongs in silence, and battling with her remorseful feelings. But nature gave way at last, and her health left her: a few months of resigned suffering, and the grave drew very near. She was conscious of it; more conscious this afternoon than she had yet been. Her first child, a girl, had died at its birth; several years afterwards a boy was born. She was lying now, sadly thinking of him, when her husband entered. He had come home to dress for an early dinner engagement.

"How hot you look!" was his remark, his eyes carelessly noting the unusual hectic on her cheeks.

"Things are troubling me," she answered, her breathing more labored than common. "Alfred, I want to talk to you."

"Make haste, then," he replied, impatiently pulling out his watch. "I have not much time to waste."

To waste! On his dying wife!

"Oh yes, you have if you like, Alfred. And, if not, you must make it. Other engagements may give way to me to-day, for I think it will be my last."

"Nonsense, Maria! you are nervous. Shake it off. What have you to say?"

"I think it will be," she repeated. "At any rate, it can be but a question of a few days now; a week or two at the most. Alfred, do you believe you could ever break an oath?"

"Break an oath!" he echoed in surprise.

"You are careless as to keeping your word; promises you forget as soon as made; but an oath imposes a solemn obligation, and must be binding on the conscience. I want you to take one."

"That I will not marry again," he responded, in a tone of suppressed mockery. "Calm yourself; it is not my intention to do so."

"Not so," she sadly uttered; "that would be an obligation I have no right to lay upon you; my death will leave you free. I want you to undertake to be a good father to the child."

"And you would impose such obligation by oath?" cried Mr Raby. "It is scarcely necessary. Of course I shall be good to him. What is running in your head, Maria?—that I shall beat him, or turn him adrift? The boy shall go to Eton, and thence to college."

She put out her fevered hands, and clasped his, with the excitable, earnest emotion of a dying spirit.

"O Alfred! when you are so near death as I am, you will know that there are other and higher interests than even the better interests of this world. If the knowledge never comes to you before, it will too surely come then. It is for those I wish you to train him."

"My dear," he rejoined, the mocking tone returning to his voice, and this time it was not disguised, "I will engage a curate at a yearly stipend, and he shall cram Raby with religion."

A cloud of pain passed across her brow; then she looked so pleadingly up again to urge her wish.

"There is no earthly interest can be compared with that; we live here for a moment, in eternity for ever. I want you to undertake that he shall be trained for it."

"So far as my will is good, he is welcome to grow up an angel," observed Mr. Raby; "but as to taking an oath that he shall, you must excuse me. We will leave the topic; it is one that we shall do no good at together. The boy will do well enough; what is there to hinder it? And do you get out of this desponding fit, Maria, and let me find you better when I come home at night."

"Stay!" she implored. "I lie here alone with all my pain and trouble; and wild thoughts intrude themselves into my mind, something like they come to us in a dream. It *was* a wild thought—an improbable one—the speaking to you of an oath; perhaps it was a wrong one. Will you pass your word to me, Alfred, that Raby shall be reared to good, not to evil? And you surely will hold sacred your words to the dying!"

"I promise you that the best shall be done for the boy in all ways, Maria, so far as I can do it."

He turned impatiently as he spoke, and left the room. She did not call again. And just then her little boy peeped in. He had been christened Raby.

"You may come, dear."

Raby Verner, a child of seven, who had inherited his mother's beauty, drew towards her on tiptoe. He was too intelligent for his years, too sensitive, too thoughtful. His brilliant brown eyes were raised to hers with a sweet, sad expression of inquiry. Then the long, dark eyelashes fell over them, and he laid his head on her bosom, and threw up his arms lovingly to clasp her neck.

"Raby, I was just thinking of you. I must tell you something."

As if he had a dread presentiment of what was coming, he did not speak, but bent his face where she could not see it, and slightly shivered.

"Raby, darling, do you know that I am going to leave you—that I am going to heaven?"

The child had known it some time, for he had been alive to the gossiping of the servants, but, true to his shy and sensitive nature, he had buried the knowledge and the misery within his poor little heart. True to it now, he would not give vent to his emotion, but his mother felt that he shivered from head to foot, as his clasp tightened upon her.

"I read a pretty book, Raby, once. It told of the creed of some people, far, far away from our own land, who believe that when they die—if they die in God's love—they are permitted to become ministering spirits to those whom they leave here; to hover invisibly round them, and direct their thoughts and steps away from harm. My dearest. how I should like to find this to be really the case! I would come and watch over you."

His sobs could no longer be suppressed, though he strove for it still. They broke out in a wail.

"Raby, dear, you have heard that this is a world of care. All people find it so: though some more than others. When it shall fall upon you hereafter—as it is sure to do—remember God sends it only to fit you for a better land."

The child looked up his large eyes swimming, "Mamma, have you had much care?"

"A great deal; more than many have. But, Raby, that care has taken me home; it has shown me the way to get there. It will show you. I shall be there waiting for you. Carry always with you, through life, the hope to come there, and you will be sure to come."

What more she would have said is uncertain. Probably much. The child was not like a child of seven; he was more like one of fourteen, and he understood well. It was Mr. Raby who interrupted them.

"Raby! crying, sir! What for? Has your mamma been talking gloomy stuff to you, or saying that she fears that she is worse? It is not true, boy, either of it. Dry up that face of yours. Maria, you are *not* worse; if you were, I should see it. Run away into the nursery, sir."

The boy drew away choking, and Mr. Raby continued—

"It is not judicious of you, Maria, to alarm the boy. I cannot think what has put these ideas into your head. He will be in tears for the rest of the day."

"He is so sensitive," she whispered. "Alfred, something seems to tell me he will be destined to sorrow. It is an impression I have always felt, but never so forcibly as now. Shield him from it wherever you can. Oh that I could take him with me!"

"You are growing fanciful," answered Mr. Raby. "Destined to sorrow, indeed! Is there nothing else you fancy him destined to? Whence draw you your deduction?"

"I do not know. But a timid, sensitive, refined nature, such as his, with its unusual gift of genius, is generally destined to what the world looks upon as adverse fate. It may be deep sorrow, or it may be an early death."

"All mothers think their child a genius," interrupted Mr. Raby, in his slighting tone.

"Well, if he lives, time will prove," she panted. "I fear you will find my words true. When the mind is about to separate from the body, I believe it sees with unusual clearness—that it can sometimes read the future, almost with a spirit of prophecy."

"I am not given to metaphysics, Maria," remarked Mr. Raby, as he again escaped from the room.

Mrs. Verner Raby died. Raby, in due course, went to Eton, and afterwards to college. A shy, proud young man, at least, his reserved manners and his refined appearances and habits gave a stranger the idea that he was proud. He kept one term at Oxford, and had returned to keep the second, when a telegraphic despatch summoned him to London. Mr. Verner Raby had died a sudden death.

When Raby went back to Oxford, it was only to take his name off the college books, for his father had eaten up all he possessed, had died in debt, and Raby must no longer be a gentleman. A *rentier*, the French would say, which is a much more suitable term; we have no word that answer it. Mr. Raby, after the death of his wife, had plunged into worse expense than before; he had lived a life of boundless extravagance, and his affairs proved to be in a sad state. He had afforded Raby a home; he had educated him in accordance with his presumed rank; but he had done no more. He had given him no profession; he had squandered his mother's money, as well as his own; he had bequeathed him no means to live, or even to complete his education; he left him to struggle with the world as he best could. And that was how he fulfilled his promise to his dead wife!

Yes; Raby must struggle now with the world—fight with it for a living. How was he able to do it? His mother said he possessed genius, and he undoubtedly did—a genius for painting. He had loved the art all his life, but his father had been against his pursuing it, even as an amateur—had obstinately set his face and interposed his veto against it. Raby determined to turn to it with a will now.

CHAPTER II.

DREAMS OF FAME.

A gentleman stood one morning in the studio of a far-famed painter, the great Coram, as the world called him. The visitor was Sir Arthur Saxonbury, one of those warm patrons of art all too few in England. Rich, liberal, and enthusiastic, his name was a welcome sound, not only to the successful, but to the struggling artist. The painter was out; but, in a second room, seated before an easel, underneath the softened light of the green blind, was a young man, working assiduously. Sir Arthur took little notice of him at first; he supposed him to be a humble assistant, or color-mixer of the great man's; but upon drawing nearer, he was struck with the exceeding and rare beauty of the face that was raised to look at him. But for the remarkable intellect of the high, broad brow, and the flashing light of the luminous eye, the face, in its sweet and delicate symmetry, in its transparency of complexion, might have been taken for a woman's. Sir Arthur, a passionate admirer of beauty, wherever he saw it, forgot the pictures of still life around him, and gazed at the living one: gazed until he heard the painter enter.

"Who is that in the other room?" inquired Sir Arthur, when greetings were over.

"Ah, poor fellow, his is a sad history. A very common one, though. When did you return to England, Sir Arthur?"

"But last week. Lady Saxonbury is tired of France and Germany, and her health seems to get no better. I must look at your new works, Coram; I suppose you have many to show me, finished or unfinished."

"Ay. It must be three years since you were here, Sir Arthur."

"Nearly."

They proceeded round the rooms, when Sir Arthur's eyes once more fell on the young man.

"He has genius, that young fellow, has he not?" he whispered.

"Very great genius."

"I could have told it," returned Sir Arthur. What a countenance it is! Transformed to canvass, its beauty alone would render the painter immortal. His face seems strangely familiar to me. Where can I have seen it."

Mr. Coram had his eyes bent close to one of his paintings. He saw a speck on it which had no business there. The baronet's remark remained unanswered.

"I presume he is an aspirant for fame," continued Sir Arthur. "Will he get on?"

"No," said Mr. Coram.

Sir Arthur Saxonbury looked surprised.

"It is the old tale," proceeded the painter. "Poverty, friendlessness and overwhelming talent."

"Talent has struggled though mountains before now, Coram," significantly observed the baronet.

"Yes. But Raby's enemy lies here," touching his own breast. "He is inclined to consumption, and these ultra-refined natures cannot battle against bodily weakness. His sentiveness is something marvellous. A rude blow to his feelings would do for him."

Sir Arthur had looked up at the sound of the name. "What did you call him? Raby?"

"Raby Verner Raby is his name. The son of spendthrift Verner and Maria Raby the heiress."

Raby Verner Raby! Middle-aged though he was, years though it was ago, now, since his dream of love with Maria Raby had come to an abrupt ending. Sir Arthur Saxonbury, once Arthur Mair, positively felt his cheeks blush through his gray whiskers. He glanced eagerly at Raby's face, and memory carried him back to its spring-time, for those were her very eyes, with their sweet melancholy expression, and those were her chiselled features.

"I saw Verner Raby's death in the papers," said Sir Arthur, rousing himself, "two—three years ago, it seems to me. What is the son doing here?"

"Raby left nothing behind him but debts. The son sold off all, and paid them, leaving himself, I believe, about half sufficient for the bare necessaries of life. So he turned to what he loved best, painting, and has been working hard ever since. He expects to make a good thing of it. I let him come here to copy, for he has no convenience at his lodgings! Poor fellow! better that he had been a painter of coach panels."

"Why do you say that, Coram?"

"A man whose genius goes no higher than coach-painting can bear rubs and crosses. We can't. And Raby is so sanguine! Thinks he is going to be a second Claude Lorraine. He *is* great in landscapes."

At that moment they were interrupted by Raby. He came across the room in search of something wanted in his work, and Sir. Arthur Saxonbury saw that the beauty of his face did not extend to his form. Not more than the middle height, and slender, his long arms and legs looked to long for his body. He stooped in the shoulders, he had a sensitive look of physical weakness, and his gait was uncertain and timid. Coram laid his hand on his shoulder.

"This is Sir Arthur Saxonbury, of whom you have heard so much," he said.

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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

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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,
PROPRIETOR.

4-1 3, 79.

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.

ANCHOR LINE.

Proposed Sailings to & from New York.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

FROM NEW YORK FOR GLASGOW.

Saturday, Nov. 16, at 10 a. m., "DEVONIA."
" " 23, " 3 p. m., "ANCHORIA."
" " 30, " 10 a. m., "ETHIOPIA."

From Pier 20, N. R. Foot of Dey Street, N. Y.

LONDON SERVICE.

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LONDON.
Wed., Nov. 20, at 1 p. m., "ALSATIA,"	Wed. Oct. 30
" " 27, " 8 a. m., "VICTORIA,"	" Nov. 6

From Pier 46, N. R. Foot of Charles Street, N. Y.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

From New York to Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, or Belfast:

FIRST CABIN—$60, $70, and $80. Excursion Tickets $110, $120 and $140.

SECOND CABIN—(Including all requisites) $40.

TO LONDON DIRECT.

Cabin $55 and $65. Excursion Tickets $100 and $120.

Children between 2 and 12 years Half Fare.

STEERAGE—$28.

For further information apply to D. G. SMITH, Chatham, or

SCAMMELL BROS., AGENTS,
Magee Block, Water Street,
St. John, N. B.

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-tf

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

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

CASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, N B

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.

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 elsewhere.

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.

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

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

MIRAMICHI STONE 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.

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MANUFACTURERS OF THE

LOWMAN PATENT CAST STEEL SHOVELS, SCOOPS

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SPADES,

Made without Welds or Rivets.

PLOWS,
HOES,
GARDEN & HORSE RAKES,
MOWERS,

And Agricultural Implements generally.

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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

CUSTOM TAILORING

THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a

FIRST-CLASS
Tailoring Establishment

in the Shop formerly occupied by a Mr. Anslow, and owned by the Hon. Wm. Muirhead, near Letson's Scales, Water Street, Chatham.

Gentlemen wanting Clothes made to order for

WINTER & SPRING

do well to examine his splendid assortment of

English and Canadian Cloths

to select from.

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS made up under the general supervision of

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

W. S. MORRIS.

Spirits and Rye.

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

DANIEL PATTON, St. John.