







THE FOGGY NIGHT AT OFFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"So Henry York seemed to think. He was talking of her former acquaintance with him abroad. The nicest fellow going, he said."

"Yes, everybody liked Mr. Janson. Except—"

"Except what?" asked Miss Hardisty, for Finch had stopped.

"Except master, I was going to say. He had used to be jealous of him in those old times, and I think—at least, I have once or twice thought lately whether he is not jealous again. Master's temper, since we have been here, has been quite strange, and I don't know what should make it so, unless it's that."

"Dear me!" uttered Miss Hardisty; "Mrs. York would not give cause—"

"No," indignantly interrupted Finch, "she would not give cause for that, or for any other wrong thing. I don't say that she was right to encourage both Mr. Janson and Mr. York in the old days, as I believe she did, and let each think she might marry him; but, ma'am, young ladies will act so, just to show their power; and her head was turned upside down with her beauty. However, all that nonsense was put away when she married, and a better wife nobody has ever had than Mr. York."

"Did he ever meet after Mrs. York's marriage until now, when they met here?" inquired Miss Hardisty.

"No, never. I asked my mistress once—I think she had been married about two years then—if she knew where Mr. Janson was, and she had no idea. I don't much like this place, ma'am, added Finch, musingly. "I shall be glad when we get back home."

"It seems scarcely worth while my telling you now the news that Mr. Janson imparted to me," observed Maria to her husband, when they were left alone.

"Dead! indeed of—is so very dreadful!"

"It is dreadful enough," returned Mr. York.

"He was going to be married," she continued. "But, of course, it will not do for us to speak of it abroad, after this shocking end. He thought of marrying Miss Maskell."

"And giving up you?"

"The same sounded most unreasonable," Maria, subdued by the events of that evening, turned meekly to her husband. "Arthur, let this unpleasantness end; it is time it did," she said speaking firmly in her honest truth.

"We may both have something to forgive each other. I was foolish, vain, careless in the old days; and I solemnly declare in the presence of Heaven, in the presence, it may be said, of that poor dead man, that never a thought has strayed from you since you became my husband. You have been bitter and angry with me lately, but it has been wrong caused; for not a wrong word, not a look that you could not approve, has passed between me and Mr. Janson. So help me heaven!"

Mr. York was silent. He had sat down, and seemed to be looking at his wife.

"When he called here this evening to ask after Leopold, he told me he thought of marrying Lucy Maskell. I wished the union God speed from my very heart."

She passed into her dressing-room. She had said her say.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

THE GARDENERS' WIFE AGAINST THE GENTLEMEN.

Mr. York and Henry went out for an early walk the following morning. As Mrs. York and Miss Hardisty were waiting breakfast for them, they were surprised by a visit from Squire Higgrave.

"What a horrible thing this is!" he exclaimed to Mrs. York, when the introduction to Miss Hardisty was over. "You have heard about poor Janson?"

"Yes," she faintly said. "Is he dead?"

"Dead! the wretches who murdered him took care of that. They left no life in him."

"Then it is Mr. Janson!" interposed Miss Hardisty. "Mr. York said so, but one of the servants here insisted that it was a farmer."

"It's both," answered Squire Higgrave. "A double murder. Never has this quiet neighborhood been so stained. Young Louth was passing through the village on his way home from market, and about a mile beyond it, he was shot from his horse and robbed. He had been selling stock, and he got a good round sum about him, which, as it happened, was known. Janson's affair is different."

"He was going into his house by the back entrance, and was set upon just inside the garden door, and beaten to death, Mr. York told us," said Miss Hardisty.

"That is correct. Poor young fellow!"

"It must have occurred soon after he left here," said Mrs. York, speaking with an effort.

"Was he here last night?" asked Squire Higgrave, eagerly.

"In the afternoon," replied Mrs. York. "He called in to see Mr. Janson, and saw Leopold. It was five o'clock when he left, but quite dark, the fog was so thick."

"Oh, that was hours before the murder. The precise time of its commission has not been ascertained. He was found about ten o'clock."

"That must be a mistake," said Miss Hardisty. "Mr. York was home before seven."

"But he did not know of it then."

"Yes, he did."

"Impossible," said Squire Higgrave. "Janson was not found until ten o'clock; not a soul knew of it previous to that. He was being hunted for all over the village, to go and examine young Louth, and nothing could be seen or heard of him, and it was only by the servant's going out to look the back gate, which she always did at ten at night, that he was found. Did you ever see such a fog as this?"

"But indeed Mr. York did tell us," persisted Miss Hardisty. "Certainly"

not immediately after he came in—I dare say he was willing to spare us so horrible a recital as long as possible—but what Finch got home afterwards from the village, with the news that a farmer's son was killed, Mr. York said it was not a farmer's son, but Janson. You see he had heard of the one murdered, and the servant of the other."

"But York could not have heard that Janson was murdered before he was murdered," obstinately protested Squire Higgrave.

"And he could not have dreamt it beforehand," as obstinately returned the lady. "The fact must be that he did know of the murder, though all might not."

"But it was not known at all to any one," reiterated the squire; "neither is it believed to have occurred at that time."

"You must perceive that Mr. York must have known of it," coolly continued Miss Hardisty, suppressing the contempt she was acquiring for the squire's understanding. "It was not a mere vague rumor he had got hold of, but he described the facts, which you have just said were correct; that the unfortunate gentleman was killed in his own garden, close by the gate, and found beaten to death."

"It is very strange," debated Squire Higgrave, struck at length with the points placed before him by his antagonist. "I wonder where York heard it?"

"From a man and woman who were running by this house as he came in," readily responded Miss Hardisty. "They told him Mr. Janson was murdered. And that was before seven o'clock."

"Good heavens! it may have been the very perpetrators themselves! Indeed it must have been: no one else would have known it. We must find those people," continued the squire, in his most magisterial voice. "I wonder if York would recognise them again?"

"It was the gardener and his wife at the cottage higher up, near to Lady Rich's," interposed Mrs. York.

"Oh—they," said the magistrate, considerably disappointed when he found the presumed murderers subsided into a quiet, inoffensive couple, long known. "I'll go up and ascertain where they heard it. I'd give twenty pounds on my own pocket to pounce upon the guilty men, for Janson was a favorite of mine. Not to speak of the unpleasantness of having such crimes happen in the neighborhood."

Away went Squire Higgrave, and was back again directly. Mr. York and Henry were then returning from their walk.

"Good morning, York. How did you hear the report last night that Janson was murdered?"

"From the gardener, up there—namely, his name—Crane," replied Mr. York. "From Crane and his wife."

"Well—it's your word against theirs," hesitatingly remarked Squire Higgrave, in a puzzle. "They say they never told you any thing about Janson; and, in fact, did not know themselves till this morning that any thing had happened to him."

"If they choose to eat their words, that is no business of mine," said Mr. York. "As I was turning in at this gate last night, it was dark, for I lost my way in the fog after I left you, and did not get in till near seven—Crane and his wife were running by the village in great excitement. They had a torch with them. I asked what was amiss, and they told me Janson was murdered. Nobody else could have told me," protested Mr. York.

"I saw nobody else, and spoke to nobody else."

"Then what do they mean by denying it?" asked Squire Higgrave, sharply.

"Upon my word, if they were not so well knowing, I should suspect they knew something about the murder. I wish you would let me confront Crane with you."

"You are quite welcome to do that," said Mr. York.

Away went the squire again, and Mr. York and Henry leaned over the gate, watched, and waited for him. Crane's cottage was within view, and he came back with the man. Maria and Miss Hardisty came out of the breakfast room.

"Here seems some mistake about this here business, sir," said Crane, a civil, respectful man, and Squire Higgrave have fetched me down along with him, to set it right."

"The mistake is on your part, not mine," haughtily returned Mr. York. "You went by here with your wife last night; she seemed in a fright, and I inquired what was the matter."

"Yes, sir, my wife was frightened fancying she saw thieves in the hedges; she haven't run so fast since her joints got stiff. When you stopped us, sir, and asked, I told you a poor gentleman had just been murdered."

Mr. York looked at Squire Higgrave. "You hear," said he, "added he to the man."

"That my wife was frightened, and we was making haste home, for a poor gentleman had been found murdered, down yonder, beaten to death. Them was the words, sir, as near as I can remember."

"Exactly," said Mr. York.

"But did you say it was Mr. Janson Crane?" resumed Squire Higgrave, looking at the man.

"Law no, sir. I couldn't say it, as I have just told you, for—"

"You did say it was Mr. Janson," interrupted Mr. York.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was just a-going to say to you last night that report went as it was a farmer, but you turned short away in-doors, and didn't wait to hear me; and I and my wife ran home. This morning, when the milk-woman came she told us about Mr. Janson, that he was murdered, and my wife sat down on a chair—though we never believed it at first—but burst out a-crying; for he was more like a friend to us than a doctor, a-come up to all us wretches to her rheumatism, and charging us to get to nothing. I'm sure, sir, I speak the truth, when I say it was not till this morning we heard about poor Mr. Janson, and that there had been a double murder."

"A double murder!" echoed Mr. York, his face a mixture of astonishment and perplexity.

"Why, did you not know it?" said

Squire Higgrave. "Young Louth was shot from his horse last evening, and rifled of all he had about him. That was what Crane wanted to tell you of: Janson was not murdered—at least, not found—for hours afterwards."

"And Finch was right, after all when he said it was a farmer's son," I interposed Olivia Hardisty; "though you—looking at Mr. York—ridiculed it, and said it was Janson."

"York, where did you hear about Janson?" demanded Squire Higgrave.

"At the time you appear to have spoken of it it was not known. In fact, I don't believe it had happened."

There was a blank, distressing pause—an awful pause.

"Where did you hear about Janson, I ask?" continued Squire Higgrave, in a voice that sounded strangely unbecomingly and clear.

Still the same ominous pause. Mrs. York struggled for composure, but her breath came gaspingly through her side lips. Henry stole round to her, as if by an uncontrollable impulse, and Olivia Hardisty gazed in open dismay at Mr. York.

"I heard it from Crane," said Mr. York, at length, roving himself, and speaking in a firm, deliberate tone.

"Thought it appears to be his purpose to deny it now."

Crane shook his head and turned to Squire Higgrave. "The gentleman's making a great mistake, sir," he quietly said. "I never mentioned Mr. Janson's name last night, for he never was in my thoughts; and if anybody had come and told me to guess who was murdered (beside the farmer), I should least of all have guessed Mr. Janson. I'm going back to the garden, ladies and gentlemen, and if you please to want me again, there I shall be."

The man, with a civil bow, turned away and went towards his home. Squire Higgrave was the next to depart. A strange mantle of constraint seemed to have fallen upon them all.

CHAPTER XIV.

AWFUL DEED.

Never had the insignificant village of Offord been so full of stir, excitement, and dread. Two murders in one night! it was enough to put fear into the stoutest heart. At first it was universally assumed that the same parties had been guilty of both, but this impression wore away. Young Mr. Louth had evidently been molested for the purpose of robbery. Not so Mr. Janson. His watch and chain, his pocketbook and purse, each containing money, were all found upon his person, unharmed, unrobbed, carrying out Mr. York's assertion that there had been no robbery. How did he know it? began to ask Olivia Hardisty.

Mr. Janson had a habit of going in at the back door of his house, through the garden; and it was the quickest mode of entrance, since at the front he had to ring: it was surmised that his assailant must have known of this; he got into the garden, and waited for him. He was properly struck down and stunned, at the moment of entering, and was again beaten about the head one or two blows. The medical men were asked with what sort of instrument "Was it likely to be a gun?" spoke up somebody, while they were deliberating—the question probably being dictated by the remembrance of the shot which had destroyed the farmer. They replied that they did not think it likely to be a gun, as likely, or more likely, than any other blunt weapon; but, if so, they said, the gun had probably been broken by the violence of the blows. The blow which had killed him was an unfortunate one, given underneath the left ear.

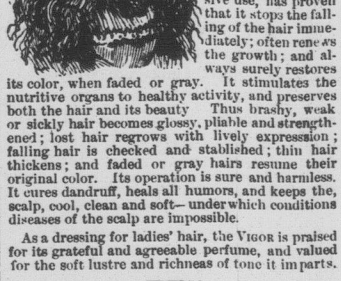
The woman-servant's testimony was as follows:—About six o'clock, (she thought it must have been,) while she was in her kitchen, waiting for her master to come in to tea, she heard a noise in the garden, into which the kitchen looked. This was followed by a groan, by more than one groan she thought, and she got stop of the ironing board underneath the window, and looked out above the half shutter, but she could see nothing but mist. When asked to describe what sort of noise it was that she had heard, she replied it was a "sudden" noise, a "scuffling" noise. And that was the best explanation that could be obtained from her. There were often drunken frolics about on a market night, she said, and she had supposed it might be some going by in the lane, quarrelling with one another; she "didn't" think no worse. Everything was quiet after that, so far as she heard, except for people coming to the front door inquiring for her master. Five or six times they came; they wanted him to go and see the gentleman who was murdered, young Mr. Louth. At ten o'clock, she went out to lock the back gate, taking a lantern with her, and then she came upon her master, lying in the path, dead. And when people flocked up, after she had given the alarm, and came to look at him, they said he must have been dead for some hours. She was her testimony, given in a fair, straightforward way; she was a simple country woman of middle age, Mr. Janson's only maid-servant. By a somewhat curious coincidence, the surgery boy had had a holiday given him that afternoon, and was away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Medical.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR To its Natural Vigor & Color.



Advancing years, sickness, care, disarrangement, and untimely parting, all turn the hair gray, and other of the effects of the hair, which, when faded or gray, it stimulates the nutritive organs to produce, and prevent both the hair and its beauty. This hair, when faded or gray, it stimulates the nutritive organs to produce, and prevent both the hair and its beauty. This hair, when faded or gray, it stimulates the nutritive organs to produce, and prevent both the hair and its beauty.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla

FOR THE BLOOD. A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION. CURES SCURVY, RHEUMATISM, AND ALL SKIN-DISEASES. ENLARGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND SPLEEN, RHEUMATISM, AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS, LEUCORRHOEA, CATARRH, AND ALL DISEASES RESULTING FROM A DEPRAVED AND IMPURE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

General Business.

ARGYLE HOUSE, CHATHAM.

Large Reductions. FUR GOODS, HATS, BONNET & HAT SHAPES, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, WINGS, &c., at Cost.

Special Inducements in STAPLE GOODS, Ready-Made CLOTHING, Flannels, Blankets, Etc., Etc., Etc.

In Stock at LOW RATES. FLOUR, MEAL, MOLASSES, PORK, LARD, BEANS, FISH, TEA, TOBACCO, SOAP, &c., &c., &c.

Wm. Murray, Dec. 15, 1878.

FOR SALE.

ON CONSIGNMENT. 1000 BUSHELS OATS, 40 BBL. POTATOES, 100 D' TURKISH, 100 D. APPLES, Baldwin and Greening, choice Water Fruit 100 D. NO. 1 LABRADOR HERRINGS 50 D. FISH.

GE. W. ROBINSON, Chatham.

NEW BAKERY

A BAKERY, from which will deliver Bread, Pastry, Cake, Crackers, &c., of the best quality, in any part of the town.

JOHN WYSE. Just arrived per Dunstan, from Charente: 30 Quarter Casks MARTELL BRANDY, 20 Quarter Casks JULES ROBIN BRANDY, JOHN W. NICHOLSON, Victoria Wharf Street, St. John.

I & F. BURPEE & Co., Cor. Dock & Union sts.

HAVE on hand and to arrive by weekly steamers Bar, Iron, Common and Belton, Low Moor, Swales and Burns Best; Sheet Iron from Glasgow; and Galvanized Iron from Cambuslang; First's Flat, Square and Octagonal and Best Axle Spring Steel; Shipboard, Tin, Coking and Ed. Machine; Charcoal Tin Plates, I. C. D. C., I. K. C. Tin Plates; Tin, Strip Tin and Solder; Plough Mounting, (Willie's Scotch) Plating and Sheet; Arville, Bolvers and Vices; Axes; Horse Shoes and Nails; Galvanized Chains, Deck Spikes, Clinch Rings and Washers; Tarnel and Manila Rope; Tar, Pitch, Rope and Cordage; and a large assortment of Carriage Springs—Springs and Axles, Lard and Vices; Oval Iron and Best American, equal to Lowmooer; Common Wire and Annealed Wire for Hat Pressing; Pig Iron, &c., &c., &c.

Consumption Cured! The undersigned physician having been permanently cured of the much dreaded disease of Consumption by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of recovery. He has prepared a simple, safe, and reliable remedy, which he offers to the afflicted for the cure of Consumption, Phthisis, Catarrh of the Lungs, &c., &c., &c.

HEARTBURN, OR SOUR RISING, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH, AND ALL COSTIVENESS AND ITS RESULTS.

Oppression after eating, and every form of DYSPEPSIA are soon relieved by PERISTALTIC LOZENGES. These Lozenges are of the Liver and Stomach, and cure COSTIVENESS and its results.

For Sale by JOHN McCURDY, Chatham, N. B. LEAS STREET, CHATHAM, N. B.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old Prescription, refined from a secret recipe, and made up in the form of a Lozenge, is offered to the afflicted for the cure of Consumption, Phthisis, Catarrh of the Lungs, &c., &c., &c.

FOR SALE. OIL of Lemon, Peppermint and Cloves. ESSENCE of Lemon, Cloves, Almond, Vanilla, and Strawberry. PEELIES Citron, Lemon and Orange Peel. SPICES Cloves, Cinnamon, Cayenne, Coriander, Mace, Nutmeg, and Cloves. FOR PUDDINGS, &c. (Mariani), Sugar, Tapioca and Arrowroot. SEASONING Sugar, Summer Savory, and Mustard. ALSO: AN ASSORTMENT OF CHOICE PERFUMES. TOILET SOAPS. J. PALLEN & SON. DRY PINE LUMBER. 1, 1 1/2 AND 2 INCH. WILLIAM MURRAY, Chatham, June 26, 1878.

Travelers' Column.

Chatham Branch Railway.

WINTER 1878-9. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1878, until further notice, Trains will run on the Chatham Branch Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH. STATIONS. No. 1. No. 2. Chatham, Depart, 5.00. 10.00. Chatham, Arrive, 5.30. 10.30.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. No. 3. No. 4. Chatham, Depart, 5.00. 10.00. Chatham, Arrive, 5.30. 10.30.

The above Tables are made up on St. John (or Miramichi) Times. All the above Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning.

All freight transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of the Goods at Chatham, and forwarded free of Freight, Custom House duty or other charges. Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial Railway.

Passengers carrying Goods through to St. John on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and to Halifax on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from St. John, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from Halifax, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 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 Miramichi), and intermediate stations. At 11.00 a.m. (Accommodation) for Point du Chene and intermediate stations. At 2.00 p.m. (Express) for Sussex, Pictou and Miramichi. At 5.15 p.m. (Express) for Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE. At 8.25 p.m. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene, Campbellton and intermediate stations. At 11.00 a.m. (Express) from Sussex, Pictou and Miramichi. At 2.00 p.m. (Accommodation) from Point du Chene and intermediate stations. At 5.15 p.m. (Express) from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Chatham that he has opened a BAKERY, from which will deliver Bread, Pastry, Cake, Crackers, &c., of the best quality, in any part of the town.

JOHN WYSE. Just arrived per Dunstan, from Charente: 30 Quarter Casks MARTELL BRANDY, 20 Quarter Casks JULES ROBIN BRANDY, JOHN W. NICHOLSON, Victoria Wharf Street, St. John.

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Law, etc.

A. H. JOHNSON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR. NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC. July 7, Chatham, N. B.

E. P. Williston, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Office—Over Mr. John Brundson's Store: Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B. 11-11

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 Stewart