[Written for the Miramichi Advance.]

The Demon of "Old Baldy."

BY GEO. J. FORBES, SAN GABRIEL.

CHAPTER 2ND.

CONTENTS—A JOLLY SHIP AND A JOLLY CREW—ARRIVAL AT SAN GABRIEL—A SKETCH OF THE EVIL ONE AND HIS WILES (FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE JOB, CHAPTER 1ST).

We were soon at sea. What sailors call a quarterly wind sent us booming down the coast, sometimes we were becalmed under a bold headland or precipitous coast line. Then all was commotion as every long, glassy swell exerted its utmost to hurl us to destruction. We kept too near the land, but our lazy mongrel crew whose instincts might be roughly estimated at one half pirate, one quarter smuggler, and whole devil, seemed as if they did not want to lose sight of it. Except at such times as we were likely to be rolled ashore they snozed comfortably under the lea of the bulwarks. Soon we began to miss many of our small traps; then some dainties in the way of grub had disappeared, but when our flour and bacon was attacked it was more than we could stand. Fred was heavy on moral suason, as he called it, and made them a neat, feeling speech. They understood enough of it to sneer and grin from ear to ear. One cut-throat looking chilano even got facetious. I could not stand that kind of thing. Jumping up I addressed a few short sentences to the crowd. I weeded out all sentiment. The principal points turned on my revolver and bowie knife. This they could and did understand, so we had no further trouble with the eatables by throwing in a trifle of watching. In one way I could hardly blame the poor devils. They had the dogs life, hunger and ease. The bacon and frijoles had about given out, so they were obliged to fall back on tartillas which had been baked so long that they looked like consumptive tiles and were a trifle more nourishing than slab soup. To see them steeping the flinty looking stuff in their coffee preparatory to eating fairly gave a fellow the toothache.

Fred wanted them to land us at Santa Barbara, then at San Luis Key, but no, although an hour would have done it. The "varmints" did not even run into San Diego, leaving us on a sand point at the north side of the harbour on the morning of the seventh day after leaving San Francisco. Carrying our traps above high water, we sat down to consider the situation. It would take at least two mules to carry our mining tools and grub and where were we to get them? There was not a human being or house in sight and the mission of San Diego was at least twenty miles away. Some one had to go there and I went. All the springs were dried up and I suffered a good deal for water. Was'nt it hot? phew! and the sand ankle deep at every step where it was'nt rocky and rough which was worse. The mission was "not much" in those times—a few adobe buildings—a few dark skinned Mexicans and darker Indians. I here first saw a tile roof. I'd often "worked the thing" on the same principal by splitting the bark of a tree, turning the hollow part of the under ones up and reversing those used as battens. At a distance it appeared as if the roof had been ploughed and thrown up into drills and, knowing the habits of these people, I would not have been greatly surprised to find it cultivated. It would go to show great forethought on the part of the good Padre in getting up something novel as an inducement for his lazy dependents to stir themselves, and there would be no excuse for losing time in the saddling of a horse in this case, as there must needs be if the scene of labour was twenty yards distant.

I found the Priest in charge hospitable, considerate and obliging. By his influence I soon secured everything required. Returning on the second day, I found Fred not at all lonesome. He had been studying the map and piling up imaginary heaps of gold. By his calculations we were one hundred and thirty to fifty miles from the rich deposit. We followed up the coast to San Luis Key and then struck in towards the northeast. Here and there we came across a solitary ranch and were always well used by the owners as far as their means went. Many of them were English or Americans settled here for many years, and were rich in cattle, even if bread and vegetables were scarce or wanting altogether. To all these the news from the upper country was particularly interesting. Of the outside world they heard nothing. Occurrences of four years standing were fresh as a wet trout. I am not very well posted, as you know, but was equal to a dictionary alongside those fellows. At last we reached the San Gabriel which only wanted some water to be a very fine river. From this we could see our destination—a huge, white, bald peak so clearly defined as to be a landmark among all the surrounding mountains.

We followed up the San Gabriel. The road was the roughest I had ever seen. Our mules could not fly neither could they climb the perpendicular rocks over which the water tumbled a mass of foam. The mountains closed in and at last we had to ascend a ridge and follow the summit. For this elevation or any other it was the roughest country I had ever seen. It did seem as if inclined planes or levels had not been established when the place had been laid out. In the greater number of cases the hills were furrowed, gullied, cut, till not an acre could be found facing in any one direction. Sharp ridges would end in a fearful abyss into which the sun penetrated for only a few hours.

Fred was in high glee. He said there must be something in those hills they were so different from anything he'd seen before. All loose material had been carried down to fill the valleys. They'd been well washed, and not by puny streams, but by an immense body of water whose mighty waves swept them with irresistible force. We'd not have to strip or drift said he, the water has done all that for us. I was glad to see him in such good spirits even if the basis on which they were founded was an improbable theory. If we mined on the mountain tops and sides he was right; if we worked in the gulches as I calculated we would, he was wrong. Where would the wash go to if not there? But I said nothing.

At last we stopped. Old Baldy reared his venerable head thousands of feet above us. By moonlight he looked like a monster sheeted ghost who had come out to frighten his fellow mountains. He need'nt do this. He was already king among them all. We had better build us a camp here, Fred said; we were not far from the treasure. "Its in this naked mountain forbidding as he looks and the sands of this turbulent stream." During the next few days we built us a snug cabin. We were on the head waters of the south San Gabriel. We had plenty of all kinds of timber. The water was cool, clear and pure and the surroundings of rock, cascade and living green were particularly refreshing after our experience from San Diego. At this time there were no miners on the river. In prospecting around we came on several old washings, but it was plain to be seen they were abandoned long ago. This put a damper on my spirits, but Fred was as sanguine as ever. The colour we found in several places, but at the end of a month nothing that would pay. I wanted to leave the place, but Fred looked so miserable at the mere hint that I gave it up. One evening returning home we passed an eddy above a ledge which extended across the river. It was a likely looking place and we agreed to give it a trial. It took us a couple of weeks to turn the river and get ready for work. Our first day's work with the rocker gave us a couple of ounces and this continued for some time going like the thermometer, a trifle up and down. At last it came to an ounce and then to nothing at all. When we were about giving it up we struck a pocket by the edge of the ledge taking out about one hundred and thirty ounces in large nuggets. This must have come from somewhere Fred reasoned and I agreed with him. The "somewhere" was evidently the place of which the Mexican had told him, the question being as to how it was to be found.

While affairs were in this state, we were visited one evening by a tall. swarthy, singular looking man. He could'nt sit still for a moment. His eyes were the most restless and fiery I had ever seen. As I looked at him, I fancied I could see flames rising and falling behind them and now I am sure of it. His hair was short and lumpy at the ends as if it had been singed off. Awful teeth he had, scattering and yellow, like tenpenny nails with the ends broken away. His coat hung on him like a rug on a buffalo fence, showing every joint and hollow while his waistcoat fell in awfully. It seemed to lay against his back bone. And pants, it was like putting a stick in a bag to keep it open. I fancied I heard his bones rattle as he sat down. Anyhow I'll swear I heard his joints crack. He was'nt English, he was'nt American and yet he could talk our language as well as we could. I'll bet there was'nt a tongue under the sun but he knew. All his talk was of gold—nothing but gold. When he got excited over it his hair stood up like so many snakes twirling and twisting in the most frightful manner. Then he would smile as he thought, but it was only a horrible grin and chuckle in a way that set my teeth chattering. I—I feel faint when I think of it; dear me how that—man I'll have to call him yet—did smoke. I've heard of men smoking like a horse. That was a poor comparison—a horse don't smoke. Like a steamboat is a tolerable strong illustration—often actually overdoes the thing, but it fails in application to this man. He smoked like a *volcano*, yes a *volcano*. He'd a huge pipe which looked as if it was made of the slag of the infernal reigons. One day while my courage was up to 90° in the shade, I asked to see it, but he said it was a favourite and he never allowed it out of his own hands. I should think it was a favourite. You ought to see him smoke it. First the puffs came thick and black; then they turned to a light blue and began to settle down around him till he was as completely hid as a bear in a clump of manzanita. Out of this the pipe glowed and shone like the headlight of a locomotive. I fancied I could see the dim outline of horns and know I smelt the fumes of sulphur strongly.

For an hour he talked—how that smoky being did talk. There was gold in these mountains in heaps, in wagon loads, yes in shiploads. He had made up his mind as to where it was and he'd find it (I thought he could). There was enough for all of us—enough for thousands. He'd been told of the deposit, and if he could only find certain bearings it was better than millions in the Bank. Fred was in a glow. This exactly tallied with the information which he had received in the upper country. He readily jumped at the offer to share alike with whoever might find it, shaking the stranger cordially by the hand. I'd as soon shake the tail of a rattle snake. Ugh! I'm glad now I did'nt. Well his pipe went out and he went out also. No amount of entreaty from Fred could induce him to stay for supper. About his name, how long he had been in these mountains, or where he lived at present he gave us no information whatever. He did'nt say when he'd be back nor to call and see him. When I kind of hinted he'd better take a bite if he'd far to walk, he glanced at me suspiciously, then tried to smile but as it turned out grinned sardonically. Off he went staggering and stumbling over the uneven trail. Shaking the loose smoke out of his clothes in chunks and thin curls. I watched him till I was shut out by a jutting ledge expecting every moment to see him fly, or go off in a blaze.

Strange, all I could say, Fred could not be made to see anything suspicious about our late guest. He said he was some hardworking, honest fellow searching for gold like ourselves. Look at his poverty said he; see how kindly he offered to share any strike with us and he is no loafer. He would not as much as accept of a supper. Of course I have seen more attractive features, though none having an appearance of greater honesty. Fred was sincere in all this I actually believe. He saw nothing in those awful eyes, poor fellow. The sardonic mouth with its incessant twitching did not impress him disagreeably. In the make up of the body and its appearance it was evident the man worked hard, lived hard, and "slept" hard and this was all. He actually laughed at my feelings of horror, the poor misguided man. Well my conscience is easy. I did my duty and have nothing with which to reproach myself.

We saw nothing of the Demon for a week. I kept watching the peaks around expecting to see him light on some one of them like an eagle. It was no use; he could watch me without my seeing him. In that time all Fred's searching failed to find a trace of him. Of course I was not so foolish as to look for his trail on the solid earth. If he'd been human a smoke, a path or something of that sort would have led us to his camp. But there was nothing of the kind. Fred was in a despondent state. He had failed to find any indication of the hidden treasure. As a general thing, Mother nature does'nt leave her precious stores lying around loose. Our further developments of the claim had turned out an ignominious failure. We hardly saw the color since the finding of the nuggets.

Coming in after a long and futile tramp we set about preparing a late dinner. While I was frying some bacon the door darkened. Looking around I nearly jumped into the fire and upset the pan. There was the Demon, nervous and twitching as usual, but as polite as ever. We had just been talking about him, and talk of the Devil he is sure to appear. I could see he was more excited than usual, for his sentences were broken, his voice thin and harsh and his body shook like a galvanic battery. His old hat which he appeared to use for covering the fire at night, if ashes and burned patches were any indication, hung on the ends of his crisp hair and trembled till it shook itself off. And he was pale; I declare he was pale. In sitting down his bones cracked and rattled worse than ever. His eyes were if possible more fiery and restless; his nose a good deal longer and more hooked, and his teeth appeared to have grown an inch. The bones and joints of his hands were covered by only the thinnest skin, and as they hung limp on his knees, looked for all the world like claws. He evidently could not keep up his disguise much longer and if he was'nt what he was, I could have pitied him when he coughed a hollow cough and asked faintly for water. And he drank, good gracious how he drank. The in'ard fires was fast consuming his disguise of humanity. I made up my mind he'd have one of us pretty soon, but that that one should not be me. After a little he lighted the ugly pipe, making a show of getting a coal from the fire. I saw that he did it with the point of one of his bony fingers. He refused to eat with a look of disgust. If the coffee was cold he said he might drink it. Then he smoked. Soon we could see nothing but the crown of his head for all the world like Point Conception looming above a Santa Barbara fog. The pipe braced him up and he began to talk while we were eating. He had found the place where the gold was. On the east side of the mountain, opposite to where we worked was a precipice nearly one thousand feet high. There was no doubt but that a ledge bearing gold heavily ran through from some point near where we had been working. At the foot of this precipice he had picked up several pieces of quartz which had certainly broken off from the face and fallen down. They were rich and by way of proof he showed us several chunks more than half pure gold. Unless he could fly—and he chuckled, the villain—he could not get to the place and wanted help. Would we both go; would one of us even go. Although we could not see his face, I could tell that he was trembling with eagerness by the sound of his voice. I made signs to Fred, I took hold of him and shook him, but it was of no use. He promised joyfully and readily. I never saw him so excited. All his expectations were now to be realized. He would be rich; could'go back and marry the girl of his choice, who was waiting for him, and make his widowed mother comfortable.

All was arranged; he was to meet the Demon at the end of three days by a peak which we could see from the cabin. The latter said by that time he would be strong again. His health was not very good and after this journey he required a day or two's rest. Cool was'nt it. Then he went away, looking pityingly at me and the last I saw of him he was staggering up the mountain. I spent the three days trying to persuade Fred not to go. It was no use. He laughed and grew fat. Hope had done more to establish his health than all the doctors. On the morning of the third day he started taking a week's provisions with him. I'll be back with lots of gold, said he; I only wish you'd come along old fellow. Sometimes I wish I had. I accompanied him a mile and he bade me good bye with tears in his eyes. I watched him till he appeared as a black dot on the white mountain side and finally flickered from my sight. It was the last I ever saw of him.

* * * * * * *

For a week I waited. Then another week and no Fred. I scoured the mountains for twenty miles around and waked the echoes of every canon with my calls. I dreamt of him at night and heard his voice plaintive and low in the moaning winds by day. I could hear him calling when no sound broke the stillness except the rush of the waters of the San Gabriel. I believe now that I was crazy. People called me so for a year after. I could'nt forgive myself for not going with Fred. At the end of a month I left the accursed place and never saw it again.

And Fred, we said, did you never hear what became of him.

I did, but I'd have known if I never heard. The Demon got him and he'd have got me too if I'd gone. About three years after a party of prospectors found a couple of skeletons at the foot of the great precipice. A memorandum book—he always carried such—showed one to be Fred's and the other was some poor fellow served in the same way. It could'nt have been the Demon's; his was'nt real no more than a lady's hair although it cracked and rattled. I'll bet he is going the rounds there yet and whether he lures or throws men over a precipice or carries them off in a bunch of flames it is all the same. I cant bear the smoke of a pipe since; dont light it like a dear fellow.

THE END.

Medical.

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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?

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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 Agt

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Name this Paper.

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Law, etc.

A. H. JOHNSON,

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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

E. H. McALPINE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Room 3, First Floor, Barnhill's Building,

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Administrators' Notice.

ALL persons having legal claims against the Estate of James Kerr, late of Chatham, N.B., deceased, are requested to hand the same duly attested, to D. Ferguson, of Chatham, forthwith to whom all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment.

MARY KERR,
WILLIAM KERR, } Administrators.
D. FERGUSON,

Chatham, N. B., 4th Feb., 1879. 413

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

LOCAL BILL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Bill will be introduced at the present Session of the Provincial Legislature to authorize the Northumberland County Council to license Peddlers or Hawkers, hawking or peddling therein, and to make regulations respecting the same.

Dated 10th March, 1879.

SAML THOMSON,
Secretary-Treasurer Co. North'l'd.

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Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 4TH. DAY OF JULY, next, in front of the Registry office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock, p. m:

All the right, title and interest of George Loggie in and to all that certain piece or parcel of Land, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, County of Northumberland and bounded as follows: Westerly by lands owned and occupied by Wm. Grey, Southerly by the Napan River, and by marsh land owned by Alexander Loggie, Easterly by lands occupied by David Loggie, and Northerly by the River Boundry of the lot of land and lands owned by John Loggie—being the piece of land and premises at present occupied by the said George Loggie and being part of the lands formerly owned by the late Robert and George Loggie, deceased, containing—acres more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Northumberland County Court, against the said George Loggie.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, March 24, 1879. } JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be Sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the 18TH DAY OF APRIL, next, in front of the Post Office, Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock, p. m.,—All the right, title and interest of Angus McDonald, in and to all that piece parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, and bounded as follows:—Northerly, by the Long Cove Brook, Westerly by land occupied by Farquhar McGraw, Easterly by land occupied by Alexander McLean and Southerly by the Big Cove, containing 100 acres more or less; and being the piece of land conveyed to the said Angus McDonald by David McDonald and Margaret, his wife, by deed bearing date the 21st day of April, A. D. 1875.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court at the suit of Daniel O'Gorman against the said Angus McDonald.

Sheriffs' Office, Newcastle, 3rd January, A. D. 1879. } JOHN SHIRREFF. Sheriff of North'l'd.

BYE-LAWS.

AT the sittings of the County Council of the Municipality of Northumberland, held at the Council Chamber, Newcastle, on Tuesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1879:—

Resolved, That the following Bye-Law be made and established for the government of the said Municipality:

A Bye-Law Relating to Booms and Boomage.

Be it ordained by the Municipal Council of the County of Northumberland:—

1. That the Boom Master in charge of the Tomaby River Boom be entitled to receive fifteen cents on each thousand S. feet of Logs, and three cents on each ton of Timber securely boomed.

2. That Section 1 of "A Bye-Law relating to Booms and Boomage" passed by the County Council at April sittings be repealed.

CHAS. F. BOURNE, Warden.

A Bye-Law Relating to Dogs.

Be it ordained by the Manicipal Council of the County of Northumberland:—

1 That Farmers and others, being householders, residing in the Parish of Newcastle, beyond the Police District limits, except those residing between Urquhart's Brook and Russell's Brook, be allowed to keep one dog exempt from dog tax.

2 That any person residing within the County of Northumberland, beyond the dog tax districts of Newcastle and Chatham, who owns, keeps, or harbors more than one dog shall pay a tax of $1.00 annually for each and every dog more than one so owned, harbored, or kept, such tax to be collected as provided by Section 2 of the existing Bye-Law relating to Dogs.

3. That the Collector of dog tax in each District or parish be authorized to retain twenty per cent. for his services on all sums collected and paid over by him.

4. Any Bye-Law heretofore made, repugnant to, or inconsistent with the foregoing Bye-Law, is hereby repealed.

CHAS. F. BOURNE, Warden.

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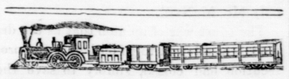

Chatham Branch Railway.

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

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. ACCOMM'DTION.	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 "	12.20 "
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.

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.

General Business.

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 o

English and Canadian Cloths

to select from.

GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS made up under the general supervision of

A FIRST-CLASS CUTTER.

W. S. MORRIS.

FOR SALE.

OIL of Lemmon, 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.

J. PALLEN & SON.

TAILORS' TRIMMINGS.

SELESIAS—Black, Colored and Fancy;

CASBIANS—Black and Slate;

LINENS—Black, Slate and Brown;

POCKETINGS—White and Colored;

CANVAS—Swiss, French and Imperial;

INTERLININGS—White and Colored;

ITALIANS—3-4 and 6-4 Black and Colored;

JEANNETTS—Slate and Drab;

RED PADDING, BLACK WADDINGS;

SILK—Raven Sewing, Twists, Machine Silks, Black and Colors;

BUTTONS—Florentine, Ivory, Horn, Matalasse and Metal;

BINDING—Real Double Mohair, Alpacca, Brilliant and Fancy Braids;

TAILORS' CRAYONS;

BROOKS' GLACIE and BASTING REELS.

☞ The attention of the trade is respectfully requested to the above.

EVERITT & BUTTLER,

COMMERCIAL BLOCK,
Canterbury Street.

Manufs'., Builders, etc

CARRIAGE WORK, ETC.

THE Subscriber will, on the 1st April, next, establish himself in business at the west end of Wellington St., nearly opposite Mr. Roger Flanagan's, where he will manufacture

CARRIAGES SLEIGHS, &C.,

—AND MAKE A SPECIALTY OF—

Carriage Painting & Repairing, Gilding, etc.

☞ All kinds of job work in the above line promptly executed.

ALEX. ROBINSON,

CHATHAM, March, 25, '79.

MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY,

Machine & Boiler Works,

CHATHAM, N. B.

GENERAL

IRON & BRASS FOUNDER.

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Steam Engines and Boilers,

Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers and Shingle Machines, Ship, Plough, Stove, Cemetery Railing, House Roof Crestings and every description of Brass and Iron Castings,

Steam Tugs, Ferry Boats and Yachts with Paddle or Screw Propeller.

POND'S WISCONSIN

Patent Rotary Saw Carriage,

a specialty. Smallwood's

PATENT LEVER SHINGLE MACHINE,

Steel, Iron and Wooden Ploughs, manufactured and in Stock. A large assortment of Cooking Ranges and Stoves, Base Burners, Hall and Parlor Stoves, & Register Grates, Stove Pipe & Elbows, a large variety of Stamped Tin & Wire Goods & Hollow Ware Plain & Enamelled.

☞ All orders for Sheet Iron and Tin Work will be promptly attended to

JAS. W. FRASER

Chatham, March 11h, '79.

NEILSON'S Engine & Machine Works.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to make and execute all kinds of the undermentioned work, viz:—

MARINE AND STATIONARY

ENGINES,

with or without boiler, or fittings, from 5 to 100 horse power, for Mills, Mines or Steamboats.

SAW MILL WORK,

CRANK SHAFTS for WATER MILLS, GANG SHAFTS, GATE and LOG GATES, with power Down-holders, Saw Spindles of all kinds, of Cast Steel or Iron.

MILL SHAFTING of all sizes and lengths, from one inch to eight inch diameter.

GEARS AND PULLEYS of all sizes.

IRON TURNING AND BLACKSMITH'S WORK, and general repairing of Machinery of all kinds.

ACCIDENTAL BREAK-DOWNS of Machinery correctly and punctually attended to.

BRASS CASTINGS,

of the best quality at lowest prices.

I beg to call the attention of Millmen and Lumbermen to my new Machines, viz., my

COMPOUND EDGER AND SINGLE EDGER, AND MY RE-SAWING MACHINES

are got up expressly for the lumber business.

My Edgers have now been running in St John and Miramichi for twelve months and have given every satisfaction desired and I feel pleased to be able to refer to any of the Mill owners who have them, including:—Messrs. Randolph and Baker, Long & Barnhill, Clark Bros.—Firms of such standings as are well able to advise intending purchasers as to what is best for their interests and in regard to the practical superiority of my machine over all others. My

COMPOUND OR DOUBLE MACHINE

will edge 10,000 feet per hour, if required. My SINGLE EDGER, which I am getting up expressly for Steam Mills of limited power, with a view to do the most work with the fewest hands, will be about half the weight of the Compound, and about half the price, will have only two saws and will run 40,000 feet per day of 10 hours. My RE-SAWING MACHINE is got up expressly for recutting deals and scantling from four inches down to ½ in. thick or deals into boards any thickness.

Plans, specifications and estimates furnished.

N. B. An experience of 40 years in all the branches in the above lines enables me to guarantee all work that may be entrusted to my care.

JAMES NEILSON.

Chatham, Miramichi.

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