GOING TO THE BAD.

BY EDMUND YATES.

CHAPTER XIV.—COALS OF FIRE.

In the course of his professional career, Dr. Travers had often been called upon to exercise his judgment in delicate matters, but never had a more knotty point been submitted to him than that which he now felt himself called upon to solve.

He had sent for Kitty, and, recognizing her promptness in all important matters, he knew that in a few minutes she would be there—there in the house of her own husband, the man bound to her by all the ties of law and honor; the man who had not merely basely deserted her, but had endeavored to take her life, and had given her legitimate place to another; and it was out of mercy for that other one that Kitty had been summoned to tend her in her extremity—to exercise on her behalf all the womanly softness and patience—to do for her what there was none of her own kindred to do.

"A very nice mess I've made of it," muttered Dr. Travers to himself; "very. I have always found that there is great common sense in the vulgar proverb, that 'There is no use in crying over spilt milk,' and I rather think that I will not go back from what I have done, but hold to and make the best of it; and I am not sure that out of this apparent blunder of mine I shall not find the means of punishing my quondam friend, Mr. Russell, the convict, now developed into Sir Frederick Randall, the bigamist, and the attempted murderer of his wife.

"Well, mademoiselle, what is it?" he added, turning to Elise, who had just entered the room.

"The woman—the lady, if you please, mademoiselle; be good enough to understand that, and let the other servants know that this lady must be treated with every respect during the time she stays in this house. I will go down and see her at once."

In the dining-room he found Kitty, with a rather contemptuous expression on her face.

"You are a good child to come so promptly," said he laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Have you any idea whose house you are in?"

"Not the least," said Kitty, "except that I gather from the general style of the furniture and decorations, the place must belong to some rich vulgarian."

"Not so," said the doctor; "though I allow you have ample grounds for such belief. This house," he continued, watching her closely, "belongs to Sir Frederick Randall."

All the color left Kitty's face, and the fingers of her hand resting on the table clasped together spasmodically; but she said nothing, and gave no further sign of discomfort.

"And I have sent for you," said the doctor, still watching her closely, "to attend upon Sir Frederick Randall's wife."

He had tried her too far.

The blood came rushing back into her cheeks, and, springing to her feet, she cried: "I will not do it! I will leave this house this instant!" Then, strength failing her she sank back into her chair. "Oh, my God! it is too much; you know not what you ask!"

In an instant Dr. Travers was by her side, holding her hand, and speaking to her in that earnest, cheering voice which always brought her comfort.

"Yes, my dear friend," he whispered, "I know all; but I had no suspicion of it when I sent for you! I have guessed it since; how, I will tell you at some future time. The knowledge I have arrived at has not changed my determination, and must not influence yours. Whatever wrong has been done to you by this lady, towards whom I ask your kindness, has been innocently and ignorantly—I need scarcely remind you that she has no idea of your existence—and, though I have never set eyes upon her until this evening, I feel convinced that, even in these comparatively early days of her married life, she is suffering from the brutality of the man whom she believes to be her husband, and you have so much in common between you."

Kitty was looking up at him with earnest gaze.

"Is she very ill?" she asked.

"She is very ill," replied Dr. Travers, "and above all things she will require kindness and sympathy, such as—there are none of her own folks to speak to her—such as you know so perfectly how to render."

"And you expect me to do this service to my enemy?"

"I do not allow that this lady is your enemy at all, Kitty; and, even if she were, you are a religious women, and know what is said: 'Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"I do not pretend to be influenced by any such spirit of Christian charity," said Kitty, without raising her eyes.

"And yet you showed that you were when you gave up whole days and nights to nurse my wife, who was then a total stranger to you, and were not the obligations of humanity shown, in regard to yourself, by the American gentlemen who found you and, at the hazard of their lives, rescued you from your perilous position?"

Kitty was silent for a moment: then a shudder passed through her frame as she said:

"You can not expect me to meet this man?"

"I do not expect any such sacrifice, nor do I anticipate that there is any chance of a meeting between you taking place. From what I have gathered from Lady Randall's maid, it would seem that the couple have for some time lived on bad terms. The brutality which this man occasionally exercised on you, when you were in his power, does not seem to have diminished; on the contrary, from what I learn, it has increased under the influence of drink, to which he has succumbed. My notion is, that in one of these paroxysms of folly, he has made a personal attack upon his wife, and that when he recovers his senses, even *he* will be so ashamed of himself that it will be some time before he puts in an appearance."

"But suppose he should come, what should I do!—oh, what should I do!" said Kitty, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Exercise your common sense, my dear child," said the doctor, touching her lightly on the shoulder. "You have plenty of it, and you know perfectly well that this man can do nothing to you by force; on the contrary, he will be more likely to shun you; and—by the way," continued the doctor, ruminating, "that gives me rather a good idea, and makes me more than ever anxious that you should remain here. Lady Randall's room will, at my express orders, be closed against every one but you, the French maid, and the professional nurse: and if Sir Frederick Randall should arrive and attempt to dispute my authority, I live so close that I could be sent for in a moment, and I think I could manage to prove to him that it would be better for him to let me have my own way."

"Tell me, doctor," said Kitty, looking at him inquiringly: "from one or two things which you have said, I have an idea that you know Sir Frederick Randall."

"I have met him," said the doctor, with a peculiar smile, "and think I have influence enough with him to induce him to do what I wish."

"You seem to have that kind of influence enough with everybody," said Kitty; "and I am not likely to prove an exception to the rule. I will do anything I can to be of service to this lady."

"Bravely spoken, my dear!" said Dr. Travers. "You may depend upon it you will never regret that decision. Now let us go and see the patient."

When they reached Lady Randall's apartment they found it already set to rights by Elise's careful hands. The ball dress, the jewels, and the ornaments had been put away, and the professional nurse was sitting by the side of the bed, in which Minnie lay, wrapped in a profound sleep and breathing quietly.

The nurse rose on the physician's entrance and made him a little bow. She had not previously been brought into contact with Dr. Travers, as their operations did not lie in the same line, but she had often heard of the great physician, and was prepared to obey him implicitly.

"Good evening, Mrs. Gibbs," said Dr. Travers. "I have heard of you, and am very glad to see you here, and to know that Lady Randall is in such good hands. This lady, Mrs. Moreton, is a friend of mine and Lady Randall's, and in the absence of any members of the family, she has kindly consented to remain here a few days, and exercise a general superintendence."

To attain success in the medical profession, a knowledge of diplomacy is a most essential requisite; and this knowledge Dr. Travers possessed in the highest degree. The few words of politeness just spoken had flattered Mrs. Gibb's professional vanity, and conveyed to her the explanation that no interference with her social position was intended by Kitty's presence in the house; so she smiled graciously on the doctor, and bowed pleasantly to Mrs. Moreton.

"Nothing to report about the patient, I suppose, Mrs. Gibbs?" asked the doctor, humoring her.

"Nothing at all, sir," replied Mrs. Gibbs. "She dropped off into a sleep just after I arrived, and has never moved since. By the way," she said, lowering her voice, "did you—did you see this?" and she quietly pointed to the bruises on Minnie's arms and temple.

"Yes," said Dr. Travers, looking hard at her; "exactly; I understand what you mean. I had seen them, and had given orders that no one but you and the French maid, and Mrs. Moreton here, shall be admitted into this room—no one, you understand?"

I understand perfectly, sir," said the nurse. "I thought it might be that way."

"It is that way, I regret to say, Mrs. Gibbs. I think a little cooling lotion, perhaps some plain vinegar and water, might be applied there, if you will kindly look after it."

The nurse nodded, and left the room to fulfill her errand. Then Dr. Travers turned round and beckoned Kitty to approach the bed.

She obeyed with painful hesitation, but the doctor stepped forward, placing his arm under hers and led her gently to the bedside.

Minnie lay there, her cheeks deathly pale, her eyes closed, her lips apart, revealing her white and even teeth; over the pillow her long, fair hair lay floating in a tangled mass, and one small hand, almost rigidly clenched was outside the coverlet.

Kitty bent over the sleeping figure in admiration.

This, then, was the girl for whom she had been deserted, to secure the possession of whom her murder had been attempted! Kitty knew this as she gazed down upon her unconscious rival, but no pang of jealousy animated her breast.

"She was not in fault," she thought to herself, "she had no knowledge of my existence—of there being any obstacle to her marriage! Moreover, if it had not been she would have been another, for such a man there are always women to offer, and it was a mere case of barter; he was ready to sell himself to the highest bidder. It is a pity, too," she mused, "that one so young, and, doubtless, so innocent, should have been thrown in Frederick Randall's way."

"She is very beautiful," she whispered, raising herself, from her long contemplation.

"She is very young to have such awful troubles thrown upon her," said the doctor, "and——"

At that instant Minnie uttered a low moan, and shuddered in her sleep. The hand which lay outside the coverlet, was unclasped and stretched forward, as though in supplication.

Upon neither of the watchers by the bedside, accustomed as they were to scenes of sorrow, were these signs lost, and Kitty, bending down, took the wandering hand in hers and impressed a gentle kiss upon the soft cheek.

When she recovered herself, she saw the doctor looking at her with moistened eyes.

"You are an angel," he said; I know the struggle that has been going on within you, and am perfectly satisfied as to its results. Now I will leave you with this poor girl. I don't think you will meet with any annoyance from Sir Frederick; but in case you should, recollect I am close by, and do not hesitate to send for me instantly."

When the doctor had taken his departure, Kitty seated herself in the chair by the bedside, which had been previously occupied by Mrs. Gibbs, and pondered over the strange destiny which had brought her there.

That slight and fragile girl lying there before her had all unconsciously been the stumbling block in her life, the attraction to which her husband had succumbed, the prize to obtain which he had conceived, and, as he believed, had compassed, the idea of murdering the woman who stood in his way. By that attempted act of brutality, he had entirely obliterated any lingering regard which Kitty might have felt for him. If he had deserted her; if even, as he threatened during their first interview at Brauxholme, he had ignored her existence, and denied that she was his wife, she would still have had for him some remnant of love—she would still have remembered that he was the first who won her young heart in the days gone by, and would have dreaded coming in contact with him, lest the sober feeling of her nature should prevail, and she should place herself once more in his power.

When, however, she realised to herself that that base and cowardly attempt at murder was no act committed on the impulse of the moment, but had been deliberately planned and premediated, her heart, so far as Frederick Randall was concerned, grew stone within her, and her only feeling, towards the man whom she had once worshipped with such devotion, was one of creeping horror and detestation.

So far as Frederick Randall was concerned, was there, then, any one else whose image, rising before her mind, was dwelt upon more tenderly?

What was the strange psychological influence which induced Kitty, as she sat there, watching the slumbering girl, to think of other persons of American birth, who had recently played a part in her life's drama, to recall the handsome, genial presence of Wilbur Hoyt, to bend forward as though listening to his kindly voice, then to throw herself back in a chair, and clasping her hands before her to sit musing over her last interview, to recall the noble offer which he had made to her, the brave respectful manner in which he had accepted her rejection of him. Ah, it was hard to give up such a wealth of love as that, to make up her mind, for duty's sake, to pursue her solitary path through life, knowing all the time that such a noble heart, and such a stalwart hand, were at her service, and that their possessor's dearest hope would be to help her in her need.

What a happy woman she might have been, even now, after all the troubles and storms through which she had passed, if she had only the courage to stifle the still, small voice of conscience, and look upon herself as free;—even now, while she was far more fitted to appreciate the generous nobility of Wilbur Hoyt's nature than she would have been in her early youth. His tenderness, his delicacy, his innate, gentle sympathy, would have been wasted upon the young girl, whose maiden fancy had been captivated by the regular features and somewhat vulgar dash of Frederick Randall—what would she not give if—

What breaks in rudely upon Kitty's reverie, causing her to spring from her chair, and with fright imprinted on every feature of her face, to bend forward, turning her head aside and listening eagerly?

A man's voice, the well-remembered tones of which thrill her with shuddering horror—the voice of Frederick Randall, high pitched and angry, such as Kitty remembered it in the early days of their marriage, when creditors were clamorous, and money was short.

The voice seemed approaching; then she heard quick, heavy footsteps coming nearer and nearer. Great Heavens! what shall she do? She had only time to throw herself on her knees and busy herself with the fire, when the door opened and, without seeing him, Kitty was aware of her husband's presence.

"There," he said, in a loud, defiant tone, and with a short laugh. "I don't want to come in, I don't want to disturb you, nurse, nor any of you, but, by the Lord, I will show that I am master here! Pretty thing, indeed, where a French maid is to forbid me my own room, telling me it's by the doctor's orders. I should like to see any doctor interfere with me! How is your patient, nurse?—getting on pretty well? I don't want to interfere with you;" and without waiting for an answer, he turned on his heel and left the room, banging the door after him.

With his laugh of of defiance still on his lips, Sir Frederick Randall went swaggering down the stairs into the dining-room. He walked up to the massive oak sideboard, which stood at the end of the apartment, and unlocking it, took out a small queer-shaped bottle containing brandy, and was just about to pour out some of its contents, when he felt a touch on his shoulder.

The butler, who had long since gone to bed, and left the house in charge of what he called "the medical people," had turned down the gas before going, and there was very little light in the room.

Sir Frederick, turning sharply round, could make out that he was confronted by a gentlemanly looking man, but could not discern his features. "What do you want?" he asked, sharply.

"You," said the stranger.

The abruptness of the tone nettled Sir Frederick, who exclaimed:

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Perfectly," said the other; "shall I tell you? No. 201 in Westchester Jail. Russell, the forger—Randall, the wife murderer!"

"Hush! for God's sake," cried Sir Frederick, holding up his hands in agony; "Who are you?—how came you here?"

"I am Dr. Travers," said the stranger, "in attendance on the lady who believes herself to be your wife."

"Travers?" repeated Sir Frederick—"Travers? Where have I heard that name before?"

"You have heard it mentioned by your legitimate wife, whom you sent to live at Brauxholme; but it was not as Dr. Travers you first knew me. You knew me as Walter King!"

"Walter King?"

"Ay, Walter King, the surgeon of the Westchester Jail? On a certain eventful night in your life you made to Walter King a promise—do you recollect what it was?"

"No," said Sir Frederick, hesitatingly; "I do not recollect what it was!"

"Men of your stamp seldom do recollect such matters—I will remind you of it. When, in my mistaken pity and compassion, I aided in the subterfuge by which you escaped the legal sentence you were suffering, you swore to me that you would repent and reform!—How have you kept your word? By heaping crime upon crime, until the worst of all is reached, and you stand forth a murderer?"

"Murderer!"

"Ay, black even among murderers—assassin of her whom you had sworn to cherish and protect, and from whom you received nothing but love and devotion."

"How do you know this? How do you dare to——"

"Silence, man, and do not provoke me, but listen to what I say. I told you at that time that if you broke your word I would give you no second chance, but would hunt you down—now I mean to do it?"

He lifted his hand as he spoke, and shook his fore-finger solemnly in the air; then turned round and walked slowly away.

Sir Frederick Randall gazed vacantly before him, until he heard the slamming of the street door, and knew that his dreaded visitor was gone.

Then with a shaking hand, he poured out a glass of brandy, and swallowed it with a gulp, "Hunt me down, will he," he said, as, after turning out the gas, he walked slowly up the stairs, "I defy him! What proof has he of—of—what he talked about? Who could ever bear witness against me that—Oh, my God! what is that?"

He fell back against the wall as he spoke, and stood with fixed eyes glaring at a female figure with a lamp in its hand, which coming out of his wife's room, crossed the corridor and disappeared.

Frederick Randall uttered no loud cry, his tongue seemed paralyzed in his mouth, his heart seemed to turn to ice within his body, and muttering feebly, "Kitty's ghost!" he fell senseless to the ground.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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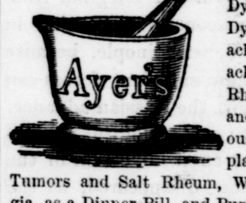

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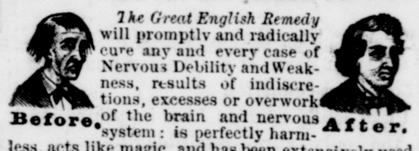

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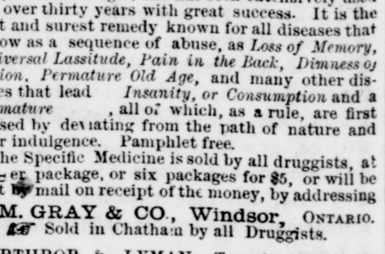

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50 dozen Bed Cords and Clothes Lines,
100 do boxes Gelatine,
300 boxes Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel,
30 cases Table Salt (in bottles)
150 boxes Pepper, Ginger and Allspice,
100 cases Fruits, Lobsters, Oysters, &c.
200 boxes New Layer Raisins.

With every article usually found in a Wholesale Grocery.

WHOLESALE.
LEE & LOGAN,
46 Dock St., St. John.

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FRESH
Timothy, Clover and Turnip Seeds,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
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Also—Part of his
SPRING STOCK
OF ENGLISH GOODS,
ex Steamer *via* Halifax.
Superior Extra Flour
at the Lowest Market Prices.
F. J. LETSON.
Chatham, 17th April, 1877. WATER STREET

Law, etc.

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NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
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Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."
Agent for "Imperial," "Ætna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
BATHURST OFFICE:—two doors from store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

L. J. TWEEDIE,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.
OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET,
CHATHAM.
2-52

JOHNSON & FRASER.
BARRISTERS, and
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS.
Insurance Agents, &c.
UNION BUILDING.
WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.
A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

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

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-tt

Law Notices, etc.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875.
In the Matter of David O'Connell, Insolvent.

A WRIT of Atachment has been issued in this cause, and the creditors are notified to meet at my Office, in Chatham, on MONDAY, the Eleventh day of June next, at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee if they see fit.

Dated at Chatham, this 23rd day of May, A. D., 1877.

JOHN ELLIS,
Official Assignee.
3e.7

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the Fifth day of October 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 Oliver Foster in and to all that piece or percel of Land situate, lying and being on the South side of the Miramichi River, at Black Brook, in the Parish of Chatham, and bounded as follows, viz—southerly by the Queen's Highway; northerly by the said Miramichi River; easterly by lands at present owned by Andrew and Robert Loggie, and westerly by land owned by Guy, Stewart & Co.; and fronting on the said Highway 60 feet, more or less, and being the land and premises lately occupied by the said Oliver Foster,—with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto belonging—

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of Executions issued out of the Supreme Court in Northumberland County against the said Oliver Foster.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 24th March, 1877.

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on Friday the 19th day of June 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 Maxim Manuel in and to all that certain Piece or Parcel of Land lying and being in the Parish of Hardwicke on the Westerly side of Portage River and bounded as follows:—in front or Northerly by the said Portage River, Easterly by Lot number 22, occupied by L. Sipley, Westerly by Lot 20 granted to James Tait, Senior, and Southerly by vacant Crown lands, containing 40 Acres more or less, with all the Buildings, appurtenances and improvements thereunto belonging, and being the land and premises upon which the said Maxim Manuel at present resides—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Maxim Manuel at the suit of Phineas Williston.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of Joseph Manuel, Senr., in or to the Lot or Piece of Land above described, and upon which said Joseph Manuel, Senr., also at present resides,—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Joseph Manuel, Senr., at the suit of Phineas Williston.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Sale, on FRIDAY, the 3rd day of August 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 John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, in and to all that Lot or Tract of Land situate lying and being on the South side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Chatham, known as Lot No. 41, bounded on the upper or westerly side by lands owned by the late William Hay, on the lower or easterly side by Lot Number 40, formerly occupied by John Stewart, deceased, which lot 41 extends in front 60 rods, and contains in the whole 300 acres, more or less.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux and Catherine, his wife, in and to all that Piece or Parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Chatham, known as part of Lot Number 35, and bounded as follows: commencing on the Westerly side of the road or street leading from Water Street to the Wellington Road, called Henderson Street, at the South-Easterly angle of the piece of land owned by Caleb McCully, being 54 feet Southerly from the corner of Water Street; thence Southerly along the West side of Henderson street, aforesaid, one hundred feet; thence Westerly on a line at right angles with the last mentioned line 90 feet; thence Northerly on line parallel with the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, 98 feet, or to the Southwest angle of the piece of land formerly owned by James A. Pierce; thence Easterly along the rear lines of the said James A. Pierce and Caleb McCully's lands 90 feet, or to the Westerly side of Henderson Street aforesaid, being the place of beginning; being the same land that was conveyed to the said John Devereaux by Robert McCalmont and others by Deed, dated the 6th August, A. D., 1856.

Also, all the individual Right, Title and Interest of the said John Devereaux in and to the said last mentioned land aforesaid, and being the land and premises on which the said John Devereaux at present resides.

The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of several Executions issued out of the Supreme Court, and out of the County Court of Northumberland, against the said John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and John Lane, and against John Devereaux and Catherine Devereaux, his wife, and against John Devereaux individually.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumbl'd,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newcastle, 20th January, 1877.

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We have a thousand wants, which a thorough business education will aid us to satisfy. I wish it were possible to give every young man who is going to take charge of a farm, or a factory, or a mechanical establishment of any kind, or to enter into commercial pursuits, the elements of a business education. Business colleges mean that there are wants which pre-existing institutions were not shaped or calculated to meet. I say prosperity and success to business colleges.—*Horace Greely.*

OUR course is interesting and instructive; and is adapted not only to the educated, but to those whose training has been neglected.

CIRCULARS,

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ST. JOHN, Mar. 24, 187

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SAINT JOHN.
NEW BRUNSWICK.
1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,
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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.
HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,
UPPER WATER STREET,
HALIFAX N. S.
CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL,
General Agent
SHIP BROKER,
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.
2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,
GENERAL
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DEALERS IN
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Next the Bank of Montreal.
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LADIES NEW HATS,
LEATHER, SCALE and ELASTIC BELTS
BALL KNITTING COTTON—
White, Drab & Brown.
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Cashmere and Wool Shawls
IN GREAT VARIETY.
New Spring Dress Goods with Trimmings to Match.
LADIES' LINEN AND LACE
COLLARS AND CUFFS,
Tooth Brushes,
Combs,
Braids,
Switches
and Pads.
THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PAPER COLLARS, DONE UP IN TIN PAILS.
Call and Examine!
W. B. HOWARD,
COMMERCIAL HOUSE.

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WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE & GREEN,
Warranted full length and weight.
Stronger and Better than any other Yarn in the Market.
Cotton Carpet Warp.
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SPECIFICATIONS
For any description of Building required.
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Chatham, N. B. 4th April, 1876.

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ONE 6 HORSE POWER
Upright "Haskins" Engine,
FOR SALE LOW.
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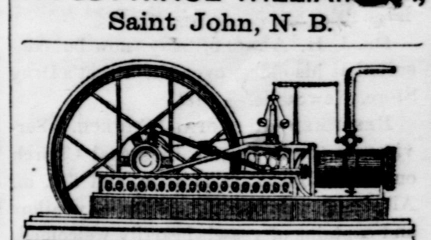

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ALSO—
A good assortment of Spur and Bevel Gear, Friction and Pulley Patterns.
AGENT FOR JUDSON'S STEAM GOVERNORS.
We sell these Governors at manufacturers' prices, with freight and duty added.
Estimates on application.
JAMES W. FRASER.
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SUPERIOR DOUBLE EDGERS

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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 line of business. Satisfaction guaranteed.
THOS. B. PEACE,
March 25—tf WATER ST., CHATHAM.

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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
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Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do Joiner work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.
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CALL AT THE
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Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sawn Shingles P. L.
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First Class Accommodations for Four Hundred Guests.
ROOM AND BOARD REDUCED TO $2.50 PER DAY.
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THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers.
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GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES.
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