GOING TO THE BAD

BY EDMUND YATES.

CHAPTER VII.—TEMPTED.

Sir Frederick was dressed pretty much as he had been on the occasion of his visit to Brauxholme, wearing the same heavy overcoat and overlapping cap.

"Hallo," cried Dick Phillimore—"hallo, Fred! What's the meaning of this? Are the Sheriff's officers after you, my boy! If so, this is a very bad place for you to run to earth in; they will find you hear easily, depend upon it."

"Hold your prate!" said Sir Frederick, angrily; "there is no one after me and nothing to fear; the only reason for me rapping myself up in this way was, that it is not exactly the quarter in which a man would care to be recognized as visiting his friends."

"You are right, Fred," said Dick Phillimore, not in the least annoyed, "and it isn't a quarter that I would remain in half an hour longer—but for one reason—that I can't get into any other. It is no good my asking you if you have breakfasted, because if you have not, so much the worse for you. I hadn't enough for myself, and consequently have none to share with my friends."

"Do you mean to say you are as hard up as that?" asked Sir Frederick.

"I mean to say," said Mr. Phillimore, slowly fumbling in his pocket and producing two coins therefrom, "that this three-penny bit and this half-penny constitutes my sole means of making a legal tender in the coin of the realm; and I will defy you to pick out from any asylum you choose any one sufficiently idiotic to call three-pence half-penny riches."

"I am not much better off myself," said Sir Frederick, throwing himself into a chair and plunging his hands into his pockets. "It's terribly annoying to be so cramped for money, when there is a prospect of having such a big thing within one's grasp."

"It is always terribly annoying to be pressed for money, dear Frederick," said Mr. Phillimore. "But tell me more about the big thing—how does it progress? What are the chances?"

"Partly good, and partly bad," said the baronet, tapping upon the floor with his feet. I have seen the young lady and made her an offer."

"The deuce you have! What a wonderful fellow you are! I never proposed to a woman in my life. And did the young lady accept you?

"She did, then and there, without any hesitation."

"That's fine! Now what about papa—didn't he hesitate at all?"

"He knows nothing of it. I told Minnie not to say a word to a soul about what had transpired between us, until I returned from a little journey I was about to make.

Mr. Phillimore emitted a long, low whistle.

"You can understand, perhaps, the object of that journey?" asked the baronet, looking hard at him.

"I conclude," said Mr. Phillimore, "It was to see Kitty."

"Rightly guessed," said Sir Frederick.

"And you have seen her?"

"I have."

"Explained what you wished?"

"Sufficiently."

"And the result?"

"She refuses," said Sir Frederick.

"By the Lord, I knew it?" said Dick Phillimore, bringing his hand heavily down upon the table.

"Yes, sir," said Sir Frederick, rising from his chair, and nervously walking up and down the room with short, rapid steps. "I put it to her as strongly as I could, brought all the tact I had to bear upon it, made her see, as I thought, how plain it would be for both our interests—and she refused."

"How did she take it?" asked Dick Phillimore, leaning back in his chair, and looking up at his friend; "quietly?"

"Quietly!" echoed Sir Frederick; "as quietly as a tigress would, if you were to endeavor to steal one of her cubs out of her den. Quietly! She stormed like a tragedy actress; spoke out about my selfishness in leaving her to struggle on on what she called a pittance—she is about right there, she certainly has had little enough money—and accused me of wishing to degrade her by making people believe she was my mistress! She got that notion in her head because I told her I should not care about a woman whom I was pressed to marry, but would come and see her all the same."

"Poor Kitty," said Dick Phillimore, shaking his head; "poor, dear Kitty!"

"Yes, that's all very well," said Sir Frederick, savagely; "but what about poor, dear Frederick?"

"Poor, dear Frederick was an idiot ever to think that his plan was practicable. It might have been done with some women; a good pension and a new line of life would be an object to them, but not with such a woman as Kitty. The American scheme is blown into the air, dear sir, and no two ways about it."

"By all the saints, it shall not be blown into the air," said Sir Frederick, pausing in his walk, and glaring at his companion; "but I will carry it through one way or the other."

"Certainly," said Dick Phillimore; "never say die and that sort of thing. I admire your pluck; but what is the other way?"

"Do you really want to know?" said the baronet, in a low voice.

"Well," said Dick Phillimore, producing the previously mentioned coins from his pocket, "as these are the only two portraits of her majesty—not like her, by the way, too young, and an arrangement of the hair such as I never saw her wear—as those are the only two rayal portraits which I possess, and as we have for some years past been hunting in couples, during which you have provided most of the provender, I confess to a not unnatural interest in the subject."

"See here, then," said Sir Frederick, seating himself at the table, on which he leant his arms, and brought his face close opposite to his companion's; "I have not thought it out much; it is all in the rough as I lay it before you, but an idea has crossed my mind that—if this plan is carried out, it is clear that Kitty must be gotten rid of somehow—is it not?"

"If you are to marry Miss Minnie Adams—and the law against bigamy is not annulled—it is perfectly clear that your present wife must be gotten rid of," said Dick Phillimore.

"Stop that fooling and listen, man," said Sir Frederick. "You and Kitty have been always very good friends, have you not?"

"I think so," said Dick. "She used to think me funny and odd, and laughed at my queer ways—oh, yes, she and I always got on very well together.

"Do you think she would trust you?" asked the baronet.

"Do you mean with money?" asked Dick Phillimore. "If so, she would be the first person that ever did."

"Pshaw!" said Sir Frederick, "we are talking serious business. I mean, do you think she could put confidence in you—do what you tell her—act as you advised?"

"To a certain extent, yes," said he.

Sir Frederick was silent for a few minutes. Then in a lower tone, he said:

"All the drinking, all the card playing and general dissipation which you have gone through during the last few years have not obliterated your medical knowledge, I suppose?"

"Not in the least," said he. "At the worst times I could always dip my head into a bucket of water and steady myself sufficiently to comprehend the condition of a case, and I can do it now. But what on earth are you driving at?"

"I was thinking," said Sir Frederick, speaking slowly and looking nervously round—"I must tell you that I made it all straight with her before I left—told her it was only a trick that I had played upon her to try her, and that henceforth we would live regularly together, and I would acknowledge her as my wife—I was thinking that suppose I could put off the marriage with this American girl for some two or three months, and that in the meantime you and I and Kitty were to take a little cottage in some rural district, not a great distance from London, so that I could run up and see Minnie Adams occasionally."

He paused, and Dick, who had been listening to him open-mouthed, struck in:

"Little cottage, yes; but how is the little cottage to be paid for, and what's to be done in it?"

"I would manage to pay for it," said Sir Frederick. "As to what is to be done in it, I should look to you for that."

"Look to me?" echoed Dick, still in astonishment.

"You are dull and senseless to-night," said his friend. "Suppose we three were living there together in the same way that we have done once or twice before, and suppose Kitty were to fall sick?"

"No chance of that," said Dick; "one of the healthiest women in the world, splendid development of chest, magnificent organization—proof against almost anything."

"*Almost* anything!" whispered Sir Frederick; "but not proof against the constant watching and attendance of a skilled medical man, with a knowledge of the exact properties of drugs, whose advancement in life, nay, whose very existence, so far as life's comfort and luxuries are concerned, depended upon her death."

"What!" cried Dick Phillimore, starting up. "Why, you scoundrel! you infernal villain! I comprehend you at last! You want to poison this girl, and you have selected me as your tool. You know me to be a drunken, dissolute, wretched card-sharper, scoundrel if you will, and you think it easy to persuade me into being a murderer too!"

"Silence! hush," said Sir Frederick, seizing hold of him.

"I won't be silent," cried Dick Phillimore, shaking off his grasp. "Don't lay your hands on me, for even this wretched dirty shirt would be polluted by the touch of such a scoundrel! You have overshot the mark, Sir Frederick, I think. I will take advantage of a man at a game of cards, and would do my best to clean him out in betting. I would do all I could to disable him in a fair, stand-up fight, but I would not take his life. How much less would I harm a poor girl for whom I have a kindly feeling, and who, as you yourself have said, places confidence in me."

"I—I din't mean—" stammered the baronet.

"Don't try that on with me," cried Dick, "for I won't believe you as easily as she did. You *did* mean what you said, and henceforward you and I part company forever. This is not a very swell apartment," he added, looking round, "but it is too good for such a crawling serpent as you. Get out of it!" and he pointed to the door.

"So this is your gratitude, is it, Richard Phillimore?" said Sir Frederick, slowly rising; "this is the way you talk to a man who has many a time stood between you and starvation. All right, be it as you say. I shall live to see you rotting in a ditch yet!"

"And I shall live to see you swinging on a gallows!" cried Dick. "Clear out now, while there is time, for, by the Lord, I can not control myself much longer!"

Sir Frederick Randall, who had by this time reached the door, turned round slowly, shook his fist menacingly at his companion, and disappeared.

"There's a precious villain for you!" muttered Dick Phillimore, sinking into his chair as soon as he was alone.—"Now, Richard P., what you have got to do is to clear your senses and stand between that girl and harm, for my dear Frederick will carry out his plan, now that he has once made up his mind to it, with my aid or without it, so there is no time to be lost. If I only knew where Kitty lived, I would give her warning. However, I shall manage to find it. I dare say. I have untied a bigger knot than this before now, and I must bring my teeth to work as well as my hands."

CHAPTER VIII.—A DESPERATE DEED.

Just about ten days after her husband had paid his unexpected visit, as Kitty was one morning looking out of her bedroom window, in the intervals of dressing, her attention was attracted by a movement among the stunted bushes which fringed the edge of the cliff.

At first she took but little heed of it, thinking probably that it was occasioned by some bird or animal, which had become entrapped there, and was endeavoring to force its way out.

There must, however, have been some strange fascination in the place, for Kitty found her eyes, from time to time, reverting to it; and, at length, suspending her toilet operations, she opened the window, and, leaning out gave herself up to the elucidation of the mystery.

There was a light thin haze, what is commonly known as a sea-fog, rising from the surface of the water, and rendering dim and shadowy all the objects which had been encircled in its embrace; but Kitty, whose eyes had long been accustomed to these atmospheric influences, soon perceived that the object which she had taken for an animal was a human being; and, after a long and searching gaze, discovered that the person whose actions she was watching was none other than her servant Hannah.

What was the deaf and dumb girl doing at such an hour in such an extraordinary and dangerous position.

Kitty looked with horror as she saw the girl lying almost flat upon her face, and creeping closer and closer to the edge of the beetling cliff, now dragging herself along by her hands and letting her head hang over, she seemed to be gazing into the depths below.

Then, shading her eyes with her arms, she would peer out along the cliff, not looking towards the village, but far away in the opposite direction, towards the bold headland, which seemed to stand up sharp against the horizon, and blotted out further prospect.

"What can have come to Hannah this morning?" muttered Kitty to herself. "Any one to see her would think she had taken leave of her senses, and indeed, if I had chosen to believe the people of the village, who are as superstitious as they are simple, I would long ago have been convinced that the poor creature was deranged. Hitherto, however, I have had no reason to doubt that Hannah's infirmity has in no way damaged her common sense, a quality which she appears to me to possess in more than the ordinary degree. Heavens!" she cried aloud, alarmed at the new movement on the girl's part, "she will certainly fall over the cliff. Hannah! Hannah! How absurd of me, forgetting that it is impossible for her to hear me. Well, she seems to have had enough of danger for the present, and is apparently returing home. I must endeavor to learn from her the cause of this extraordinary behavior."

When Kitty had finished dressing she went down into the little parlor, where the snowy tablecloth was already laid, and her breakfast awaiting her.

She had scarcely seated herself when the dumb girl entered the room with a smiling face, and advancing straight to her mistress, took up her hand and kissed it.

Kitty nodded in return and patted the girl's head. Then leading her to window, pointed towards the edge of the cliff, and turning round, touched Hannah lightly on the breast.

The girl comprehended the pantomime instantly, understood that her mistress was inquiring what she had been doing in the direction pointed out, and her face at once darkened.

Then she commenced her explanation in dumb show, so rapid that to eyes unaccustomed to it, it would have been totally unintelligible.

To Kitty, however, it was as plain as spoken words.

The girl closed her eyes for an instant and laid her cheek upon her hand, then opened them suddenly and pointed to the heavens.

"She woke early this morning," said Kitty, keeping up her running commentary as she observed the girl's motions, "went out, attracted by the freshness and beauty of the day. Scarcely had she closed the door behind her when she saw a man walking along the edge of the cliff, a stranger, too, whom she had never seen before. What was he like? Good heavens! is the girl mad or am I? She must repeat that again!"

And she made her a sign to do so.

Instantly the girl made a motion of pulling a cap over her face, drawing a line beneath the eyes to indicate the place where the peak came to, then threw her arms round, as though wrapping herself in a huge heavy coat, and walked with lumbering footsteps up and down the room, as though encumbered by its weight.

"My suspicions were right!" said Kitty, at the close of this performance. "She must mean Fred—he must be somewhere in the neighborhood; it is about the time he said he would return."

But Hannah had not finished her imitations. She skulked softly up and down the room, she peered furtively over her left shoulder, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked down, as though from the top of the cliff, measuring the depth of the drop to the beach below. Then quickly looking round, she raised her eyebrows as though she had discovered she was watched, and pretended to make off with hurried steps.

"Exactly," said Kitty, "it was Fred. He was waiting about here, doubtless, until he thought it safe to come to the cottage; and when he saw the girl noticing him he took to his heels. I recollect how fearful he was the last time he was here, lest he should be seen by any one, and how he asked particularly about this girl. I must frame some excuse for getting rid of her for the day, for, doubtless, Fred has come down to fulfill his promise of clearing up matters here; and taking me away with him; and when all is settled I will send him on ahead, while I remain behind for an hour or two, to take farewell of Mr. Harvey and poor Hannah."

Accordingly, after breakfast, to the dumb girl's great astonishment and delight, her mistress conveyed to her the intelligence that she could have that day for a holiday; and she determined to enjoy it, by riding over with the old carrier to the market town, and spending the hours between her arrival and her return in staring open-mouthed in at the windows of the shops, which had for her an unfailing attraction.

There was no knowing when her husband might arrive at the cottage, so Kitty thought it necessary to dispatch Hannah as soon as possible; and as soon as the girl was gone, she set herself to work in sweeping and tidying up the place. She had been scarcely engaged in this occupation ten minutes, when a shadow fell across her; turning round, she saw Sir Frederick at the window.

He points to the door, and the next instant she had opened it for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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5,000 yards WHITE COTTONS, from 7 to 12 cts. per yard.
10 pieces WHITE TWILLED SHEETINGS. 90 inches wide, for 55 cents per yard, former price, 50 cents.
20 pieces half bleached SWANSDOWN. very heavy, from 13 to 17 cents per yard.
50 pieces Black, Brown, and Steel WINCEYS, from 10 to 17 cents per yard.
3,000 yards COTTON and HINDOO SHIRTINGS, from 14 to 20 cents per yard.
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20 pieces TWEED SKIRTINGS, 45 inches wide, at 30 cents per yard, former price 50 cents.
50 pieces English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds from 75 cents to $1.00 per yard,

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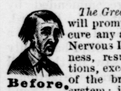

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175 Quarter Casks Vinegrowers' Brandy;
40 do do Hennessy & Martell do;
50 Octaves (about 20 gals. each.) do.
400 cases Hennessy & Martell do.
300 do Jules Robin & Co. do, qts. & pts.
250 do Thom & Cameron do, qts. & pts.
250 do G. Delmora's do, qts. & pts.
100 do G. Delmora's do, ½ pts.

WHISKEY:

50 quarter casks Bulloch Lade Whiskey;
200 cases do do do qts.
100 do do do do pts.
40 quarter casks Cork Malt do
150 cases Dunville do
30 quarter casks Small Still do
50 cases Kinnehan's L. L. do
65 do Bagots, Hutton & Co. B. do
150 do Thom & Co. Irish do qts&pts
100 do do Scotch do do
100 barrels Rye do

Hollands and Old Tom Gin.

100 quarter casks Hollands Gin;
25 hogsheads do do
400 cases "Houtman's" do do
150 do DeKuyper's do do
150 do Henke's do do
60 do Key do do
40 octaves Houtman's do do
5 hogsheads Old Tom do
150 cases cases do do qts. & pts.

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4 puncheons very fine Old Jamaica Rum;
25 do Demerara Rum, (very choice)
100 cases Kewney's Jamaica Rum;
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20 quarter casks Fine Diamond Port;
20 do do Brown Sherry Extra;
100 cases Champagne, qts. and pts.:
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300 Barrels BASS' ALE, quarts and pints. *Bottled by E. & G. Hibbert.*
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10 ¾ chests Green do
170 kegs Bi-Carbonate Soda;
60 barrels Pickles, "Crosse & Blackwell's,"
40 do do "Morton's,"
50 do do "Bain's,"
20 cases do "Edward's,"
10 gross Stove Polish;
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2 do Liquorice;
60 barrels Castand, Filbrets & Walnuts;
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50 boxes Corn Starch;
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50 Sacks RICE;
100 boxes Fancy Soap—3 doz. each;
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50 do Hair Oil—assorted.
50 do Assorted Essences,
150 boxes do Confectionery;
2 bales Whole Cloves,
25 casks Washing Soda,
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50 Caddies do Little Corporal.
50 do do Little Sergeant.
50 do do Real Virginia.
50 do do Rough and Ready
40 do do Black Diamond.
100 do do Solace.

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25 cases SARDINES—¼s and ½s.
40 boxes Wax Candles,
50 tins Ground Cinnamon,
20 gross Shoe Blacking,
200 dozen Scrub, Shoe and Blacking Brushes,
100 do Corn Brooms, (assorted)
100 boxes Clothes Pins,
50 dozen Bed Cords and Clothes Lines,
100 do boxes Gelatine,
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30 cases Table Salt (in bottles)
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Law, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

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ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW.

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WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

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

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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

Law Notices, etc.

RECTORY SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on MONDAY, the 7th day of May next, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises,

The Parsonage Buildings and the Glebe Lands

in connection therewith, formerly occupied by the late Revd. Samuel Bacon as the Rectory or Parsonage Lands, situate in the Parish of Chatham bounded on the Westerly side by the Homestead Property of Henry Cunard, Esq.; on the Northerly side by the Highway leading to Newcastle; on the Easterly side by the Road known as the Parsonage Road, and on the rear or Southerly side by the land of late James Maher.

This Property is very favorably situated, about a mile from the Town of Chatham, and but a short distance from the steam mill and mercantile establishment of Alex. Morrison, Esq.

TERMS—One-third cash at the time of Sale; the balance to be secured by mortgage on the property and to be paid in one and two years from date of Sale.

DAVID FORSYTH, Rector.

GEORGE BURCHILL, } Church
MICHAEL SEARLE, } Wardens.

Chatham, April 4th, 1877. 2y3

Wood Sale at Derby.

TO be sold at Public Auction, at Miller's Bark Factory, Derby, in the County of Northumberland, on

THURSDAY, 3rd MAY,

A QUANTITY OF

CORDWOOD, (HARD)

cut in trespass, by John Flynn, on Crown Lands.

THOMAS DOOLAN,
Commissioner, Derby.

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 a 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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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.

R. R. CALL,

General Agent

SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

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