#### THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear. It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache At the setting of the sun. The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flowers you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted Out of a brother's way, The bit of heartsome counsel You were hurried too much to say, The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone That you had no time nor thought for. With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness. So easily out of mind, These chances to be angels Which even mortals find-They come in night and silence. Each chill, reproachful wraith. When hope is faint and flagging, And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear, And sorrow is all too great. To suffer our slow compassion That tarries until too late. And it's not the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives the bitter heart-ache At the setting of the sun.

#### NOTHIN' BUT GALS.

-Dominion Odd Fellow.

The great barn doors, swung wide on their hinges, gave one a glance of welllay in a flickering mass athwart the whole, the newly gathered hay, while the roughlooking dog sought in vain to drive away the flies that would persist in disturbing his slumber by walking on his black nose.

anxious look on his face, saw not the peaceoped ears of corn.

He "wasn't atraid of work," and his farm, coveted. if not so "fixed up as some," showed "bout as many rods of stone wall, and word of praise. bout as pretty lookin' fields as any farm 'I do not think he cares, mother!" the round there.'

able to git up in the mornin' at four o'clock and do the chores, and take his scythe and his own home when he came back!" swing into it till noon with the best on 'em.

have a machine ter eat with!" from one foot to the other, drew his rough- a gal." ened hands out of his pockets and then kicked away a pitchfork that he in his un-

easiness had knocked down. Just here the house door opened, and a

an anxious way.

"Oh, the folks'll get along all right now. There is no cause to be worried," replied the kindly doctor. "The little girl is all right, too," he added, pretending to be very busy about a buckle on the harness, and not looking toward the other man.

now! I don't want no more gals, that's a farm?" snapped Abel, turning his back to after her bees. the doctor, and digging the toe of his thick boot into the turf.

tle, "I suppose they'll swap for good, ca- of making "something out of nothing," as pable young men, one of these days, es- the mother said. Boxes were converted pecially if they are all as pretty as your

swap! son-in-laws haint no good, anyway," spite of the "humphs" and "ahems" of muttered Abel, as the doctor drove off. farmer Gray, papers, and magazines, and "But 'taint nothin' more'n I expected. It's books were beginning to feel at home all nothin' but gals here, and 'taint no use around the house. makin' a fuss, I s'pose.'

within the door that had so recently let out | colt, took a notion to run away. Tenderly the strong, rough man bent

To her he tried never to be rough. To her he endeavored not to grumble at Providence for sending him 'nothin' but gals.' And yet Farmer Gray prided himself on being a "fair" man, "willin' to give every-

body his due," not seeing how unjust he was to the sensitive beings growing up about his hearth. There were now four children who clung

about the mother, feeling instinctively, as have them near him. He gave them plenty of calico dresses in summer, dressed them man I ever had around me. warmly, if not very stylishly, in winter, "Then there's that note sent them so school, and gave them plenty to eat, and considered his duty was done. quired of them. They were expected to turn pale, and that sent such a warning derly, coming to his side and laying the care for the chickens, and, sometimes, twinge through the boxed up leg as quieted soft, brown cheek a moment against the when he was in a hurry, or "short of him in a moment. hands," the girls were called upon to "rake

after the cart, or to stow away or load."

Very much the elder girls desired a little patch of ground east of the house to plant and Ella are; and the doctor said you must

way, I haint got no land to break up for any such tomfoolery as a flower garden, and if the gals want to dig in the dirt, why and if the gals want to dig in the dirt, why are street.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in alone, and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and not wait. I found you owed Wylie two hundred and sixty dollars, and interest, will was rebelling, and the great furrow hundred and sixty dollars, and interest, in thing, and I had to do the best I could alone, and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and not wait. I found you owed Wylie two hundred and sixty dollars, and interest, in THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water street.

don't they weed out the beets and the

That Farmer Gray felt proud of the pro-ficiency his daughters made in their stud-ies, he never showed, though he did tell his wife that Squire Farnham said that both Lucy and Mary were "the smartest scholars in town," and when they asked to attend the seminary on the hill beyond the village, although he grumbled at the expense, yet he let them go. Not all the gentle plead-ings of the yielding wife could induce Abel to spend his money for "furbelows, and hats trimmed up with ribbons and nick-nacks," to fill his "gals' heads with vanity," yet he smiled grimly to himself when Mary "showed grit," and went over to help the minister's wife a few weeks, and brought home a new brown dress, and a pretty hat with its wreath of daisies.

And now this Hetty, latest born and named for the quiet mother, showed most grit of all. The two elder girls were married now, Mary to a capable young farmer and Lucy to a rising lawyer in a distant city. Abel "gave it up" that his girls had done well, these two who had married, and that it had been their good sense combined with the high rank which they took in graduation, that attracted first these young men, graduates both of a college in a neighboring town, although he did say to Dr. May that he could not understand "why upon earth Mary's husband couldn't have been contented with the deestrict school, as long as he had made up his mind to farm it," and he prophesied dire disaster to the young couple, because they would "fill up their house with books and papers," and the door-yard with "new-fangled machinery."

Ella, the third daughter, was mother's filled mows and scaffolds, a wind-swept helper; as good a scholar as the others, floor, and a roughly-framed picture of mill and a "crack hand at butter and cheese," and woodland beyond. The yellow sunshine came through the great elm tree, and young man called at the farm, for fear she, too, would be leaving for a home of her own. But Hetty, dark-eyed, strong-willed seeming to make sprightlier the parti-colored hens and turkies that sprang about unceasingly, gathering up the crickets and grasshoppers that had been brought in with must be progressive, and when his best clover got wet she told him that if he had had a horse-rake like other people, they would have been able to secure it unin-Abel Gray, standing with his hands jured. She it was who made the flower buried deeply in his pockets, a morose, yet garden and planted the strawberry bed. It was Hetty who poured out all the old vegeful picture, nor noted the perfume-laden table seed, and bought newer and better air. The scent of the new-mown hay was varieties; and with her own hands, made nothing to him but a hint of spare tons to be sold in the spring at a high price. The brilliant sunshine was but a forerunner of and beans, and other vegetables in their well-filled heads of wheat and fully-devel- order, a month earlier than they were wont to have them, but sold, in the village, the He did not usually linger, however, even to speculate on what the crops would be. surplus, realizing money enough to buy two swarms of bees which she had long

He "didn't spend his money for new- nothing. I'll tell you what, mother, I just fangled mowin'-machines, and hoss-rakes, wish he would go off on a visit, out west allers gettin' outer fix." He "was plenty somewhere, and let me take charge of things a year or two. He wouldn't know

"Folks is gittin' lazy, these days," he secret that Abel Gray imparted to old said, "and if they keep on, they'll have ter Brindle after you made nearly fifty dollars from your strawberry bed, and got cur-Abal Gray, evidently, had no fellowship rants the second year from cuttings; and with "lazy tolks." But today, Abel was Brindle did not tell; yet it was that his "much put about," and he shifted uneasily Hetty "had a head for business if she was

The gentle mother was secretly disturbed plunged them deeper in again. His pipe at the energetic way in which Miss Hetty had lost its charm, and he impatiently wert to work, and at the gratuitous advice which she gave her father on his farming. "Do not trouble, mother," Ella would

portly, pleasant-looking man came out and say; "Hetty has a good deal of his own walked down the path toward a horse stubborness and energy, with many progreshitched by the fence. Abel Gray started sive ideas from somewhere else, and, if you'll believe it, I have been watching him, "What's the news, doctor?" he asked in and I think he is secretly pleased to have her brave him, although I am not sure he will ever own it,"

Haying, on the Gray farm, was coming on again; Ella was busy with her cheesemaking and canning berries, and the additional housework which one always expeets, in July and August, on a farm. "Little gal! humph! got gals enough Hetty was working early and late, sending out her early vegetables, strawberries and sure! What's the use of 'em to a man with | flowers to the distant city, and in looking

The old house had changed little outside, but within it was much more comfortable; "Well," said the doctor, laughing a lit- for the girls were full of ways and means into tables and dressing-cases, an old bedstead into a divan of comfortable propor-"Swap! I guess 'twon't be much of a tions, a barrel or two into chairs, while, in

The girls had secretly planned together "I'm glad Hetty is gettin' along comfortable, though," he said, as a brighter look came over his face, and he disappeared have yielded its income, when Dolly, the

Farmer Gray understood horses, and might have subdued her had not the har- of George than I ever knew him to do be- some nice Dutch cheese with it. over the pillow whereon lay the pale face of ness given way, when Dolly, really fright- fore. But just as soon as you are well his wife. The love of this delicate, flower-like woman was the one beautiful thing in Abel Gray's narrow, hard-working life. ened now, sprang out of the road and enough, she wants to come in and talk with you."

"Oh, dear!" groaned the old man, "if I own price, too. Why, she got as much as in a most ruinous way.

> bed. The leg was set and the bruises at-"He won't go out again for two months,

> sure," was the doctor's verdict. The stubborn old man turned his face to

the wall. This was a new experience for him. "If I only had a boy of my own, now," he groaned. "Here's havin' almost here, children will, that father did not like to harvestin' comin' right along fast after it, and about the greatest do-little of a hired

"Then there's that note of Wylie's for the north medder! I can't stay here, and ing. I won't!" and he gave a flounce in the bed, There was not much "out-door" work re- that made the gentle little woman near him to go all over this, today?" she said, ten- tear. I must have been mistaken."

"Do keep quiet, Abel, that's a dear. The girls and George will see to things, you cannot think how capable both Hetty

between the eyes, that seemed to grow deeper every hour, showed that the problem was yet unsolved; and, toward inorn-

has got to take care of father, in the first from. place; I know mother well enough to know she will see to that, with what you, George

"Talk about progression, Ella Gray!" exclaimed Hetty, when her sister had finished. "Why you beat me out and out. Here's your sunbonnet; just run for Maria, spring and divided the lot in halves. When and I'll see what to do first, here. We the rye began to get about three inches and I'll see what to do first, here. We must not spend even this day talking."

The mother had listened in silence. After Ella went out, she said : "I think, Hattie, your father must be owing Wylie, for he worries a great deal

about a 'note of Wylie's.' " "It's time we knew how much it is, then," answered the energetic young lady; and, going to the drawer, where her father kept his papers, she began a search for a sheep do the work, and grow fat on it, and

memorandum. In a moment she held a paper in her

"Here it is: 'note due Wylie, July 27. Two hundred and sixty dollars with interest. It does not say when it was given," said Hetty, already tying on her hat, "and I'm going now, and see Mr. Wylie, and make some provision for meeting it." And Miss Hetty was half way down the garden path before her mother could object if she

In an hour or so they saw her coming down across the green door-yard, accompanied by Nicholas Strong, a sturdy young farmer who lived beyond the village. They The old farmer looked on, but said no did not enter the house, but kept on to the fields.

Sometime afterward, Ella, looking out. tired girl said: "He thinks girls amount to saw Hetty marking in a book, and Nicholas going away. Just then Squire White drove into the yard, and Hetty conducted him to the barn. There Ella saw them gravely consulting, then Squire White seemed to be paying Hetty some money; and he soon after drove away. Hetty came in. "There," she said, "I think I'll make

that work! I saw Mr. Wylie, and of his own accord, he offered me two hundred and fifty dollars for Dolly, and I let him have her, for I am sure we never want to see her again. As I came home I met Squire White, and asked him if he knew anybody who wanted some nice, old hay, and fortunately he was just out hunting for some. Nicholas Strong understands estimating such things, and he thought there were about ten tons, so, when Mr. White offered me one hundred and forty dollars for the lot. I

"Nicholas Strong will come and do the haying for thirty-five dollars, and, if he does well, I shall get him to do the harvest-

"That will leave me George and the team for extras, and I think, when I look over my work, I shall find employment enough for them that will pay."

Haying came and went. The ripened crops were gathered into the storehouses, and the autumn winds began to whistle through the old elm trees around the farmhouse, and still Farmer Gray did not find strength, and the pale, worried face looked very unlike the bluff and rosy one the neighbors were so used to seeing.

"Whatever did Wylie do about that note, wife?" he said one day as he sat bolstered up in the great armchair. "If I had been well I should 'a' paid it before now. I was off that very day I got hurt, to sell the hay and the wool, and some other things I had, and get the hundred dollars I put in the bank last fall; but I haint thought of it sence, and I can't remember now how much it was," putting his hand to his head in a confused way.

"Now, dear," said loving Mrs. Gray, you must not think anything about business. Hetty is a born farmer, and she has and her fingers, by looking at the pictures. paid the note, and all other bills, every | She took it into town, when she carried in way; and really, she gets more work out the flowers and vegetables, and carried in

only had a boy, now, to take keer of sixty cents a pound for that butter, and Abel Gray was brought home and put to things! Hetty is a good girl, and means she can't begin to supply the market since! We've sold honey, and flowers, and vegeknow about farming. But tell her to come tables, and berries, until we have paid our in, wife, tell her to come in. I might as well hear it fust as last, and get it over."

And so, in the afternoon, the sick man was propped up with pillows in the great a little around the house; paint and paper armchair, and Hetty came in with her and repair some, and we will pay our own book. His pale face, with its sunken bills. cheeks framed in with the thin, white hair, struck the girl with a feeling of awe, and all over, as he turned it away from the calmed the "I told you so" feeling that gaze now questioningly bent upon it. she could hardly be expected to help hav-

"Do you really feel well enough, father, worn old face, in a caressing manner; al- my mind. I was afraid we was in debt. I most the first act of affection toward her shall rest easy now. Yes, go and sell the father of her life, she thought with a little sheep, if you want to, and while yer about

which was twenty-three more, making," consulting her book, "two eighty-three forty. He offered me two hundred and fifty ing, the oft-wandering eye and the muttered words told the pale watcher that another day would find her patient in a high fever.

It offy. He offered me two hundred and inty dollars for Dolly, and the old hay I sold to Squire White for one hundred and forty dollars, After paying Wylie, and paying Mr. Brown fifteen dollars balance on the finding her ahead in the money line, in-What was to be done now? He could harnest, and eight dollars to Knowles for stead of behind, that it seems as ef I had

Hetty came to the rescue. "The work is nothing," she said, "I have long wanted to manage the farm, and I know I can do ninety-two dollars and fifteen cents for; it, too, only my strawberries and vegetables | added to the other gave me one hundred dollars and seventy-five cents. Nicholas Ella was called, and the case laid before Strong I paid thirty-five dollars for haying, and thirty for harvesting, leaving one "I have a plan," she said, "which, if you hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five are agreed, I think will work. Somebody cents. This I put into the bank to draw

"That two acres of buckwheat I did not like the looks of. It was full of weeds, and and I can help. You say you want to some spots were decently thick and rank, manage the farm, and I'm sure you are but nearly two-thirds of it was thin, and welcome. I know Maria White is just would not have paid for harvesting. July anxious to do my cooking and cheese-making, and the rest of the house-work, for the little book, "I had George plow it all three dollars per week, and the cheese will under. July 20th he harrowed and sowed pay the bill. As for me, I am so anxious it again with buckwheat. This time it covto get out into your berries and flowers, ered the ground well, and the 19th of Septhat sometimes I don't do my work indoors | tember I had him turn that under, and it is as I ought. If you'll trust them to me, I ready for the spring crop. That ten-acre think I, too, will make them pay. I have lot in the south pasture was mossy, and a plan to add a little industry of my own growing up to bushes, so I thought I might to this department, but, before speaking of it, would like to see how it will work." have it to experiment on. George plowed it up July 12th to 20th, and harrowed it it up July 12th to 20th, and harrowed it well. I got some winter rye of Judge Crane, and sowed it not very thickly. George moved up that fallen fence by the high, I put thirty sheep in on one side. It was too young to keep them long, but I still had the other side, growing taller every day, and, when the first was gnawed down, I put them on the other side. I have changed them once since, and you can't think how that thickens up! I calculate," she said enthusiastically, "to have, in a year or two, a very rich field of that, make the

make the rye pay the bills.
"And now, about those sheep! I found sixty-two sheep, and about fifty lambs. I picked out sixteen sheep that were good for very little, and there were about twenty lambs that had to be sold. I lumped them together and sold the thirty-six for a hundred and four dollars, and there are about forty more that I have in a flock by themselves, in the upper pasture. Kingly offers four dollars apiece for the lot, and I would like to let them go, and buy ten Cotswolds of Mr. Turner, over to Fenton. Forty extra good sheep are all we ought to keep, and I can get the ten for a hundred dollars, and they are beauties, worth as much today, as the whole forty." Hetty had got so interested that she had

not noticed her father's tired face. "Oh, dear," she said, looking up quickly.

"I've tired you out! I'm very sorry. Just let me give you the last end of it all, and then I will go, and you must lie down and "George is all paid up to the end of this

month. I got my groceries at wholesale. They are paid for, and we have all we shall want until Christmas, and I have, let me see, in the bank for you, eighty-five dollars, "Where's the hundred dollars that I put

in last fall?" said her father, "I didn't hear any account of that." "Of course you did not," said Hetty, with wide-open eyes, "for I did not even know you had it."

"You don't mean to say you're over eighty dollars ahead, and haint teched that money?" questioned the old man. "Who paid Maria White? She's been round here, all summer, and them Whites never was

famed for workin' for nothin'.'

"Oh, Ella looks after paying her. I tell ou, father, Ella is developing talent for business that you couldn't have thought of. She's sold \$20 worth of jelly from the currants and raspberries that we couldn't sell, and she has the cellar half full of canned raspberries and strawberries, and peas and beans, and gallons of sweet and sour pickles; and now she and Maria are making up all the apples that are not fit for the cellar, into jelly and mince meat. Oh, she'll get a good price for those about Christmas! And then that butter, you know, that she made up into such fancy shapes; did not you see it? Well, I guess it was when you were too sick to be troubled. Well, she got, from an old agricultural book, some pictures of grapes and strawberries with their leaves; and one day I missed her. She had the dairy door locked, but she let me in, and there on some white plates, lay all her churning, made up in inch-thick blocks, some holding bunches of grapes, and some strawberries, and one a branch of peach leaves, and a peach looking natural enough to make you want to pick it; and she had made it all with her paddles, a knife, a knitting needle

"We have always sold at stores; but "Oh, dear!" groaned the old man, "if I own price, too. Why, she got as much as way, and a little more," she said with a sly smile, gazing at the bewildered old man, "and if you don't object, we want to fix up

The strong face of the old man worked

you are tired," she said aloud; and to her- bers One Hundred and Fifty-one, One Hunself she added, "It couldn't have been a dred and Fifty-two, One Hundred and Fifty-three,

"No, no," said her father, putting out a Fifty-five, in Block seven. detaining hand, "you've taken a load off | For terms of sale and other particulars it, ye might as well let them sparked oxen | Weldon, McLean & Devlin, conscientious twinge.

"Yes, yes, child; let's have it!" the old go. They were allers cranky, and we after old-fashioned flowers; and upstairs they lavished kinder care on a pot of bergamot and a little box of chrysanthemums which a neighbor had given them; but "father did not like flowers," and so they kept them out of the way.

"Wall, I don't dislike 'em," he said to his wife, "but I don't see no use in spendin' money and good ground on 'em. Anyway. I hairt got no land to break up for way. I hairt got no land to worry, you know."

"Yes, yes, child; let's have it!" the old man said, almost impatiently. "It ruther to wint a land way way to will have to set around all winter, doin' nothin', but I want to know everything, from the very tand the

be broke up for fall, and let ye know," he

added, as Hetty left the room. "I'm all broke up," he told his wife, who not be consulted, and the work could not wait!

It could not be consulted, and the work could not dollars left.

It could not have a find eighty-three but gals."—E. H. Chase, in Portland Transcript.

The Quick or the Dead.

It is a singular but certain fact that a fly when drowned can be brought back to life. The method is very simple, but requires particular and strict attention. If our readers doubt we would advise them to study the following recipe carefully and try

When the fly is dead take it from the water and roll it in table salt until it is entirely covered. Allow it to remain thus for about three or four minutes.

Remove the salt by blowing it. Do not attempt to rub or pick it off or you may send the poor harmless fly into eternity forever. When the salt is off take the fly in the palm of one hand, cover it with the other, and shake it as the boys do pennies when playing heads and tails. Place the fly on the table and he will either walk or fly away, or perhaps crawl up the wall to the ceiling and into the pretty parlor of the coaxing spider, unless it has been in-formed by older acquaintances that by so doing it is passing through the valley of the shadow of death.—New York Sun.

## EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the seventeenth day of July, next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the eighth day of May last, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein HECTOR McMillan and Daniel Mc-DONALD are Plaintiffs, and ADA M. KING, and MARY E. KING, and ROBERT D. MCARTHUR, and SAMUEL P. OSGOOD, Trustees of and under the last will and testament of the late Thomas King, deceased, are Defendants, by and with the approba tion of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the bill of complaint, in the said cause and in the said decretal order as follows, that is to say :-

the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number 1149 (eleven hundred and forty-nine), fronting on Saint James street, in the said City o Second-All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of

land, situate, lying, and being on the south side of King Street, in Queen's Ward, in the City of Saint John, being part of the lot known on the plan of the said city as lot number four hundred and thirtyseven (437) and bounded and described as follows: That is to say, commencing on the south side of King Street, at the northwest corner of the land point distant about seventy feet from the southwest corner of King and Pitt Streets, thence southerly parallel to Pitt Street twenty-five feet, or to the southwest corner of the said Milligan land, thence easterly parallel to King Street thirty feet or thereabouts to the western boundary line of a lot numbered (438) four hundred and thirth-eight, thence southerly along the western line of lot 438 seventy five feet or to the rear line of said lot 437 (four hundred and thirty-seven), thence westerly along said rear line forty feet to the easterly line of lot number four hundred and thirty-six, thence northerly along the said last mentioned line one hundred feet to King Street, and thence easterly ten feet along King Street to the place of beginning.

Third-All that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, and known on the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number (436) four hundred and thirty-six, having a front of forty-two feet on the southern side of King Street and extending back, preserving the same width one hundred feet more or less.

Fourth-The leasehold lot of land described in the lease thereof from the Mayor, Aldermen and Common alty of the City of St. John, dated the twenty-second day of January, A.D. 1887, to Robert D. McArthur and Samuel P. Osgood, Executors and Trustees under the last will and testament of Thomas King, late of the said city, deceased, as all that certain piece and parcel of Land situate in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, being part of lot known and distinguished on the plan of the said city on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, the said piece and parcel of land hereby demised being described as follows: Beginning on Pitt Street, at the southeasterly corner of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, thence northerly along Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet to a portion of said lot under lease to James Milligan; thence westerly parallel to King Street forty feet to the westerly line of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirtyeight; thence southerly along said westerly line and parallel to Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet; thence easterly forty-feet to the place of beginning, with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the said lot belonging or in anywise appertaining; together with the said indenture of lease and the buildings and improvements on the said leasehold land standing and being. The said leasehold lands and premises, together with the said lot number (437) Four Hundred and Thirty-seven above mentioned and described, will be sold in three separate lots, according to the plan filed with the undersigned referee in equity.

Fifth-A tract of Land situate in the Parish of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland, in our Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwesterly angle of lot number One Hundred and Forty-nine, in Block seven; thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, south eighty degrees, west one hundred and fifty one chains, crossing a reserved road; thence south ten degrees, east sixty-eight chains; thence north eighty degrees east one hundred and fifty-one chains; and thence north ten degrees west, sixty-eight chains, crossing North river, to the place of beginning, containing one thousand "I've talked too much, father. I know acres, more or less, distinguished as lots num-One Hundred and Fifty-four and One Hundred and

the plaintiffs' solicitors, or to the undersigned referee in equity.

Dated the twelfth day of June, A.D. 1888.

JOHN L. CARLETON,

Beforee in Equity

Referee in Equity.

# BELMONT HOTEL,

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