

# Sunday Reading.

MUGGINS, A HERO.

A Wolf Picked up on the Streets who Shaved Noble Gratitude.

He had neither the air nor the bold front of a hero. When my husband picked him up on the streets of St. Paul and brought him to our western home, he was as about as disreputable a specimen of a street waiter as one could find anywhere, with a curious old expression on his features, and a great shock of fiery red hair that stood out like an aureole around his face and gave him a ferocious air that it took a close acquaintance to dispel.

We had long needed a boy on the farm and he proved to be just what we wanted; with an ignorance of farm life and ways that sometimes led him to make queer mistakes, such as putting the collars on the horses wrong side up, or placing the wheels on the buggy wrong side out when removed for oiling; but these were things that never happened but once, as he was quick to learn, and seemed anxious to do as well as he could.

My old, rosy-cheeked boy was four years old, a mischievous little darling, into everything, and everywhere at once, and had it not been for Muggins I would have found it almost impossible to have kept track of him at all; but the two boys were great friends, and the older of the two took good care of little Paul, much of the time they were left together. We ourselves had never seen anything at all heroic in our "hired man," as we sometimes facetiously styled Muggins; and it was in the second year of his stay with us we learned that personal beauty was wholly unnecessary as a covering for kingly spirit.

It was just after Christmas, and the winter, an unusually fine one, showed signs of settling down more stormily. My husband had left the hired man he had kept during the summer season to go home, and with our boy was taking care of the stock and doing the many chores attending farm life. This in itself was no small item, as we had several hundred head of sheep, besides horses and cows that required daily care.

It was a fine morning, though to the northward a bank of low-lying clouds might at any time resolve themselves into a blizzard. John and Muggins had gone to the barn and were attending to the stock as usual, when I was disturbed by the boy rushing in with terror written all over his face.

"Oh, missus! the boss has fell through the trap-door, and hurt himself pretty bad, I'm afraid," he exclaimed, gasping for breath. I was not long in arriving on the scene, and found my husband stretched out underneath the hatchway of the hay-mow, groaning faintly, with one leg drawn up under him. I stood for a moment utterly dismayed. I knew nothing whatever of surgery, but knew we must get him in the house as soon as possible. This I realized would be no slight task, for he was a large heavy man, while we were both small, and neither of us gifted with much strength. The next thing would be to get a doctor; and I felt like losing what little presence of mind I still retained when I thought of the time that must elapse before a physician could arrive from the town of Sanborn, eight miles away. Our nearest neighbor was nearly as far, and truly the situation was not the most cheerful in the world.

But the first thing to be done was to get the sufferer in shelter, and I was glad to profit by Muggins' advice, who proposed placing him in a small sleigh sometimes used to haul a few cakes of ice on when our cistern went dry, as it sometimes did during the long winter months. Rushing to the house, where I found all quiet, and Paul sleeping soundly, I soon returned with an armful of wraps and quilts with which we lined the rude sled; and then by an exertion of our strength we placed John in it, in as comfortable a position as possible. The jar and movement made him moan, but we were powerless to help him there, and started for the house.

Luckily it was not far distant, and we soon got there, both of us nearly exhausted. We had no time to rest, for the air was full of particles of floating frost, and the clouds to the northward were covering half the heavens now, while the wind, that had freshened considerably, whistled and moaned with a keen stormy sound that betokened a blizzard. We carried our load into the house and placed him, still unconscious, on the bed. Then I turned to Muggins. His face showed signs of sympathy in the tears that were rolling down his cheeks, but he conquered even the expression of feeling when he saw me looking at him; and pulled himself up with an odd assumption of manliness that at any other time would have seemed very amusing in a twelve-year-old boy.

"Well, missus, just tell me what to do and I'll do it," he said, eyeing me closely, then as a sudden thought came to him, "Oh! do you want me to go for the doctor?"

Much as I otherwise might have hated to send this lad out into the storm that was now gathering momentarily strength and fierceness, there was clearly no alternative. My husband's life, for aught I knew, might be hanging in the balance, so I said, "Yes, take Fanny and ride as fast as you can. Tell Doctor Smith to come at once, and don't spare the horse. Wait a minute," for he was already half way out the door, "I'll give you a note for the doctor," and I sat down and penned a line to him stating the urgency of the case, and imploring him to use all possible speed.

He was an old schoolmate of John's and I knew would lose no time. As I handed the note to Muggins and saw the resolution imprinted on every feature of his face, the thought came to me that I might be sending this child to meet a lonely death in the open prairie, and I stooped down and kissed the little cheek next me.

"God bless you, man," with a choking sob in his voice, and the next moment I was alone with my sick husband and little boy. The latter soon awoke and required attention, though not before I had done all I could for John. He still lay in a death-like stupor, insensible to all about him, save that now and then he would utter a low, faint groan that was an evidence of the pain he was suffering.

Of the momentous and dreary waiting of

that day the recollection has never left me, and never will. Little Paul played around, wondering once in awhile what made papa so quiet, while I prayed for the arrival of the doctor. Outside the air was full of fine snow, flying with great velocity, driven by a wind almost a gale. I feared for the boy, and in imagination seemed to see him, bewildered, lose his way and sink down in the cruel snow to die with his errand yet undone. I thought anything would be better than the terrible suspense. I moved about the household duties mechanically and as quietly as possible. I had thought of anything would be preferable to sitting idly down and waiting.

Time passed away until at last hope nearly died within me. I think I fainted—at least a space of time was as a blank to me; and the face of the old family clock that from childhood had looked down on my joys and sorrows seemed for the first time positively untruthful. While I was still wondering where the hour could have gone, I was both startled and cheered by the faint, far-off jingle of bells; and in a minute more the genial face of Dr. Smith was looking down at me.

I pointed to the bed, and then, for a certainty, I fainted dead away. When I came to my senses once more the doctor and the man he had brought with him had finished setting John's limb, and had restored him to consciousness. The doctor explained that his long swoon had been caused by his striking partly on his head when he fell; then as I looked inquiringly around, he said, "What a jewel of a boy that is of yours," and went on to tell me the story of Muggins' trip. As I feared, he had gone but a short distance when he became bewildered, and not daring to trust the horse to her own head for fear she would carry him directly home he kept traveling on, mile after mile, till finally the animal floundered in a larger drift than usual and falling, threw him heavily in the snow. When he picked himself up he found to his dismay that it was impossible to get Fanny on her feet again; so slipping her bridle off he left her to her fate, and started ahead on foot. He had no idea where he was going, but kept trudging bravely on, determined to reach some habitation and send relief to us.

Twice he fell and got "most asleep," he told the doctor, but conquering the drowsiness instinct warned him would be fatal, he kept on going, until at last, by chance the doctor said, but led by Providence, I claimed, the stumbled through the doorway of a house in the outskirts of Sanborn. He was so utterly exhausted that speech failed him, but drawing the note from his pocket he held it out toward the master of the house, and then a blessed unconsciousness came to him, and he knew no more.

The note was not long in reaching its destination, and the doctor stopped to see the boy on his way to our place. He was shocked to find his hands, feet and face all more or less frozen. Leaving directions for his treatment he kept on, and his eyes had a suspicious moisture as he finished telling me the history of Muggins' journey. "I tell you, that lad has the stuff in him heroes are made of," he said in conclusion, and when a few days later he brought Muggins home with him that individual put on a shamefaced air at the reception we gave him.

Years have passed since then. The one-time street boy is now a member of our family in every truth, and we none of us doubt his ability to show proof of his heroism as he did once before, should opportunity again require.

## THIS WEEK'S SHORT SERMON

Is Preached by Rev. Dr. James Chambers, a Presbyterian.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.—Genesis 1, 1.

What an unfathomable statement is this initial utterance of the bible! It is a challenge to the highest effort of the mind! It invokes the greatest reach of the imagination. Who can by searching find out the expanse of those ten simple syllables? It is the very supremacy of simplicity; it is the very height of sublimity; and the more it is studied by the great and the good, including experts in all knowledge, the more it is found to be a sufficient and satisfactory assertion of that which it affirms!

We are called by these words to consider, first, the origin of the universe. That the human mind has been profoundly agitated upon this subject is evident in the history of thought, which at the same time serves to show how utterly helpless and absurd have been the speculations of the minds which have sought satisfaction aside from the explanation here offered, that God created the heavens and the earth.

Even so wise and high-minded a philosopher as Plato, was forced, in his thinking, to accept the idea that matter was one of the two eternally existent principles, and that God's work consisted in moulding matter into form. Some of the later minds, rejecting the idea of the eternal existence of matter, considered it to be an emanation from God, so that in creation God put part of himself into various forms under which nature exists. Other speculations served to direct the thinking of certain portions of the world, but all these have been more or less in conflict with the simple assertion of revelation. Indeed, such is the nature of creation that a knowledge of it is impossible aside from supernatural communication, for it deals with a period of time and a process of energy preceding the existence of human mind and therefore outside the limits of mental possibility.

We will find when we consider the second suggestion of the text, that the discoveries of science require us to adopt the interpretation which makes room for the idea of vast expenditure of time in the perfecting of the creation process. Indeed, there are some objections to that view; it is more suggestive and, at the same time, more simple for us to adopt the interpretation which was promulgated on purely theological grounds, by such a Christian teacher as Augustine, who, while holding as he did that a six days' period must include the whole time consumed in arranging the earth and the solar system, and furnishing

the earth with animals insisted and proved that the Hebrew word meaning day (yom), does not signify our natural day of twenty-four hours. It is shown that the use of the word in the sense of a period, and a long period at that, is quite general, as, for example, the nineteenth Psalm speaks of the day of Jehovah, as compared with human history, as consisting of a thousand years. Indeed the summing up of this whole question by such an accomplished geologist as Professor Dana of Yale College is all the more beautiful because it is a testimony of an expert in all matters pertaining to the present progress of geological science, or what the earth has to tell us of her origin and history.

"The record in the Bible," adds Professor Dana, "is therefore profoundly philosophical in the scheme of creation which it presents. It is both true and divine. It is a declaration of authorship, both of creation and the Bible, on the first page of the sacred volume." To the same effect he elsewhere says: "The first thought that strikes the scientific reader (of the Mosaic account of the creation) is the evidence of divinity, not merely in the first verse of the record, and the successive flats, but in the whole order of creation. There is so much that the most recent readings of science have for the first time explained, that the idea of man as the author becomes utterly incomprehensible. By proving the record true, science pronounces it divine; for who could have correctly narrated the secrets of eternity but God himself?"

## LADYSOMERSET ON NAGGING.

She Says That the Nagging Woman Is So Called Unjustly.

Any discussion of the nagging woman that fails to take into account the fact that she lives in a house instead of in the open, as we say in England; that she breathes a vitiated atmosphere most of the time—I mean the average woman; that she bears the strain of witely and motherly cares minus the compensation the results from mingling with the daily life of the world and coming into touch with its multifarious and inspiring interests, is to my mind unscientific, says Lady Somerset in the North American Review. Take the average man and put him in similar surroundings, encase him in the same restricted garments that women wear, and the word "a nagging woman" but feebly describe his condition, for he would be likely to become either mildly lunatic or altogether imbecile. The strength of women's mind and body is illustrated beyond a peradventure by her survival in spite of the adverse physical conditions that surround her from the cradle to the grave, and on behalf of women in general may I intimate that it is a little trying to be restricted to the house, to have our costume determined by men—for their interest as manufacturers and merchants and their pride in the personal appearance of their women have combined to do this throughout the centuries—and then to have them turn upon us and describe us as the nagging sex when we are really, and have been from the first, the nagged. It is wonderful to see how the broader life of the last few years has diminished the nervousness of women, because it has given them access to God's free air and to a larger and hence a more normal life.

## THE DYNAMICS OF THE MIND.

A Simple Remedy for Mental Perplexities and Depression.

Within the mental chambers of every person, says a writer in the Arena, there linger, not only some of those emotions commonly classed as sinful, but also a host of indefinable fears, spectres, imaginings, forebodings and morbid depressions which we would fain dismiss. They are the "skeletons in our closets," of whose existence even our most intimate friends are unaware. We do not wish to give these intruders shelter, but think ourselves unable either to drive them out or to coax them to leave. They vary in every mind, but none are entirely exempt. Sometimes they are so intolerable that almost any price would be paid for their removal. And now, added to all this host of mental disturbances, comes the positive knowledge that they are also working silent destruction in the physical organism. Well may one cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" Saved from what? "From my thoughts; from a mass of distorted mental pictures which seem to be myself; from the only thing in the universe that really can harm me."

But every person has the power to cure himself—to change his consciousness—concerning himself. Take some available hour each day and restfully and quietly alone in the silence. Bar out the external world, with all its thoughts and anxieties, and retire in consciousness into the innermost sanctuary of soul—the meeting-place of the divine and the human. River and localize the mind upon one of the highest and most needed ideas, affirming its presence, and hold it there. It weariness ensues, alternative with the most relaxed and thorough passivity, simply letting the good flow in. If inconvenient during the day, any wakeful period after retiring at night will answer an excellent purpose. But in addition to its restorative influence it will grow to be a real mental and spiritual banquet—the most delightful of all the experiences of life.

Through concentration these healing and uplifting truths are engraven upon the consciousness in a vastly deeper degree than by mere ordinary surface thinking. The individual not merely thinks them, but gives himself to them.

The contemplation of pure and elevating works of art, especially a placid, spiritual type of portraiture, is also very helpful as a prolonged suggestive exercise. In the same way, viable mottoes, graphic and positively ideal in character, are excellent to dwell upon. Through the medium of the eye, by exposure, their truth becomes photographed upon the deep, living consciousness.

We become or grow like what we mentally live with. Shall we choose beauty and wholeness or deformity and disease? We do not desire suffering and stigma, but the true, living, joyful perfection.

The results of a six months' trial of pure scientific mental gymnastics will be both a surprise and a delight. It will greatly enrich life upon all of its normal planes of

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activity, including those of art, science, literature and business. It will be a veritable revelation to victims of insomnia, dyspepsia, nervous prostration and pessimistic depression, not to mention numerous other mental and physical infirmities. It is an accessible realm to rich and poor, high and low. It costs only earnest, ceaseless effort.

## A Nickel Standard.

Five cents was the value which a Texas farmer once placed upon a minister's prayer. The story is told in the Epworth Era of Rev. H. S. Thrall, one of the pioneers of methodism in Texas.

In company with a number of itinerants, who were on their way to conference, Doctor Thrall stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night so that they might rise about 3 o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast, and lie by in the heat of the day.

Doctor Thrall, acting as spokesman of the party, said to the old farmer after supper: "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family together we will have prayers with you."

After prayer, one by one settled his bill. Doctor Thrall's turn came, and he asked for his bill. The old farmer replied:

"Well, pa'son, I charged the rest twenty-five cents, but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but twenty cents." The brethren had the laugh on Doctor Thrall.

## All In Self-Defense.

The righteous proverb about sauce for the gander has lately received a new illustration in a case reported by the Chicago Tribune.

"George," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "you are becoming a confirmed smoker."

"But, my dear," answered Mrs. Wilson, whose home is in the suburbs while his business is in town, "I have to ride in the smoking car so much that I am compelled to light a cigar in self-defense."

That every evening Mr. Wilson, after frowning and hitching about, said to his wife:

"Excuse me, Amanda, but you smell frightfully of raw onions."

"But, my dear," answered Mrs. Wilson, "Bridget eats raw onions, and I have to eat one now and then in self-defense."

## Attending to Business.

"You say the officer arrested you while you were minding your own business?" said a magistrate to the prisoner before him.

"Yes, your worship. He caught me suddenly by the collar, and threatened to hit me with his staff unless I accompanied him to the station-house."

"And you say that you were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind?"

"None whatever, your worship."

"It seems very strange. What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."

## Her Day Would Come.

A large funeral procession was wending its way through the gates of a cemetery in the neighborhood of Glasgow the other day, and as the crowd of spectators was very great, the police had some difficulty in preserving order and repressing the untoward curiosity of a certain section of them, mainly composed of old women.

"Awel," indignantly exclaimed one venerable dame to a policeman who barred her further progress, "ye may keep me out the noo, but the day'll come when I'll gang up in spite o' ye."

## Infantile Emotions.

Professor Drummond in his recently published work, "The Ascent of Man," gives the following table, which has been compiled from a careful study of the emotional states in a little child. Fear is perceptibly manifest in a little child three weeks old. When it was seven weeks old the social affections dawn. At twelve

weeks emerges jealousy, with its companion, anger. Sympathy appears after five months. Pride, resentment, love of ornament, after eight. Shame, remorse, and sense of the ludicrous, after fifteen months. These dates, of course, Professor Drummond is careful to observe, do not indicate in any mechanical way the birthdays of emotions; they represent rather stages in an infinitely gentle mental ascent, which are nevertheless so marked that we are able to give the names, and use them as landmarks in psychogenesis.

## ARE YOU CLEANSSED?

## WITHOUT CLEANSING THERE IS NO TRUE LIFE.

## PURE BLOOD MEANS HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

## Paine's Celery Compound the World's Best Spring Medicine "Makes People Well."

In Spring time nature commences to don a fresh attire. She puts on new garments and decks herself with fresh beauties. She throws aside the dull and dead condition of winter with its accumulated impurities, and is infused with a new and vigorous life.

In like manner, at this season, should all men and women banish the weights and burdens of impurities with which the system is filled. The blood is filled and clogged with poison and disease; the nerves are weak; the muscles are flabby and relaxed. The whole system is like a disordered house; it requires cleansing and setting in order, that all the machinery may work safely and harmoniously.

Thousands who have been cleansed and made strong by Paine's Celery Compound, willingly support the assertion that this medicine cleanses and rejuvenates the human system in spring time, in a way that no other medicine can do. It gives new life, fresh red blood, vigor and strength to the weak, nervous, rheumatic and dyspeptic, and makes the skin of those suffering from blood diseases as soft and clean as that of a little child.

Mr. D. McMahon, of Peterboro, Ont., thankful for new and fresh blood, and renewed health, writes as follows:—

"I have great pleasure in testifying to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound has caused a remarkable change in my condition. I was troubled with a very bad type of Eczema on my face, and in patches over my body for four years; and was under treatment of three doctors at different periods. I have also tried other remedies, but all proved useless. At last I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery compound, and put in Iodine of Potassium, as recommended on the label. The one bottle did me so much good that I bought five bottles more, and now am happy to say I am perfectly cured, and completely free from the troublesome disease."

## PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of said City and County: Greeting:—Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Clothier, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED TO cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William D. Jean, aged 58 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick; Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John; Charles H. Duncan, aged 35 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America; Hunter Duncan, aged 32 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York; Walford Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergman, resident in said City of New York; Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York; Robert Hunter, aged 34 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Sophia McManus, aged 52 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John; Mary Hunter, aged 51 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province of New Brunswick; Eliza Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid; Laura Louise Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Simonds; Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds; Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John; John D. Moore, aged 25 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John; John both McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America; Jane Lacey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lacey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John; Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America; George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine; Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid; Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of Saint John; Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America; Margaret Roxborough, aged 68 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts; Elizabeth Lynch, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston; William Barker, aged 59 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Maude McKenzie, aged 36 years, wife of Archibald McKenzie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America; James Burke, aged 34 years, member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada; Mary Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island; Martha Davidson, aged 30 years, wife of John Davidson, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York; Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Mary Jane Gigg, aged 55 years, wife of William Gigg, resident at Long Reach, in the Province of New Brunswick; James Rodgers, aged 4 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Margaret Josephine, aged 32 years, wife of John S. Searin, Millman, resident at Campbellton, in said Province of New Brunswick; Sarah M. Searin, aged 29 years, wife of John Searin, Carpenter, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid; Isabella Hale, aged 4 years, wife of John J. Hale, Clergman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid; Alexander Rodgers, aged 40 years, Farmer, resident at Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick; David Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Cranfield's Landing, Bellefleur, aforesaid; Clara Haise, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Haise, brass moulder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Hannah LeCain, aged 38 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Stoneham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Edwin G. Hunter, aged 36 years, freemason, resident at Leitoit, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America; Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. B. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick; John T. Hunter, aged 32 years, laborer, resident at Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid; George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid; James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner, said province of New Brunswick; Amanda Hunter, aged 20 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid; John W. Hunter, aged 38 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Herman G. Hunter, aged 29 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid; Ernest Hunter, aged 25 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Maggie M. Hunter, aged 38 years, spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Louise Hunter, aged 27 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Annie F. Worden, aged 31 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Dalzell, aged 31 years, spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 56 years, Clothier, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid legatee and devisee of other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May next at the hour of ten o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend to the proving of said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise, and every of them having may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are in his power so to do, and given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January A. D. 1895. ARTHUR T. FRUEBMAN, Judge of Probates.

JOHN MCILLAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County A. P. BARNHILL, Proctor.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.00 (Standard) returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a.m. and Portland at 5 p.m. for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for St. John and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

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