Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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TELEGRAPHY

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Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and a soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-Rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

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HAVING sold these useful articles for the past seven years, we can recommend them as invaluable for Ladies', Gents' and Children's use. They can be carried in the wallet or vest pocket, and placed on the ears in a few seconds.

We have just received TEN GROSS of these Ear Muffs, which we sell at the low price of Fifteen Cents per pair, or sent by mail anywhere in Canada for Eighteen Cents per pair.

C. & E. EVERETT,
11 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Kindness.

BY JAMES B. LEWIS.

Kindness is the golden lyre,
On which we all can play;
Its music, like refining fire,
Shall melt the dross away.

Its dulcet strains melt on the ear
And calm the troubled soul;
It lends a charm to every fear,
When sorrow's billows roll.

It is, unto the drooping heart,
Like dew unto the flowers;
It is our star—our guiding chart
To Heaven's celestial bowers.

Within its fertile garden, blooms
A balm to soothe each woe;
Its Heavenly rays of light illume
The darkened path below.

Its soothing waters gently lave
The shores of woe and strife;
There shines, beneath its rippling wave,
A sparkling gem of life.

It melts the strongest heart to tears,
And wins the direst foe;
It gilds our pathway, and endears
Us friends where'er we go.

True kindness don't consist in gifts
Which wealthy men bestow;
But in the helping hand, that lifts
The destitute and low.

'Tis in the faithful heart that keeps
Watch by the sufferer's bed—
The tear shed when a mother weeps
Beside a loved one dead.

It is the tender word that spoke—
The hand outstretched to aid
The brother, bowed 'neath sorrow's yoke,
And in life's darkened shade.

When exercised within the home,
By little acts of love,
It quells the youthful wish to roam,
And leads the heart above.

Oh, blessed kindness, may we dwe
Within thy light for aye!
Oh, lead us to thy magic spell—
To love's unending day.

Selected Serial.

IN BLACK AND GOLD.

A STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

DORO INHERITS A FORTUNE.

When Doro heard from Philadelphia she did not get the address of Mr. Archer, but was told she could obtain it by applying to a certain deposit and trust company—the very one where she kept Whim's violin. Going there, she found that Mr. Robert Archer was now in Boston, at a small private hotel. There she went, was shown into a parlor, and told that Mr. Archer would be down presently.

In the dim light of the handsome parlor stood Doro, a slender, golden-haired girl, with the same look of childish earnestness and innocence as when she showed her wax. She trembled at the very thought of seeing this long time creditor, this wronged friend of her father, to whom she must reopen the story of disgrace. Poor Doro! she wanted to run away and cry, she felt that she had not a friend near her; oh, just to see a familiar face for one minute! The door opened, and, instead of the dreaded elderly Mr. Robert Archer, who should look in but young Jonas? Doro did not give him time to look out again; she ran toward him, holding out both her hands.

"Why! I did not know you were here!"

"No? Well, I only came yesterday morning."

"I'm glad you are here," said Doro, as they walked toward the window. "I'm frightened nearly to death."

"What about?"

"Oh, I came on some business, some most unpleasant business, to see a gentleman named Mr. Robert Archer, and I am waiting for him. Suppose you stay in here for a few minutes, just till he comes, you know, to keep me from being frightened. Then you can go out."

"By all means," said young Jonas.

"It is sometimes just as hard to do right as to do wrong. Now, I feel as if I were going to rob Mr. Archer. Why don't he come down?"

"No doubt he will appear soon. I don't believe he will be very dreadful. Don't look so frightened, Doro."

"But I am. I can't help it. I wish he'd come, and be done with it."

"While he is waiting, I'd like to tell you something, Doro."

"Yes. What is it? I think I hear him coming."

"It might take pretty long. You see, the fact is, Doro—"

"There! I hear a step—some one at the door; never mind what you were going to tell. He is coming. You go, Jonas."

A chambermaid looked in and disappeared.

"The fact is, you'll be quite surprised, Doro."

"Oh, I guess not. All my courage is going! I wish he'd come."

"But listen to me: it is very important. You see, Doro, you must excuse me—but my name is *not* 'young Jonas'!"

"Not? Why are you called that, then?"

"I am Jonas' only relative, and he was fond of me, and took to calling me 'young Jonas' for fun. No one else ever did, except you and Whim. You got it from old Jonas, you know."

"Dear me!" said Doro, snappishly; "if I'd had a better name, I think I should have been called by it if I were in your place. Young Jonas is not so handsome a name. I think it is cruel and wicked to keep people waiting in this way."

"But, Doro, 'young Jonas' seemed to me to sound very beautiful when you called me so, and so I did not mind. Shall I tell you what my real name is?"

"You need not trouble yourself," said Doro, crossly, feeling that she had been basely deceived by young Jonas in the matter of his patronymic, and ready to heap on him all the chagrin she felt at the delaying Mr. Archer.

"Are you not at all interested in knowing?" said young Jonas.

"No. Young Jonas does very well for what little I see of him. I suppose, now you tell me that is not your name, next thing you will tell me you have not existed at all, only in my imagination. You are as bad as my wax—young Jonas yesterday and somebody else to day."

She looked toward the door, expecting her creditor.

Young Jonas gently took her hand.

"Doro, please forgive me; I never meant to deceive you, but—I am Robert Archer."

"You Robert Archer!" cried Doro, whirling about as if she had been struck. "What can you mean?"

"I am the only Robert Archer there is. You may have in your mind my father, who has been dead ten years. He was a broker and lived at No.— Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia."

"Then—you are Robert Archer!" cried poor Doro, and her face flushed crimson. This was worse than all. To young Jonas she had been debtor all these years! To young Jonas she must tell the hideous story of forgery. Evidently, he did not know anything of it. What a humiliation! she snatched away the hand he had taken, she dropped into a huge chair, where her slender figure was nearly lost, and, bowing her head against the arm of the chair, she began to cry bitterly. Young Jonas stood the picture of distress. What was the matter? Why did Doro cry in this dreadful way? What had she come to him for, not knowing his true name? He dared not speak to her, he wished he were not Archer. Finally, he rolled an ottoman within a respectful distance, and began to reason with Niobe.

"Whatever is troubling you, Doro, don't let it trouble you more. If you have any thing disagreeable to tell, don't tell it. I am getting on properly without any news, as far as I can see. I should hate nothing so much as to see you miserable. I'd rather tell you something—that has been on my mind for a long while—something that I hope will be pleasant to you. Dear little Doro, don't you guess what it is?"

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN ALL THINGS SUFFER CHANGE.

At the words of young Jonas or Robert Archer, Doro sprang up as if angry, grieved, indignant, and terrified. Her whole appearance was so singular, so expressive of utter alarm and wretchedness, that Archer felt that whatever story he had to tell must die on his lips for that time if not forever. Poor Doro looked like some gentle creature mercilessly pursued until all hope of flight was dead, and then turning at bay in very self-despair. For his life the young man could do nothing but compassionate her and try to make easy, whatever hard task fate had assigned her. But he said to himself that fate was very cruel, bringing some wicked relic of past ages up between them—he and Doro had always been such good faithful friends. He re-addressed himself to the task of encouragement. He touched her cold hand—"Doro, my poor little girl, I really am so distressed to see you so miserable. You are putting yourself to misery for nothing, I am sure. Let us drop it, whatever it is, and forget all about it, and if Robert Archer is not an agreeable name to you, you can call me young Jonas to the end of the chapter."

Doro was making mighty efforts to control herself. She was angry and ashamed that she had given way in this fashion. She had a duty to perform; how disgraceful to turn from it! She wiped her eyes, pushed the curly yellow hair from her forehead, sat up, and said calmly, "There! I will not be so foolish. Some people have these troubles in their lives, and ought to have a little courage in bearing them. I have something to tell you, since you are Mr. Robert Archer. Will you please turn that stool round, so as to sit with your back to me? I should like it so much better."

"Oh, to be so rude," began young Jonas.

"It is not rude to oblige me."

Jonas turned the stool obediently.

"As much as twelve years ago," said Doro, "my father met your father on a ship coming from England, and your father gave him a place in his office. My poor father might have done very well, only that he gamed; and to get money for gambling he—deceived your father. At last—oh, dear! he took advantage of his position and forged your father's name to a check of two thousand dollars; he lost it all, and—ran away. Your father was very kind. My mother went to him and he pitied her, left alone in a strange land with her two little children. She promised to try and pay back the whole some day, as soon as she could. Your father did not pursue my father. My mother came here and found him. She did not forget her promise. It was the wish of her life to pay back that money, and free our name from that disgrace, as far as paying back could do it. She told me about it when she was dying, and I have tried ever since to save up the money, and Whim has helped. Whim feels just as I do. I don't know as I ever should have got the amount—not till I was old and gray-headed, at least; but my great-uncle left me some money, and now I have got plenty to pay the whole amount. We have calculated it up, Whim and I. It is just twenty-five hundred dollars, and I have it in this check. You can't tell how glad I am to pay it. It seemed somehow more terrible to find you were Mr. Robert Archer than if he had been some strange old man; and, then, I would have been glad to see the very one, and let him know my dear good mother had kept her promise. Perhaps he'll know in heaven. I hope so. There it is."

She had risen as she finished. The astounded "young Jonas" did not dare to turn his head until he received permission. She dropped a long brown envelope over his shoulder, and passing from him rapidly fled the room. He jumped up as the door swung behind her, ran and looked into the hall; she had vanished. He went back to the parlor, stepped to the window-balcony, and looked into the street; the golden-haired heroine was lost in the crowd of less steadfast souls that surged along the thoroughfare. He picked up the brown envelope and opened it. There was the check for twenty-five hundred dollars, and a form of receipt that the Robert Archer was to sign, and which Doro had forgotten in the transformation of her friend, young Jonas, into her father's long timed creditor. Young Jonas dropped into the big chair where Doro had told her tale. The room seemed yet to echo the low, silver, sorrowful tones in which she had rehearsed her father's crime. He heard the dead mother's woe and hope and honesty and strong endeavor in this girl's voice. What a pitiful heritage that had been, the story of a deep disgrace, and the burden of a debt that it seemed would take a life-time to lift! What an unconquerable spirit this was! What energy and self-sacrifice in this golden-haired little girl, just as faithful and honest in all the affairs of life as she had been in showing her wax. Young Jonas, otherwise Robert Archer, relieved his mind by saying that "if Whim Granby did not show himself worthy of such a first-class sister, he'd let Whim know what he was about"—a very indefinite sentence, that Whim probably would have been little alarmed to hear. Then, there was that check. Whatever was he to do with it? To take it seemed like robbing Doro; and yet he dared not insult Doro by hinting at not taking it. Archer's father had left him a small but sufficient fortune, and he was making his own way in the world besides. What an annoyance this check was, no doubt almost the whole inheritance of Doro! Evidently he must sign a receipt for it in due form, as the first step; after that—well, young Jonas could net till what should come after. He thought he would go and see old Jonas. He signed the receipt with his stylographic pen, put check and receipt in his notebook, and went to 97 Andover Street, cellar. "Way, lad, you in town? Glad to see you," said Jonas. "How is geology?"

"Geology is progressing," said young Jonas, sitting on a roll of leather. "How goes all above stairs?"

"First-class. Doro has come in to a fortune of four thousand dollars. She is very happy, for it enables her to pay a debt. She came in early this morning, said she was going out to get her debt paid, and I was to come to dinner, by way of celebration. I'll take you with me."

"Perhaps she will object."

"What nonsense. She is always glad to see you. I'll go up and tell her now that you are here."

He went up and returned crest-fallen.

"You were right. Has there been any trouble between you? When I mentioned I would bring you along, she spoke out as cross as could be, 'I don't want to see him.' I hope her fortune has not spoiled her. Fortune does spoil some people."

"Nothing will spoil Doro," said young Jonas. Besides, if she only keeps a few hundred, there won't be money enough to hurt her. I don't mind whether she wants me or not; I am going up to dinner with you."

"He would come," said old Jonas, apologetically.

"It was all a mistake your not wanting to give me my dinner," said young Jonas; "besides, I have brought you a stylographic pen for a present, and a bit of paper to show how well it writes." He handed her the pen and the receipt, and so peace was concluded with young Jonas. Doro was somewhat disturbed as to what to call him, but the name "Archer" was too distressing; "young Jonas" did not belong to him. She concluded it would make no difference. She should not see him often, and it was not needful to call him anything. Whim came in by the time dinner was on the table. He was full of excitement over the commencement exercises and over the pieces he was to play. Beethoven's symphony for violin and piano was to be a great feature of the occasion, and Whim and his German friend were to play it together. His friend was going back to Germany and Whim could go in his company, and the Director had found just the right place for Whim to stay.

"But that is not all, Doro. You are to go, too."

Whim gave this news with a shout of joy.

"I? O Whim! that is all nonsense. I couldn't go. I can support myself here; I couldn't there. I am not a genius. Why should I go to Germany?"

"Because I couldn't get on without you, little mother Doro, and I've got up just the greatest scheme; it is fairly immense. My friend had a letter from his aunt, saying she wants a governess for her three little girls under ten, to teach them English and sewing and embroidery. She wants one who speaks English altogether, and to have history, writing, and reading in English. The pay isn't very great, but there's the home and it is enough to live on, and we'll see each other every day. You'll go, won't you, Doro? We arranged it, and, if you say you'll go, he will telegraph to his aunt this afternoon."

"Of course you'll go," said old Jonas, positively.

"By all means," said young Jonas, much less positively.

"And who thinks anything of me!" cried Maggie.

"We'll attend to your case, old lady," said Whim, graciously.

What, not to be parted from her dearest Whim; cross the seas with Whim and see him every day! The morning tears were caught by the afternoon sun of joy, and made a rainbow in Doro's sky.

"You had better not go," said Maggie to Doro. "It is enough to let Whim get drowned without risking yourself. The ocean is two thousand miles across; who ever heard of going that far without getting wrecked? If he goes you'll never see him again, and it will be the same with you if you go. Why can't you stay here and let everything go as it has?"

"I think Whim needs me, Maggie, and, then, I cannot very well afford to keep up the home here when Whim has gone. I am offered a chance to make my living elsewhere."

"Now, that's just the way," said Maggie, coolly. "Some folks never think only of themselves and their brothers. What Whim needs and what you ought to do is the only thing in your mind. Why don't you think of me? It don't suit me to have to move. I'm used to having my own way here, and I can't live with folks that want theirs. I have got used to my own room here, and it is too much trouble to have to pack up a trunk and all that. Why are you so selfish?"

"Dear me!" cried the hymn-seller, admiringly, "now I see a special providence in this chance for you. Who would ever have planned out such a beautiful way of keeping you and your brother together? This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes; 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass.' 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.' Dear! dear! how beautiful is the fulfilling of his promises. I just revel in the words of that hymn:

"'His providence shall ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet shall be the flower.'

When I contemplate how well the Lord plans things, and how notably he brings out everything of which we see the seed in this world so that we have to stand still and admire his ways; then I feel sure that when we get to glory we shall be just as well satisfied with the things we don't see the end of in this world but find it in heaven. There was a time when I felt it mighty hard to lose all my family, one after the other, and be left alone like a leafless, dead tree, where no birds make their nests; but you can't tell the comfort I take now, meditating on how happy and blessed they are. When I hear of people that have riches, honor, happiness in this world, I say, 'My children have got as much as that ten times over, in the good world where they are gone to wait for me.' When I think of my good man, I consider he got home a little before me, and he'll know all is ready and will be glad to see me coming in to go no more out. Just so I shall take a heap of satisfaction thinking of you and Whim in foreign countries, improving yourselves and enjoying yourselves, and doing good to somebody, I do hope and trust."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Failures in Life.

Well now, the failure of many young men in life is distinctly due to the absence of application. I could easily give you not a few instances that have come under my notice here; lads, not deficient in ability, not addicted to vice, but so destitute of the Power of application, that, no matter what line of business they enter on, they could not stick to it. A young fellow enters a merchant's office: good opening; excellent prospects; but before a twelve-month is out, he finds he has made a mistake. He now determines to be a doctor; starts a course of medical study; but in a few months gets heartily wearied of that, and is persuaded he is cut out for the law. So he sets forth on a new line of rails, only to discover that a professional life will not suit him at all; his ambition now is to be on the Stock Exchange. But the work there soon proves equally distasteful, and he throws it up in disgust; and unless he marries a rich wife (which such a man often contrives to do), he hangs about a penniless good-for-nothing to the end of his days. It is an excellent thing for a youth, almost as soon as school-days are over, to have to depend to a great extent upon his own exertions. If he is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world, and the necessity of establishing a position for himself, he is denied a powerful stimulus to toil and perseverance. The late President Garfield, who rose by his own exertions from the humblest to the highest station in his own country, once observed, "In nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to drowned who was worth saving."

There is now an honored and respected member of the House of Commons who was once a working stonemason, and he says:—"In my opinion, truthfulness, sobriety, absolute punctuality, and self-reliance are indispensable to success. A young man should never be afraid of work, however hard or common it may seem to be." The men who in my trade or occupation have risen to the top of the tree, have generally been men who, to use President Lincoln's favorite expression, "kept pegging away," and were never in the habit of shelving their own work upon other persons. There is a proverb I used to meet with in Turkey, which advises you never to do to-day what can be left off till to-morrow, and never to do yourself what you can get another to do for you. I hope you will go as much as possible in the teeth of such degrading counsel. The advice General Gordon gave is incomparably more worthy your acceptance. The occasion I allude to was the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty one gun battery, and when the sand bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire. A corporal and a sapper of the Engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered his companion to mount the embrasure, undertaking himself to hand up the fresh bags to him. The firing was heavy at the time, and the sapper demurred to this arrangement, suggesting that the corporal should get up, and that he would do the handing-up business. There was a bit of a wrangle over it. General Gordon, hearing the dispute, came to the spot, mounted the pile of bags himself, and while a storm of bullets swept around him, coolly performed the task. Thereupon he quietly descended, and looking sternly at the corporal, said: "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."—*J. Thain Davison.*

There are many hair preparations in the market, but none have so desirable effect upon the hair and scalp, as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

—Miss Clara (to Featherly, who is making an evening call): 'Poor little Bobby swallowed a penny to day, and we've all been so much worried about it.' Featherly (somewhat at a loss for words of encouragement): 'Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara, a penny is not much.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Old Lady (to Grocer's Boy): 'Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?'

Boy: 'That's what the boss told me to do, mum.'

Old Lady: Told you to whistle?'

Boy: Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money.'

—A weak-minded but pretentious young dude, at a recent "swell" reception in Alleghany City, asked an intellectual young lady who had passed the twenties, 'What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?' 'Sir, what would you do if you were one?' was the response of the young lady.—*Pittsburg Post*

—Zeke: 'Say, Uncle Mose, yo' know my brudder Sam, wot set himself up as a s'ciety gem'n? Well, he's done gone bis 'rested fo' stealin' ob a suit ob clothes.' Uncle Moses: 'Well, if he aint de moss ignerantest niggar I eber seed! Why didn't he buy a suit and neber pay fo' it, just like de white s'ciety gem'n do?'—*Life.*

—Reader (to the agricultural editor): 'Will you please tell me in the next issue of your valuable paper if ashes are good to put on strawberries?' Agricultural editor (in the next issue of his valuable paper): '"Pomona" may like ashes on his strawberries, but as for ourselves we prefer sugar and cream.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

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75 " MISSES' at	- -	30 "
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These are very warm Slippers and must be sold before at ok-taking and at the above Low prices. CALL EARLY.

WATERBURY & RISING

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

CURES PAINS,—External and Internal.

RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains.

HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts Crac and Scratches.

BEST & TABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia Hoarseness, Sore Throat Croup, Diphtheria, and all kindred afflictions

LARGE BOTTLE! POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL!

AS IT COSTS BUT

25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

of which there are several on the market. The genuine only is prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

DEAR SIRS,—I was formerly a resident of Fort La Tour, N. S., and there received much benefit from *Minard's Liniment*, especially in Diphtheria. Please tell me how I can obtain it here, as I cannot do without it in the house. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

Norway, Maine.

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his many Customers and friends that he will make Pictures at the following Low Prices.

Cabinets, - $3.00 per doz.

Superior Finish. One Price Only.

Cards, $1.50 & $1.00 per d

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ISAAC ERB,

13 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John on **Saturday, the Fourteenth day of April, next,** at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 29th day of November, A. D. 1887, in a suit therein pending, wherein William E. Collier and William Godfrey are plaintiffs, and William Finlay and Margaret Finlay his wife, Jeremiah Harrison and William F. Harrison, and William E. Collier and Montague Chamberlain, trustees of Jeremiah Harrison under an assignment for the benefit of the creditors, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the Equity of Redemption of the said Defendants in the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said suit and in the said Decretal Order as follows:

"That certain lot of land lying and being in the City of Saint John, fronting on Waterloo street, commencing at a point on the said street being the Southwest corner of lot No. (19) nineteen, thence running Southeasterly at right angles to Brussels street, one hundred and sixty-five feet or thereabouts, thence Westerly and parallel to Brussels street fifty feet, thence Northwesterly and at right angles to Brussels street one hundred and fifty-two feet or thereabouts to Waterloo street aforesaid, thence Easterly along Waterloo street to the place of beginning, the said lot being known as number (20) twenty. Also a certain leasehold lot of land situate in the said City of Saint John on the Eastern side of Sydney street, comprising a portion of lots known and distinguished on the map or plan of that part of the said city which lies to the eastward of the Harbor of Saint John, by the number two hundred and thirty two and two hundred and thirty three in Wellington ward, which said lot is bounded and described as follows: That is to say on commencing on Sydney street aforesaid at a point fifty feet from the South side of Union street, thence running easterly along the Southern boundary of land leased to one Timothy Cusick, eighty feet, thence Southerly parrallel with Sydney street aforesaid, fifty feet more or less to the old burying ground so called, and thence Westerly along the Northern side of said burying ground eighty feet to Sydney street aforesaid, and thence along said Sydney street to the place of beginning."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitors.

Dated January 9th, A. D. 1888.

HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee in Equity for the City and County of St. John.

BARKER & BELYEA,
Plaintiff's Solicitors.

2tds GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

BARGAINS AT McNALLY'S.

Carpets and Curtains at Reduced Prices

Great Clearance Sale of Men's Hats and Furnishing Goods; 1 doz. Acme Steamers a cost to close them out; 31 packages Crockery and Glassware, imported just in time to save the advance on duties, will be sold at old prices, Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s New Goods at low prices, several car loads of New Furniture, all kinds, prices low; a fine stock of Furniture Coverings, Gimps, Cord, and Buttons; also, House Furnishing Dry Goods very cheap.

JAS. G. McNALLY, - FREDERICTON.

ly 25, 1887.