The Appetite

May be increased, the Digestive organs strengthened, and the Bowels regulated, by taking Ayer's Pills. These Pills are purely vegetable in their composition. They contain neither calomel nor any other dangerous drug, and may be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages.

I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation. I had no appetite, became greatly debilitated, and was constantly afflicted with Headache and Dizziness. I consulted our family doctor, who prescribed for me, at various times, without affording more than temporary relief. I finally commenced taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time my digestion and appetite

IMPROVED

my bowels were regulated, and, by the time I finished two boxes of these Pills my tendency to headaches had disappeared, and I became strong and well.—Darius M. Logue, Wilmington, Del.

I was troubled, for over a year, with Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and, before finishing half a box of this medicine, my appetite and strength were restored. —A. G. Clark, Danbury, Conn.

Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered Stomach and Liver. I suffered for over three years with Headache, Indigestion, and Constipation. I had no appetite, and was weak and nervous most of the time.

BY USING

three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and, at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured. My digestive organs are now in good order, and I am in perfect health.—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kans.

Ayer's Pills have benefited me wonderfully. For months I suffered from Indigestion and Headache; was restless at night, and had a bad taste in my mouth every morning. After taking one box of Ayer's Pills, all these troubles disappeared, my food digested well, and my sleep was refreshing.—Henry C. Benmanson, Rockport, Mass.

I was cured of the Pills, by the use of Ayer's Pills. They not only relieved me of the painful disease, but, in a few weeks, cured me, and restored my health.—John Lazarie, St. John, N. B.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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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

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ISAAC ERB,

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

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes, washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions printed upon each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of Surprise Soap and yet you will take the place of tired looks. Save 3 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. It is equal to any 5 cent picture and costs nothing. If not obtainable at your home send 4 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

FOR SALE.

THAT VALUABLE FARM

of Land, 250 acres, with good House and Barn, situated at JUVENILE SETTLEMENT, SUNBURY COUNTY, and known as the

McLEOD FARM.

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He is Coming.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In thy beauty all resplendent,
In thy glory all transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! in the opening East,
Herald brightness slowly swells
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not thy golden bells?

Thou art coming, thou art coming!
We shall meet thee on thy way,
We shall see thee, we shall know thee,
We shall bless thee, we shall shew thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At thine own all-glorious feet!

Thou art coming! Rays of glory
Through the vail thy death has rent,
Touch the mountains and the river,
With a golden-glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream!
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

No! a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow
For that sunrise grand and clear!
Jesus, Saviour, once with thee,
Nothing else seems worth a thought!
Oh how marvelous will be
All the bliss thy pain hath bought!

Thou art coming! At thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts thou meetest
In communion, clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Shewing not thy death alone,
And thy love exceeding great,
But thy coming and thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the vail.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure,

Oh, the joy to see thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to thee with glad accord!
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored and owned!

—*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

Selected Serial.

IN BLACK AND GOLD.

A STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

GOLDILOCKS.

When Doro heard that Miss Harrison was coming up, she sat hastily down in her easy chair and pulled a shawl over her lap. The hymn seller and Maggie stood as if petrified, and, when the young lady appeared, each one was holding up for inspection, at arm's length, one of Doro's tidy but terribly shabby little gowns.

"Oh, Doro, my dear, so you are going to be dressed again!" cried Miss Harrison. "How lovely!"

"She's just found that she isn't likely to be dressed for a long while," said Maggie. "Since she has had nothing to do but lie in bed she has taken to growing—Doro always was busy about something—and she has got so tall that her dresses are 'way up to her knees. There never was anything to spare in them."

"Oh, isn't that too funny!" cried Miss Harrison. "Do stand up, Doro. Why! I see, you never could wear it in the world. It is most short enough for a ballet dancer. You remind me of when I was a little girl. I thought people grew up at once—not by degrees, and, when I went to my trundle-bed at night, I used to wonder if I'd grow up to be a tall lady before morning, and wake up to find my feet sticking out over the foot of the bed, and have not a garment long enough to put on. I wondered how the human family managed in such often repeated instances of growth, and whether I should be allowed to wear my mamma's clothes or my aunts', until some were made for me." This amiable reminiscence of Miss Harrison made everyone laugh, and removed the embarrassment of the occasion. "You're almost as tall as I am, Doro," prattled on Miss Harrison; "there is only one thing for me to do. I must go home and share with you—send you an outfit. I have been racking my brains to think of a Christmas present for you: a wardrobe will be just the thing!"

"Oh, Miss Harrison! Your dresses would not suit me!" cried Doro.

"Why, you wouldn't mind, would you? Don't be a silly child. There's no time to make things. You ought not to sew for a month to come. You can't lie in bed indefinitely. Of course I won't send you a long train or a party-dress. I have *some* sensible clothes; and they are a little outgrown for me too, and I didn't know what to do with them. There is a gray flannel wrapper trimmed with braid and a blue serge dress and a dark green flannel I got for the mountains last year. Do let me go home for them."

Doro flushed. She was an independent little creature.

"Pretend you're my little sister," said Miss Harrison, prettily.

"Come, my dear," said the hymn-seller; "let me quote the Scripture to you. 'All ye are brethren.' None of them said that anything he had was his own, 'but they had all things in common.' 'So ought ye also to love one another.' Our Lord Jesus, as our elder brother, offers us all a robe of his righteousness and a covering; and if we freely take from him so we may freely share with each other, and no shame to any of us. And now I see clearly the good hand of the Lord in this. In the fire last night was burnt out a widow woman that I know. She lost almost all she had, and all the clothes of the family. She is a very well respected, industrious woman, and all who know her—and the ward police, too—have been very good to her, and another room is hired and she has in it almost as much as she lost, except she is bad off for bedding; and her eldest girl, twelve years old, has not had anything sent in to fit her. I was in there an hour ago, and the girl was sitting by the stove, wrapped in a quilt, as she has only the night-dress she escaped in. Her mother said she made sure God would provide clothes for her child, and all she needed. Now, if you let this young lady, out of her plenty, provide for you, I can take all your things over to this poor girl, and two of you will be furnished out. It is thus God means his family to help each other. Don't it say, 'Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father'?"

"I'm going straight home, whether or no, to dress my little sister up," said Miss Harrison, laughing, "and do you, my dear old lady, carry off all her clothes to that poor girl. When I send the things for Doro, I will send in the carriage two quilts and a basket of provisions for Christmas dinner for that poor woman, and you take it to her, will you? I really shall have a charming Christmas this year. It is an unmitigated bore sometimes, but now I truly feel quite Christmasy."

"Because you experience now that it is more blessed to give than to receive," said the hymn-seller, "and I hope the Lord will confer a thousand times more upon your soul."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RETURNED PRODIGAL.

Maggie was quite in her element unpacking the large dress-basket which Miss Harrison sent for Doro. "Why, here's a dear little muff, and here's a little box with six brand-new handkerchiefs, never been out of the folds, and some neckties; and see the pile of white clothes, all trimmed with edging, and here's four dresses and a coat and a hat and three white aprons and a pair of new gloves. Land! she knows how to give—only I did make sure she'd have sent a silk gown, or one dress with a ruffled train!"

"Oh, I should not have wanted such a thing!" cried Doro. "This wrapper and those three nearly new worsted dressed are so nice, I would feel that I could not take them, only it makes me able to send my poor little things over to the girl that has nothing."

"Well, your things are all whole and clean, and in order, and she ought to feel it no shame to take them; and you the same for what you have. I've got yours all packed in a big basket, and the quilts from Miss Harrison laid up top, and the basket she sent is ready. I did peep in that, and I saw a chicken, a loaf, some bundles like tea or sugar, a glass of jelly, some apples, and a box of candy," said Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie! you should not have looked!"

"It didn't hurt 'em any, and it relieved my mind."

Whim and the old lady set out for the widow's, carrying the big basket between them. Whim carried in his other hand the basket of provisions, and the hymn-seller had the violin.

"I never see such a boy," said Maggie; "he can't go out without his fiddle any more than without his hat."

But Whim had his ideas about his violin. He meant to make his contribution to the widow's Christmas. When the baskets were unpacked, and in the lately fire-swept home joy and abundance had taken the place of desolation, Whim took his violin and played "The Lord will provide." Then touching a few notes here and there, he sang:—

"'Not a sparrow falleth
But the Lord doth see.'"

"I declare," said the hymn-seller, relating the scene to Jonas, "that boy has certainly got witchcraft in his fingers or his bow. His playing took hold of me to such an extent that I wept copious, the widow wept, all her children did the same; the way he handled their notes, we had a perfect jubilee of crying, and felt most delightful, I do assure you."

"For my part, I was not born under the 'Showery Hyades,'" said Jonas.

"I don't know what you mean, but that often happens," said the hymn-seller, "only we had an elegant time all the same."

On New Year's evening, before the show opened, Whim was in his old place on an ottoman by the head of the little sofa on which Doro was lying.

"I'm making resolutions for the New Year," said Whim. "One is to tell you out fair and square everything I do—that will be safe for me. And another is, to-morrow to go up to the Conservatory and tell the Director I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and work like a Trojan. And the last is, Doro, to go to work as hard as ever I can, saving and earning money to help pay that debt. We must make poor father's name as clear as we can. Before, I soon got tired of trying, and thought it was no use and not our business, and all that. Now, I feel different. We'll clear our name, and it will be right, and a lesson to me about never getting in debt and never trying to get money that I don't earn. I told young Jonas, when he was here to dinner, Christmas, that I needed to lay up some money for a purpose, and was going to save hard to do it, and he said all the better for me, that knowing how to economize was better than a fortune to a boy. He said, too, that musicians generally were not economical or careful about accounts, not very practical, he said, and that I ought to cultivate that side of my character. I don't see why hammering away at harmony don't make a person as practical as hammering away at rocks in geology. He seemed to think not."

They heard steps in the hall, Jonas and young Jonas. Doro sat up and Whim opened the door.

"I'm afraid I come just at show-time," said young Jonas.

"I'm not going in," said Doro.

"I suppose you are not strong enough yet.'

"Very nearly; but I don't want to go in, it don't suit me any more. I feel as if I could not show off the wax. I can dress it up and tell the old lady what to say, but I must find something else to do. I don't know what, for wax-work is going out of fashion. I'm afraid."

"If Doro sold the show, would it bring her enough to live on?" asked Whim of Jonas, putting on the man of business for the express benefit of young Jonas.

"No, it would not. If I got five hundred dollars for the show, it would be the highest figure I could get. The only way to make anything out of it is to keep on showing; it and the old woman takes very well so far, with your music to help her."

"Time to begin!" cried Maggie, appearing ready for the lobby, in worsted hood, little shawl, and multitudinous petticoats.

"Coming, ma'am!" cried Whim; and soon his violin was heard, alluring the public with a violin sonata from Beethoven.

"He'll make his way in the world," said Jonas, listening. "If he is cured of all taste for gaming," he added to himself.

The next day, Whim, violin in hand, presented himself at the Conservatory. The Director looked up from his desk as the boy entered the office, said, "Whymper Granby?" in a freezing tone, and looked back to his desk again.

Whim took an attitude of penitent waiting.

"Well, what now?" asked the Director, after the culprit had been long enough morally in the stocks.

"If you please, sir, I've come back."

"So I see. I don't know as it is any great honor or cause of rejoicing to the Conservatory. I had hoped to make a musician of you."

"So I hope you may," said Whim.

"I have some patience," said the master, "with dabblers who have not genius to be anything better. If they choose to use their time and money in amusing themselves with music, of course it is open to them to do so. But when great gifts have been conferred, and I see them despised, I lose all patience. Have you read the parable of a talent buried in a napkin?"

"I hope I shall remember it in future," said the returned prodigal.

The prodigal, however, was not dealing with a doting parent, but with his music-master. His sins were set in order:—

"Last year you began to neglect your duties; you failed to make the best of yourself, and finally, without warning or excuse, you disappeared altogether. Then, too, I had the chagrin of finding that you had been in bad company, were mixed up in a very suspicious affair; that you had debased your music by taking it to embellish the orgies of a pack of scoundrels. If you have no more respect for the art of music than to see it degraded so as to pander to vice, really I would prefer not to be responsible for instructing you. I know music is often so humiliated, and, instead of elevating souls, is applied to debasing them. It is entirely against my convictions as to the true mission of music. You were born to be very good or very bad. If you have elected to be very bad, I don't want to have a hand in it. Unless you can cultivate rightness in yourself so that there shall be rightness in your music, I do not wish you for a pupil. Besides, I cannot take your little sister's hard-earned money, thinking or being sure you will effectively waste it by neglecting your opportunities."

"Sir," said Whim, "I deserve all you say, but I am really very sorry for my course, and I truly mean to give all my time to my music and pursue a right life."

"It is a delicate matter," said the Director, "to warn a boy against his own father. But, in case of such reprehensible vices as drinking or gambling, necessity should carry it over delicacy. It has generally been considered that enthusiastic, sensitive, highly strung organizations, as of poets and musicians, are peculiarly susceptible to the temptations of gaming. You have such a temperament, inherited tendencies, a bad example, the positive influence of your father—"

"Sir, that influence has ceased. He is dead."

"Your father dead?"

"Yes, sir; I found him out West, partly insane. I took care of him in his last sickness. I buried him. He left me all he had—a warning against gaming."

"And you think it will be effective?"

"I hope so, sir. I have seen more of the dangers and horrors of gaming than one who has kept out of the reach of it can imagine. I hope I'm cured. I shiver to remember it."

"In that case we may make something of you in time," said the Director, who was never lavish of compliment, and who felt that if the returned Whim might be not exactly a black sheep, he was not yet a white sheep, but only gray, and must be sharply looked after.

Whim waited.

"We will go to work on you again," said the Director. "You will have the same instructor. He understands your dangers. So do I. I hope you understand them yourself. You are variable. You are idle. You rely too much on genius, too little on work. You are a dreamer. You begin at white heat. You cool off soon. There fore you are unreliable."

Here were frozen truths, served up in neat, squarely defined fragments, like New York ice-cream, but less palatable. Whim had no choice but to accept, in a spirit of charity, the refreshment offered him. It might be tonic in its effect.

"Violin in proper order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Same practice-room," and with a wave of the hand Whim was dismissed. He knew he deserved all and more than all he received. He burned to show that he was really a new boy. He reflected that this would be a work of time—that day by day he must regain a respect which day by day he had lost. He had taken his first year for pulling himself down; it behooved to take the second to build himself up.

When he appeared before his instructor, that individual had but one word to say, but it was a potent word:—

"My lad, moral rightness lies behind all right art. Begin."

So was Whim reinstated with his professors.

Out of 97 Andover Street had gone the disturbing spirit, and the home was quiet. Doro no more sat up late at night for her father's return. The show closed at ten, and the house at once after. It was not needful now to hurry to Jonas with each day's paltry earnings; the earnings were safe. They were not very great earnings, but the little family lived on them, and Doro laid up something. The hymn-seller was still show-woman, and Whim, by his playing, earned enough to clothe himself. Most of his engagements came through Miss Harrison. She liked to be the patroness of a rising genius. Doro found new work for herself; the fingers so skillful in manipulating wax took readily to all varieties of art embroidery. A few lessons only were needed to make her competent to fill the numerous orders received through Miss Harrison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make $1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

Eccentric Punctuation.

A man who was suddenly taken sick "hastened home while every means for his recovery were resorted to. In spite of all their efforts, he died in the triumphs of the Christian religion."

"A man was killed by a railroad-car running into Boston, supposed to be deaf."

"We have decided to erect a school-house large enough to accommodate five hundred scholars five storys high."

An old edition of a geography has this: "Albany has four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street.

On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: "Hereafter, when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be requested to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: "Tickets twenty-five cents; children half-price, to be had at the office."

Coroner's verdict. "That A. B. came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A hotel was thus advertised; "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former lan llord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan.

"Wanted, a saddle-horse for a lady weighing about nine hundred and fifty pounds."

An Iowa editor says; "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

"Board may be had at No. Pearl Street, for two gentleman with gas."

Over a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk, shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes. Half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

A newspaper contained this: "We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred pupils one above another."

Another newspaper, in describing the doings of a convention at Cleveland, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

Fatal Neglect.

The breaking of the smallest wheel in a mammoth factory, if not repaired or replaced, will ruin the entire plant, as a speck of dust will derange the delicate machinery of a watch. Were people as thoughtful to repair their broken health on the first approach of disease, as the owner is to mend his machinery, they would escape indescribable suffering, and often death. Slight causes will sometimes derange the digestive organs, on whose healthy action the health of the whole system so much depends, and feverish blood, headaches, and consumption itself, set in. The wise person will at once arrest the cause of these unhealthy symptoms, resorting to that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which purifies the blood and cures liver disease. Of all druggists.

THE WORST NASAL CATARRH,

no matter of how long standing, is absolutely cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It does not merely give relief, but produces permanent cures in the worse cases. 50 cents, by druggists.

WE DO NOT WISH

to say that Your Medicine will cure in every case, but we do say that the many testimonials we are constantly receiving show that SIMSON'S LINIMENT is universally approved of, and the orders coming in show that the sale is largely increasing.

Mr. A. W. Archibald, Melrose, N. S., writes: "I find Simson's Liniment the best selling Liniment I have ever had in my store. Everybody seems to want it and the demand has quadrupled itself within the last year. I have used it myself and know it to be an article of merit.

Consumption Cured.—An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrah, Asthma and all throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.* eow

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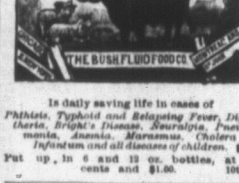

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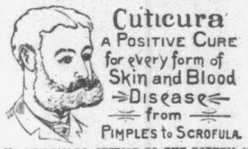

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For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

THOMAS L. HAY.

DEALER IN

Hides and Calf Skins,

AND SHEEP SKINS.

STOREROOMS—15 SYDNEY STREET.

Where Hides, and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold.

Residence—41 Paddock Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To the Executors or Administrators of the late William Vail, and to all other Persons whom it doth or may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the twenty-second day of February, A. D. 1871, made between said William Vail, therein described as of the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick Ship Builder, of the one part, and Lydia Jane Calhoun, wife of Henry A. Calhoun, of the same place, Master Mariner, of the other part, and duly registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book W, No. 8, of records, pages 472, 473, 474, and 475, which said Mortgage has by virtue of several assignments, become vested in the undersigned, there will be sold at public auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John aforesaid, **on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of March next,** at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as—"All those certain lots, pieces, and parcels of land, situate in the Parish of Simonds at Crouchville, so called, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the lands of the late Joseph Crouch by the numbers twenty one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty six (26), twenty-seven (27), twenty-eight (28), twenty-nine (29), and thirty (30), each of the said lots having a breadth of forty feet on Mount Pleasant Street, so called, and runing back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet."

And "Also two other lots, pieces, and parcels of land situate in the parish aforesaid and in the said plan described as Lots number ninety-four (94), and ninety-five (95), having a front of forty feet on Mount Pleasant street and extending back one hundred feet."

Together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging, or in any wise appertaining, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said Mortgage default having been made in payment there of.

Dated the 17th day of December, A. D. 1881.

JOHN McGINTY, } Assignees of
MONT. McDONALD, } Mortgage.

MONT. McDONALD,
Solicitor, &c. 51-tf

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 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. 1886.

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

BARKER & PELTEA, Plaintiff's Solicitors.

26ds GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay until Cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.