BESSIE'S TEXT.

BY CHRISTINE ANDERSON.

Bessie wanted to learn a text;
She thought it "such fun" to be called "next,"
As the children were at her Sunday-school,
Where the teacher heard them by row and rule.

So we told her the shortest text we knew;
And very solemn our baby grew,
As she walked about with a grown-up air,
Twisting a curl of her flaxen hair.

And over and over the words she said,
Till "she knowed she'd dot 'em way in her head;"
And "*Jesus wept*" was her last good-night,
And her daily greeting at morning light.

The long week drew to a close at last;
And the wished-for-moment came too fast,
For when her teacher smiled at her
And called her "next," she could not stir.

The tears were ready, and would not stay;
But a bright look chased them soon away,
And she gave a spring to her teacher's side,
"'Next' *does* 'member her text—"*Cwist cwied.*" —*Wide Awake.*

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE CRUCIBLE.

"I will die before I utter an appeal so base,—before I inflict so cruel a stab upon the generous heart that loves me!"

Eglantine La Roche sat propped with pillows upon her couch; two flecks of vivid crimson stained the beautiful pallor of young maternity upon her cheek; her dark eyes were wide and angry, as they turned indignantly from her grandfather, gray and bent, on one side of the bed, to Louis Bertrand, flushed and discomposed, on the other. A month had passed since that parting in the turret-room, and the sieur of Beaumont lay in a dungeon of the fortress of Nismes, under sentence of death.

"Do you think I have strengthened and encouraged my husband's hands all this while, to fail him in his hour of sorest need?" went on the young wife, and the words poured hot and fast over the lips that Henri loved, that until now had been so frozen in their grief. "Do you think Henri would forsake a losing banner, even at my entreaty? You do not know the man I have loved, nor how I have loved him."

M. Laval rose.

"This is folly," he said coldly. "You have worked yourself into a passion, Eglantine, which endangers your health, and renders you incapable of listening to argument. We will retire until you are calmer."

He glanced at his companion, but the young priest laid an entreating touch on the transparent hand on the coverlet.

"Consider what we have said to you," he pleaded. "A hundred Huguenots in Nismes, as noble and resolute as Henri, have been compelled to sign the recantation in the last few weeks, and your grandfather has pledged you his word to see you safely out of the country. In some calmer and happier land, you and your husband can make a new home, and worship God as best suits your conscience. What harm can there be in making the temporary concession, without which M. Renau dares not appeal to the mercy of the king?"

The wife released herself with gentle coldness.

"You mean kindly, Louis, but you cannot understand. The soldier who deserts his standard in the moment of danger, planning to creep back to her protecting folds, when it no longer needs his assistance, is a coward! No amount of talking can make him anything else. And my love for Henri would turn to loathing, if he could stoop so low."

"It is idle to say more at present," repeated Pierre Laval. "Come, monsieur. Eglantine, I am disappointed in you. I certainly had a right to expect that, as a wife and mother, you would show yourself more amenable to reason, than as a rash, headstrong girl. Have you forgotten the scenes that I told you we witnessed this morning—the miserable hunted creatures, who fled past us in the wood; the mother who asked bread for her starving child at the wayside; the shrieks of agony that mingled with the echoes of drunken ribaldry in the homes we passed? The dragoons have not yet reached Beaumont, but a few days at farthest must bring them to your door. What will these nice notions of honor avail you when a rough hand is laid upon your babe?"

"My heart can break only once," was the quivering answer. "Do not look at aunt Monique; it is not she who gives me strength to speak. It is the thought of Henri. Whatever comes, I must die bravely, as becomes the sharer of his counsels, the mother of his child." She turned and hid her face in her pillow, and the emotion she could no longer restrain, shook her delicate frame.

Madame Chevalier, who had been sitting apart in a window, came forward.

"You had better leave her; her cup is full," she said, looking sadly at M. Laval; but misinterpreting the low, heart-breaking sobs, the banker had drawn back once more to the bed.

The docility with which the Chevaliers had submitted to Eglantine's marriage with Henri, had agreeably disappointed him, and he had of late resumed something of his old friendly manner toward them. But he could never shake off the conviction, that, in their secret hearts, they looked down upon him for his recantation, and in spite of Eglantine's denial, he was jealous of her aunt's influence at this moment.

"Do not cry so, my girl; I did not mean to be cruel," he said, touching the bowed head with a rough caress. "If I spoke plainly, it was only to rouse you to a sense of your situation, and save you from any such ordeals. You are the one joy and hope of my life, Eglantine. If this sorrow and disgrace are permitted to come upon you, I will go down before my time to the grave. Think of me when you decide this question." He paused as if for some reply. She made no answer, but her sobs were growing quieter, and he went on, encouraged. "Listen to me, my girl; you are making a sacrifice, which your husband, soldier and man of honor as he is, does not demand. Henri is by no means indifferent to the consideration I have pressed upon you as your romantic pride would lead you to believe. M. Renau is convinced from his last conversation with him, that he has begun to waver, and he has already obtained a respite of the sentence, and started for Paris."

"And Natalie will add her influence with Madame de Mainteno," added Louis Bertrand, eagerly. "My sister is in high favor with the lady who stands nearest the king; a letter, received today, assures me that with M. La Roche's recantation in her hands, she is positive she can have the sentence commuted to that of banishment. Madame de Maintenon has said as much."

But they had overreached their mark. Eglantine started up from her pillows, white and quivering.

"It is false! It is the basest, cruellest of slanders!" she cried. "You have been deceived, both of you; but you should have known better than repeat the accusation to me. Henri waver, where peasants and children have stood firm! The thought is monstrous! What but the assurance of his fidelity, the endeavor to be worthy of his example, has kept me from going mad with my trouble, and given me strength to live and bear the thought of a life without him?

Both men had recoiled in dismay. M. Laval was the first to rally.

"It is no slander," he said sturdily. "I saw Henri myself last night. He is by no means as resolute as you persuade yourself. When I left him he was sobbing like a child. Death has no terrors for a soul like his, but the suffering of a helpless wife and babe has moved the will of more than one strong man ere this. If you will add your entreaties to ours, Eglantine the work is done. Your husband is already wavering."

An angry light flashed across the white face of Henri La Roche's wife.

"I do not believe it!" she retorted proudly, resisting her aunt's efforts to draw her back upon her pillows. "Why do you never let Rene see him? Why am I never permitted to write to him? If you are so confident of his yielding, why have you made this appeal to me? Ah, I see!" as he dropped his eyes, and did not answer. "You are deceiving me out of mistaken kindness; but if you only knew, it would be less cruel to kill me where I lie. If I could doubt Henri, I would doubt everything. There would be nothing left worth caring for, worth living and suffering for—nothing of which I could feel sure. But you cannot shake my faith in him; you have wrung his noble soul with some ungenerous appeal; you have not moved his will one hair's breadth from its purpose."

Her voice, which had been growing fainter and more unsteady, failed suddenly. Pale as death, and with closed eyes, she sank back into Monique Chevalier's arms.

"Send one of the servants quickly for Rene," commanded the foster-mother, as she bent anxiously over her, and almost as pale as the blanched face upon the bed, M. Laval hurried out of the room.

His worst enemy need have wished him no harsher companion than his own thoughts, for the next hour, as he wandered desolately up and down the large drawing-room, listening to the sounds in the chamber above. He had been so proud to see Eglantine reign as mistress here, and to know it was the fortune he had gathered for her, which had enabled her to bring so much of luxury and beauty into the stately rooms. But what did it all matter now? What did it profit him that a stroke from his pen could shake the markets of the world, that his vaults yet groaned with treasure, and a hundred sails upon the sea were bearing home to him the spoils of as many successful speculations? He had failed to shield his darling's head from the woe he had most dreaded; he was powerless to win from the pale lips the word that could yet avert the blow; the wealth of the Indies could not quench one bitter tear, nor pluck one thorn from her pillow. The gold, to which he had devoted the best energies of his life, which he had held dearer even than his hopes of heaven, crumbled into nothingness in this hour of need. "He that saveth his life shall lose it," a voice sounded in his ears. A door had opened into the past. Once more he knelt in the murky dungeon beside the martyr's bed. Was this what Godfrey Chevalier had meant, when he uttered that warning? Did he foresee the hour when his friend would stand grasping the empty chalice, with the subtle elixir spilt forever? Hurriedly M. Laval opened a window and stepped out upon the sunny terrace; but he could not leave the thought behind him with the hush and shadows of the splendid room. Louis Bertrand had gone down to the hamlet to see the cure, and there was no voice to drown that of the long silenced monitor. It was the path of his own choosing that had brought Eglantine to this. Side by side with his pursuit of wealth had gone another purpose, equally determined, though less openly acknowledged—to set his darling safely beyond the reach of these religious differences and persecutions. For this he had broken his solemn promise to the dead, and separated her from the Chevaliers, and surrounded her with an atmosphere of worldliness and gayety, which had made her turn instinctively from Rene's stern views of life to grasp at the cup Henri La Roche held out to her. With a proud sense of triumphing over circumstances, the banker had laid the girlish hand in that of the young sieur of Beaumont; M. Renau had been so confident that their love for each other, and the gay winters in Paris, would obliterate from the young hearts all early prejudices and silence all doubtful scruples. But how differently it had turned out. Rene Chevalier still walked the earth a free man, and Henri La Roche lay in a dungeon under sentence of death. The crown of thorns M. Laval had vowed should never touch his darling's head, he had himself helped to plait. Bitter resentment against the hand that imposed the doom mingled in his breast with a secret terror of the power that could thus outrun and circumvent his plans.

Had he been successful in everything else, to be a loser here? Fool that he had been to measure his finite skill against the hand that made heaven and earth; to hug to his soul the fond delusion that he could outrun the purpose of God! Too late he saw that he had been, not an antagonist, but an unconscious instrument, and heard—or fancied that he heard—through his crumbling plans the derision of Him who "sitteth in the heavens," the awful laughter of the Most High.

"Eglantine is better," said a low voice at his side; and he started to see that the pastor's widow stood beside him. "I knew you would be anxious, and came as soon as I could leave her." She did not add how long and deathlike had been the swoon brought on by his exciting words, but he read the truth in her face.

"My pretty, laughing girl!" he muttered, turning away with a quivering lip. "It is hard she should be brought down to this when I have toiled all my life to make her happy. Beware how you encourage her to persist in her refusal to the proposition I have made to her. It is the one chance of saving her husband's life."

"Beware how you tempt that noble heart in its hour of weakness and suffering, monsieur! 'He that saveth his life shall lose it.'"

M. Laval shook off her hand. He was white to the lips. "We are not likely to agree on that point; let us drop it," he said, hoarsely. "I see Jean bringing my horse into the court, Monique. There is business waiting for me in Nismes."

Godfrey Chevalier's widow was looking at him with sad, compassionate eyes.

"Eglantine would like to say good-bye to you before you go," was all she answered. "These are not times to part in anger, monsieur."

He hesitated a moment, and then without a word, followed her up the stair. Eglantine was still too much exhausted to speak, and Rene, watching with the old nurse beside her bed, warned M. Laval by a glance to be careful. For one sad, full moment the old man and his grandchild looked into each other's eyes. Then the young wife's brimmed with tears, and the banker turned away to hide his writhing lip.

"I will do what I can," he said in a broken voice, and followed Madame Chevalier from the room. The angel that withstood him in the way was forgotten once more, and the unequal contest was resumed. He must save her from the sorrow that would forever blast her life!

Before he knew what she was doing, Monique Chevalier had led him into the nursery beyond, and he stood beside the large carved cradle in which the heirs of Beaumont had been rocked for generations.

"You must not go without seeing your grand-daughter," she said softly. "She has been named Gabrielle, after Henri's mother; Eglantine wished it."

The infant was asleep. She was a fair, tiny creature, as unlike the rosy, dimpled babyhood of her mother as a snow-drop is unlike an apple-bloom, yet with something in her face which reminded M. Laval of his little grand-daughter when he had first come up to see her in these Cevanol hills—a kind of spiritualized likeness, as though her soul had entered into her child—such a look, Rene had once said to his mother, as Eglantine's angel might wear, looking into "the face of her Father in heaven." Slowly, as M. Laval gazed, the bitterness vanished from his heart, the vague sense of injury he had cherished against the little intruder melted like icicles in the sun. She at least knew nothing of his sin; nothing of the sharp theological distinctions which were working such havoc in the world around them. Her innocence disarmed him, even while it made him afraid. With a strange sense of unworthiness he touched his lips to the little hand, soft and pink as a rose-petal, lying on the coverlet. When he looked up, Agnes Chevalier, who had been reading in a window near at hand, stood beside him. She was never far away from the cradle.

"Does M. Henri know about his little daughter?" she asked wistfully. She had never been able to call the young sieur by the name by which she had first known his father.

Pierre Laval nodded silently. He could not for worlds have spoken just then. The soft eyes saw the trouble in his face. Godfrey Chevalier's young daughter laid her hand upon his arm.

"My mother has told me how good you were to us when I was a little child, and my father was in prison. I never forget to pray for you, monsieur."

"Your mother would tell you that was time wasted," he returned shortly, but there was a suspicious tremor in his voice, and he avoided Monique Chevalier's glance, as they went down stairs.

"I wish you were all safely out of the country," he grumbled, as he stood in the sunny courtyard, with his hand on his horse's neck. "You have been a mother to my girl, Monique, and I would be sorry to have anything happen to you or yours. If you can make up your minds to leave France, you shall have all the help in my power."

"Thank you; I believe that," she answered gratefully. "But the risk is too great. We have decided to remain where we are, and trust God to take care of us here. I wish your anxiety was for yourself, my friend," she added, with a quick, gentle glance.

But M. Laval uttered an impatient exclamation, and sprang into his saddle. He bent down the next moment, however, to whisper in her ear.

"M. Renau speaks of visiting the chateau in a few weeks; beware of him! He will do all he can for Eglantine, but he bears you no good-will. He has discovered Rene's profession, and will not scruple to use the information when it suits his purpose. Remember! you are warned."

Before the startled mother could reply, he had clapped spurs to his steed, and was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

"The demand is good and it is giving satisfaction to our customers," write N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston, regarding the great Blood and Liver medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Alpine Lights and Shadows.

The perennial spell which Switzerland lays upon lovers of mountains is easily understood, there is a joy among those hills which even those who care little for nature do not fail to secure. No one can escape the deep and lasting impression of the Alps, though there are few, comparatively, who, by long and loving familiarity with these sublime heights, have thoroughly possessed themselves of the beauty and majesty which are enthroned here. Although the most massive of all the forms which nature wears, a mountain is also the most changeable. It has a different mood for every day in the week, and for every hour in the day. It is continually surprising you with new aspects; when you think you have learned it completely, you suddenly discover that there are still sides of its mighty being of which you are ignorant. The ocean is not more protean than a mountain, although all fluidity and motion. For the unchangeable mass of the great hills is but one element in their vast, mysterious being; they are always in communion with the earth out of which they rise, and with the heavens to which they aspire. Clouds form and disperse about them, veiling their summits and then suddenly disclosing them; mists float out of the valleys and dissolve along the rocky ridges; above all, there is that most marvellous of all the processes of nature, the play of light upon them. This remains the great mystery of the world as well as its supreme source of beauty; it remains the great secret also; for, after all that Ruskin has written and Turner and Corot have painted, who can put into any form of adequate expression the mystery of light!

* * *

The light that plays upon the Alps continually recreates them. They silently lift their faces heavenward in a repose which nothing disturbs; but it is a repose, not of death, but of a life too vast and high not to be affected by the changes below it. Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau are wrapped in a solitude upon which it is perilous to intrude; but on those sublime heights the light glances and lingers as if there it found its home and disclosed all the miracle of its revealing power. For in the light one finds the only revelation of the mountains; it is the light which discloses their infinite resources of strength and beauty. At Interlachen I saw not long ago a wonderful illustration of this power of revelation. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and only the dark masses of the hills which hem in the little valley were visible; one would not have known that he was within a thousand miles of the Jungfrau. It was a clear, starlit evening, but between these great black hills it seemed strangely dark and solemn. There was to be a moon later, and we sat on one of the balconies of the hotel and waited for its coming. Presently the lights about us were extinguished; one by one the houses became dark, and the little town became silent. Then upon the solitude of the midnight a wonderful vision slowly grew. The sky to the east began to grow brighter, and through the mountain gorge directly in front of the hills on either side remaining in dense shadow—a mountain defined itself as in the sublime silence of the creative hour. The light fell on one snowy ridge after another, touched successively pinnacle after pinnacle, traced imperceptibly the great outline, until the Jungfrau stood revealed—a bride indeed, remote, stainless, sublimely beautiful in a mood which seemed rather of a spirit than of the form. It was one of those revelations which leave an ineffaceable stamp on one's life.

* * *

There is no hour in the day in which one does not begin over again his acquaintance with the Alps; every hour the light falls from a different angle, so that one must watch a whole day through to really see even once a mountain. At one hour the Jungfrau stands sharply defined, near, clear, distinct; at another she has withdrawn far off and veiled herself in a soft mist which subdues all outlines while it obscures none. The vast expanse of snow that lay white and dazzling in the earlier light is now soft and indistinct; the mountain has changed, not her face, but her countenance. On the Bodensee a shower swept around the southern shore and covered the hills as with a veil; suddenly the sun came out, the mists of rain parted, and over the Alps hung a splendid arch of color, wonderfully vivid against the retreating clouds and over the green waters of the lake. On the Lake of Lucerne a morning mist concealed that enchanting circle of mountain peaks; suddenly, high up, the mists rolled apart, and suspended there between a world of clouds (and the intense blue heavens were the stupendous cliffs of Pilatus, rising like Teneriffe out of an aerial sea. One may wait days together for the clear vision of Mount Blanc, and wait in vain; at last there comes a morning when, at some inaudible command, the curtain that conceals that sublime scene is slowly lifted, and the whole range lies clear in the glorious light.

* * *

Who shall do justice to the shadows of the Alps! Not less marvellous are they than the light which they follow, and whose glory they exalt by relief and contrast. One may drive through the Lauterbrunnen or the Grundenwald or over one of the great passes in the morning, and, returning in the evening, find himself in a new country—so vast and transforming are the effects which the shadows produce. Lingering or walking along the rushing torrent which finds its way through almost every Alpine valley, one watches with a sense of awe the deep shadows engulfing the world about him. Above the long streams of light fall like silent cataracts over the edges of the hills, and still higher the snowy summits are warm and soft in unbroken light; but about one there is dense shadow, gathering darkness, the night becoming visible at the base of the very throne of day. Then the roaring mountain stream sings a wilder song to the mind which has come under a kindred spell; and the long lines of spray leaping noiseless here and there down the precipitous rocks, the echo perhaps of a distant Alpine horn, the solitude and sublimity of those remote and awful heights, are borne in upon the very soul, and one feels that among these hills he has found the true sanctuary, the inmost shrine of nature.
—*The Christian Union.*

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

NASAL BALM.

A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. *Be warned in time,* neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Beware of imitations similar in name.

CHANGE OF TIME.

2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2

FROM

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers of the

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

TO

BOSTON.

COMMENCING MONDAY, Nov. 11th, and until further notice, one of the fine steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.25, Eastern Standard time.

Always travel by the Palace Steamers of this Company.

All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and further information, apply to

E. A. WALDRON, G. F. & P. A., Portland, Me.

I. B. COYLE, General Manager, Portland, Me.

C. E. LACHALER, Agent, St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89. Winter Arrangement. '90.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 30th DECEMBER, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John.

Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton,	7.30
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	11.10
Fast express for Halifax,	13.30
Express for Sussex,	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	17.00

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 17.00, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 17.00, will run to destination on Sunday.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John.

Express from Sussex,	8.30
Fast express from Montreal & Quebec,	11.10
Fast express from Halifax,	15.50
Day express from Halifax & Campellton,	19.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave,	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
27th Dec., 1888.

WINTER SASHES.

The best and cheapest place to buy your WINTER SASHES is at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

If you want DOORS or BLINDS go to

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

BALUSTERS & NEWEL POSTS cheap at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

Lots of MOULDINGS at

A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

Waterloo Street.

Factory—CITY ROAD.

NEW GOODS,

IN GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT,

27 King Street.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK:

ENGLISH ALL-LINEN COLLARS in the latest styles; and the "Dorte" (Paper, Turn Down), and "The Swell" (Paper Standing) COLLARS.

Manchester Robertson & Allison.

Miners, Farmers, Mechanics, etc.

IF YOU ARE RUPTURED OR DEFORMED

Send direct to the largest, oldest and most reliable establishment of the kind in Canada. CLUB FEET, SPINAL DISEASE AND RUPTURE a specialty. Send 6c. stamp for valuable information of a system which took 20 years to perfect. Will supply you by mail at Toronto prices with Truss. Every order made especially for each case and sent same day. A supply of Shoulder Braces, Suspensories, Elastic Stockings, Abdominal and Uterine Supporters, Batteries, Crutches, etc., always in stock. Promptness, honorable dealing, and the very best goods, have made my establishment so favorably known.

Address CHAS. CLUTHE
Surgical Machinist & Mfr.
104 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO, ONTARIO

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, on SATURDAY, the FIFTEENTH day of FEBRUARY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the seventh day of October, A. D., 1889, in a cause therein pending, wherein James I. Fellows is Plaintiff, and the Highland Park Company is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause, and in the said Decretal Order as follows:

ALL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Portland, in the County of Saint John, being a part of the lot known and distinguished as lot number 7 in the class H, in the partition of the estate of the late Honorable William Hazen, made on the twelfth day of November, A. D., 1824, the said part hereby conveyed comprising the south eastern portion of said lot, and being bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning at the southern corner of said lot number 7, thence running north forty degrees thirty minutes, west by the present magnet, along the dividing line between lot number 7 and lot number 8 in the same class sixty-three chains and fifty links, more or less, to the southern side of the Sandy Point Road, so called, thence along the said southern side of the said Sandy Point Road nine chains and forty links, more or less, to the north-eastern side line of said lot number 7, thence south forty degrees thirty minutes east along the dividing line between said lot number seven and lot number 6, in the same class, sixty-two chains and twenty-five links, more or less, to the rear line of the lots in said class H, thence south forty-nine degrees thirty minutes west along the said rear line nine chains and twenty-nine links to the place of beginning, the said portion above described containing fifty-eight acres and four tenths of an acre, more or less, and being a portion of the lot of land leased by Edward DeWolf, late deceased, to one Michael Donovan by lease bearing date fifteenth day of February, A. D., 1855.

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

CHARLES DOHERTY,
A. H. DEMILL, Referee in Equity.
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited Partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, conducted under the firm name of "W. C. PITFIELD & Co.," for the buying and selling at whol-sale of dry goods and other merchandize, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business, which, by the certificate of Limited Partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1888, was to commence the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1888, and terminate the 23rd day of March, A. D. 1889, did terminate and is and was dissolved the said 23rd day of March, A. D. 1889.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
" SAMUEL HAYWARD.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, to wit:

Be it remembered that WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed notice and certificate, personally came and appeared at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, JOHN RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City and County of Saint John, and acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said notice and certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the same.

Given under my hand at the said City of Saint John.

(Signed) J. RUSSELL ARMSTRONG,
J. P. City and County of Saint John.

THE undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITFIELD & Co."

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandize, and generally a wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business.

3. That the names of all the general and special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:

WARD C. PITFIELD, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and SAMUEL HAYWARD, who resides at the Parish of Hampton, in the County of Kings and Province aforesaid, is the special partner.

4. That the said SAMUEL HAYWARD has contributed the sum of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1889, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the first day of January, A. D. 1892.

Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1889.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
" S. HAYWARD.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, SS.

Be it remembered that on this twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1889, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, GEORGE R. SEELY, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, by lawful authority duly commissioned and sworn, residing and practising in the said City of Saint John, personally came and appeared WARD C. PITFIELD and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned, and severally acknowledged the said WARD C. PITFIELD that he signed the said certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I the said Notary have hereunto set my Hand and Notarial Seal at the said City of Saint John, the said 27th day of December, A. D. 1889.

(L. S.) (Signed) GEO. R. SEELY.
Notary Public St. John, N. B.
ap16

COMET · THE BEST · STOVE · IN · THE WORLD · POLISH

NOPE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

Baltimore Church Bells

Since 1844 celebrated for Superiority over others, are made only of Purest Bell Metal, (Copper and Tin,) Rotary Mountings, warranted satisfactory. For Prices, Circulars, &c. address BALTIMORE BELL FOUNDRY. J. REGESTER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

FOR GAS. BAILEY'S COMPOUND Silver-Plated CORRUGATED GLASS REFLECTORS! A wonderful Invention for LIGHTING Churches, Halls, &c. Handsome designs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue & price list free.

BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 113 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. FOR OIL.

$60 SALARY, $40 Expenses in advance allowed each month. Steady employment at home or travelling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address, with stamp, HAFER & CO., Piqua, O.