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BLISSVILLE, N. B., Aug. 22, 1882.

Two years ago I was troubled with what is called Summer Complaint, or Dysentery, and I bought one bottle of GATES' CERTAIN CHECK and I verily believe that it saved my life. This I can testify to.

A. L. MATHEW, J. P.

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By ABBEY & HUNGER.

By a happy thought, the above endearing name was given to a book containing the last compositions of Mr. A. J. Abbey, a good composer of refined taste, a child lover and successful teacher, who has recently passed away. This new collection of the sweetest of children's hymns and songs is likely to be received with great favor. 35 cts., $3.60 per dozen.

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THE HOME.

A Wife's Hero.

EMILIE GOODCHILD.

"You would not call him handsome,
To culture he makes no claim;
'On the world's long list of 'Notable Men'
You will not find his name.
His hands are roughened by toil,
The home he gives me is plain;
Yet I would not give my hero brave
For all the world calls gain.

"A soul both strong and tender,
A heart that is loyal to miss;
Love that grows stronger and stronger,
Despite all the changes of time.
'Only an ordinary man.' Well,
To some he may seem so I ween,
And yet I am proud of my hero
While he fondly calls me his queen."

Danger.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and said to herself; "Oh, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy or girl.—*Christian Weekly.*

The Basis of Politeness.

Is there a grace more desirable than that which is the essence and spirit of the Golden Rule—a spirit which shelters ignorance from comment, while it strives to remove it; a spirit which seeks to make every one in the circle of its influence feel that they have a friend whose heart and mind are conservatories sheltering the flowers of kindliness and sympathy?

There is always in the heart of society a tendency to shine at the expence of another's mistakes or oversights, many times more the fault of confusion or shyness than ignorance. The struggle for prominence in every field is very great, and society suffers by losing the calm permanence. There are so many turns in the wheel of fortune that few circles in any city retain the same *personnel* beyond a few years. The spirit of "now or never" seems to have conquered in every field, and nowhere more thoroughly than in society, leaving the ambition to shine, to excel, the prominent motive. Women are the greatest sufferers, for they dread to lose the smallest opportunity for social success, and many times sacrifice warm impulses for the conventionalities of the hour, the moment. There died recently in New York a woman prominent for her social position and the grace and the tact with which she filled it. At a fashionable reception in Washington, a young officer appeared with the epaulettes on his coat-sleeves running up and down instead of across. Totally unconscious of the ridiculous error, which gave rise to almost audible laughter, the young man walked about the room puzzled by uncalled-for levity. The woman referred to sought him out, and, taking the officer's arm, entered the conservatory. In a short time the officer reappeared, slightly flushed, with the epaulettes properly arranged. It afterwards leaked out that this lady, who was hostess, pointed out the mistake, offered her carriage to take him to the tailor, and waited for his return where he left her. The officer afterwards became prominent, but he found language weak when referring to his mentor.

Manners, no matter how elegant, can never cover innate selfishness or ill-breeding. Good manners are but the expression of the impulses of a good heart; a heart that is full of sympathy for the ignorant and suffering. One who makes the Golden Rule the basis of intercourse with others never fails in the essential of polite manners.

Wealth and manners are not synonymous; neither are poverty and rude manners. No amount of wealth can cover the blemish of a small or coarse nature, so poverty the greatness of a generous one.—*Christian Union.*

THE FARM.

—A small vessel full of quicklime placed near a bookcase will preserve books from the evil effects of damp better than a blazing fire. This is worth being borne in mind by all who have the care of books. The lime must be changed every few days, as it quickly becomes slaked and ceases to absorb.

—Cabbage worms never trouble an English gardener of my acquaintance, says a newspaper correspondent, for when they first appear, he dissolves a tablespoonful of saltpetre in a pailful of tepid water and gives the plants a good sprinkling. The worms will disappear speedily. If they begin after a few days to appear again, renew the sprinkling, and you will seldom have occasion to apply it a third time. It promotes the growth of the plants.

—Farmers, protect the birds—especially the insect eaters—the robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, thrushes, redbirds, woodpeckers and indeed all useful members of the feathered tribe. Each class has a mission to perform in the economy of nature, and without their assistance we will have neither crops or fruit. The martins destroy sparrows, the quails and grouse family destroy the chinch-bug, the woodpeckers dig the worms from the trees, and the others eat worms, bugs, and caterpillers. All do their part. Destroy the birds of prey but save your friends.

—When the fruit begins to fall, cows should be kept out of apple orchards. Green apples are not very nutritious, though cows, like young boys, will eat them wholesale. It is the unequal supply that does cows most damage. A few apples each day will do them no harm. But any day there is liable to occur a wind storm, which may blow off one-third to one-half the fruit on the trees. A cow then will gorge herself so as to stop her flow of milk almost entirely; and only with care in feeding can it be restored, and never up to the amount before she dried off.

—Seed Corn.—Corn for seed should be selected when husking. When a good-sized, well-ripened and well-developed ear is found, pull the husks back, but not altogether. Spread the selected ears on a floor where they will not heat until the required quantity has been saved. Then braid it. Commence by taking an ear with plenty of husks, part them so as to make two strands, place the husks of a second ear between the two strands and begin to braid. Every time the left hand strand is brought over, add two husks of another ear. Two dozen ears are enough for a string. Tie the end with twine to prevent unbraiding. Stretch a telephone or fence wire between the rafters or plates of the corn house or some dry shed; hang the strings of corn on it, and there will be no loss by rats, mice, or squirrels; and the seed corn will keep in perfect condition for several years. A few hills of sweet corn should be allowed to grow for seed only. When the seed is fully ripe, the ears should be braided and hung up like field corn.

Miranda's Surprise.

The new girl gave her name as M'randy Sayles. She was a short, stout little body, with a pair of shoulders that squared themselves determinedly, a round face profusely decorated with freckles, and a shock of yellow-red hair, ending in two tight braids at the back. She wore a faded green dress, a stiffly starched gingham apron that much soap and water had despoiled of its orignal color, and shoes that were undeniably patched. We girls looked at her as she marched into the school-room that first day, and then looked at each other.

"I don't like her!" telegraphed Helen Campbell; and, of course, that settled it—none of us liked her.

"She hasn't pretty hair," said Sue, the minute we were together at recess.

"And I can't bear freckles," said Lizzie. "I mean so many of 'em," she hastily amended; for Sue's "tip tilted" nose was not altogether spotless.

"And such an apron!" chimed Helen. "Anyway, she lives in that old house in the hollow."

Yet it was not her poverty that troubled us. Our little village school was too democratic for that, and most of us came from plain homes. It was only an unreasoning dislike, born of a childish whim and persevered in with thoughtless selfishness. We did not mean to be cruel. We simply did not "choose" M'randy into our games; and at noon we frequently left her to eat her dinner alone, when we wandered away by twos and threes with our well-filled baskets. When we were starting in pursuit of wild flowers or berries, some one of us was sure to whisper "Don't ask that M'randy Sayles." And so, as the weeks went by, she was left much to herself.

There was a wistful look in the honest gray eyes sometimes, and the good-natured face grew a trifle sober; but there was a sturdy independence about the little woman that could not be easily discouraged or overridden. She joined heartily in every pastime that offered her a chance; and she neither moped nor sulked, but found what pleasure she could in looking on.

But one day she astonished us by suddenly taking the initiative. Right in among us she marched at the morning recess, and leaning back against a tree, announced abruptly:

"I'm going to have a party."

Now, a party in our schooldays was a rare and wonderful event, one of the greatest delights that earth afforded; and we stared at M'randy with an astonishment that began instantly to partake of respect.

"Who says so?" demanded Sue, with a touch of awe in her tone.

"I say so," answered M'randy, with an emphatic nod of her head. "You see it's going to be a surprise party," she continued, flushing a little under the unusual attention she had attracted, and vigorously twisting her sun-bonnet strings by way of aiding explanation. "It's going to be to-morrow afternoon, when there won't be any school; and everybody that comes must bring something to eat—anything they want to—down to the crooked pine at three o'clock. All you girls are invited—everybody that wants to come."

"Humph! I guess likely we won't want to come," said Lizzie, trying rather doubtfully to rally to the defence of first principles.

"It's for whoever'll come," repeated M'randy, turning away.

"Where'll it be?" one of the girls called after her.

"At a nice place, where there'll be lots of fun," answered M'randy. She had given her invitation, and would add nothing more.

There was a good deal of mysterious telegraphing between the desks that afternoon, and holding up of slates scribbled over with questions. The teacher intercepted one that bore the legend:

"Air you gowin?"

She admitted that airing one's gown might be a proper sanitary measure and prevent moths, though she insisted that the garment was not correctly spelled. But the teacher had not been invited to the party, and did not know whereof she talked. We were all in a state of excitement, and discussed the matter at every available opportunity. We remember, indeed, that the invitation came from M'randy Sayles; but then, a party was a party, and though a few affected indifference, and spoke of attendance as doubtful, each one of us was secretly eager to go, and determined to go, if leave could be obtained. How that question was managed in all the homes there is no record to show; but certain it is that when the appointed hour came every one was at the trysting-place; clean dresses, white aprons, and tempting baskets doing honor to the invitation.

Evidently, M'randy had not expected so general a response; and her round face grew brighter and brighter, until it was as full of sunshine as a moral face could be.

"All ready? Come on," she said.

We followed through the grove and down the road to the little house at the edge of the meadow, and their our leader paused. We knew the place. Mrs. Burns took in plain sewing, quilting, even washing and ironing occasionally, for any one in the village who wanted such work done, anything by which she could provide for herself and Annie. Little Annie, delicate always, had attended school in an irregular fashion before the attack of scarlet fever which left her lame and helpless; but we had almost forgotten in the year that had passed that she had ever been one of us.

"There? A party at Widow Burns!" exclaimed some of the girls, pausing in dismay and disappointment. But M'randy and those in advance had already been admitted; and, after a moment's irresolution, the others followed. The house was in its neatest order, and Mrs. Burns' quick welcome showed that she had expected us. "Though I didn't think there'd be so many," she said, laughing and nodding cheerily. "Annie is so pleased. Just look at her!"

She was well worth looking at; her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled with the delightful surprise.

"Isn't it nice? How did you ever think of it? Oh, mamma, isn't it nice?" she repeated, joyously; and the mother laughed with tears in her eyes.

Such an afternoon as that was! M'randy took the lead naturally. "Her foot was on its native heath" here; and, indeed, Mrs. Burns and Annie appealed to her constantly. It was M'randy who thought of one game after another in which Annie could join, and who suggested adjourning to the yard, and carrying Annie's chair out to the porch, when the house grew too small for our merriment. Then she helped Mrs. Burns to construct a long table on the porch, when tea time came, and to arrange upon it the contents of the baskets we had brought; and a tempting sight it was, with fruits and dainties enough to coax Annie's appetite for many a day after her guests had departed.

After that, in the pleasant twilight, Mrs. Burns asked us to sing. And, as we sang our Sunday school hymns, our hearts grew hushed and tender, and more than one cheek flushed at the undeserved praise when the mother thanked us for coming, and said, as she bade us good night, "You don't know how much good you have done."

It had done us good, even though we were rather a quiet party as we walked home through the grove. When we reached the crooked pine, our parting place, M'randy suddenly enquired:

"Well, are you sorry you went?"

"No! No, indeed! We had a splendid time!" was answered in chorus. And then Lizzie asked curiously:

"M'randy, how did you come to think of it?"

"Well, I go there so much; and, then, I—I kind of know how it feels to be lonesome," said M'randy, slowly. "But what made me think of it most of all, was the last Sunday-school lesson—about 'When thou makest a feast,' you know. He said what ones to make it for, that's all."

Brave, true-hearted little M'randy! She did not look poor or common to one of us as she turned away in the gray light that evening. We said not a word to each other of change of feeling or purpose; but when she came in the school-yard the next morning, just as we were choosing for a game, Helen Campbell's voice rang out eagerly as if the new-comer were a nugget of gold:

"I choose M'randy Sayles!"—*Kate W. Hamilton, in Standard.*

We know of no mode of treatment which offers, to sufferers of chronic diseases, a more certain hope of cure than that which is comprehended in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For purifying and invigorating the blood, this preparation is unequaled.

Origin of Odd Phrases.

"*Catching a Tartar,*" says the antiquarian Grose, "comes from the story of the Irish soldier, serving in the Austrian army. During a battle with the Turks, he cried out to an officer that he had caught a Tartar!

"'Bring him here' was the order.

"'Shure an' he won't come,' replied the Irish captor.

"'Then come along yourself,' exclaimed the officer, impatiently.

"'Faith, your honor, I can't. *He won't let me!*'"

Hence in "catching a Tartar" it is obvious you have taken another in only to get caught yourself.

"*Till all's blue,*" applied to anything that moves along tediously, originated with early theatrical entertainments, when long waits between the scenes caused the play to drag until daylight.

"*A gone 'coon*" has a revolutionary origin. An American scout dressed himself in a raccoon skin, and ascended a tree to reconnoiter the enemy. While thus engaged he was surprised by a British soldier, out hunting, and the latter, mistaking him for a genuine 'coon, levelled his gun to fire.

"Hold on!" cried the startled spy. "If you won't shoot, I'll come down! *I am a gone 'coon!*"

The Englishman, however, was so terrified that he dropped his gun and fled.

"*My beard is in your hands*" was a term often used by the Persian merchants when trading. It signified that if the articles were not as represented, the seller placed himself at the buyer's mercy.

"*To bite the thumb*" at another implies an insult, as witness the remark of Sampson in "Romeo and Juliet," "I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it."

"*Mugwump*" came from the Indian word *mugquomp*, meaning "a great man." In Eliot's Indian Bible, it stands for "captain."

"*Painting it red,*" it is claimed, originated as follows:

When steamboat travelling on the Mississippi was at its zenith, racing was one of its exciting features. At such times, while all hands were breathless and anxious, the captain would cry out:

"Paint her red, boys," which, in other words than river slang, meant to fill the fire box with resin, so that a quick, hot fire could be had.

Then the fire boxes would be thrown open, and, if it was night, says one who was an eye witness to such a scene, "the effect was simply grand. As far ahead as the eye could see the river would be a deep red, from reflection, forming a beautiful picture which, once seen, could never be forgotten."

Hence, among the boatmen, "to paint the town red" was intended to carry an idea of the happy time in store for them at the end of their trip.

"*Halcyon days,*" meaning quiet, peaceful, comes from the tradition that during the incubation of the halcyon or kingfisher—a bird said to breed in the sea—there is always a calm. The poet embodies this idea in his couplet:

"Amidst our arms as quiet you shall be
As halcyons brooding on a winter's sea."

"*To crack a joke*" originated with the witty Douglas Jerrold. A friend, telling him a good story, suddenly remembered that he was repeating what he had told him before, and apologized. "Never mind," replied the wit, "*it don't hurt a joke to crack it.*"

"*Potter's field*" was the name of an ancient burial ground for strangers in Jerusalem, on a hill overlooking the valley of Hinnom. In later years the pithet has been applied to the plots where the poor and unknown are given sepulture.

"*Trembling like an aspen*" comes from the belief that the tree still shakes on account of the part it played in the crucifixion.

"*What will Mrs Grundy say?*" was asked by one Thomas Morton, many years ago, and had reference to the anticipated gossip of family trouble from a great newsmonger of that name.

"*He's a brick,*" we believe, originated with Plutarch, in his life of Agesilaus, King of Sparta.

"Sire," said a certain diplomat, when visiting his kinglour, and noticing with wonder the absence of any great evidence of defence in his principle towns, "I have now seen thy chief towns and am surprised to find no walls raised for their protection. Why is this?"

"Indeed," replied the king, smiling, "I fear thou has not employed thy vision well. Come with me and I will show thee the walls of Sparta."

Thereupon the king led his guest out upon the plains, where his army was drawn up in full battle array. Pointing to the serried columns he cried, with a look of triumph:

"Behold thou the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, *and every man a brick!*"

"*Teetotalers*" has a peculiar origin. An English temperance orator unfortunately stuttered, and speaking of total abstinence invariable pronounced it "t-t-total abstinence." In derision, his supporters were nicknamed "teetotalers." The epithet, however, has long since lost its sting to become a term no one need be ashamed to bear.

"*As high as Gilderoy's kite, which burned its tail in the sun,*" is synonymous with "cutting off one's nose to spite the face," the meaning of which is evident. Gilderoy was a Scottish outlaw, who infested the highlands of Perthshire. In retaliation for the capture of a couple of his followers he renewed his depredations with more than former fury, until the aroused people turned out *en masse* to bring him to justice. As a mark of triumph, he was hanged high above the heads of his confederates seized at the same time.

"*I acknowledge the corn,*" originated in the halls of Congress in 1828, when Andrew Stewart declared in a speech that Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn-fields, and fodder to New York and Philadelphia for sale. One Wickcliffe, of Kentucky, called him to order, saying that those States did not send haystacks or corn fields away for sale.

"Well, what do you send?" inquired Stewart.

"We send cattle, horses, mules, and hogs."

"Very well; what makes your cattle, horses, mules, and hogs? You feed one hundred dollars worth of hay to a horse. You just ruminate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride off to market. How is it with your cattle? You make them carry fifty dollars worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market. How much corn does it take at thirty-three cents a bushel to fatten a hog?"

"Why, thirty bushels."

"Then you put thirty bushels into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

"Mr. Speaker," cried Wickcliffe, springing to his feet at this point, "I acknowledge the corn!"—*Golden Days.*

People Demand Protection.—Patent Medicines.

What are they? As a general thing they are prescriptions having been used with great success by old and well real Physicians. Thousands of invalids have been unexpectedly cured by their use, and they are the wonder and dread of Physicians and Medical Colleges in the U. S., so much so, that Physicians graduating Medical Colleges are required to discountenance Proprietary Medicines, as through them the country doctor loses his most profitable practice. As a manufacturer of Proprietary Medicines, Dr. G G. Green of Woodbury, N. J., advocates most cordially,—in order to prevent the risk that the sick and afflicted are liable to, almost daily by the use of Patent Medicines put out by inexperienced persons for aggrandizement only, and the employing of inexperienced and incompetent doctors by which almost every village and town is cursed; and men claiming to be doctors who had better be undertakers, experimenting with their patients and robbing them of their money and health,—for the good of the afflicted that our government protect its people by making laws to regulate the practice of medicine by better experienced and more thoroughly educated Physicians, and thus by keep up the honor and credit of the profession, also form laws for the recording of recipes of Proprietary Medicines, under examination and decision of experienced Chemists and Physicians appointed for that purpose by the Government, before they are licensed for general use. He would most freely place the recipe of Boschee's German Syrup and Green's August Flower under such laws, had he the proper protection, and thereby save the prejudice of the people, and avoid the competition and imitation of worthless medicines.—*Copied from the Chicago Mail, Aug 3, '87.*

Contraction of the Muscles.

C. C. Richards & Co.,

Gents,—I had the muscles of my hand so contracted that I could not use it for 2 years. I used Minard's Liniment and have the use of my hand as well as ever.

Mrs Rachel Saunders

Dalhousie

Mothers Should Read This.

Gentlemen,—I again have to ask you to send us some more of your excellent Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It has proved such a valuable remedy in all cases of Pulmonary complaints and for building up the constitution of the little ones, many of whom come to us in a very weak and debilitated state. We have come to think that we cannot do without a supply of Puttner's Emulsion in our home. We have no trouble in getting the little ones to take it, in fact they often ask and sometimes cry for it.

Mrs. L. E. Snow,
Matron, Infants Home.

Halifax, N. S., Dec., 23rd, 1886.

Puttner's Emulsion is sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the Dominion.

Brown Brothers & Co., Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

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Odd Fellow's Hall. Principal.

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, the City and county of St. John, on **SATURDAY, the 3rd day of December 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 second day of August, instant, in a suit therein pending, wherein Ann Ruddock, Andrew L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock, and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull are Defendants, and by which suit between Andrew L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull, 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:

"All and those two lots, tracts and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the Parish now the town of Portland in the County of Saint John, hereafter mentioned and described, that is to say: All that lot, tract and parcel of land herein before conveyed by the late Honorable Ward Chipman and wife to Thomas Walker by Indenture, bearing date the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, registered in the records of deeds in and for the city of Saint John in Book P number three of said records, pages 323 and 324, and therein described as: All that lot, tract, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Portland, in the county of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:

"Beginning at an iron pipe set and placed by the said parties hereto on the southerly side of a road four rods in width lately laid out by the said Ward Chipman, leading in a northeasterly direction from the public highway leading from the city aforesaid to Sandy Point; thence from the said iron pipe or post along the southerly side of the said road, North forty-six degrees, thirty minutes; East, two chains and thirty-three links to a stake, thence South forty-three degrees thirty minutes East four chains and thirty links to a stake thence South forty-six degrees thirty minutes, West two chains and thirty three links to a stake, and thence North forty three degrees thirty minutes, West four chains and thirty links to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one acre, be the same more or less. Also all that other lot, tract and parcel of land heretofore conveyed by the late Honorable Ward Chipman to James Walker by Indenture, bearing date the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty nine, registered in the records of deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John aforesaid, in Book P, number 3 of said records, pages 324, 325 and 326, and therein described as all that lot, tract and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Portland, in the County of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:

"Beginning on the southerly side of a road four rods wide, lately laid out by the said Ward Chipman, running in a northeasterly direction from the public highway leading from the city of Saint John towards Sandy Point, at a stake being at the northeasterly corner of a lot of land sold and conveyed by the said Ward Chipman to Thomas Walker, thence from the said stake North forty-six degrees thirty minutes, East on the said road, two chains and ninety links to a stake, thence South forty-three degrees thirty minutes, East one chain and ten links to a stake, thence South nineteen degrees, East three chains and fifty links to a stake, thence South forty one degrees thirty minutes, West to a stake up the southeasterly corner of the said Thomas Walker's lot and thence on the easterly line of the said lot North forty-three degrees thirty minutes, West four chains and thirty links to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one acre, be the same more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof and all the estate, right, title, dower, right of dower property, claim and demand whatever both at law and in Equity of them the said Charles G. Turnbull and Mary Ann his wife into or out of the said premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

Dated August, the 19th, A. D. 1887.

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

SILAS ALWARD,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKART, Auctioneer. 35 tds

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