MARTHA OR MARY—WHICH?

I cannot choose; I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet, to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

And yet to serve Him! O, divine employ!
To minister and give the Master joy;
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat.

Worship or service—which? Ah! that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil, or rest,—
To labor for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet, a silent worshipper.

So let Him choose for us; we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship, and so fail of both.

—*The Kingdom.*

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECOND HOME-COMING.

It was March of the next year. The wild winds of a stormy night swept the slopes of the Cevennes, as a coach slowly made its way up the mountain road in the direction of the towers of Beaumont. The snow, which had been falling all day, had ceased, and lay in white, frozen masses along the road, obliterating every landmark. The few stars that endeavored to shine, were only occasionally visible through the murky clouds drifting across the sky. More than once the driver had paused, and descending, examined with a lantern the way before him; but in spite of his care the frequent jolting of the vehicle over unseen obstacles elicited indignant remonstrances from some one within. Finally, there was a sharp call to halt, a window was thrown up, and Captain La Roche's voice demanded impatiently:

"Is it not possible for you to be more careful, Martin? You will kill madame with your driving. If it were not for leaving her, I would come out and take the reins myself."

"With all respect, M. le Captaine, I fear you would not do much better," answered the man sullenly. "It is the sense in our horses' heels, not the hands upon the reins, that will keep us off the precipice to-night."

"Nonsense! If we have the road to Beaumont, and keep the middle of it, there is no danger"; but as Captain La Roche spoke, he opened the door of the coach, and springing out, came up to the box. "Keep a stiller tongue in your head, if you would not frighten my lady out of her wits," he said in a low, stern voice; then to the valet seated beside Martin: "Jean, you ought to know the country by night as well as day. Cannot you help Martin to keep the road?"

Jean scrambled down, and came round to his master's side.

"I begin to fear we are not on the road to Beaumont at all, monsieur. We ought to have passed the ruins of the old temple before this, but not a familiar landmark have I set eyes on to-night."

"You must have bad bat's eyes to recognize your own mother in such darkness as this," retorted the young sieur hastily. "I am sure we took the right turn at the crossroads, and Martin could not have wandered much from the track since then, without my perceiving it. Come, my good fellow, take the lantern, and go before him a little, that he may have light upon his path, and let the thought of your good Lucille, watching for you at Beaumont, be a lode-star to your feet. Eglantine," he added, re-entering the coach, and bending anxiously over the slight figure, wraped in furs and shawls in the corner, "I fear this hurried journey will make you ill. I wish I had listened to my better judgment, not your siren voice, and insisted upon your stopping over night at Anduze."

"No, no," answered a faint but cheerful voice. "This is a hundred times better, Henri. I could never have been happy left behind, and I have such a strange presentiment that you are wanted at Beaumont, that I would not have dared to ask you to stay with me."

"Our hurried flight from Paris, and your fear lest a lettre de cachet is at my heels, has not a little to do with that presentiment, I fancy. My little wife forgets that I am of less consequence in Minister Louvois' eyes than in hers." Henri La Roche put his arm tenderly about the figure beside him, and his young wife leaned her head upon his shoulder, and laughed. They had been married in the golden September weather, and now the March snows were upon the ground, but it was still summer in their love.

"I begin to wish we had never accepted Natalie's invitation, and gone up to Paris," murmured Eglantine, as they moved on slowly once more. "It has all been very wonderful and beautiful, Henri; but I would have been just as happy at Beaumont with you, and I am afraid monsieur has missed us very much."

"I am afraid he has, my beautiful; but you were so eager to see la belle Paris."

"And you could not bear to say me no, Henri. I am afraid I have been selfish, yet not wholly so; M. Renau was so sure it would help to secure your promotion to bring you under the personal notice of the king, and I did so long to have my husband receive the praise and honor he merited. It has all been like a winter's ball room, when the flowers in the conservatory make one forget that the snow is without, and the feet of the dancers drown the sobbing of the storm."

"Until at last the tempest has burst in through the windows and put out the lights," he returned bitterly. "They thought they could fill your heart with pleasure and flattery, Eglantine, and make me forget everything but your sweet eyes; but they did not know either of us. We are awake, thank God, though it took a thunder-clap to rouse me."

The words were scarcely off his lips when the coach, which had been moving forward with more speed, came to so sudden a halt that they were almost thrown from their seats. Henri was out in the snow in an instant, and by the faint starlight struggling through the clouds, saw that they had reined up on the very verge of a precipice. The horses were trembling in every limb, and Martin's attention was fully occupied in endeavoring to quiet and reassure them. Jean, with a dismayed face, stood looking over the edge of the cliff, down which his lantern had disappeared in his frantic clutch at life.

"There can be no more doubt about it, monsieur; we have lost the road," he said sorrowfully. "The only thing to be done is for you to keep madame as warm as you can in the coach, while I strike out in search of some shepherd's hut. It would be madness to go on without a guide, even if Martin could induce his horses to attempt it."

There was nothing to do but yield a reluctant assent. Henri did so, and having seen the stout-hearted fellow strike out boldly into the darkness, turned back to the coach. But Eglantine, alarmed by the plunging of the horses, had already alighted, and entreated piteously not to be compelled to re-enter immediately.

"I am sure I hear the sound of distant singing," she said. "We must be near some house, If Jean could only find it."

"Perhaps we have come upon some midnight gathering of our brethren," answered Henri, "though it is a wild night even for a preche. Hark, my love; Jean has started a sentinel already."

Firm and clear, from the gloom beyond them, came the challenge: "Halt, or give the pass!"

"That is a Cevanol voice," whispered Henri to his wife, and they heard Jean answer sturdily:

"I give no word except that the young sieur needs help, and asks it. Dost thou not know thine own mother's son, Phillippe?"

"Jean!"

There was the sound of a hurried colloquy as the brothers embraced; then a cry, hoarse and fierce, from Jean. Henri cleared the space between them with a bound.

"What is it?" he demanded, laying a heavy hand on his valet's shoulder. "Is aught wrong with your good wife, Jean? Speak!"

But Jean was speechless.

"Phillippe! hast thou a tongue in thy head? Tell me! is there aught wrong at the chateau—with my father?"

"You are well come, monsieur," answered the younger brother sadly. "But none too soon. There is no time to be lost if you would not have our old sieur laid in his grave, with you away. They are burying him now down yonder in the glen."

Henri put his hand to his forehead. He was only dimly aware that his wife stood beside him, her pitying hand upon his arm.

"My father dead!" he said in a muffled voice. Then, rousing himself, "But why this haste, this midnight burial? Why was I not summoned? Go on, Phillipe! you are keeping something back."

The mountaineer drew his hand across his eyes.

"We have done the best we could for him, monsieur. If it had not been for Master Chevalier, our old sieur would be lying to-night in a grave he would have thought too foul for a dead hound."

Henri's fingers were upon his throat. "Take back the word, Philippe, and I will make a rich man of you! Swear to me that I have not heard aright. They have not dared to lay hands on that good gray head.

Philippe released himself with mournful dignity.

"I speak truth, monsieur. Our old lord has been failing ever since the new year came in, and last week he had a stroke. Master Chevalier sent off a messenger to tell you, and tried to keep his sickness quiet. But somehow the priests got wind of it, and forced their way into his chamber. When they found they could not move him with their arguments, they had drums beat under his window night and day, that he might not have an instant's rest. They thought to wear out his resolution by wearing out his poor feeble body, but they did not know our old sieur. Master Chevalier thinks he would have rallied from the stroke, and lived to see you again, if it had not been for their doings."

"That is not all." Henri La Roche spoke now in a tone of awful quietness. "They had still the deserted tenement upon which to wreak their vengeance. Finish your story, Philippe."

There was the sound of a stifled sob from Jean, but his brother answered sadly:

"I should be able to speak it, who had to stand by and see it, monsieur. Again and again, as he lay dying, they placed the alternative before him—the public sewer for his grave, if he would not confess to the priest, and as often our lord told them boldly they might do what they pleased to the body he left behind him, his soul would be with God. Not once did he waver."

"Do you think I doubt that?" retorted the sieur La Roche, and his voice made even the wife, clinging to his arm, tremble. "Do you think I need to be told that that great heart, ever brave and stainless, did not stoop to the vilest of all sins at the last? But what I do want to know, Philippe, is this: was there never a man among my father's people to silence those murderous drums, and save his white hairs from this outrage? Have his years of ceaseless kindness gone for nothing?"

"Those who did the deed wore the king's livery, my lord, and were armed to the teeth. Yet neither our loyalty, nor the fear of their bayonets, could have held our hands, if it had not been for monsieur's own charge. We were to make no resistance, but to bear all things patiently, he sent word to us by Master Chevalier. It was his last command, and we obeyed, though it broke our hearts.

"And where was Rene Chevalier all this while? Did he, too, stand tamely by, and witness this outrage to his father's friend and his?"

"He was ever beside our old lord's bed, doing what he could to alleviate his sufferings, monsieur, and cheering him with brave, unfaltering words, until the end had come, and they had done their worst. Then, as we sat stricken and helpless in our homes, he came to us and bade us if we had the hearts and hands of men, rise up and help him rescue the head we loved from its foul resting-place, and give it decent burial. There were plenty to answer the summons, my young sieur, but it was Master Chevalier who first thought of it, and has managed the whole affair."

Eglantine looked up wistfully into her husband's face.

"Have you forgotten, Henri, what is going on in the glen yonder? Ought we not to be there?"

He started like one waking from a dream.

"You here, Eglantine? You cannot walk through the snow."

"I will follow if you do not take me," was her answer.

It was no time for remonstrance. He put his harm about her, and half carrying her over the hard, slippery ground, sped down the hill.

"My father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof," she heard him murmur once. It was the only time he spoke.

Jean, who had overtaken them with a stride, gave his master a few directions as to the road. The clouds were breaking overhead, and there was a faint light upon their path. The sweet, mournful chant that still rose from the valley, served also as a guide and an incentive to their feet.

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations," was the psalm they sang.

"It is the one he loved best," whispered Eglantine with a sob. "I sang it for him the night before we left Beaumont."

Her husband's answer was to point through an opening in the trees to the scene before them. A little band of men and women stood about a new-made grave, over which the sods were being hastily pressed down. The next moment he was in the midst of the startled, sorrow-stricken group, and would have thrown himself face downward upon the earth but for Rene Chevalier's restraining hand.

"For his sake, monsieur, do not hinder us. Every moment is precious."

Henri looked at him for a moment with wild, blood-shot eyes, then turning away, hid his face in his cloak, and motioned them to proceed. He heard Madame Chevalier's voice rise clear and sweet with her son's, in the psalm that was now resumed, and felt his wife weeping silently upon his shoulder. More than one sob from the faithful vassals about him told him that his grief was theirs, but he neither spoke nor moved again until his friend's hand once more touched his arm.

"It is over, my lord. The sooner we disperse, the better."

Then the sieur of Beaumont uncovered his face and looked about him. The grave had been carefully covered with loose branches prepared for the purpose, and was not now distinguishable from the rest of the valley.

"It is safer so," explained Rene, in answer to his questioning glance.

"And is it for this I have served my king?" asked the young nobleman in a deep, hollow voice. "Is it for this I have known cold and hunger and weariness, and shed my blood? Is it thus Louis XIV. rewards the labors of the faithful subject who has risked his life in a hundred battles to preserve his crown, and would have cut off his right hand any time these three-score years, rather than utter a disloyal word? Unhappy monarch! Perjured, ungrateful king! Thank God I, at least, wear his badge no longer." He threw back his cloak, and turning to the awed group about him, showed them the plain dress of a gentleman, not an officer's uniform, beneath. "Ay, my friends," as a murmur ran from lip to lip, "I have resigned my commission. It was laid at his majesty's feet an hour after the rejection of the petition, from which we had hoped so much. The last hope of peacefully winning our rights has been wrested from us. If my sword leaves its scabbard again, it shall be in defense of our homes, not in the service of a tyrant and a bigot."

"The petition has been rejected? Our appeal to the king has failed?" burst in horror-stricken accents from his listeners the moment he paused.

"We had not heard of this," said Rene Chevalier in an agitated voice.

"Then you hear it now, mon ami! If this night of sorrows can bear one sorrow more, I have brought it. The petition has been presented, and rejected, eight days after it was placed in his majesty's hands by the noble marquis—mark the words, my friends, in his majesty's own hands! His majesty's own lips gave us our answer. He did not deny the statements made in our appeal. He did not plead ignorance of the infringement of our rights, and the severity of our sufferings. He was fully aware, he said, that his present policy was alienating from him the affection of his Huguenot subjects, and must prove prejudicial to the interests of his kingdom. But he is so persuaded of the righteousness of his undertaking—so convinced that the extirpation of heresy will exalt him in the sight of God and man, that he will cut off his right hand before he will resign it. 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall cover a multitude of sins,' says the Word. Our monarch stands in need of a cloak of more than ordinary size, and nothing less than the conversion of every Huguenot in France will meet his exigencies. Do you understand, my friends? Your blood, or your apostasy, must atone for the friendship of La Montespan and La Valliere. Do you quibble—do you hesitate? The swords that are no longer needed in Flanders can be turned against Frenchmen. A squadron of dragoons has been already ordered into Poictiers."

A cry, half of fear, half of indignation, burst from his hearers. Rene caught his noble friend by the arm.

"Are you mad, monsieur?" he whispered. "Would you goad these already overtaxed hearts beyond endurance? Surely, he who lies there would be the first to bid you forbear."

Henri turned upon him with blazing eyes.

"Still lukewarm?" he asked sarcastically; but melted by the sorrowful compassion of his friend's glance, instantly added:

"You are right, Rene. This is neither the time nor place for such words, and I do but thank you poorly for to-night's work. Disperse, my friends," he added, waving his hand to the group about him. "I grieve to have given you so sad a pilgrimage after your evening's work, but we live in days when one trouble treads close on the heels of another. You will not find me ungrateful for what you have dared for the dead, when your own hour of need comes. Henceforth, I am your brother." Once more he motioned them to disperse, and slowly and sorrowfully they obeyed, many of them pressing close to touch his hand before they went.

The minister who had performed the last rites for the dead had stood apart, thus far, a silent spectator of the scene. Now he drew near and held out his hand to the new lord of Beaumont.

"Be comforted, my brother," he said in a low, sweet voice. "The good man is taken away from the evil to come. The failure of the petition will not distress monsieur in the world to which he has gone. He has fought a good fight, he has kept the faith. The sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory to be revealed, either for him or us."

Little as the words suited Henri's mood at the moment, the voice and manner of the speaker strangely attracted him. He looked earnestly into the face under the wide-brimmed hat. It was one not soon to be forgotten, singularly youthful for one of his calling, and with a rare spirituality of expression. The dark eyes were lit with enthusiasm; the firm lips, with all their gravity, were sweet as a child's.

"Methinks we have met before," said the sieur of Beaumont thoughtfully. "Ah! I have it,—M. Rey. There have been sad changes since I parted with you last summer at my father's gate, but I owe you much for this night's work."

"You owe me nothing," was the gentle answer. "My services belong to you as well as to the feeblest of this scattered flock. Madame is gently reared for such scenes as this," he added, glancing at the slight figure, trembling with cold, at Henri's side; and the young husband woke, with a sudden rush of sweetness, to the recollection of the joy still remaining to him.

"Eglantine, I must have you home at once. What would I do if you too were taken from me?"

"Hush!" she said quietly. "There is the coach coming up the glen. Rene sent one of the men to bring it down by a way he knew, and Jean has gone on to tell them to have fire and food for us."

It was not until they had left Madame Chevalier and her son at the cottage gate, and were in sight of the towers of Beaumont, that she let her full heart overflow, with her arms about his neck.

"Then you will not be comfortless while you have me, Henri?"

He strained her to his breast.

"You are my life, ma mie. If I lose you I lose everything."

"And I lose nothing while I have you!" she returned. "Henri, there is but one thing I fear—separation. Promise me you will never leave me."

It was the old story human hearts repeat so often—hewing out broken cisterns, while the Master stood with the cup, and cried:

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

As they rolled in under the familiar archway, and the flashing torches revealed the sad faces of the retainers gathered to welcome them, a strong shiver ran through Henri La Roche's frame. Then his muscles grew hard as iron.

"Eglantine," he said in a low voice, "we have walked side by side through the path of flowers. Do you love me well enough to keep step on the edge of a precipice?"

She looked up with startled eyes, and read the truth in his face.

"My noble, brave husband; you will find I am not unworthy of your trust."

And for one moment he held her passionately to his heart.

"I am no longer able to shield you from trouble," he whispered; "but at least no harm shall touch you which has not done its worst for me."

(*To be continued.*)

Natural Refreshing Sleep.

HOW THIS TERRIBLE DISEASE, THE FOREBUNNER OF INSANITY, CAN BE POSIVITELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED. NO ONE NEED DESPAIR.

Your doctor can tell you by reference to his case books that sleeplessness, with restless and wakeful nights, followed by a weak, tired, and exhausted feeling on arising in the morning, is more frequent among his patients than any other trouble. He will assert most positively that it is the sure forerunner of physical prostration and complete nervous exhaustion, ending in insanity. Thousands allow themselves to drift toward the awful verge of insanity, without knowing that the feelings and sensations which they experience day by day are fast hurrying them on to utter mental collapse and absolute prostration of nerve power.

Those who have felt the maddening misery of sleeplessness know only too well that insanity is its near relative. Save yourself from these terrible results while there is yet time by the use of that wonderful nerve restorer, Paine's Celery Compound. For all the different forms of bad sleep it is a true remedy. It soothes, calms, and quiets the weakened, irritated, and over excited nerves, producing perfect repose and refreshing natural sleep; at the same time it imparts renewed life, strength, vitality and vigor to the nervous system, and restores the physical energies and powers to perfect health and strength.

"In the summer of 1888 I had to work very hard, and was troubled considerably with insomnia (sleeplessness). I resolved to try your Paine's Celery Compound, and after taking the contents of two bottles, felt like a new man. A good night's rest gave me strength for the duties of the day, and instead of starting out to business in the morning feeling as if I had completed a day's work instead of being about to commence one, I started out in good spirits, feeling fresh and strong."—A. Sabiston, Montreal.

Paine's Celery Compound may be purchased of any druggist at one dollar per bottle. Refuse substitutes, for this medicine has no equal.

—One of our contemporaries, in an obituary of an honored brother, says: "For over two years preceding his death, he was a constant reader of the ——. He was a great sufferer, but grace sustained him." How sad that he did not take to the reading of some other newspaper in time!—*Exchange.*

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 7.30, 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, 15.30
Express for Sussex, 16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 17.00

A parlor car runs each way daily on these 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.

DANIEL & BOYD.

Wholesale Importers of
British, Foreign, and American
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS
And MILLINERY.
—DEALERS IN—
Canadian Manufactured Dry Goods
—AND—
Manufacturers of Clothing, Shirts, etc., etc.
MARKET SQ. & CHIPMAN'S HILL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 "Doric" (Paper, Turn Down), and "The Swell" (Paper Standing COLLAR.

Manchester Robertson & Allison.

SEARCH
—IN—

Old trunks and closets for letters, receipts, &c., dated between 1847 and 1860, and you will find old STAMPS, for which I will pay cash. Will give from 1 cent to $7.00 each for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia stamps. These are a few prices:

N. S. 1d., 35c. each.
N. B. or N. S. 3d., 15c. "
N. B. or N. S. 6d., 50c. "
N. B. or N. S. 1s., $7.00 "

Send what others you find for prices. Stamps left on the original envelopes or letters are worth more; also 6d., &c., cut in halves, used for 3d.—MUST BE on original envelopes. Stamps not wanted will be returned. Address, H. L. HART,
care MESSENGER AND VISITOR,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.
16

Public Notice.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, on SATURDAY, the First day of February next, at 12 o'clock, noon, under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 26th day of March, A. D. 1884, and made between Patrick Condon and Margaret, his wife, of the one part, and Margaret D. Milligan of the other part, default having been made in the payment of the principal moneys secured therein, Lands and Premises described in said mortgage as follows:

"ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of Ground situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in Sidney Ward, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City by the number twelve hundred and eleven, having a frontage on the North side of Brittain Street of forty feet, and extending back, preserving the same width, one hundred feet, more or less, together with the rights, privileges and appurtenances, and the buildings thereon standing and being.

Dated this twenty eighth day of December, A. D. 1889.

HARVEY P. HAYWARD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

J. J. FORREST,
Solicitor for Assignee of Mortgagee.
GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

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 wholesale 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 B. 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.

(Signed) GEO. B. SEELY,
L. S. Notary Public St. John, N. B.
ap15

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, since deceased, to one Michael Donovan by lease bearing date fifteenth day of February, A. D., 1825.

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

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

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, School, Fire Alarm, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

Baltimore Church Bells
Since 1844 celebrated for Superiority over others. Also Chimes, Peals, Church Bells Metal, (Copper and Tin.) Rotary Mountings, warranted satisfactory. For Prices, Catalogue, address BALTIMORE BELL FOUNDRY & MANUFACTURING CO., Baltimore, Md.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO
SUCCESSORS TO BUCKEYE BELLS TO THE
BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO
CATALOGUE WITH 2200 TESTIMONIALS.
CHURCH CHIMES, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM.
No duty on church bells.

MENEELY & COMPANY
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURES IN A FEW MINUTES. Sold by druggists everywhere, or will send one dollar trial bottle on receipt of 25 cents. DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N.Y. FREE

OVER AND OVE

Over and over again
My duties wait for me
They ever come in mon
Breakfast and dinner
Smoothing the snow-wh
Sweeping and dusting
There is ever some ta
home
To brighten it everyw
What may I claim for m
Are these endless rour
Naught but a dull mono
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in t
And always over and ov
The birds come back
The robin sings to his le
Close, close to my cot
The same glad song I
sing
For many a day befor
What does the robin sa
If the heart is tuned
'key;
No task can be dull mo
Though over and over

—Ge

THE HO

Discourtesy of

Every fair minded wo
the justice of the char
her sex, in the *Sunday*
the effect that "the a
not so courteous as th
One reason given for th
are trained from boyhe
ence to women, who th
tomed to receiving co
and a habit of overlook
others is developed. T
as follows:

If two men, walkin
street-crossing, meet a
the opposite direction,
instinctively drop behi
order to allow the third
the crossing. If two w
thus, they will move rig
when they meet a man,
must step off the cross
on either side of it, beca
ing abreast. There ar
this rule; but this is
walking together on a s
have it in mind to give
walk to passers of eith
posite direction. Wom
to be so thoughtful on
In a crowded market
business establishment,
will push in before a cu
ter or stall, and make k
as pressing, whether
whose rights have prece
a man or a woman—wh
have no thought of cro
ward, and another out,
woman's habit of havi
influences her, as the m
ceding it influences him
Any street-car conduc
would testify that wome
and considerate in seeki
is made for as many sit
commodated in the ca
that is, that women ar
aid in providing seats fo
are to aid in providin
And that same conduc
that he has far less ta
full of men than with
men, at a time when
crowded.
In any scramble for
car, a courteous man i
precedence to a woman
has paid for, and is occ
a car—whether it be a
dinary passenger car, or
is not *bound* to vacate t
of a woman who after
car. The *duty* of pro
other passengers reats
company, rather than o
who have already taken
ter of special courtesy,
man is always ready to
his seat to any woman
car where the seats are
woman who accepts su
a *duty* to acknowledge i
and to return her thank
a matter of fact, man
thinks of saying a word
cognition of such a cour
man were to be given a
man, it would be a rare
not give hearty thanks
If a woman attempts
crowded street car, a
the p'atform of the car
step off and stand in t
times in the rain—in
room for her. For this
as for every other, sp
due from the woman t
such thanks are rarely g
although it would be a s
man were to fail of t
man who showed this
him.
Similar illustrations o
be multiplied. But
said to call the attentio
the duty of training the
daughters, to courtesy;
the correction of such a
bringing up of a new ge
ter way than that of t
Girls ought to be traine
every direction; to be
derate of one another,
toward their seniors;
rise and give their seats
calls for it, to women or
firm men; and to be
thanks for every cour
which is proffered to th
son whatsoever. There
thus trained, and who
it continually. When
more general, there will
than now for complainin
courtesy among women.

Messrs. Northrop and
proprietors of *Dr. Thom*
which is now being so
quantities throughout th
welcomed by the sufferi
where with emotions of
it banishes pain and giv
This valuable specific fo
ill that flesh is heir to,
sufferers as more precio
is the elixir of life to
frame. If you have n
bottle, do so at once, an
for an emergency. It
cents per bottle, place
reach of all. To the fa
pensable, and it shou
house.