WHAT SHALL I GIVE HER?

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

What shall I give my love?
This gray haired woman,
What shall I give her?
Since by fate brought together,
We two have wrought together,
Helping each other
In deed, in thought;
Each has made the other stronger,
Made this life worth living longer,
Which else were naught,
What shall I give her?

What shall I give my love?
This gray haired woman,
What shall I give her?
The morn should sing it to me,
The night should bring it to me,
The thought I seek!
So close are we
Subtle instinct of affection
Should make easy the selection.
What shall it be?
What shall I give her?

Our beings have a single sum,
Our thoughts in the same channel flow;
This happiness to us has come,
No more we seek nor care to know!
Wound through the fibre of each heart,
Like wire of gold through potter's clay,
This knowledge is the richest part,
Love's handiwork, Love's cloisonne.

What shall I give my love?
This gray haired woman,
It matters not!
I laugh, to ponder o'er it;
She would but wonder o'er it.
Why! she has got
All I can give!
In one our lives are blended,
As one will they be ended;
So do we live,
What could I give her?

—Stanley Waterloo.

MY WOLVES.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window-pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them, whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

Tonight I cry to God for bread,
Tomorrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin, and Hunger and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
Are burned and branded into my brain,
Like signal lights at sea.

—Francis Gerry Fairfield.

AFTER THE BALL.

The music has died away,
Its rhythm has ceased to thrill;
But echoing notes astray
Are loud in my fancy still.
The ring of that waltz-quadrille,
Like a lullaby song of old,
Is sounding afresh in my drowsy ear,
And wheeling before my eyes appear,
With gracefulness timed to the hanting strain,
Gay ribbon, bright jewel and gorgeous train,
A vision of silk and gold.

Fair faces with joy replete
On muscular shoulders lean;
Feet, daintily sandaled feet,
Coquettishly dart between;
White skirts but a moment seen,
Yet lavish in brief display,
Go saucily by with their wanton sweep,
Like patches of foam on the stormy deep,
And fanciful columns retreat, advance,
And mingle again in the fairy dance,
So wild in my brain today.

Stay, resonant music loud,
Yet sweet as a cradle song;
Nor vanish, O phantom crowd,
Who gracefully move along;
Still closer around me throng,
Forever I fain would keep
Your beauty to compass the mystic bed
Where reveries nestle and dreams are bred,
Draw nearer and enter my closing eyes,
That closed they may see you again arise
To dance in the halls of Sleep.

A. E. Kaul, in the San Francisco Wasp.

BEYOND THE GATE.

Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped:
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through.
This massive gate a boundary had been set,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.

Strange were the sights she saw across the way—
A little child had died some days before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers and some a casket bore.

The little watcher at the garden gate
Grew tearful, hers such thoughts and wonderings were,
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child, Weep not.
We all must go. 'Tis God has sent for her."

"If He should send for me"—thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angel, "Do not wait,
Though God has sent for me, I cannot come:
I never go beyond the garden gate.'"

DISTANCE.

On softening days, when a storm was near,
At the farm house door I have stood in the gray,
And caught in the distance, faint but clear,
The sound of a train, passing, far away.
The warning bell when the start was made,
The engine's puffing of smoke unseen,
With the heavy rumble as wheels obeyed—
Across the miles between.

And so sometimes, on a moonless night,
When the stars shine soft and the wind is low,
To my listening soul, in the pallid light,
Come the trembling voices of long ago.
The tuneful echoes when hope was young,
The tender song of love serene,
And the throbbing rhythm of passion's tongue—
Across the years between.

—Margaret W. Hamilton.

LONGING.

Come into my heart, love,
Life is slipping by;
Come and chase the shadows, love,
From a darkening sky.

Come, and to an aching heart
Bring thy healing balm;
Come, and still the tempest, love,
To the deepest calm.

Mine has been a weary life,
Full of grief and pain;
Come, and in its closing hours
Make a sweet refrain.

Come, and through the sunset clouds
Cast a golden ray—
Lighting up the dreary road
To eternal day.

H. E. Branch, in Good Housekeeping.

(For The Sun.)

SLEIGHING.

Out from the firelight's ruddy glow,
Into the moonlight and over the snow,
Lured by the music of dancing bells,
Music of gladness, whose echo swells,
Backward thrown from the frowning height.

Out from the village, and down the street,
Faster! faster! with flying feet
Our steed skims over the gleaming track,
With never a halt and never a slack,
Till the turn is reached by the ice-bridged rill,
Where the road winds over the frowning hill.

Turn we then, and with laughter gay,
Cheerily speed on the homeward way.
The air is keen, and the air is cold;
But snugly round us the robes we fold,
And with bright eyes sparkling and cheeks aglow,
Dash merrily home o'er the moonlit snow.

Oh glorious night! Oh tuneful bells!
Within my heart your gladness dwells.
The burden falls from my life away;
Gone are cares that infest the day;
I have shot them through with a shaft of light
That gleaming fell from the grasp of night.

B.

THE PEN.

The poet's words lived long ago,
Amid the strains of pipes and lutes,
Oh lips of those who led their slow
Flocks fieldward, lingering under low
Wood branches laden with wild fruits.

Their words the pen shall now retain
Forever in some written scroll—
Too long the violent sword hath slain
The riven heart, the cloven brain;
But these again shall make them whole.

No more in fragile wefts of song
For changing tongues or times to fray,
But with their primal vigor strong,
Their spirits where their hearts belong,
In their own language they shall stay.

Lo this was as a gift of gold
To loose the savage arms they wore;
To guard their memories from of old;
As in a casket jeweled to hold
Their richest thoughts forevermore.

Edward McIntyre

A BIRD'S SONG.

The sinking sun had streaked the west
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,
And in the cold east rose the stars.
The evening chimes, like gladsome psalm,
Pealed loud from out the old church tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, lingering vale,
From humble bower of eglantine,
A blackbird thrilled his mellow tale.
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange and hall around,
Enraptured listeners lingered long;
All heard the selfsame fluting sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim,
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,
And surging strains of holy hymn,
In that sweet land that's brighter far
Than shining shores in emerald seas,
Where glows the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pitcher lingered long,
Her soul enthralled with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song.
For oh! to her it ever sings
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad that twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child and youth, and maiden fair
That bird made glad the closing day;
But dame and sire with silvered hair
Drew sorrow from its roundelay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the mellow strain,
Waking the songs of long ago,
And made them sigh for youth again!

All the Year Round.

LITTLE CHIPS.

British Columbia exported gold last year to the amount of $713,739.

Farmers in Kentucky are combining to exterminate sheep-killing dogs.

Holland sent to America during the past year $250,000 worth of flowering bulbs.

No Scientific analysis has yet accounted for the change of color of the hair to grey.

A Chicago landlord shot one of his boarders for joking about the butter.

About two thousand cases of murder were reported to the press in 1885 in the United States.

The fire losses in New Orleans during 1885 were $639,730, half of one per cent of the property at risk.

The U. S. post office department will soon issue a stamped letter sheet, combining a letter sheet and envelope—a great convenience.

California has ninety-seven banks in operation, whose resources are $152,000,000. Twenty-seven of them are savings banks.

Disproportionableness is said to be the longest word in Webster's dictionary. Eternity is longer.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt may not want the earth, but he has purchased an island on the Georgia coast nine miles in length.

It is reported that a contract for clearing sixty acres of the C. P. R. syndicate's property at Coal Harbor, B. C., has been let for $138 an acre.

Sallie Stickney, the once famous equestrienne, died in New York in extreme poverty, and was buried at the charge of the actors' fund.

The governor of Ohio gets a salary of $4,000 and has to pay $2,000 house rent out of it. A bill to increase the salary to $6,000 is before the legislature.

Ohio journalists will erect a monument over the grave of the celebrated war correspondent, J. A. MacGahan, at New Lexington, Perry county, Ohio.

In Oil City, Pa., the Standard Oil Company is charged with bringing about the failure of the Russian oil kings, the Nobel Brothers, by forcing the prices down.

Gov. Hoadly has pardoned a murderer from the Ohio penitentiary on the condition that he will abstain from intoxicating liquors for the remainder of his life.

Lottie Griffin, a colored woman who claimed to be over 120 years of age, died at Hannibal, Mo., Thursday. She has a daughter there over 80 years of age.

Five sporting women were married to citizens in Louisville, Ky., last week, and have gone to housekeeping. All the couples say they intend to lead virtuous lives.

Township Trustee Reynolds of Sylvania, Ohio, took his wife to a ball where she skipped out and eloped with a phrenologist named Baker, leaving a daughter 15 years old.

The state prison at Auburn and Clinton, N. Y., show for the last fiscal year deficiencies of about $35,000 each, while Sing Sing prison turned out a surplus of $73,000.

The value of the contents of a barrel of crude petroleum ranges from 86 cents to $1, while the value of the barrel itself is $2.50.

Strawberries are now $5 a cupful in Boston, averaging from twelve to fifteen berries in a cup. They are very sour.

The Pope instructed his almoner to provide a new bed and bedding for each 160 poor families in Rome at Christmas.

At a New York dinner party last week, underneath the centre pyramid of flowers was hid a musical box that played delightfully throughout the feast. "Sweet Violets" indeed.

A letter directed to "Nuhafen, Kt.," got there. It will be impossible to disguise that town until the old State house is cut up and sold for paper weights.—*Hartford Post.*

The white population of British Columbia on Jan. 1 was fully 30,000. Six hundred and thirty settlers pre-empted government land last year, of which 120,000 acres was taken.

The American exhibition in London will open May 1. The committee of welcome consists of one thousand men. Albert Bierstadt is at the head of the art gallery committee.

The Lake Megantic (Quebec) council offer to give a bonus of $5,000 and exemption of taxes for twenty-five years to any parties who will start a new industry there with a capital of $100,000.

Twenty decrees of divorce were granted in Wyandotte county, Kan., during the past three weeks, and twenty divorce cases are pending before the district court of Cherokee county, the same state.

The female detective who secured the evidence which led to the recent sentencing of Manntscharoff, a Russian nobleman, to death for nihilism, has suddenly disappeared, and it is believed she was killed by the nihilists.

Ezra Smith, a prominent man of Richmond, Ind., who had rarely been sick in his life, was sitting in his parlor, when suddenly blood spouted from his mouth and he bled to death shortly. The doctors are puzzled.

The residence of Chas. Buettner, a German naturalist of Burlington, Ia., was burned a few days since. It contained, among other things, a collection of 60,000 insects, also a large number of mounted birds.

The Jews intend to take the revised version of the Old Testament as a foundation for their English Scriptures to be published by the Jewish Association for the diffusion of religious knowledge.

L. M. Ludlow, the oldest actor in America, and perhaps in the world, died at his residence in St. Louis, Jan. 9th, aged nearly 90 years. Mr. Ludlow was famous in his day, prior to 30 years ago, and was known the country over, both as an eminent actor and a successful manager.

The gold dug from the mines in Thibet, writes a missionary, is so plentiful that it is used to cover the pinnacles of the pagodas, and is made into idols, chairs, couches and ornaments for the people.

A prominent New England farmer predicts that Massachusetts farms, which were tilled with success by the Pilgrims and their immediate progeny, are tending toward wildness, and may some day form a proper field for the new settler.

The growth of the telephone is shown in the fact that in August, 1877, the number of instruments in use in the United States was only 780, while in February, 1880, there were 60,800; 240,700 in 1885, 307,010 in 1884, and in February, 1885, 325,574. There are about 18,000 in Canada and 13,000 in Great Britain.

The first parsonage ever built in Washington still stands on Capitol Hill. It is now the home of Mrs. Gen. Lander, who was the tragedienne "Jean Davenport," and is surrounded by houses memorial as the residences of the political giants of Webster's era.

In a marri ge register in the church of St. James, Bury St. Edmonds, says an English journal, the following curious notice appears: "1832, Nov. 5, Christopher Newsam, Charity Morrell. Charito Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in the register with her right foot."

A thrifty little Batavia (N. Y.) newsboy, who started in business four years ago with a capital of five cents, is now the proud possessor of a bank book with $250 on the credit side, all earned at his humble calling.

The *Christian Register* says: "If Dr. Phillips Brooks is the despair of reporters, he is the delight of compositors. His manuscript is plainly written, with scarcely an erasure or interpolation.

David E. Hughes, P.R.S., who was recently presented by Queen Victoria with the royal gold medal as being first in science in the whole world, was a former resident of Bowling Green, Ky., and has relatives now residing there.

A bronze medallion with profile bust of Dean Stanley has been placed in St. Giles' Kirk, Edinburgh, on the wall to the right of the royal pew. The inscription makes grateful mention of his warm fraternal regard for the Church of Scotland.

The chief mourner of the King of Spain is his Skye terrier, Ugly, who refuses to be comforted for his master's loss. What a comment on the love kings inspire, and what a feather in the cap of the canine race, this is to be sure.

The Buck Stone, a well-known Druidical rock in the Wye Valley, England, which was overthrown last June, has been replaced in its former position by subscribers to a fund for that purpose, the expense amounting to $2,500.

A Philadelphia dime museum has on exhibition a "human volcano," whose breath is of such high temperature that it sets fire to a piece of paper held before it. The fellow came from Kentucky.

At Burlington, N. J., on Christmas day, a coal dealer dumped a ton of coal on the sidewalk and let the public scramble for it. In fifteen minutes a black spot on the sidewalk was all that was left.

A Gloucester, Mass., fisherman who had been cruelly disabled in an open boat on the Banks was given $500 two years ago by his fellow citizens. He opened a shop with this money, and prospered so well that on Christmas he returned the $500 to the city for the poor.

A miner on the head waters of the Columbus river, in British Columbia, has found a deserted mining town, where the billiard tables still stand in the saloons and letters are lying in the post office bearing the date of 1856. Not a soul has evidently been near the place for years. Thus brightly begins the new year of yarns.

A scientist says the earth's surface is slowly changing, and what is a valley today may be a mountain a million years hence. A man who contemplates erecting a residence in the valley should remember this, and he prepared to find his house on the top of a high mountain in the year 1,001,886.

Who shall say this is not an age of romance when real violets crystallized with sugar are actually eaten by material man? This is all very well if the caprice will stop at those ideal flowers, but what will become of us if we are treated to candied peonies? The latest fashion is to hand round "violets, sweet violets" with the dessert on a glass shell.

The old Irish parliamentary building in Dublin is nearly semi-circular in form, with a fine Ionic colonnade, the columns being about sixty feet high. It was begun in 1729 and completed ten years later. It remained in use as the parliament house until 1800, when the passage of the Act of Union extinguished the Irish parliament. It is now the Bank of Ireland.

John C. Fremont is now the oldest living candidate in past presidential elections. He lives with his wife in a sort of genteel poverty on Staten Island, N. Y., and is a slim, well preserved man, as straight as an arrow, with a frosty head and cheeks of a pinky white. Since the war he has been engaged in various speculative enterprises, but has made no money for himself.

A baboon on Staten Island, N. Y., is a confirmed beer drinker and often gets hilarious on it—makes a man of himself, as it were—but will not tolerate the music of a band in his vicinity if he can prevent it.

The remains of the distinguished French officer, Major L'Enfant, who, at the request of Washington, planned the city which was to bear his own name, lie buried in a garden on the Riggs estate in Maryland, unmarked by any monument.

Women are capable of a daring piece of malice now and then, but the very worst on record is that of a brunette who "killed" a blonde rival by wearing a flaming red tulle ball-gown and persisting in shadowing her during the whole evening. Of course the vivid color of the one completely washed out the other's delicate tints, and reduced her pink prettiness to such a condition of insipidity as to justify the comment, "How she has gone off!" This is the revenge of the nineteenth century. In the middle ages it would have been a cup of cold poison, or a bit of cold steel.

Intercolonial Railway

1885. Winter Arrangement. 1866.

ON and after **Monday, November 16th, 1885,** the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

Trains will leave St. John:

Day Express	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec	7.20 p. m.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Pullman car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Pullman car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax and Quebec	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation	1.30 p. m.
Day Express	7.20 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., November 11th, 1885. 4075

Provincial "Farmers' Association."

THE Tenth Annual Session of the Provincial Farmers' Association will be held at Sackville, Westmoreland county, commencing on the

26th day January at half-past 2 p. m.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION.

1st—Chemical manures, their application and benefits, and the results obtained by their use in other countries, and to what extent can they be profitably used by the farmers of this province.

2nd—How can the farmers of this province best improve the practice of their profession, so that they may more successfully compete with the agriculture of other countries

3rd—How can our Hay crop be best improved and utilized.

Papers on the above subjects would be very acceptable.

All persons interested in agriculture are cordially invited to attend.

Agricultural Societies, Granges and other kindred institutions, may send delegates on payment of the usual fees. Private members admitted on payment of one dollar each.

Delegates and others intending to be present will please notify the president at as early date as possible. The usual Excursion Tickets will be issued on the I. C. Railway, E. P. and Havelock Railway, also N. B Railway to delegates and others attending the meeting.

O. E FLEWELLING, Secretary. HARMON HUMPHREYS, President.

4361

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

Tenders for Pictou Town Branch.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Pictou Town Branch" will be received until **Saturday, 30th January, 1886.**

The work to be let is the construction of about nine miles of railway from the connection with the Black Diamond Railway, near Westville to Pictou Town.

Plans, profile and specification may be seen on and after the first of January, at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, and at the Assistant Engineer's Office, Pictou, and forms of tender may be obtained at either place.

Each tender must be accompanied by a deposit of seven thousand five hundred dollars ($7,500 00)

This deposit may consist of cash, or of an accepted bank cheque, and it will be forfeited if the person tendering neglects or refuses to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if after entering into a contract he fails to complete the work satisfactorily, according to the plans, profile and specification.

If the tender is not accepted the deposit will be returned.

Tenders must be made on the printed form supplied.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
December 24th, 1885. 4299

WHITE ROSE OIL!

LANDING AND TO ARRIVE:

150 BBLS.

At Lowest Price.

P. NASE & SON,

Indiantown, St. John, N. B.

sept10

WELCOME

TRADE MARK.

SOAP

PAYS NO FANCY PROFIT

But is an original compound, made from the PUREST STOCK, and is sold by the makers and dealers nearer the cost of production than any other Laundry Soap in the market. See that you get this Soap, and not accept any of the numerous imitations that pay the grocer more money to recommend. The word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are on every bar.

D E F & W 3154

—OFFICE OF—

New Dominion Paper Bag Co.

WE are happy to inform the public and our patrons in particular—that, as we have no connection nor intercourse with the mill destroyed at Penobsquis, our business continues without interruption. All orders will receive prompt attention as heretofore.

aug15 BROWN & LEETCH.

WOOL CARPETS.

RE-WIDYED,

BRACKETT'S DYE WORKS,

94 PRINCESS STREET. 3708

CAUTION.—Whereas my wife Fanny has left my bed and board without any cause or provocation, I hereby forbid all persons trusting her on my account. JOHN A. CLARK, Parish of Musquash, January 8th. 4349

RANGES, STOVES,

Register Grates, Slate Mantels, &c.

A FULL line of all the above always in stock, and at prices to suit the times.

Our CLIMAX RANGE *Challenge* not having been accepted is proof positive that it is the leading range in the market.

Stove Pipe, Tinware in variety, always in stock. Repairs to stoves made by competent workmen. Odd castings for all stoves made by us, always in stock. A special discount to all purchasers until 1st January, 1886.

Henderson, Lorigan & Burns,

27 and 29 Water street
and 170 to 186 Brussels street.

glb

P. S.—We would remind the public that we are the only firm in the Dominion of Canada who make their own Mantels and Grates. H. L. & B

NOVA SCOTIA.

RHEUMATICK READ THIS!

MESSRS HANINGTON BROS.

Early in February, 1885, while in St. John, N B, I had a severe attack of Rheumatism, was treated by an eminent Physician and with great care was enabled to come home in about two weeks time, after which time I grew worse and suffered dreadfully. We did everything we could to control the disease and get relief, and various kinds of liniments, including Minard's and Electric Oil, I then had good medical advice and treatment, which at times afforded temporary relief, but the disease lurked in my system, and shifted from one side to the other, in fact it permeated my whole being **For more than two months, I was unable to get to my room or retire without assistance.** I chanced to see an advertisement of your **"Sciaticine"** effecting wonderful cures I procured a package and when I received it my **limbs were much swollen, my feet and ankles were purple, and so swollen that they were shapeless.** After four doses of the Internal Medicine and three applications of the Liniment the swelling had all disappeared In **five days** the Rheumatism was completely gone, could walk about supple as ever I did Have had no return of the disease since having passed through the autumn and winter to this date January 5th, 1886 with its climatic changes I can recommend your **"Sciaticine"** and hope that all who are affected with that most painful disease **Rheumatism,** will not hesitate to give **"Sciaticine"** a trial

Any person wishing to know more of the particulars or doubting this statement given, can write to Mrs. W. H. Moore, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N. S., who will cheerfully give them all information.

MRS. W. H. MOORE,
South Farmington, Annapolis Co.,
Nova Scotia.

SPECIAL NOITCE

—TO—

PURCHASERS OF COTTON WARP.

We find it necessary to call the attention of those who USE COTTON YARN OR WARP to the fact that the yarn made by us is the ONLY REAL

WATER-TWIST YARN

Made in the Dominion—no other mill having the machinery on which to make it.

Our Yarn is, consequently, very much superior for weaving purposes to any other in the market—a fact which is well known to those who have used it for the past TWENTY YEARS.

All our Yarns have our name upon the label, and none other is genuine.

FOR SALE BY ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

WM. PARKS & SON,
(LIMITED),
New Brunswick Cotton Mills.

3357

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, on **Saturday, the thirteenth day of March next,** at twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, so called, in Prince William street in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a certain decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the twenty-fourth day of November, A D. 1885 in a cause wherein John Boyd is plaintiff and James Hannay is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged premises described in the said decretal order as:—

ALL the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to a certain indenture of lease bearing date the twenty-fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and made between William C. Hill of the City of Saint John, surveyor, of the first part, and the said defendant of the second part, and in and to the leasehold lands and premises therein described as: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Duke's Ward in the said City of Saint John, being part of lot nine hundred and twenty-nine (No. 929), fronting on Mecklenburg street and bounded as follows: Beginning at the corner of Wentworth and Mecklenburg streets, thence southerly along the line of Wentworth street seventy-five feet, thence westerly at right angles to Wentworth street forty feet to the east line of lot number (928) nine hundred and twenty eight, thence on the line of lot number nine hundred and twenty-eight northwardly to Mecklenburg street seventy-five feet and thence eastwardly on Mecklenburg street (40) forty feet to the place of beginning, with the appurtenances thereto belonging and the messuages thereon erected.

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

Dated the second day of December, A. D 1885.

A. H. DEMILL,
Barrister.
H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Plaintiff's Solicitor. 4196
ANDREW J. ARMSTRONG, Auctioneer.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

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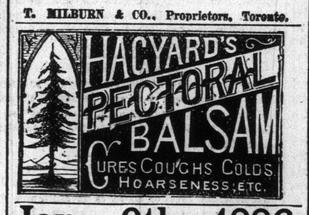

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