THE HOME.

A Woman's Thought.

BY MRS. E. V. WILLSON.

"I am so weary of my home!" she cried,
"And of its endless tasks so mean and small;
I love to mingle with the world outside,
To drink from life's full cup; the drops that fall
From beakers others clasp, tho' gladly quaffed,
Slake not my thirst, my hand must hold the draught."

She feels a little hand slip into hers,
And little fingers clinging to her gown,
And in her heart a tender memory stirs
Of violet lids by early death shut down;
And as she lifts the little hinderer up,
"I drink," she cries, "at least from love's full cup.

"Forgive, dear Lord, forgive the foolish speech,
For love is all; without it life is naught.
Let me but have the blessings in my reach,
And I will nevermore complain of aught.
Life's cup may hold for woman what it will—
Without love's wine she will be thirsty still.

"And, knowing this, how have I dared to call,
When love doth make the humblest toil divine,
My daily round of duties mean and small?
O darling, press your warm, soft lips to mine
While I think God I safe at home abide,
Nor envy dwellers in the world outside."

A Brave Woman.

Reading one day a story called "How Grandmother Killed the Bear" reminded me of my grandmother and the stories she used to tell—dear grandma! with her white hair, her soft, dim, blue eyes, and her gentle smile!

Years ago, she said (one cold winter night when the cold wind whistled noisily down the chimney, and we gathered cosily around the fire); years ago, before I was born, Uncle John and Aunt Patience came from England to find a home in the wilderness here. They made a clearing, and built a little log house with only one room, warm and comfortable in winter, pleasant and airy in the summer. I say *they*, for Aunt Patience helped with her hands as well as with her heart. In those days the chimney was nearly half the size of the house, and in the cold weather, when the stone hearth was piled high with big logs cut from the many trees that grew around their home, and the flames roared and crackled up the wide mouth of the huge chimney, Aunt Patience thought nothing could be more cheerful and home-like; and in the summer the cool breeze swept down from the tree-tops, "singing and sighing like a voice from home," she said.

Aunt Patience was very, very lonely sometimes, when Uncle John would go to the mill, and she could not hear the strokes of his axe all day long. The nearest mill was many miles away, and one bright summer morning Uncle John started with the bags of grain securely fastened to the back of the old horse, and with his gun on his shoulder, for it was not safe to ride through the woods without it.

"Good-by, little woman," he said, "don't be lonely or frightened. When it begins to be dark fasten the door and window, and I'll be home before morning."

Aunt Patience watched him spring to his horse's back and ride away in the sweet, dewy June morning, with a strange dull sinking in her heart, then went about her daily tasks, making the house bright and clean; and when night came she milked their cow, Daisy, and locked her up in the little lean-to back of the house, for fear of the Indians, some of them were impudent and thievish. Still, Aunt Patience had no great fear of them, and when all was done and the gloomy night settled down, she saw all was safe, and took her work, sat down by the one light, and tried to wait quietly for the welcome sound of the old horse's footsteps coming through the wood.

Nine! ten! said the little clock they had brought from their home over the sea. No sound outside but the whip-poor-will's plaintive call and the sighing of the night wind.

No sound? Hark! Was that a footstep, soft and stealthy? Indians, thought the poor woman, listening, expecting to hear a harsh whisper at the key-hole, "White squaw no there?" Again, round and round the house, two of them, she thought. It seemed like two pair of creeping feet, then a scratching sound, and a low deep growl from over her head. Looking suddenly up the wide chimney, she saw the lithe, waving body and fiery eyes of a huge panther crouching just ready to spring down.

What *could* she do? Open the door and dash away to the woods? Certain death! for *then* she would be an easy prey to the panther. Another deep growl, louder and angry. Then, remembering the fear such creatures have of fire, quick as thought she snatched the straw bed from the beadstead in the corner, tore open the cover, and emptied all the straw upon the few embers that still remained on the hearth.

In a moment there was a blaze, a fierce heat, and with the blaze and heat pouring into his face the panther gave loud cries of rage and slunk off into the woods.

But Aunt Patience knew too well it was only for a short time. Soon the fire would burn itself all out, and back he would come. O for the trot, trot, trot, through the clearing! Alas! no horse, no Uncle John. Again the stealthy footsteps around the house, stealing softly, and her heart grew faint with fear.

Ah! the old musket over the door, kept to frighten the cows from the cornfield and hawks from the chickens. Quickly it was taken down, as quickly loaded; then scratch! scratch! more cautiously than before, and once more Aunt Patience heard the blood chilling growl, the fiery eyes looked down, and the huge yellow body swayed to and fro in the dim light. She knelt down, raised the gun to her shoulder, and with one quick prayer, fired.

There was a scream of rage and pain, a great bound, a mighty crash, and Aunt Patience sprang up in time to miss the terrible panther falling down the chimney and rolling over and over on the floor in his death agony. Even then he was dangerous, for his mighty claws tore up great shivers of wood, and the huge body, as it struggled and rolled from side to side, broke everything in its way.

Aunt Patience climbed on the high bedstead and crouched in one corner, trembling and fearing that her danger was not over yet. At last, with one drawing up and straightening of the great limbs, and one tremendous struggle, the monstrous body quivered once and was still.

Then the brave little woman stepped down from her place of safety, crept cautiously across the floor, expecting the great red eyes to open and the dreadful claws to snatch at her, till she reached the door, when in a moment the fastenings were undone, and she rushed out in the fragrant night air. As she did so the welcome sound of old Whitefoot's trot came faintly to her ear, then nearer, nearer, and soon she saw horse and rider appear through the gloom. O how glad she was, and how thankful Uncle John! What could he say when he saw the great beast lying dead on the floor of their home, and thought that but for her bravery and courage his dear wife might have been torn to pieces long before this?

Aunt Patience never staid alone in the house again at night; and though she had many other adventures while living in the wilderness before a village grew up around them, she never forgot that one terrible night when she killed the panther.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE FARM.

God's Harvest Gift.

BY PROF. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, M. A.

In the old fable the dying husbandman bequeathed his sons a treasure buried in the orchard. Hardly was he decently committed to the grave when they began digging trenches deep and wide to unearth the gold which they never found. But the more they stirred the subsoil, the richer the yield of fruit, till at last they saw that their father's gift was to be realized through gold winning by industrious husbandry.

Every year the incoming harvest verifies this oft told tale. For the wealth of the nation is drawn, not so much from the shafts of the Comstock lode or the quartz crushers of the Pacific slope, as from the autumnal bounty of a fruitful soil. The heavenly Father smiles upon meadow and field, and the grasses wave in toothsome abundance, and the growing grain leaps to maturity, and the vineyards are fragrant with fair clusters, which rival the booty brought by the spies from Eschol. The wise in such affairs estimate the annual output of gold in the United States as valued at thirty-one million dollars, and of silver as worth forty-six millions. But the single item of orchard products, apples, peaches, pears, and the like, reaches fifty-two millions of dollars—six millions in excess of the annual production of silver and twenty-one millions more than that of gold. We sometimes speak of nourishing milk and creamy cheeses and golden butter. Perhaps to our surprise we shall find more of gold here than the color, for our dairy products annually augment the wealth of the country by one hundred millions of dollars—almost twenty-three millions more than the total output of the gold and silver mines taken together.

The potato is a plebeian root, never heard of till the sixteenth century, when the Spaniard carried it to Europe as a queer but useless growth. But the annual harvest brings the nation two hundred million bushels of this tuber, worth in solid cash six times the total product of all the gold mines of the land. What is a spear of grass? When a lad, we school-fellows made use of the stalk of timothy (herd grass) for stringing our raspberries. But the grass turned to hay is a commercial article. The annual product of the meadow is thirty-six million tons, worth at many times the gold output as the hay brings dollars per ton. So, as we add value to value, the annual increments of wealth springing from the soil almost surpasses belief. The crop of 1880 in the United States reached a value of twenty-two hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. In 1884 it was valued at twenty-seven hundred and twenty-one millions. This year a proportional increase will carry it above three thousand millions. When figures reach such dimensions we gain no impression but that of indefinite magnitude. A comparative estimate, however, may make the value clearer. Taking the same measuring stick which has served so far, the chief of the precious metals, we may attain some idea of God's annual bounty. For recalling the annual production of gold as thirty-one millions, the ingathering of this single harvest exceeds it by almost one hundred times; so that if all the gold mines in the country had been in full operation at their present capacity from the signing of the Declaration of Independence until now the vast aggregate would but just equal the value of what God bestows in the harvesting throughout this nation this single summer and autumn.—*The Independent.*

WINTER ON THE FARM.—There are various ways of spending one's time on the farm during winter, but wise people occupy it to advantage. A recent writer pertinently says that some farmers, wide awake enough in summer, seem to hibernate in winter like the coons and the bears. They doze away a good part of their time and only rouse themselves from their torpor when spring draws near. Every season brings its own duties. When we cannot do out-door work we may take a look backward over what we have accomplished, lay plans for the future, make and mend things under shelter, and above all and through all improve our minds by reading, observation, and study.

TEMPERANCE.

Adam and His Whiskey Jug.

A man becomes an intemperate man, and is deceived by supposing that no one knows anything about it. Why, the very children in the street know it. I remember hearing what a boy once said to his mother. His mother saw him thrashing the cat severely, when she said, "What is the matter with the cat?" "Three days ago," the boy said, "I got the cat under my arm, and I put my pen to her paw, and wrote 'Puss' on the pledge, and now she has been breaking her pledge." "How do you know?" "I saw her come out of old Ramsey's rum shop licking her chops." Now, do you suppose you can go into the saloon, or into any one of those places of resort, at eleven o'clock in the morning, and come out wiping your lips, and no one know anything about it? You may chew peppermint till you are sick, and pastils, and all sorts of things to take away the smell of the drink from your breath; but others know what you have been at. That odor of alcohol is wonderfully pungent.

You think no one knows it. It reminds me of a story of a time when we used to call ministers "dominies;" and in those days dominies liked whiskey. Perhaps they do not now, but they did then. There was one woman who had a drunken husband, and his name was Adam. One day the dominie was to call, and the wife said, "Now, Adam, the whiskey jug is empty, and you must go down to the store and get it filled; but do not drink any; don't take the cork out and get to smelling it, for I know what the result will be; and if you are a good man, and a good, dear husband, Adam, and come back perfectly straight, when the dominie is gone I will give you a little whiskey." So off he went but he was gone a long time. When he came back he was in a terrible state. His hat was mashed all to pieces, his trousers' knees broken across, his coat ripped, and he himself covered with mud, and in a beastly state. "Well, you have been and gone and done it; you have, haven't you? You are a nice husband to break a woman's heart, you poor, miserable, drunken coot; can't you come home sober? Here comes the dominie. I would not for the world have him know that my husband got drunk; I would not have him find you in this state for the best farm in the country. Get into this closet, and draw yourself right up so that I can shut the door, and don't you make the least bit of noise; if you do, I will be the death of you when you come out; and if you are only perfectly still till the dominie goes, perhaps I will give you a little more whiskey." So she crammed Adam into the closet just as the dominie came in at the door.

"Good afternoon, madam."

"Good afternoon, dominie."

"Well," he said, "I have come to talk about religious subjects. You know how we are all suffering through Adam's fall?"

"Why, how did you find that out?"

"My dear sister," said the dominie, "I don't understand you. You know the whole world is suffering terribly from the effects of Adam's fall."

"Oh, no; it is not so bad as that, and I have seen him far worse."

"Really, my dear sister, I don't understand you; I tell you that for all generations to come the world will groan through the effects of Adam's fall."

"Now," says she, "dominie, you need not tell me another word. I know he has torn his trousers, and I know he has split his coat, and I know he is all covered with mud. Adam, you can come out now; the dominie has found it all out. He knows it!" "Yes, everybody knows it; and suppose they did not, does it depend on their knowledge whether you are ruined or not?"—*Platform Echoes.*

Spurgeon and the Children.

Mr. Spurgeon preached a singularly powerful sermon on a recent Sunday morning, so that it became literally true that out of his weakness appeared strength—for he was leaning on a staff, and was evidently very ill the whole time. The brief report by the *London Baptist* will interest our readers. It was Sunday school day, and Mr. Spurgeon preached from Mark 10:13-16. The general subject dwelt upon was that of the great sin of hindering the young from coming to Christ, and the discourse was divided thus: First, to describe it; secondly, to watch its actions; thirdly, to see how Jesus Christ condemns it; fourthly, to take a hint from that which Jesus says, in that he gives a word to all who come to him in such a way: Mr. Spurgeon, in dealing with the subject of the reality of a child's conversion, mentioned incidentally that if he were to deal with facts, and not with merely opinion, he could stand the whole morning in giving details of young children he had conversed with during the present year. Some very young. I have, he said, more confidence in the conversion and grace of children that I have received into the church this year, than I have in the conversion of the adults. I will go further than that. I have seen a deeper knowledge and I have heard a clearer statement of things of Christ from those dear children than from the elder folk. And, what may astonish you most of all, I have met with deeper spiritual experience in children of ten or twelve than I have in some men and of fifty and sixty. "He is only a child who should be seen and not heard. He is always getting in the way." Some of you talk that. God forgive you! When the grace of God comes into a boy he is more worth saving than some of you. It is infinite mercy on God's part to save some of you. Of what good can you be at seventy years of age, after you have done all you could for the devil? But as to these dear boys and girls, there is something to be made out of them. Mr. Spurgeon went on to urge that there should be more expectancy on the part of ministers and churches in respect to the conversion of children, and urged particularly the power and tenderness of Jesus Christ's love towards the young. We must all receive Jesus as a little child, or we shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. The child has no preconceived theories, no knowledge which it cannot give up; but it comes to Christ just as it is. I know, dear friends, you know a great deal. Throw it out of the window. You have made up your minds about a great many things. Unmake them. You are very sure about some things. Now just come with nothing at all, if you can. It is a very little thing to do. Come and say, "Lord, I am a know-nothing, I come to be taught. I abandon all my fancied knowing, to learn everything of thee." In closing, Mr. Spurgeon pathetically added: I don't think there is a particle of flesh and bone in me but what is praying this morning. I long, pine, and cry to God that He may bless this brief word of mine to your conversion—you who have never looked to God and lived. Do as the children did when they came at his call and were folded in his arms. He will press you to his bosom in all the greatness of his love.

USE THE OLD AND RELIABLE.—Catarrh destroys the senses of smell, taste, and hearing, rapidly becomes offensive, and often culminates in consumption and insanity. No matter what stage the disease has advanced to, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will certainly cure it. This preparation is the only sure cure for this malady in the market yet has many imitators. Others may fail; it never does. Your druggist sells it.

"Did you ever go to sea?" asked Mr. Brown of Jones, as he walked into his office the other afternoon. "No, I am no sailor," replied Jones. "I was going to advise you," said Brown, "if you ever did, to be sure and carry Minard's Liniment with you, for it is a whole medicine chest in itself."

SAFE FOR $1.—With Minard's Liniment, Minard's Family Pills, Minard's Honey Balsam, and Nelson's Cherokee Vermifuge in the house, any family can consider themselves safe from having to go for a doctor, and all four packages for one dollar.

"And What Then?"

A story is told of a good man who was living at a university, when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him what he had long been wishing for above all things in the world was fulfilled his parents having just given him leave to study law. . . . In this way he ran on a long time, and when at last he came to a stop the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said: "Well, and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's decree," answered the young man.

"And what then?" asked he.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall . . . gain a great reputation.

"And what then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then . . . I shall be promoted, . . . make money, and grow rich."

"And what then?"

"Then I shall live comfortably and honorably in wealth and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age."

"And what then?"

"And then," said the youth, "then I shall die."

Here the old man again asked, "And what then?"

Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last, "*And what then?*" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get clear of it.

The question is one which we should put frequently to ourselves. When we have done all that we are doing, all that we aim at doing, all that we dream of doing, even supposing that all our dreams are accomplished, that every wish of our heart is fulfilled, still we may ask, What will we do—what will be then? Whenever we cast our thoughts forward, never let us stop short on this side of the grave; let them not stop short at the grave itself; but when we have followed ourselves thither, and have seen ourselves laid therein, still ask ourselves the searching question, "*And what then?*"—*Selected.*

Do not use laudanum for your baby when sick, but give Dr. Bull's Baby syrup. Price 25 cents.

Fast eating has made dyspepsia our national disease. Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills cure dyspepsia.

If your horse is suffering from loss of vital energy give him day's Horse Powder for several days.

Beware of frauds. Get Drexel's Bell Cologne.

Boys and Girls who are growing rapidly should (to ensure strong and healthy constitutions) be given regularly **Phosphorized Emulsion**, to keep up the waste that is continually going on in the system during the growing period. Always ask for **Phosphorized Emulsion**, and be sure you get it.

No lady who delights in Flowers, and likes to see them do well and bloom abundantly, should be without *Hanington's Food for Flowers*. Ordinary packages 30c.—sufficient for 20 plants for one year.

Close Confinement in poorly ventilated work rooms, and want of proper exercise, are often unavoidable, but tend to produce Dyspepsia, want of energy, and loss of appetite. In such cases Hanington's Quinine Wine and Iron is the best medicine to use. See that you get "Hanington's," the *original* and *genuine.*

A gentleman from Nova Scotia writes us a long letter, which, for want of space, we cannot give in full, but he says: "I had RHEUMATISM in the *most malignant form*, the worst case that was ever known in this place, and I am very happy to inform you that *two* packages of SCIATICINE have entirely cared me. Doctors here gave me no relief, but Sciaticine has made a perfect cure, and I am as well as ever I was in my life."

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

THE Mutual Relief Society, OF NOVA SCOTIA.

HOME OFFICE, - YARMOUTH, N. S.

Registered under the Insurance Act 1886.

This Society has over two thousand members.
Has done a million new business in 1886.
Has more than five thousand dollars advance assessment ready to pay first death claim.
Has in addition to this over three thousand dollars reserve.
Members, with few exceptions, respond promptly when assessments are made.
The Society pays all its bonds in full on proof of claim.
Individuals desiring insurance are invited to make a comparison between the merits of this Society and those of other companies before giving an application.
For particulars please write to or see our agents.

THOMAS B. CROSBY, Manager.

Yarmouth, Nov 6, 1886.

SALISBURY N. B., Nov 11 1886.

To the President and Directors of the Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the check of the Society from your representative, Rev. Sidney Welton, for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars, being the amount of bond issued by your Society and held by my late husband, George M. Harris. The promptness with which this claim has been paid, furnishes proof of the ability of your Society to meet its liabilities and commends it to the confidence of the general public. I am yours sincerely,

EMMA SMITH HARRIS,
Widow of the late Geo. M. Harris.

WM. S. ROBBIN and JOHN DIXON,
Joint Agents at St. John, N. B. 45-48

"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free
44y. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine,

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free. The information is very valuable. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston.

Make New Rich Blood!

H. C. MARTIN & CO'S Portrait Artists.

PORTRAITS —IN— INDIA INK, WATER COLORS, CRAYON, OIL. &c.

COPIED —FROM— ANY STYLE OF SMALL PICTURE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Studio- 46 King Street. - - Saint John. N. B

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's corner, so called, in the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the FIFTH DAY of FEBRUARY next, at Twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the direction of a Decree in Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made, on the eighteenth day of September last past, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein William M. Sears, individually and as administrator of the goods, chattels and effects which were of William M. Sears, deceased, Plaintiff, and Israel R. Hawes and Sophia Hawes, his wife, Elizabeth J. Fairbanks, individually and as administratrix of the goods, chattels and effects which were of Whitcomb Fairbanks, deceased, Joseph E. Tyler and Louisa M. Tyler, his wife, Charles H. Flewelling and Louisa E. Flewelling his wife, Charles E. Fairbanks, Lillian Withrow Peters, Mary Peters, Marshall Hawes and Arthur Fairbanks, Defendents, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the said Bill of Complaint in the said suit and in the said Decretal Order as follows, that is to say:

"All those two certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate in the parish of Portland, in the City of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning at the angle formed by the intersection of the Northern line of Wright street by the Eastern line of Victoria street, thence Northerly along the line of the latter street one hundred and ten feet to the lot heretofore leased to the said William Wright to Joseph Moore, thence at right angles Easterly along Moore's lot aforesaid and a prolongation thereof two hundred feet, to the Western line of a reserved road or street laid out by the said William Wright, and called by him Prospect street, thence Southerly along the last mentioned road or street, one hundred and ten feet to Wright street aforesaid, and thence along the same Westerly, two hundred feet to the place of beginning, together with all and singular the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, interest, dower and right of dower, property claim and demand whatsoever, both at law and in Equity of them, the said defendants, of, in, to, out of, or upon the same premises and every and any part thereof."

For Terms of Sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated the 26th day of October, A. D. 1886.

HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee in Equity.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE
44-4ds Plaintiff's Solicitor.

EQUITY SALE.

To the Heirs of, and all persons interested in the estate of the late William M. Beatteay, deceased, formerly of Carleton, in the city and county of Saint John and province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it doth or may concern.

TAKE Notice that there will be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the SEVENTEENTH day of DECEMBER next, at Twelve of the clock, noon, at Chubb's corner, so called, on Prince William Street, in the city of Saint John in said Province, all that certain leasehold land and premises and the lease thereof, with the buildings on said lot, situate, lying and being in the said city of Saint John, and described in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the twenty-first day of January, A. D. 1878, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John, in Book R. No. 7 of Records, pages 269, 270, 271 and 272, and made between the said William M. Beatteay of the first part, and The Saint John Building Society of the second part, as follows, that is to say:—

"That certain lot, piece and parcel of land, beach or flats, situate, lying and being in Albert Ward on the Western side of the Harbour, in the said city of Saint John, known and distinguished on the plan of lots laid out there by the said Mayor, &c., on file in the office of the Common Clerk of the said city, by the Number (955) Nine hundred and fifty-five, the same being fifty feet front, more or less, on Rodney street and extending back preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet, more or less, to the rear line of lot 956."

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in the above mentioned Indenture of Mortgage, because default has been made in the payment of the money or contributions secured by said Indenture of Mortgage, and by virtue of an order of the Board of Directors of the said The Saint John Building Society, made for that purpose.

Terms and particulars made known at the time of sale, or on application to the undersigned

By order of the Board of Directors of the Saint John Building Society.

Dated the 4th day of November, A. D. 1886.

R. CHIPMAN SKINNER,
WILLIAM PUGSLEY, Jr.
Solicitors for the above Mortgagees,
45-tds The Saint John Building Society.

LAMP GOODS.

Chandeliers. Bracket. Library. Student Table and Hand Lamps. Burners Chimneys. Wicks. Shades. Globes. Kerosene Oil and Spirit Stoves, &c.

FOR SALE BY—

J. R. ARCHIBALD, 94 PRINCE W. M. ST.

LONDON HOUSE
Wholesale.

Received since 1st June, 317 packages British Foreign, and Canadian Manufactured

DRY GOODS.

All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have, as usual, prompt and careful attention.

DANIEL & BOYD.

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Tapestry Carpets, 3 ply carpets.

ALL WOOL 3 PLY CARPETS.

ALL WOOL 2 PLY CARPETS.

All Wool Union Carpets, Union Carpets, Jute and Hemp Carpets. Hall Carpets with Stair Carpets to Match.

A. O. SKINNER,
58 King Street.

Illustrative Sample Free

SELF PRESERVATION

HEAL THYSELF!

Do not expend hundreds of dollars for advertised patent medicines at a dollar a bottle, and doch your system with nauseous slops that poison the blood, but purchase the Great and Standard Medical Work, entitled

SELF-PRESERVATION.

Three hundred pages, substantial binding. Contains more than one hundred invaluable prescriptions, embracing all the vegetable remedies in the Pharmacopeia, for all forms of chronic and acute diseases, beside being a Standard Scientific and Popular Medical Treatise, a Household Physician in fact. Price only $1 by mail, postpaid, sealed in plain wrapper.

ILLUSTRATIVE SAMPLE FREE TO ALL young and middle aged men, for the next ninety days. Send your address at once and you may never see it again. Address Dr. W. H. PARKER, 4 Bulfinch st., Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER Advertising, 45 and 49 Randolph St., Chicago, keep this paper on file and are authorized to make contracts with ADVERTISERS.