His

A SEASONABLE SERMON

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON "THE ROYAL GARDEN."

The Famous Gardens of this World Com trasted With Christ's Heavenly Garden -Those Who Are Planted Therein, and the Fruits that Grow There.

mage, who is now nearing Australia, on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press to-day, "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's song 5: "I am come into my garden." The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm-decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpelier, established gardens of bewitching beauty and luxuriance, gather. ing into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world : but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art, Arbor, and terrace, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain, here had their crowning. Oak, and yew, and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it; he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He'owns it, and He shall have it, Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church of which my text speaks, Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners, who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." If, then, the gar-den of the Church belongs to Christ, cer-

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation. That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders, or

tainly He has a right to walk in it.

come then, O, blessed Jesus, this morn-

ing. walk up and down these aisles, and

pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for

Thyself.

at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the oldfashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark - veined arbutelion, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. - Well now. Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You. have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus. creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of trouble has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus-thorns without, love lines with in-men with sharp points of character. They wound almost everyone that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop

of grace.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid tor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years," It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the Church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," he said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think I ought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness within—the best specimens of Mexican cactus I ever saw.

There are others planted in Christ's garden, who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive-more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylæ. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Napo-leons, and Humboldts, and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents. to another one.

In this garden of the Courch, which Christ has planted, I also find the snow drops, beautiful but cold-looking, seem ingly another phase of the winter. mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as snowdrops and as cold. They never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils They live longer than most peo ple; but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to C above the staff. BROOKLYN, July 1 .- Rev. Dr. Tal-

In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops, But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more be-fore other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to winter. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It s a crimson flower-blood at its roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is Heaven. Come, Oh winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.
Again, The Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place to select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches, no apri-cots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things-patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but He ntends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a oractical, life-giving, healthful fruit--not posies, but apples. "Oh!" says somebody. "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." Where somebody. did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee He laid the corner stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk!" He laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited Me." He laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Corist is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there is some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there is ome crabapple trees that ought to be cut down. I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole garden because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find wormeaten leaves in Fontainbleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the whole garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be frank, and admit that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and woman holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grander collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christain men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "ex-change" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there, too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband. who has exhibited more faith, and patience, and courage than Hugh Latimer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet

love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy glorious fruit, enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven. I have not told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit. It was planted outside of Jerusalem a good while ago. When this tree was planted, it was so split, and bruised, and parked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in t an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Shool, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of

calm and peaceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven,

watching the oarsmen dip their paddles

in the crystal river! Why, it seems to

me this moment as if Paul threw to us a

pomologist's catalogue of the fruits

growing in this great garden of Christ-

mercy shall restore it. Again, the church in my text, is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through these aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until evera root and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help."
From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river, the stream whereof

all make glad the city of our Goa. Preaching the gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are queducts. Water to slake the thirst. water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Sun of righteousness showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh! was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but by an induce-ment, which always seem as applicable to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned or the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step tep, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and over the high broad stairs come foaming, flashing, coaring down, until sunlight and waves n gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above, pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, santification from above. Oh! that now God would turn the waters of salvation, that

they might flow down through

heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be "Elims," with

twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees. Hark! I hear the latch at the garden rate, and I look to see who is coming. hear the voice of Carist: "I am come into My garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus, we have been waiting for Thee; walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers; look, at the fruit; pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden, and up to that old man, and touches him, and says, "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee, I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee; take courage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest; courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble, and says, "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he will preserve thy soul. Courage, oh! troubled spirit." Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says, "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to

take these up to a higher terrace, and for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air; they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them forever." And I looked up into His face, and said, "Well, it is His garden. and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done"-the hardest praver a man ever made. I notice that the fine gardens some times have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the King's garden. The only glimpses you ever

get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden King's garden. I throw wide open the gate, and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh, He makes us laugh when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities, he confronted a lookingglass, and he saw himself, and said, "There, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind and purse." it was with Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid these bowers, and said, "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a mad man to do. Oh, ye weary sonls, come into Christ's garden to day, and pluck a little heart's ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good oppor-tunity in which to accept Christ, but have postponed it five, ten, twenty, thirty years, do you not feel as if no your hour of deliverance, and pardon and salvation, had come? Oh, man,

some of your hearts. SUNLIGHT AND GERMS.

what grudge hast thou against thy poor

soul, that thou wilt not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to

The Violence of Pus Destroyed Through Long Exposure. In respect of the effect of light on germ growth, observations have from time to time been chronicled showing that both diffuse daylight, and still more distinctly sunlight, possess an all-impor-tant effect in destroying microbes. One of the latest researches in this direction shows that a particular germ which is associated with the pus (or matter) of wounds, if exposed for three or four hours to sunlight, loses the power of producing its characteristic color, while if the exposure be extended, the germ itself is killed. The result is in accord with what we know of the effect of light

on other germs. Professor Charteris, of Glasgow, in a paper in the London Lancet on the use of chlorobrom in seasickness says: "It has been impossible to obtain evidence from medical men'as to the prophplactic action of chlorobrom in short voyages, are not provided with ship surgeons, From numerous letters and from personal statements made to me, I have no hesitation in saying that complete immunity is derived from its use in the voyage from Harwich to Rotterdam, or from Queensborough to Flushingor from Holyliead to Dublin. Sleep is always secured, and the passenger awakes when the steamer is nearing the harbor. Even the short passage from Dover to Calais chlorobrom, taken as a gastric sedative in a teaspoonful dose, was sufficient in the case of a gentleman and his wife, who were very bad sail-ors, to avert any squeamish feeling."

Phosphate of Lime from Iron. Phosphate of lime is now a product of iron. The phosphoric acid is set free from the iron and combined with lime, being in a fine powder when shipped for use on the farm.

The state of the s

THE CITY AND ELSEWHERE.

The new Yarmouth hotel will be formally opened on the 19th inst.

son house on Germain street from Messrs. Bastwick for \$8,000.

A. P. Barnhill, now in Ottawa, had an interview with the minister of justice on Wednesday in support of the petition for the release of A. A. Dedge from the Dorchester penitentiary. The matter is under

Cornelius Collins of Carleton, who died Thursday merning, was well and favorably knewn by these who take an interest in athletic sports as an expert in putting the shot. He was a member of the Carleton athletic club and had carried its colors to victory in both local and maritime sports. He was also a member of Branch 133, C. M. B. A., and a genial, pleasant, kindly

The Reyal Gazette contains the equity court sitting for the year as follows: Tuesday, June 19, 1894. Tuesday, Sept 25, 1894

"Aug 21, "Oct 2, "Oct 2, "Oct 2, "

"Sept 18, "Jen 2, 1891
"Oct 16, "Jan 2, 1891
"Nov 20, "Feb 5, " Aug 21, "Sept 18, "Oct 16, "Nov 20, "Dec 18, "Jan 15, 1895. Wealthy, Walbridge, Haas, Ben 1895

The death is announced at Lynn, Mass., of Mrs. Sarah Card. Mrs. Card was the organist of St. Andrew's church. Mrs. demetery.

Dr. J. D. White, King street, Carleton. The bride was his daughter, Miss Ellen J White, and the groom James E Cewan, rising young barrister. The ceremony was perfermed by Rev. C. H. Paisley, paster of the Methodist church, in the presence of the father, the happy couple left for Halitax, They will make a tour of Nova Scotia. The bride, a pepular young lady, received many handsome gifts. Both the young people have many friends who wish them a pleasant journey through life.

lege, was one of the best entertainments ver given in this town. The company are remarkable feats of strength and skill by Frank Barber and W. W. Costin formed the cal part of the pregramme was admirable. Mr. Macdenald, who is well known in New Brunswick, get numerous encores. James Dobsen, the tener, and the ether musicians were well received.

The funeral of the late Duncan McLeod

cometery is hidden beneath a mass of flowers and the common compared.

The funeral took place at 3.30 o'clock on the 4th inst., from his late residence, branley street. The respect and exteem he had earned in life and the tragic manner of his death combined to arouse universal sympathy and regret, and the attendance at the funeral was very large. There were many and beautiful floral tributes from the railway mail clerks, the post effice staff, and other friends.

One of these deserves to be especially referred to. It was the gift of Fred S. Woodbury of Bangor, a mail clerk running between that city and Vancebore. Ten or a dezen years ago, when the night mail service between St. John and Yancebore was inaugurated, Waltery and Mrs. Woodbury met, and became fast friends. When the latter heard of the late accidenthe was deeply affected. As the only thing that he could do to express his feeling, Mr. Woodbury gave his commission to mail clerks was deeply affected. As the only thing that he could do to express his feeling, Mr. Woodbury gave his commission to mail clerks was deeply affected. As the only thing that he could do to express his feeling, Mr. Woodbury gave his commission to mail clerks and the common Clerk by the number cight hundred and eighty. (BSI) thirteen hundred and eighty, (BSI) t

quet of pink roses tied with white ribbon;
J. G. Miller. bouquet of white roses, spirea
and ferns; F. S. Weedbury of Bangor, cross
of white roses, heliotrope and ferns; Mr. and
Mrs. Fred Sallivan, bunch of white roses,
lilies and ferns, tied with white ribbon, and
on the ribbon was the word bulled. on the ribbon was the word "Uncle;" Macaulay Bros., large bouquet of reses and ferna, tied with white ribben.

Dr. J. H. Morrison has bought the David-

HYPNOTISM NUTSHELLED. Greatest book out, Tells all about this wonderful subject. Whatever your views are on Hypnotism, you will find this book of great value. Published price, 50 cents. Sent free, transportation prepaid, if you remit 25 cents for subscription to Homes and Hearths, the elegant household monthly. Address: HOMES AND HEARTHS PUBLISHING CO., New York.

vidow of the late Prof. Henry Card of St. John, who was about twenty years age Card, who was about seventy-five years of age, resided for the last eight or nine years with her son Henry at Lynn. She leaves five children. Mrs. Ernest J. Todd of this city is a daughter. The remains were brought to this city for interment beside those of her late hustand in Cedar Hill

A quiet wedding took place on the immediate relatives of the young couple. After lunch at the home of the bride's

A Newcastle correspondent writes: The concert here Tuesday night, given by the University Concert Co. of Mt. Allison colplaying before crowded houses, who are well pleased with the entertainment. The 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 FIFTEENTH DAY of SEPTEMBER next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Courtin Equity, made on Tuesday the Twenty-fourth day of April, A.D., 1894, in a cause therein pending, wherein Benjamin H. Ahning is Plaintiff, and George Albert Anning, a Lunatic, and Bradbury Bedell and Charles A. Palmer, Committee of the person and estate of the said George Albert Anning, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said Cluy and County of Saint John, the lands and premises described in the said Beoretal Order as:

"All that certain lot of land situate in Guys principal feature of the concert. The musi-

teck place Thursday afterneen. The attendance was very large, the procession being headed by St. Andrew's seciety, Clan Mackenzie, Siloam ledge, I. O. O. F., and other ledges preceding the hearse. The pallbearers were: James Kelly, F. A. Dykeman Sherman Hoya E. R. Northynn D. man, Sherman Hoyt, E. B. Northrup, D. W. Mersereau and B. A. Stamers, all members of Siloam lodge. After the mourners walked a large number of citizens. The services at the house and at the grave were services at the house and at the grave were conducted by Rev. George Bruce. At the cemetery the burial ritual of the I. O. O. F. was read by the chaplain, B. A. Stamers, and the W. G. D. W. Mersereau. The great sympathy aroused by Mr. McLeed's sudden death-was shown by the large number of floral tributes, From Sileam lodge there was a piece con-taining three floral links, made of red carnations, white reses and forget-me-nots, with the letters "F. L. T." in the centre. Clan Mackenzie sent a floral fiery cress. C. B. Pidgeon sent an appropriate tribute, representing a square of white roses, and shears made of pink roses. The employes of C. B. Pidgeon & Co. sent a handseme wreath of white roses and calla lilies; Kin-near Bros sent a wreath of white roses and

parallel with said Lawson side line to the said Sireet; thence easterly along said Street to the place of beginning, and also all the use and privilege of the alley way leading from rear of said lot to Peters Street for the purpose of ingress, egress and regress to and from the said lot, being the same piece and parcel of land conveyed by James W. Peters to one Thomas Furnas by Deed bearing date the second day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fiftythree." THE LATE WALTER STARKEY. The grave of Walter Starkev in the Rural cemetery is hidden beneath a mass of flowers, the beautiful, mute tribute of the sympathy and sorrow of loving friends and

The above lots will be sold separately.

The above lots will be sold separately.

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

Dated the 30th day of June, A. D., 1894.

CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, M. G. B. HENDERSON,
Plaintiff's Solicitor,
W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

S3 a Day Sure.

Send me your address and I will show you how to make 38 a days absolute by sure; furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profile of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

Address A. W. KNOWLES. Windsor. Ontario.

THE HAMPTON BAKERY.

The Hampton bakery, heretofore conducted by H. F. Smith, has been purchased

by Messrs. Arthur B. and Berjamin Smith,

who will add to the producing capacity of the concern. B. Smith, who is a first-class

fancy and pastry baker, will personally at-

tend to that department, and will also super intend the bread department. It is the in-

tention to turn out in all particulars a strictly first-class class article. The par-

ticular bread will be "The Boston Home

Made," and, with a large experience, no

doubt the firm will be able to successfully

APPLE TREES

HENRY T. PARLEE, Westfield, N. B

Davis, Tetofsky, Hyslip

Crab. Etc., Etc.

THE undersigned not being in a position to canvas for, or deliver personally the trees noted above, wishes to sell the whole lot outright. The nursery is located in Stanley, York Co. It will be to the advantage of any person wishing to set out a lot of trees to send for terms by the hundred. Circumstances, over which I have no control, have thrown these trees upon my hands, and they will be disposed of at a bargain.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

Manufacturers of Wire Nails.

And Spikes, Tacks, Brads, Shoe Nails Hungarian Nails, Etc.

ST. JOHN N. B.

JOHN DYR WORKS

86 Princess Street,

Ladies and Gentlemen's Clothing

CLEANSED or DYED

AT SHORT NOTICE.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD at Public Auction

C. E. BRACKETT.

IRON CUT NAILS.

cater to a daily increasing patronage.

FARM FOR SALE,

THE subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm situated three miles below the town of Woodstock, on the main Fredericton road, contains 375 acres, more or less one-third cleared and in good state of cultivation; a large House, 2 Barns, and outbuildings in good repair. If sold before haying the erop will go with the farm. For full particulars apply to CHAS, T, PERKINS, Woodstock, Carleton Co.

ESTATE

DY PUBLIC AUCTION at the Court House, Hampton, Kings Co., at 12 o'clock, noon, MONDAY, July 30th, 1894, under power given by the will of the late John W. Greenslade.
All that certain let of land situate in the Parish of Springfield, Kings Oo., adjoining lands of Justin G. Lake and fronting on the Highway Road, containing one hundred acres, more or less, being the Homestead Farm of the said John W. Greenslade, deceased. For full description and particulars, see, or correspond with

JUSTIN H. GRAY, Sole Executor. ALEX. W. BAIRD, Solicitor, etc., 269 Germain street, St. John.

FARM FOR SALE

THE subscriber offers for sale on favorable terms that very Valuable Estate at Sussex Vale, widely known as the residence and stock farm of the late Hugh McMonagle, Eeq., comprising 180 acres of fer ile land, nearly all meadow, with a commodious, well-appointed and pleasantly situated dwelling house, well-heated by a new furnace in a spacious frost-proof cellar, and suitable for a country gentleman's residence or for a summer hotel. On the premises are also 4 large and thoroughly built barns and numerous convenient sheds and outhouses. Also, 5 never-failing wells of excellent water and a well laid out ½ mile race track. The land is in a high state of cultivation and the buildings are all in first class repair. Near at hand are a Church and 5 hold House, and within a radius of 2 miles are 7 other Churches, the Sussex Railway Station and Grammar School.

School.
Price on application—part may remain on
Mortgage at six per cent. WALTER McMONAGLE, Sussex Vale, July 2, 1894. 870

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

A LL PERSONS having any legal claims against the Estate of the late Dr. Charles Murray, of the Parish of Studholm in Kings County, are requested to render the same, duly attested, to Elizabeth Murray, of the said Parish of Studholm, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons who are indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment of the amount of their indebtedness to the said Elizabeth Murray.

Dated the 19th day of June, A. D. 1891. ELIZABETH MURRAY. Executrix.

> WALTER C. MURRAY. L. RUTHERFORD MURRAY.

> > 1894

undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said Cluy and County of Saint John, the lands and premises described in the said Becretal Order as:

"All that certain lot of land situate in Guys Ward in the City of Saint John, being the Southeastern moiety of lots known and distinguished on the plan of Carleton as lots number fourly-four (44) and forty-five (45) and described as follows: Fronting on the eastern side of Ludlow Street fifty feet and running hack continuing the same breadth eighty feet, more or less, bounded on the Southeasterly side by prop. rty belonging to John Huestis, on the rear by part of lot number forty-six (46) and on the Northwestern moiety of the same lots (viz. 44 and 45);

Also "All that certain lot of land situate on the western side of the Harbour of Saint John and knewn and distinguished on the map or plan of that part of the City of Saint John by the number two hundred set more or less and forming the corner of Duke Street and Market Place on the southern side of Duke street."

Also "All that certain lot plece and parcel of land lying and being in the City of Saint John aforessic and situate on the North side of Union Street, in Wellington Ward, formerly known as part of Kings Ward, in the said City and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning on the said Street to the Service, whence running northerly along western side line of said lot one hundred feet; thence easterly along said Street to the Service, thence easterly along said Street to the Service, thence easterly on a line parallel with said Lawson, thence running northerly on a line parallel with said Street; thence easterly along said Street to the Service, thence easterly along said Street to the said line of said lot one hundred feet; thence easterly along said Street to the Service, thence easterly along said Street to the said Street to the Service, leading the said street forty feet, thence easterly along said Street to the said line to the said street forty feet, thence easterly along said Street to the sa

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