NOTICE OF SALE.

To James W. Price and Helen Price, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March A. D. 1878, and made between James W. Price, therein described as of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, in the province of New Brunswick, painter, and Helen Price his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant, of the other part, 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, on **Wednesday, the Fourth day of January next**, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate and being in the Parish of Simonds in the said city and county of St. John being a portion of the lands belonging to the late Joseph Crouch at the time of his death, and known and marked out and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's land, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John aforesaid, as Lot Number Sixty (60), said lot having a front of forty feet on a street marked and laid out on said map or plan and designated Mount Pleasant Street, and extending back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet." Also, all that certain other lot of land and premises situate in the parish aforesaid and known and distinguished on said map or plan by the Number One (1), having a front of forty feet on a Street, marked and laid out upon said plan and designated Forest City Avenue and extending back from said street preserving the same breadth, One Hundred Feet, with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON, Solicitors for Mortgagee. 48-52

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John Z. Cunningham and Maria Cunningham, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March A. D. 1878, and made between said John Z. Cunningham therein described, of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, carpenter, and Maria Cunningham, his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant, of the other part, 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, on **Wednesday, the fourth day of January next** at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as "all that certain lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid, being a portion of the land and premises formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's land, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John, by the number nine (9), fronting on a street marked and laid out in said plan, and designated Pleasant City Avenue, said lot having a front on said street of forty feet, and extending back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet," with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON, Solicitors for Mortgagee. 48-52

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Frederick G. Johnston and Fanny M. Johnston, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March, A. D. 1878, and made between said Frederick G. Johnston, therein described as of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, in the province of New Brunswick, steam fitter, and Fanny M. his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant, of the other part, 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, **on Wednesday, the fourth day of January next**, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as:

"All those two certain lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city and county of Saint John, being a portion of the lands formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known, marked out and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's land, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, in and for the city and county of Saint John, being a portion of the lands formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and designated Pleasant City Avenue, said lot having a front on said street of forty feet, and extending back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet," with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William S. Peel and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March, A. D. 1878, and made between said William S. Peel therein described, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, carpenter, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant of the other part, there will be sold at Public Auction, **on Wednesday, the fourth day of January next**, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, the lands and premises described in said mortgage as:

"All those two, several lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds in the city and county of Saint John, being a portion of the lands formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's lands, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, in and for the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid, as lots number sixty three (63) and number sixty-four (64) each of said lots having a front of forty feet on a street marked and laid out on said plan, and designated Mount Pleasant Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth one hundred feet," with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON, Solicitors for Mortgagee. 48-52

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Incorporated 1861.

DIRECTORS:

HON. C. N. SKINNER, Judge Probates, President.
JAMES CHRISTIE, ESQ., E.D.... Vice-President.
OLIVER MUNRO, ESQ., Q. C.
WILLIAM CHRISTIE, ESQ., M. D.
DAVID A. SINCLAIR, ESQ., M. E.

Office: Odd Fellows' Building, Union St. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold securities, at reasonable rates.

Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased.

Money received on deposit at five per cent per annum. Interest paid or compounded half yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, interest five per centum per annum, payable half yearly.

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FIVE YEAR Debenture Bonds, and four year Stock, divided on the 1st of January, payable half yearly. Dividends pay, on Debenture Bonds for half-year ending 31st, 31 July, one year per cent, or three-year Stock three per cent.

THOMAS HAND, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE HOME.

Intercede For Me.

O blessed feet of Jesus
Weary with seeking me!
Stand at God's bar of judgment,
And intercede for me.

O knees which bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane!
Kneel at the throne of glory,
And intercede for me.

O hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree!
Hold up those precious nail-prints,
Which intercede for me.

O side from whence the spear point
Brought blood and water free!
For healing and for cleansing!
Still intercede for me.

O head so deeply pierced
With thorns which sharpest be!
Bend low before thy Father,
And intercede for me.

O sacred heart! Such sorrows
The world may never see,
As that which gave thee warrant
To intercede for me.

O holy scarred, and wounded
My sacrifice to be!
Present thy perfect offering,
And intercede for me.

O loving risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free!
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me.

—*Selected.*

The Beautiful Old Woman.

In autumn the thoughts lightly turn to Age. If the Drawer has seemed to be interested, sometimes to the neglect of other topics, in the American young woman, it was not because she is interested in herself, but because she is on the way to be one of the most agreeable objects in this lovely world. She may struggle against it; she may resist by all the legitimate arts of the coquette and the chemist; the may be convinced that youth and beauty are inseparable allies; but she would have more patience if she reflected that the sunset is often finer than the sunrise, commonly finer than noon, especially after a stormy day. The secret of a beautiful old age is as well worth seeking as that of a charming young maidenhood. For it is one of the compensations for the rest of us, in the decay of this mortal life, that women, whose mission it is to allure in youth and to tinge the beginning of the world with romance, also makes the end of the world more serenely, satisfactory and beautiful than the outset. And this has been done without any amendment to the Constitution of the United States; in fact, it is possible that the Sixteenth Amendment would rather hinder than help this gracious process. We are not speaking now of what is called growing old gracefully and regretfully, as something to be endured, but as a season to be desired for itself, at least by those whose privilege it is to be ennobled and cheered by it. And we are not speaking of wicked old women. There is a unique fascination—all the novelists recognise it—in a wicked old woman; not very wicked, but a woman of abundant experience, who is perfectly frank and a little cynical, and delights in probing human nature and flashing her wit on its weaknesses, and who knows as much about life as a club man is credited with knowing. She may not be a good comrade for the young, but she is immensely more fascinating than a semi-wicked old man. Why, we do not know; that is one of the unfathomable mysteries of womanhood. No; we have in mind quite another sort of woman, of which America has so many that they are a very noticeable element in all cultivated society. And the world has nothing more lovely than they. For there is a loveliness or fascination sometimes in women between the ages of sixty and eighty that is unlike any other—a charm that moves us to regard autumn as beautiful as spring.

Perhaps these women were great beauties in their day; but scarcely so absolutely beautiful as now when age has refined all that was most attractive. Perhaps they were plain; but it does not matter, for the subtle influence of spiritualized intelligence has the power of transforming plainness into the beauty of old age. Physical beauty is doubtless a great advantage, and it is never lost if mind shines through it (there is nothing so unlovely as a frivolous old woman fighting to keep the skin deep beauty of her youth); the eyes, if the life has not been one of physical suffering, usually retain their power of moving appeal; the lines of the face, if changed, may be refined by a certain spirituality; the gray hair gives dignity and softness and the charm of contrast; the low, sweet voice vibrates to the same note of femininity, and the graceful and gracious are graceful and gracious still. Even into the face and bearing of the plain woman whose mind has grown, whose thoughts have been pure, whose heart has been expanded by good deeds or by constant affection, comes a beauty winning and satisfactory in the highest degree.

It is not that the charm of the women of whom we speak is mainly this physical beauty; that is only incidental, as it were. The delight in their society has a variety of sources. Their interest in life is broader than it once was, more sympathetically unselfish; they have a certain philosophical serenity that is not inconsistent with great liveliness of mind; they have got rid of so much nonsense; they can afford to be truthful—and how much there is to be learned from a woman who is truthful! They have a most delicious courage of opinion, about men, say, and in politics, and social topics, and creeds even. They have very little any longer to conceal, that is, in regard to things that should be thought about and talked about at all. They are not afraid to be gay, and to have enthusiasms. At sixty and eighty a refined and well-bred woman is emancipated in the best way, and in the enjoyment of the full play of the richest qualities of her womanhood. She is as far from prudery as from the least note of vulgarity. Passion, perhaps, is replaced by a great capacity for friendliness, and she was never more a real woman than in these mellow and reflective days. And how interesting she is—adding so much knowledge of life to the complex interest that inheres in her sex! Knowledge of life, yes, and of affairs; for it must be said of these ladies we have in mind that they keep up with the current thought, that they are readers of books, even of newspapers—for even the newspaper can be helpful and not harmful in the models of their minds.

Let not the purpose of this paper be misunderstood. It is not to urge young women to become old or to act like old women. The independence and frankness of age might not be becoming to them. They must stumble along as best they can, alternately attracting and repelling, until by right of years they join that serene company which is altogether beautiful. There is a natural unfolding and maturing to the beauty of old age. The mission of woman, about which we are pretty weary of hearing, is not accomplished by any means in her years of vernal bloom and loveliness; she has equal power to bless and sweeten life in the autumn of her pilgrimage. But here is an apologue: The peach, from blossom to maturity, is the most attractive of fruits. Yet the demands of the market, competition, and fashion often causes it to be shipped when green. It never matures, though it may take a deceptive richness of color; it decays without ripening. And the last end of that peach is worse than the first.—*Harper's Monthly for November.*

THE FARM.

—Sifted coal ashes are always useful in the poultry house. Strew them on the droppings under the roosts and over the floor. Sift them in the house if you choose; the fine dust that arises helps to destroy lice.

—If corn only is fed to poultry they are liable to become too fat. An occasional change of food is desirable and nothing is better than oats. Soak them by scalding in a bucket and when cool feed them to the hens.

—On these last days of the year, clear up the yard and garden, use all that is available, and burn the rest. It is dreary enough to look out upon a snow covered scene, but it is more desolate when old stalks stand like monuments here and there, and heaps of rubbish rise above the snow.

—Oil, says the *American Agriculturist*, is fatal to every insect it touches, and sulphur is very offensive to them. A mixture of four ounces of lard and one of sulphur, well rubbed together, and with the addition of one ounce of kerosene oil and one drachm of creosote, will be found an excellent remedy against all sorts of insect vermin, while the liberal use of kerosene oil on poultry roosts will free the fowls of their tormentors.

—The use of warm water in watering house plants has never been found injurious, the *Gardener's Monthly* says, in any case where ordinary discretion was used. Many find it no advantage, but cold water keeps back a little the growth of plants. If warm water be used, they will flower sooner. Sometimes pot plants suffer from fungus at the roots or from insects. Then hot water is of great service. Water at 150°, or even slightly hotter, will kill fungus and insects, and in no way injure the roots. Whether plants seem sick or not, they are usually benefited by a dose of hot water. Try lightly at first, and learn by observation just how much the plant will bear.

—Among other seasonable garden notes in the *American Cultivator*, Mr. Philbrick suggests the gathering of a supply of sedge, thatch or bog hay and leaves for covering winter spinach, onions, strawberries, pansies, etc., and keeping frost out of celery pits, cold frames, cabbage beds and the like. For covering plants in the field, he recommends salt meadow sedge or thatch as the best while for covering pits to keep out frost there is nothing so good as well dried sel-grass. Where these cannot be readily obtained, forest leaves answer well, if secured in place by a little brush or sedge.

—HENS IN SNOW-TIME.—When the snow is knee deep and everything sealed with ice, hens will require the best of care. A hen is as helpless in the snow as though she had no legs at all. She must have some place, however, where food, water, and the dust bath are accessible, for she will not lay if compelled to crouch on the floor beneath the roost. With snow on the ground the world is a wilderness to hens; they have no inducement to lay, and will quickly defer egg production until the spring invites them to begin. The food at such times should be given warm and on boards. A clean place should be made for them, and the house rendered as comfortable as possible. The main factor in egg production in winter is warmth and dryness. It may involve labor to remove enough snow to afford them room, but it must be done, or there will be no eggs. The value of a good warm shed will be more appreciated by the hens when snow is on the ground, for they prefer to be in the open air during the day time, and their health is greatly improved thereby.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Ivy.

Perhaps the most popular of all house-plants is the Ivy, and its popularity is well deserved. We have nothing else that will flourish so well in a dry atmosphere, and among dust and deleterious effects of gas from lights and coal stoves. It seems to adapt itself to its surroundings and circumstances, and to "look at the best side of everything," thereby proving itself to be a philosopher among plants. It will grow in shady locations, seeming to care nothing for sunshine, and on this account it can be trained about pictures and along the ceiling, and it always has such a cheerful look about it that it soon comes to be regarded as a friend and one of the family. It ought not to be fastened to the wall, but be suspended in such a way that it can easily be taken down occasionally for a washing. Dust should never be allowed to accumulate on its leaves to hide their beauty. The only insect that troubles the Ivy is the scale. When this appears, every leaf and the entire branches should be washed in soap-suds, using a tooth-brush to loosen the insect's hold on them. After giving it a thorough cleaning, syringe well with clear water. Give this attention twice a year, and your Ivy will not be likely to become badly infested with this enemy of most firm, smooth leaved plants. The best soil for Ivies is ordinary garden loam and sand, with which a liberal quantity of bone-meal is mixed. This fertilizer seems to meet their wants better than anything else. It makes them grow rapidly, and their foliage becomes large and healthy in color and texture. Most persons "fuss" with their Ivies, and complain that they cannot make them grow. Give them bone-meal for food and let them alone, save the washing, and you will have no reason to complain.—*American Agriculturist.*

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color and promoting the growth of the hair.

TEMPERANCE.

An Argument that Startled Frank Benton.

I was down to Detroit doing some shopping, and went up to my old school-mate, Mrs. Frank Benton to spend the night. Jennie and I have always kept warm our school-girl friendship, and I seldom go to the city without calling on her.

Frank is an easy, happy, whole-souled fellow, that I enjoy visiting with, although there are many questions on which we differ. I am always impressed when I talk with him, with the power and possibilities that he has of doing great good, if he would only wake up and use them.

"Are you going to vote for the amendment?" I asked, as we gathered around the tea table.

"Hardly, hardly," he replied, as he tied on little Willie's napkin.

"Now Kit, don't begin politics," said Jennie. "If you and Frank get started, you won't stop to night, and I want to have a good visit with you."

"I would vote for it," he exclaimed, if I thought it would do any good; but we can't pass it, and if we did, it would do no good. They would sell liquor just the same, and we might as well have the tax."

"Why, then, Frank, are the saloon men spending so much money and working so hard to prevent the bill's passing, if they can sell it just the same? You might as well say that there was no use in having a law against murder, because people would murder anyway, and we might as well have the tax money."

"Have some more toast," he said, with a provoking, polite smile. "They have a prohibition law in Maine," he resumed after a pause, "but they sell liquor there still."

"They don't sell it there any more is elegant, attractive saloons, right on the principal streets, where young men have to pass them every hour," I said. "It is only sold in out-of-the way places, where young men would not care to go unless they were already drunkards, and that is the way you may want it sold in this State when your son is grown."

"I'm not afraid of him," he said, looking tenderly at Willie. "The tax would be so high that we couldn't live in the city if it wasn't for the liquor tax."

"Frank Benton," I said, laying down my knife and fork, "all the tax that has ever been paid in this city wouldn't pay for the ruined body and soul of one young man; all the tax that has ever been paid in the universe couldn't pay it if it were your son."

The polite, good natured smile left his face for a moment. "You are getting excited, Kit," he said. "Jennie, pass her the cake. She is eating no supper."

"Your little Louise may live to become a wife and mother," I continued. "She may need protection and care long after your strong right arm has crumbled to dust. I hope her heart will never be wrung by this curse that you could help put down to-day."

"I hope not," said Jennie, looking toward the cradle.

Frank went on to explain a great deal to me about past laws and present politics that I did not understand. After we left the table the subject was not again mentioned, but in the pretty spare room that night I prayed very earnestly for Mr Benton. I knew that he owned a fine property in the city, and that the fear of a heavy tax had helped to shape his views about amendment more than he realized. The human heart is so deceitful.

"You had better quit teaching and take the lecture field," he said, with a comical smile, as I walked for the car the next morning.

"I feel sorry for you, Frank," I said looking soberly at him.

He laughed heartily, carried my satchel to the car, and bade me a kind good morning. I saw him gather a handful of light snow and throw playfully at Jennie, and arm in arm they entered the house.

Three weeks later I stood in my friend's front parlor. Frank's mother was there putting some flowers into the still, cold hands of little Willie. In the room above I could hear the slow tread of footsteps backwards and forward.

"I can't understand," I murmured, "how a druggist could make such a mistake."

"It all comes of that awful curse," she groaned. "You see he was an experienced clerk that Mr. Smith had the greatest confidence in, but lately he had begun to go to that corner saloon with the boys, and Smith had not found out. He was intoxicated when he put up the prescription. Mary thought he acted queer, but did not think to tell Jennie until after they had given Willie the medicine."

"O, who will help us?" I sobbed, as the hot tears fell on the damp curls of my favorite. "Aunt Kittie" he had always called me.

The walking overhead ceased, and presently Frank entered. His face was as white as Willie's, it seemed to me. We withdrew and he knelt by his son. A long, long time he knelt there, and the wicked world is already feeling the effects of that solemn hour's communion with God and the dead.

We were sitting by the fire that evening, after Willie was laid away. Mr. Benton was very quiet, and looking so stern and manly that for the first time in my life I was afraid of him. Jennie could not be comforted.

"I would rather he would be where he is, dear," said good Mrs. Benton, "than to have had him grow up and be brought to you as Johnnie Moore was to his mother to-day."

"Amen!" said Frank fervently. He came and stood by Jennie. He looked an inch taller to me than he had before. "God has given us a hard lesson to learn, love," he said.

"It seems as if we might have learned it in some other way," she sobbed.

"I think that you could," he said, "but my eyes were terribly blinded. Perhaps my boy is safer to-night than he would have been with such a selfish worldly father as I was to protect him."

"O Frank, how can you talk that way when you have always been so kind?" she cried.

"I have been kind to you," he said, "but I have not been just to other women and children. I have taught you to believe just as I did, and you have loved me so well that you have often followed them instead of the Saviour to whom you were so loyal when I first learned to admire you. I don't amount to much," he said humbly; "but what little manhood and energy I have to spare shall be used in fighting the curse that has robbed me of my boy."

Jennie grew quiet. I think she saw the silver lining.

It is marvelous what a difference the fear of God will make in the whole appearance and character of a man.

In the spare room I asked the Saviour how much he had to do with the things that happen in the world. Instantly I may receive my answer.—*Union Signal.*

Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

—Mr. Spurgeon has truly said: "The way to be very great is to be very little." And this greatest of word's preachers seems to be an example in point. Amongst his recent utterances may be found the following: "I told my people the other morning, when preaching from the text 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' that for the first time in my life I experienced what Abraham felt when he fell on his face and laughed. I was rilling home, very weak with a long week's work, when there came to my mind the text: 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' but it came with the emphasis laid upon two words: 'My grace is sufficient for *thee*.' My soul said, 'Doubtless it is. Surely the grace of the infinite God is greatly more than sufficient for such a mere insect as I am,' and I laughed, and laughed again, to think how far the supply exceeded all my needs. It seems to me as though I were a little fish in the sea, and in my thirst I said, 'Alas! I shall drink up the ocean!' Then the Father of the water lifted up his head, smiled, and smiling, replied, 'Little fish, the boundless ocean is sufficient for thee.'"

Puttner's Emulsion

OF COD LIVER OIL, &C.

Is Highly Endorsed by the Medical Profession for its wonderful curative effects produced in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis and Throat Affections, Asthma, Scrofula, Wasting, and diseases of women and children. In cases of the Nervous System, as Mental Anxiety, General Debility, Loss of Vigor, Want of Energy, Languid Appetite, Paralysis, and the many diseases due to insufficient supply of Nerve force. For weak and delicate women and children PUTTNER'S EMULSION will prove invaluable. Sold by all Dealers throughout Canada. Brown Bros. & Co., Druggists, Halifax, N. S.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 1y20

Have You Nasal Catarrh?

Use DR. JAMES' three preparations of EAST INDIA HEMP; they will prevent the Catarrh entering the Bronchial tubes or lungs, thereby warding off **Consumption**, and keep the disease located until positively cured. Put yourself fully under the influence of these remedies, and as sure as the sun shines upon you a complete cure will be made of that loathsome disease.

N. B.—This remedy speaks for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most sceptical, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours.

Ask your druggist for DR. JAMES' CANNABIS INDICA, and if they fail you, send to us direct. $2.50 per bottle, or three bottles for $6.50. Pills and Ointment, $1.25. Address **CRADDOCK & CO.**, 10 2 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 48 5-1

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. McL. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Mr. Warlock's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 2½ years, and his appearance is proof of its good qualities.

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Carpets and Curtains at Reduced Prices.

Great Clearance Sale of Men's Hats and Furnishing Goods 1½ d. Acme Cleamers at cost to close them out; 31 package Crockery and Glassware, imported just in time to save the advance on duties, will be sold at cost prices. Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s New Goods at low prices, several car loads of New Furniture, all kinds, prices low; a fine stock of Furniture Coverings, Gimps, Cord, and Buttons also, House Furnishing Dry Goods very cheap.

JAS. G. McNALLY, - FREDERICTON.
1y 25, 1887.

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5 cts.		7 cts.
10 cts.		12 cts.
20 cts.		22 cts.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 26, 1887.

None gives more satisfaction than WOODILL'S. Have been using it nearly three years. D. W. McCORMICK, Propr.

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