Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson X. Sept. 3. Acts 27: 30-44.

PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46: 1.

EXPLANATORY.

As soon as a sufficient company of prisoners bound for Rome could be gathered to go under one military escort, Paul was sent with them. This required about twenty days. Several delays occurred, and a change of vessels was made, so that much time was consumed on the journey. They had been about two months on the journey when off the island of Cauda a terrific storm arose by which they were driven for fourteen days at the mercy of the wind. A gale of such duration, though not very frequent, is by no means unprecedented in that part of the Mediterranean, especially towards winter. The ship was being driven they knew not whither. Hope had given out. "No one who has never been in a leaking ship in a long-continued gale," says Conybeare, "can know what is suffered under such circumstances." At this point God sent his angel to Paul, doubtless in answer to prayer, to reassure him of His promise that he should preach the gospel in Rome. That promise could not fail, but it needed to be repeated for Paul's comfort in this hour of danger.

On the fourteenth night of the storm, by the sound of breakers, and the shallowing of the water, they learned that they were near some land. Anchors were cast out of the stern, keeping the bow of the ship toward the shore in case they should drift upon it.

30. *And as the shipmen.* The sailors, the officers and crew, who could get at the small boat, and best knew how to manage it, and who knew that only a small part of those on board the ship could get into it, determined to save themselves, even though in doing it they left the vessel with all its passengers with none to manage it. *Under color.* Pretence.

31. *Paul* (whose sharp eyes had seen through the plan) *said to the centurion and . . . soldiers,* who would be thus left to destruction by the plot. Paul could not appeal to the officers of the ship, for they were in the plot. On the other hand, the soldiers had the weapons and could enforce obedience. *Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.* There was reason in these words. The sailors understood managing the ship; the soldiers could have done nothing. Here we see an "object lesson" where Divine decrees are harmonious with human freedom of the will. Philosophically, there may remain difficulties in the way of reconciling the two, but practically they are here reconciled, and the practical difficulties are removed. The Bible "facts" explain the Bible "doctrines."

32. *The soldiers cut off the ropes.* Rendering the escape of the sailors impossible.

33. *While the day was coming on.* And there was nothing to do but to wait for the dawn. *Paul besought them all to take meat.* Food. All would, on the approaching day, have their strength fully taxed, which therefore needed recruiting by food.

34. *This is for your health.* Better, "safety" or "preservation." What St. Paul means is that the preservation of his fellow-passengers depended on their keeping up their strength. *For there shall not,* etc. He reassures them (as at ver. 25), by way of making his exhortation the more effective. *Not a hair fall from the head of any of you.* This was a proverb denoting exemption from the slightest harm (1 kings 1: 52; Matt. 10: 30; Luke 21: 18).

35. *He took bread, and gave thanks.* This was a special opportunity for Paul to point these heathen to the true God. The true man has many opportunities of presenting his religion. This act was a sermon on Christian gratitude more eloquent than the appeal of the orator, and more convincing than the reasoning of the logician. *He began to eat.* To lead them on by his example, he himself did what he advised them to do.

36. *Then were they all of good cheer.* In this humane counsel we see the human side of the Christian gospel finely illustrated. Christ's apostle is Christlike in his thorough practical sympathy with bodily needs.

37. *And we were in all,* etc. Not an unprecedented number. The ship in which Josephus was wrecked had about 600 on board.

38. *They lightened the ship, and cast out* (by casting out) *the wheat into the sea.* The other merchandise they had cast out before (ver. 18); now the main cargo, deep in the hold, hard to get at, and also needful as ballast during the storm, was thrown out.

39. *They knew not the land.* It has been thought strange, that if Malta was the island, it should not have been known to some of the crew; but St. Paul's Bay is remote from the great harbor, and possesses no marked features by which, in the early dawn, and through the driving rain (chap. 28: 2), it could be recognized. *Creek with a shore.* Rather *bay with a beach;* a sandy shore, not a rocky one, as was all the rest of the coast.

40. *And when they had taken up.* Rather as Rev. Ver. *casting off* the anchors. *They committed themselves* (rather *the anchors*) *unto the sea.* Rev. Ver. "left them in the sea." *Loosed the rudder bands.* Ancient ships were steered by two large paddles, one on each quarter. When anchored by the stern in a gale, it would be necessary to lift them out of the water and secure them by lashings or rudder bands, and to loose these when the ship was again got under way. *Hoisted up the mainsail.* Rather, "foresail." This was the sail which was employed for speed, and would be the most useful in driving the ship forward. *Made toward shore.* With the foresail set, they could steer the vessel; and it is implied that they were steering her for this place, where they hoped to run her aground with safety.

41. *The soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners.* The roman soldiers were answerable with their lives for the detention of their prisoners (chap. 12: 19; 16: 27).

42. *The centurion willing* (wishing) *to save Paul.* Note how again Paul by his character is the means of saving others. *They which could swim,* etc. The swimmers were to plunge in first, so as to get to the beach and be in readiness to help their comrades.

43. *And so it came to pass.* The wind threw them landwards, and at last by the aid of the swimmers all were saved, and—at a spot which, owing to the accurate fidelity of the narrative, can still be exactly identified—a motley group of nearly three hundred drenched, and shivering, and weather-beaten sailors and soldiers, and prisoners and passengers, stood, on that chill and stormy November morning, upon the desolate and surf beaten shore of the island of Malta.

The Cocoanut Dolls.

"But, grandma," said Ruth, as two big tears rolled down her cheeks, "what can we do? We haven't a single dolly—not even Dinah. An' mamma's sick, an'—an' to-morrow's my birthday."

Poor little Ruth clung to grandma, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

It was pretty hard. Mamma was sick, and, in the hurry of getting the children off to grandma's the dollies had been forgotten. There they lay, in the nursery at home, and Ruth and Berenice were very lonely without them.

"Never mind, darling," said grandma, "you shall have some dollies just like the one I had when I was a little girl, and to-morrow we will have a party—a cocoanut party. How would you like that?"

Ruth smiled through her tears, and the children went to bed comforted, for Auntie Nell had said, "Look on your pillows the first thing in the morning." And Auntie Nell was always full of pleasant surprises.

Berenice woke up first, and what do you think she found, lying on the pillow beside her?

It was the funniest doll you ever saw—a doll with two solemn eyes, a little round mouth, a hairy, brown face, and only one leg.

It was dressed in a long white dress, a little shawl and a paper cap.

How the children laughed when they saw all the dollies, for there were four of them, one on every pillow.

Grandma, grandpa and Auntie Nell had been very busy after the children went to bed.

Down at the store grandpa bought some cocoanuts. These he sawed apart, and after grandma had taken out the meat, he burned in half of each a hole just the size of a hot poker.

Into this hole Auntie Nell stuck a long stick, tied another stick across for arms, and the dollies were done. Then they were dressed. Their dress was a square piece of cloth, with a hole in the top, their shawls a three-cornered piece of the same, and their tissue-paper caps were stuck on with strong mucilage.

When the dolls were finished grandma herself had to laugh. "They do look so much like my old Seraphina," she said.

All the morning long the children played with their dolls, and such nice dollies they were. They could nod their heads and move their arms; and Ruth soon found out that by taking off their heads, they could be undressed and dressed again.

Louise and Baby Margaret enjoyed their dollies quite as much as the girls did, and coky dollie," as Margaret called hers, almost wore her one leg off walking back and forth between the little folks. She called on grandma, and she called on auntie. She drank water till her nose was all wet, and bowed so often that her poor head got quite loose, and, as Louis said, "it falded off if you on'y dus looked at her."

"But, grandma," whispered Ruth by and bye, "you said a party, too. Isn't it mos' time for the party to come in now?"

"Wait till the door-bell rings," said grandma, nodding at Auntie Nell.

"Ting-a-ling-ling," went the door-bell at that very minute, and all the children rushed to the door.

There stood one of the dollies. How she got there nobody knew, and on her arm was a tiny basket full of pieces of cocoanut shell.

"Take one," said grandma.

Ruth helped herself, and this is what the shell said: "Miss Cocoa Nutt requests the pleasure of your company, in the dining-room, at four o'clock this afternoon. Please bring your dolls."

At exactly four o'clock the children were at the dining-room door. Grandma opened it, and there was the party—a real cocoanut party.

In the centre of the table was a beautiful birthday cake, sprinkled all over with grated cocoanut, and on the top of it were nine little candles, waiting to be lighted.

By the side of the big cake was a plate of tiny biscuits, "Dus big 'nough for the dollies," Louis said. Then there were cocoanut drops, wrapped up in colored paper, little cakes with cocoanut frosting, and, best of all, by the side of each plate was a cocoanut cup filled with pink ice-cream.

The children clapped their hands for joy, and when Margaret found that the cocoanut dolls were to sit beside their mammas, each with a napkin and plate, she folded her little hands with a happy sigh, saying, "Coky parties is dus lubly."

And the dear baby was so busy trying to feed her "coky dolly" that she never noticed that auntie fed her with a great deal of good bread and milk, and very little cake and ice cream.

When the good things were all eaten, and the cocoanut cups carried off for playthings, grandma felt a pair of soft arms steal around her neck, and Louis' little voice whispered in her ear, "Don't you fink, grandma, dat you could play it was my birfday to-morrow, an'—an' have ancser coc'nut party?"—*Worthington's.*

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A REMARKABE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away—Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless—How She Was Saved.

(From the Arkansas Democrat).

The story of renewed health told in the following article has been carefully investigated by the *Democrat*, and is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality is slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sallow girls meet us on every side, and unless the same prompt measures are taken as in the case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lulu Clements, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Cora V. Clements, one of the most prominent residents of Lonoke, Ark., was attacked with a mysterious, wasting disease over a year ago, and despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony, and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a *Democrat* reporter:

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians, she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken anæmia, or, in other words, watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

"Her condition grew from bad to worse, and becoming alarmed, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia, Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicines of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient.

"Myself and daughter had almost given up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the Arkansas *Democrat* I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms of which were the same as in the case of my daughter. I purchased some of the pills, and commenced giving my daughter three pills a day. Before the first box had been taken an improvement was noticed. Color in her face was noticed, and her appetite returned. The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could breathe more freely. When the fourth box had been taken she was entirely well, and since then has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when every body thought she would die.

"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly and is now a very healthy woman."

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the suffering of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest savant of the present age.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.—*Advertisement.*

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Do Your Best.

It is always a hopeful sign in any young person when he keeps constantly before him the purpose to do his best in everything which he undertakes. He may be poor in worldly means; his parentage may be very humble; his surroundings may be very uninviting; his natural endowments may be meagre; his early facilities for an education may be very limited; yet, if he resolutely determine to do his very best with all of the opportunities at his command, he will be quite likely to make a splendid success in life. Of course, he must expect discouragements. They form a part of the discipline of every life. They are frequently the precursor of noble achievements. The man who meets with no discouragements in his way is one who has no serious difficulties to encounter; and he who is not confronted with obstinate difficulties of some kind misses opportunities to show himself a man and a growing man. If Demosthenes had not met with rugged difficulties in his way, if he had not found gross impediments stalking in his path, it is more than probable that he would not have finally become the master orator of the age. Discouragements he doubtless had, but he met them with the supreme resolve that they should not conquer him,—he would conquer them and make them the servants of his success.

He did his best, and this meant the overthrow of every obtrusive obstacle, the mastery of every difficulty, the conquest of every impediment, the defeat of every discouragement. It meant the willingness to pay the legitimate price for a success which would be worth what it cost. It always pays one to do his best in any line of honorable endeavor. The reward comes in the consciousness of having done duty in a thorough manner, in the satisfaction of having made progress beyond previous accomplishments, in the realisation of personal development and in the joy of having done good to others. Such an experience is unknown to him who does not habitually engage his best efforts in any line of service in which he may lawfully and righteously exert his powers. It is impossible that he who puts slack hand to work and is a time-server should feel the thrill of satisfaction which comes through the consciousness of having done one's best in some sphere of honest labor. He knows nothing of that high joy which enriches and rewards that man who has bent every energy in the discharge of a duty which laid its reasonable claims upon him. He may have failed to perform that duty as completely as he desired to; there may be some sense of regret that he could not have done better, and yet the fact that he did his best furnishes a satisfaction and a joy which sweetly and surely repay him for his earnest, intense efforts. He realizes that it is far more creditable to him to have done his best, even if it seemed to make a failure, than it would have been had he performed the work in an aimless, perfunctory and slovenly manner.

The church and the world need the services of those who are eager to do their best in various spheres of labor,—in such spheres as they are qualified to act, or by best efforts, may qualify themselves to act. As to the church, they are needed in the prayer-meetings, for they ought to pray there as best they can; in the conference meeting they should speak to the best of their ability; in the Sunday-school they should, as teachers, do their very best, and as scholars they ought to put best interest in the lessons. Each school should strive to be the best in the neighborhood or in the town, and this means that each teacher and each scholar should feel that only as they individually seek to do their best will they as a school attain conspicuous advancement. And every pastor, too, should be content with nothing short of doing his best, in the whole round of duty. Slovenly sermonizing is to be vigorously condemned and an indifferent delivery should not be tolerated. And every writer for the press both secular and religious, should make strenuous endeavor to do the best possible work. It is those who do their best that come to the front and receive best rewards.—*Hartford Secretary.*

Not Particular.

It is not likely that the next administration will let any particularly fat office in the departments fall to the lot of a colored politician. Nevertheless, there is a long list of sable citizens who fancy they enjoy a stout Democratic "pull," and who are or will be applicants for positions of authority. The story of a recent application made to Senator Blackburn by an old negro from Kentucky portrays the eagerness to secure something from the government, whatever form the prize may take. The senator was informed one day that "old Mose" had arrived from Woodford Co., Ky., and was waiting to consult him privately on "er 'portant matter."

"Well, Moses," began Senator Blackburn, as the grinning African was ushered into his presence, "what brings you to Washington?"

"Mars Joe," replied Mose impressively, "I'se got 'portant bus'ness sah. I wants a orfice."

"You want an office! Why, Mose, what can you do?"

"Do, Mars Joe? What does everybody do dat's got er orfice? Bless yer heart, Mars Joe, yer don't un'erstand old Mose. I hain't lookin' fo' work, sah; I only wants a orfice."

Senator Blackburn, with as much seriousness as he could command, assured Mose that he was powerless to assist him to an "orfice," but that he might provide employment in some private concern. Old Mose's face fell, but soon brightened again.

"Well, Mars Joe," said he hopefully, "ef ye kaint git er orfice fo' me' sah, jes' hustle aroun' an git me er pension. I ain't at all 'tickler, sah."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on **Thursday, the thirty-first day of August next,** at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the sixteenth day of May, A. D. 1893, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein William H. Barnaby, William E. Skillen and Manuel W. Francis, executors and trustees of the estate and effects of George Whitfield Marston, are Plaintiffs, and William Breeze and Jane Breeze, his wife, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill of Complaint and in the said Decretal Order as:—

"ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in Queens Ward, in the City of Saint John, fronting on the northern side of Horsfield Street twenty-five feet and extending back to the rear thereof eighty one feet, more or less, and bounded on the east by land formerly owned and occupied by Edward S. Jarvis, on the west by land formerly owned by one McCallum, and on the rear by parts of the rear line of lots fronting on Princess Street and owned by W. H. M. Burtis and John Dunn, respectively

Also all and singular all those several lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John aforesaid, and severally described as follows, namely: All and singular all that lot of land and premises conveyed to said William Breeze by Thomas C. Hornigar and wife, by deed dated the first day of September, A. D. 1857, and situate and described therein as follows: That is to say, lying in Horsfield Street (so called) in Queens Ward, in the said City, being twenty-five feet front on the same street and extending back the same breadth to the rear line of lots fronting on Tyng Street (now Princess Street), the same being eighty feet, more or less, bounded east by a lot at present belonging to Peter Appleby and west by a lot belonging to William Jacobs.

Also all and singular all the lands and premises conveyed to the said William Breeze by deed from Malcolm Perry and Mary Ann his wife, dated the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1881, and by deed from one Catherine Noyes, dated the twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. 1881, the same being all that certain lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in Queens Ward, in the said City, fronting on Horsfield Street, and bounded on the west by property formerly belonging to the heirs of the late Peter Appleby deceased, and measuring and fronting thirty feet along the northerly line of the said Horsfield Street, from the said western boundary of the said lot towards the eastern boundary, and extending back northerly from Horsfield Street, preserving the same breadth eighty feet.

Also all those other lots of land and premises situate in the City of Saint John aforesaid, conveyed to the said William Breeze by one James A. Whitney and Eliza, his wife, by deed dated the twelfth day of March, A. D. 1884, and described in said Deed as all of that certain lot of land and premises conveyed to the said James A. Whitney, by James A. Harding, Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, by deed bearing date the twenty-ninth day of August, A. D. 1861, and comprising parts of lots numbers six hundred and thirteen and six hundred and fourteen in the city plot of Saint John, and sold by the said Sheriff under execution against one Thomas Majoribanks, and in said Deed or Conveyance thereof described as that certain lot, piece or parcel of ground situate in the City of Saint John, being the south half of a lot of land number six hundred and fourteen (614), being fifty feet on Germain Street, and extending back forty feet, being the residence of the said Thomas Majoribanks. Also a certain part of a lot or parcel of ground situate and known as lot number six hundred and thirteen (613), measuring twenty feet on the rear of the said lot by the whole breadth, forty feet more or less, and conveyed by David Crook on the 25th of October, 1837, to the said Thomas Majoribanks. Also a certain piece or parcel of ground, being a part of lot number six hundred and fourteen, fronting on Germain street twelve feet and extending back forty feet in the rear, bounded southerly by one a piety of said lot lately conveyed by William Whitney and Robert Harris, and now occupied by said Thomas Majoribanks.

Also that other lot of land and premises conveyed to said William Breeze by Joseph C. Hatheway and wife by Deed dated the nineteenth day of June, A. D. 1875, and described in said Deed as all that certain portion of the lot known and distinguished on the map or plan of said City by the number six hundred and thirteen (613), bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the dividing line between the lands of said Joseph C. Hatheway and William Breeze at a point forty feet distant westerly from the western side line of Germain street and thirty-eight feet southerly from the south line of Princess Street, thence westerly on a continuation of said dividing line eight feet, thence southerly at right angles fifteen feet nine inches, and thence westerly at right angles thirty-two feet, more or less, to the east side line of lot owned and occupied by one Patrick Bradley, thence southerly along the east side line of said Bradley lot twenty-six feet and three inches more or less, to the northerly line of land owned by said William Breeze, thence easterly along the last mentioned line forty feet to the westerly line of land owned by said William Breeze, thence northerly along said last mentioned line forty-two feet more or less to the place of beginning, the same being a part of that portion of said lot number six hundred and thirteen, recently purchased by the said Joseph C. Hatheway from the Executors of the Estate of the said David W. Crook; the said several above mentioned described lots of land and premises being intended to include the whole of the real estate, lands and premises of the said William Breeze fronting on Germain and Horsfield Streets, in the City of Saint John aforesaid; together with all and singular the houses, out-houses, barns, buildings, fences and improvements in and upon the said lands and premises, and every of them and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the right, title, dower, right of dower, interest, property, claim and demand whatever, both at Law and in Equity or otherwise, of them the said William Breeze, and Jane, his wife, in, to, out of, or upon the said lands premises, and any and every part thereof."

For terms of Sale and other particulars, apply to the Plaintiffs' Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee.

Dated this 8th day of June, A. D. 1893.

E. H. MACALPINE,
Referee in Equity.

HANINGTON & WILSON,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To the Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of JAMES MORAN, late of the City of Saint John (formerly the City of Portland), in the City and County of Saint John, farmer, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

WE HEREBY GIVE YOU NOTICE that in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys owing to the undersigned Amelia Peck, by virtue of the indenture of mortgage made by James Moran, deceased, and Elizabeth his wife, bearing date the twenty-third day of May, A. D. 1881, and by the widow and heirs of said James Moran, deceased, bearing date the twenty-seventh day of March, A. D. 1884, we shall, on WEDNESDAY, the thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1893, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner so called, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said indentures respectively, in execution of the powers thereby respectively vested in us, the said Amelia Peck.

Dated the third day of July, A. D. 1893.

CHARLES A. PECK.
AMELIA PECK.

A. H. DEMILL,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

James S. May & Son,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

P. O. Box 303

J. & J. D. HOWE,

Manufacturers of HOUSEHOLD

FURNITURE!

CHEAP BEDROOM SETTS, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, Etc.

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MARKET BUILDING, GERMAIN ST.

FACTORY:
END OF UNION STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THOMAS L. HAY,

Hides, Skins and Wool,

At the Old Stand, Head of the Alley,

15 SYDNEY STREET,

(Residence—41 Paddock St.) ST. JOHN, N. B.