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Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,—

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see.

I full o' the brightest pictures,
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

Some of the pages are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow.

Some of them keep the secrets
That make the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and rustle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be,
In the wonderful year book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

And a thought most strange and solemn,
Is borne upon my mind,—
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what we may upon it,
The record there will stay,
Till the books of time are opened,
In the court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

Selected Serial.

IN BLACK AND GOLD.

A STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued*

WHIM'S INHERITANCE.

The windows and doors were open. We saw the willow trees waving like mourning veils over the graves in the churchyard; the bees came swinging in and went out again; we youngsters used to watch, with a sort of terror and joy, the wasps darting about close to the bald head of the leading deacon; if a bird or a butterfly came in, we were happy. Once a swallow came sweeping in and lit on the communion-table, and our preacher quoted that bit of the psalm, 'Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.' The sermon was two hours long, and then we had a little over half an hour, when we went out into the graveyard and ate our seed-cakes and talked to our neighbors, and then we went back and had a short Sunday-school and another long sermon. But there wasn't any more going to sleep in church those days than there is now—not so much, maybe, for the parsons gave their attention then to preaching rousing doctrines."

"Nothing is as good as it used to be," groaned Maggie. "I am not so good myself as I used to be. In the words of a book I used to own, 'I was once a fair and flourishing professor,' but I am far from either fair or flourishing now. But no one could be good contending with such a man as her father; what with his shirts and hot coffee, law and strong tea is completely exploded," which adjective was no doubt recklessly flung away in lieu of diabolical.

It was just after this hot Sabbath that Whim came home tanned, stout, happy, to enter the Conservatory. Doro took him up to the director, paid the bill, and purchased a violin for school work, and expressed her desire that Whim should be kept closely at his studies, and converted into a "first violin" as soon as possible. She was such a tender, earnest, pathetic little mother, talking about this big, effervescent, impulsive boy, who was likely to fall into a great deal of mischief just out of curiosity to know what it was, that the director vowed to himself to make a specialty of Whim for Doro's sake. That was one care off Doro's mind. Another source of comfort was that the show began to look up. It had a new leave of popularity. It was a new plaything to Miss Harrison. No. 97 Andover street smacked of a safe Bohemianism which lent a flavor to the conservative existence of Commonwealth Avenue; Miss Harrison ventilated her behind-the-scenes wisdom in show-life. Doro received a note asking her to open the show four Saturday-afternoons, so that the Sunday school infant class could be brought in four divisions to see it. Then came a request to open her doors one evening at half-past six, so that Miss Harrison and a number of friends—about twenty—could have a *quasi* private exhibition. Maggie joyfully received a good-dollar bill as fee from that party, and assured herself "that the show's fortune was made, and it was easy to tell real quality—they wore such elegant clothes." Indeed, the clothes attracted her so much that with her hands on her hips, and her two lower teeth shot out over her naturally well cut upper lip, she stood in the doorway and looked at the visitors all the time they looked at the wax.

Doro, doing her best to exhibit to these elegant pleasure-seekers, found herself somewhat nonplussed by Miss Harrison's zeal to tell what she knew about wax. Thus:—

Doro: 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is Marcus Junius Brutus, born in 85 before Christ, died in 42. He was a great student, and stood well in his day; and because he took chief part in the killing of Cæsar, he has been called a patriot and a great man. It seems to me that it is very much against him that he joined friendship with Pompey, when his father had been killed by Pompey's order. I think, too, it was wicked in him to divorce his wife for the sake of getting political power by marrying the daughter of Cato. It looks very wrong to me that when Cæsar had been generous and forgiving to him, he should conspire to kill him by treachery, and he surely made a very bad end when he killed himself after a defeat in battle. Suicide is the end of a coward, and it leaves the soul without hope."

Miss Harrison: "Makes a real good Brutus, don't he? He was Israel Putman before, with a wig, a cocked hat, and that blue coat and breeches with brass buttons, that Satan has on, over there by the other wall. We wanted the blue clothes for Satan, so we took off Putnam's wig, and put black hair on him, with an olive wreath to make him look classic, and made him that toga and pair of sandals."

This disquisition from Miss Harrison discontented Doro. It was one thing to dress up her wax, but quite another to show off. When it stood decorous, quite majestic under the gaslight, she believed in it. She took Brutus (M. J.) where and as she found him for exhibition, and was, for the time being, oblivious that he had figured as Israel Putman, and had killed a wolf and not Cæsar. The long series of metamorphoses and historical metempsychoses of her wax figures faded from her mind when she met them in order for exhibition. In the day-time, arranging her show, she was of the school of Pythagoras; that work completed, she returned to modern orthodoxy, and decreed to each individual his particular identity. However, if Miss Harrison and her comments were somewhat subversive of the dignity of the show, one way and another, they brought in considerable money, and that was good in Whim's education. Whim was fulfilling the prophecies of Jonas—at first he was mad over his new pursuits; he desired neither to eat nor sleep; he talked music, he thought music, then, following the omnipresent law of the pendulum, his zeal rebounded toward indifference, he became weary of effort and thought he did well enough.

"There's a fellow up to the Conservatory who has a nice time of it," said Whim to Doro. "I wish I was in his boots. He studies only as much as he likes, just because he likes; he don't need to work to make a living; he won't have to give concerts or take pupils. He is a German; he takes what he calls *clavier*—that means piano. His uncle left him an inheritance; he is an heir; you'd better believe I wish I was."

"You have an inheritance, Whim," said Doro. It was Sunday night. Doro was lying on the little hard hair-cloth lounge, and Whim was sitting on the floor beside her.

"I'd like to know what, I'm sure," said Whim, testily.

"Well, in the first place, your violin. Perhaps there is not such another violin in America. If you are able to bring great skill and great genius to bear on your bow, that violin can make you famous."

"Yes, there's the violin," admitted Whim.

"And, then, there is your musical genius. That's an inheritance worth more than a big fortune; for the fortune may be lost, but the genius is still yours, and can be made more splendid by labor. That genius came to you from your great-grandfather and grandfather, just as your name, Henry Whimser, did. Do you find many pupils at the Conservatory who have more natural gift than you?"

"No," said Whim; "they all say that I have the best genius there."

"And that should make you more and more industrious, Whim. The diamond is the most valuable of gems, but it needs the most and hardest cutting and polishing to make it all it should it. And now, Whim, you have another inheritance, which I don't like to talk about; and yet I must, to save you from trouble—an inheritance which you got from poor father, Whim."

"As what?" asked the boy.

"I'm afraid—in the first place, a great hate of hard work."

"Oh, well—work—why, who likes work?"

"When work is seen to be the only proper means to goodness and greatness and usefulness, we should love it for that, Whim. Then, too, God bids us work; he objects to idlers, and work keeps us out of wickedness; work we owe to God, to ourselves, to others. Those who hate honest work, Whim, usually have a craving for money got without working. The Scripture don't believe in that; it says: 'If any will not work, neither shall he eat;' and when we want money that shall come like rain falling out of the sky, and not like gold dug up out of the earth, then we are apt to try to get it in unfair ways—by games of chance or by cheating. And I want to speak to you of that, Whim. I see you have a great deal of temptation toward chances and lotteries, and such ways of getting things, and poor father has tried to lead you astray in those ways, and you must fight and pray, Whim, against that part of your inheritance, the liking that is in your blood for gamig, my poor dear boy—and for wine too, I fear."

Whim was silent. He was considering whether this was so.

Doro was lost in a painful musing. Here was Whim, dowered with beauty, genius, and an inborn vice; how would the fatal inheritance end? Finally, Whim said:—

"There is, I suppose, something amusing and exciting in gaming—but because a man wants to get a little entertainment out of it, he need not get absorbed in it, or be a cheat, and disgrace or ruin himself."

"As the man who pleads his right to moderate drinking often, even usually, ends by being a drunkard, so he who games a little for fun is apt to end by being a gamester, and ruined. Both drunkenness and gaming are roads to eternal ruin. The Bible says no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God—so the gamester cuts himself off from heaven. It is true they might repent and be forgiven, for the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin, but these vices put their victims in a frenzied state, where they will neither ask for nor accept the mercy of God. The gambler lives on the ruin of his fellows, and perishes in his own. Suicide results more often from gaming than from any other vice, and suicide shuts the door of hope to the soul. Gambling, Whim, is social ruin; it is spiritual ruin. So is drinking. Now, see how much temptation there is everywhere toward gambling and drink, and I see that you are naturally vulnerable to these temptations, and so I wish you would fear for yourself, and keep watch and pray God to deliver you from temptation; and if you do that, dear Whim, you cannot then deliberately put yourself right in the way of it. Then, too, one way of keeping out of temptation is to be active in honest work, and I think God has given you your love of music as a safeguard, if you will have a passion for it and work at it honestly."

"Do you know," said Whim, "sometimes I envy people who do not have to work? Perhaps I would get just as much happiness and less vexation out of music if I were rich and only studied for pleasure. I think lords and millionaires are very lucky people."

"They are in places of greater temptation, of greater responsibility, and have more to answer to God for. If you read the history of the eighteenth century, you will see how many princes and nobles, and men who might have been great and good, led ruined lives, and died hopeless, shameless deaths, because they had lived only to amuse themselves, and tried to amuse themselves in gaming and drinking. God says all we are brethren; he sets us in this world to live for others as well as for ourselves. That man lives highest who lives least for himself and most for God and his neighbors. God says that every man should seek another's good; we are to owe no man anything but love; we are, with regard to living, to 'work everyone with quietness, and eat our own bread,' and, instead of envying and grieving at the good of our neighbor, we are to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again. All extortioners and unjust and robbers and liars have no part in the Holy City. When men stand before God for judgment according to their works, what will the work of the gamester be, on which his record is made? The Book of Proverbs tells us that those who are greedy of gain lie in 'wait for their own blood'; and 'lurk privily for their own lives.' The man who means to live idly on the gain he makes by winning his neighbor's money is 'devising evil against his neighbor.' Could anything be more unlike the law of God, that we are to do good as we have opportunity, do as we would be done by, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous! Oh, Whim! gamblers 'eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence,' and sleep not unless they have done mischief."

Doro was afraid that Whim was becoming idle, and she feared if he were idle his thoughts and his tastes would drift into evil channels. Jonas made it his duty to go to the director and have a talk about Whim. The chain of sequences lengthening, the director confided the story of Whim and Doro to a friend, who was visiting him, a Swiss cornetist of fame. The Swiss made a pilgrimage to a top-story class-room, where Whim was alone, his arms folded, his head bent in a reverie; he was fond of idle dreaming.

"What, doing nothing!" said the visitor."

"I have learned my lesson," said Whim.

"So! How extraordinary! But no, you mistake; one has never learned his lesson, because one has never got out of a lesson all that may be got out of it."

"I assure you, sir, I am quite perfect in mine; I am always prepared—ask my master, else—"

"Ah, it is but little your master could tell me; for he only knows that you have learned what he can draw from you in a lesson of less than an hour. That is only of the surface of things. But there is something deeper in every lesson. In every new thing learned there should be some new revelation, some fresh insight into the spirit and power, the mission, the soul of music. You should gain in enthusiasm as well as in technical knowledge; you should be more and more concerned for rightness in yourself, that there may be rightness in your music. My lad, behind all true music lie thoughts, as much as behind poetry or painting or architecture. You cannot play really unless you think and feel; there must be a self behind the music, and it must be a self worthy of love and respect, and powerful to kindle soul in others. What sound is that?"

"That's Hobbry, taking his cornet down."

"So! let us hear him a little." They listened.

"You call that music? It is true, he follows the assigned notes, and he marks the demanded time; but where is his expression? This noise he is making is crude, inexpressive. It falls coldly on the ear; it breaks my heart. Now, let me show you what the cornet can do. I am a Swiss. On the notes of this music I am going back to my beloved land. Before me spread with 'snowy peaks engrailed,' as your English poet says, the Alps—infinity in matter. I see great flashing spaces—seas of glass mingled with fire—the glaciers, smitten by the sun! Mont Blanc lifts up his head, hoary with pre-Adamite snow. The Jungfrau, with her placid state, her folded arms, sits in her bridal white, tutelary genius of the homes of Switzerland. Monta Rosa flushes like the morning; the airs that breathe around me are crisp with frost and yet sweet with flower-breath. I hear the laughter of the sky born rivers running down the gorges; I listen to the *jodel* of the mountaineer, to the tinkling of the bells of the herd, to the shepherd's song. I see the goats winding down the steep descents in the eventide. I listen to the laughter of my sisters, and I hear the voice of my mother calling her wanderer home."

The enthusiastic Swiss lifted his arms with a grand sweep, and his chest expanded while he drew back his head, then he put the silver tube to his lips and breathed a long, sweet, tearful note—an exile's heartcry. That note was to Whim as the chariots of Ammi-nadib, as Mahonet's carpet, as the cloud throne of Indra that came floating slowly through superior space. Before his mind rose with the growing music all the scenes, and breathed all the sounds that the Swiss cornetist had indicated. He saw the chalets perched in almost inaccessible places; he heard the dull thunder of the falling avalanche, the scream of the eagle sweeping upward; the laughter of children, glad that the winter was gone. He felt, there in the midst of he winter day, in that attic, none too warm, the breaking of the bondage of the ice-king, the return of summer swinging garlands over all the plain.

"What do you think of that?" asked the cornetist.

"That is surely the way angels make sounds in heaven."

The master waited for his music to make its full effect; then he said, earnestly:

"Look you! did you ever read of the ice palaces of Odin, of Valhalla in the North, of the Bridge of Frost, of the revels of the North kings where they drink blood and mead from skulls, and shout until the roof trembles? Have you heard of the 'Twilight of the Gods,' that dim eclipse, that cold and pale shall fall upon the revelling crew, and chill them into a long dark silence, that shall be neither life nor death?"

"I have read of it," said Whim.

"I will tell it to you in music."

And then in that cold attic, out of that silver tube, they heard the snapping of the frost, the grinding of iceberg and floe, the shouts of the gods, the clash of arms, the rush of blood and mead in rivers to the lips of those Northern kings, the war songs, the wassail, and found the gods themselves grown weary, and heard the revel sink to rest, and that grim silence, that was neither sleep nor death, settle over the terrible splendor of Valhalla, and felt that Bagsarok was deathly cold and pale."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Enigma.

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We have taken the trouble to make an investigation from the best sources and we give the results to our readers.

What astonishes us is the general indifference given to kidney disorders. The kidneys do not sound the alarm of their diseased condition, owing to the fact that they have very few nerves, hence few suspect that there is any disease in them. Irritation, inflammation, ulceration set in, and then the little tubes, of which the kidneys are full, are destroyed and thrown off, and from this fact are called tube casts.

As soon as this begins to take place it is only a question of how fast decomposition goes on before the disease results fatally. If the proper remedies are taken before final decomposition or waste of these tubes commences or becomes too far advanced, that is the only and last chance for relief. It is at this point or before that Warner's safe cure proves so beneficial, and may cure or stop the wasting away of the kidneys if it has not advanced too far.

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First he may possibly feel a dull pain in his back, generally upon one side, which does not debar him from his usual business routine. After a time he may begin to feel neuralgic pains, or have a slight attack of what he may call rheumatism or headache, with high or dark colored urine, with an unpleasant sensation in its passage, and after standing showing an unnatural condition. Later on, come tired feelings, loss of ambition or vigor, or loss of or failing eyesight, which is very common, with a distressed condition of the stomach. Any one of these symptoms is liable to occur.

This no doubt explains why the proprietors of Warner's safe cure are curing so many diseases. By regulating and building up the kidneys, symptoms of general ill-health disappear. They justly accuse the medical profession of treating the effects and not the cause. Finally, if this disorder is neglected the patient either dies of apoplexy, pneumonia, heart disease, blood poison, consumption, or any other disease that the system is most subject to.

There appears to be some one cause for nearly every other ailment of the human system, but up to the present time no one has been able to fully account for this terrible malady. We understand that the people of Germany have become aware of its fearful fatality, and have offered 400,000 marks ($100,000) to any one that can satisfactorily explain the cause.

IS IT NEEDED?—A few years ago it was customary at this time of the year to lift a finger of solemn warning, and to shake the head ominously with regard to drinking on Christmas and New Year's Day. Are warnings still needed? We hope not. No respectable young man, no christian or gentleman, old or young, will indulge in the intoxicating cup on holidays more than on other days. Intoxication is beastly—we beg the pardon of the beasts!—It is diabolical: well, we withdraw that too, for we have no proof that even the Devil gets drunk. We can safely say that to get drunk is to serve the Devil, and grieve and dishonor the Saviour of men. Touch not—taste not—handle not. Be sober, be vigilant; for your adversary the Devil like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Keep you out of the clutches of that deadly wild beast.—*Pres. Witness.*

—A messenger boy's diary: "Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired."

—A family in a Michigan town is said by a newspaper to be passing through the waters of affliction, twelve members of the family being sick with typhoid fever. It is evident that the waters of affliction are turn shed by the well.—*Good Health.*

Mamma (to little Joy, aged four, who wants to stay in bed): "Come, dearie, it is time now to get up. Don't you hear that robin outside your window? He says, 'Get up, get up now, get up quick.'" Joy (listening thoughtfully): "Yes, I hear him; *but he says it to his own children.*"

—An editor of a country paper having been invited to a picnic on the day when his paper had to go to press, called the boy who set the type and said: "Tom, I'm going away to-day, and haven't time to get out any more copy. Take my article headed 'Party Organization,' and run it in again, putting over it, 'Republished by request.' That will save considerable time, and you can go to press at once." When the editor returned from the picnic and took up a copy of his paper he became justly indignant upon reading the following: "Party Organization. Republished by request of the editor."

—An eminent Lord Chief Justice who was trying a right-of-way case had before him a witness—an old farmer—who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "knowed the path for sixty yeer, and my feyther tould I as he heerd my granfeyther say—" "Stop," said the Judge; "we can't have hearsay evidence here" "Not I" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was 'cept by hearsay?" After the laughter had subsided the Judge said: "In course of law we can only be guided with what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more or less." "Oh, what's that for a tale!" replied the farmer. "I ha' got a mile on the back of my neck, and I never seed un, but I'd be prepared to swear that he's there!" This second triumph on the part of the witness let in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the Judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.

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Since its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed recognition, the position it took at the beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start,—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

The Editor, Mary Mapes Dodge,

author of 'Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates,' and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—to has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, ST. NICHOLAS brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water knowledge and delight.

St Nicholas in England.

It is not alone in America that ST NICHOLAS has made its great success. The London Times says: "It is above anything we produce in the same line." The *Scotsman* says: "There is no magazine that can successfully compete with it."

The Coming Year of St. Nicholas.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic."—how Presidential works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent"; Elisabeth Robinson Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folks," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in St Nicholas.

Why not try St. Nicholas this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us $3.00, or subscribe through books, News and newsdealers. The Century Co. 33 East 17th St. New-York.

NOTICE OF SALE

To James W. Price and his wife, and all other persons or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that power of sale contained in Mortgage bearing date the 1st A. D. 1878, and made between thereinafter described as of the parish in the city and county of St. John, province of New Brunswick, Helen Price his wife, of the first David H. Hall, of the same place, 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 county of Saint John, on Wednesday, the 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 of St. John, being a portion of the lot of land formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and marked 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 said city and county of St. John, aforesaid, as lots number six and sixty-two (62), each of said lots being of forty feet on a street marked on said plan and designated Mount Street, and extending back the same breadth one hundred feet, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, which has been made in the payment thereof.

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

D. H. HALL

HANINGTON & WILSON,

Solicitors for Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE

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

NOTICE is hereby given that power of sale contained in Mortgage bearing date the fifth A. D. 1878, and made between Cunningham therein described of Saint John, in the city and county of St John, carpenter, and Martha 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 St John, in the city and county of St 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, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city of Saint John, aforesaid, being the land and premises formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and marked 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 St. John, by the number nine (9) on street marked and laid out in said map or plan designated Pleasant City Avenue, having a front on said street of forty feet and extending back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, which has been made in the payment thereof.

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

D. H. HALL

HANINGTON & WILSON,

Solicitors for Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE

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

NOTICE is hereby given that power of sale contained in mortgage bearing date the fifth A. D. 1878, and made between Peel therein described, of the parish of St John, in the city and county of St John, in the Province of New Brunswick, 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 the fourth day of January next at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the city of St John, in the city and county of Saint John, and premises described in said mortgage as "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city of Saint John, being a portion of the land formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and marked 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 St. John, being a portion of the lot of land and premises 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 said city and county of Saint John, lots number sixty-three (63) and sixty-four (64) each of said lots being of forty feet on a street marked on said plan, and designated Mount Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth one hundred feet, with all the privileges and appurtenances belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, which has been made in the payment thereof.

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

D. H. HALL

HANINGTON & WILSON,

Solicitors for Mortgagee.

ST. JOHN BUILDING

ODD FELLOWS' HA

Incorporated

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