THE HOME.

Lost Opportunities.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

It is not that my friend is gone,
That I no more his face can see;
It is not that I'm sad and lone,
And life seems but a mockery;
It is not this that grieves me most,
Nor that I lose a gem so rare;
It is not that my soul is lost,
Amid the storm as vessels are.

It is not that the grave has hid
So much of hope, of joy, of bliss;
Nor that beneath the coffin lid
Still lies the form that I must miss.
'Tis this that strikes the deepest blow,
'Tis this that makes the cruelest sore,
That while he lived on earth below,
I did not love and prize him more.

I knew it I would give it heed,
That life held many a secret pain;
That loving word and kindly deed
Would be as sunshine 'mid the rain.
The little gift I might have brought—
Ah, was withheld all thoughtlessly;
Why was my heart so dull, untaught,
When earth's poor gifts might need be?

Why did I lack in tenderness?
Why did his worth so little prize?
Why oft go slow with my caress?
Must death alone unseal mine eyes?
I might have given a fond embrace
Instead of that cool passiveness;
I might have kissed his well-loved face
When o'er it stole that anxiousness.

Oh, while I feel this keen regret,
And while this aching heart I bear,
E'en while my cheeks with tears are wet,
I sing to heaven an earnest prayer.
That soul, sad cry, "Too late, too late,"
The bleeding heart almost it rends.
My God, may I appreciate
Not only dead, but living friends.

—*Christian Intelligencer*

A Christian Home.

There are no doubt many thousand such homes through the length and breadth of the land. We trust that our reader's and our own are such homes. Yet how much such a home means. How much it means to us when we are alone within it, that is, with none besides our own family present. What courtesy and kindness to each other; what constant remembrance and even consciousness that He who sanctified the home is present with us there, to bless and guide us, in all the domestic and family relations and duties. How sweet and helpful the morning prayer; the blessing at the recurring meals; the family reading of the Bible; the memory verses recited at breakfast; the training and discipline which comes by means of duties, responsibilities and cares. What practice of unselfishness for the sake of others; what deference to each other's wishes; what struggles with native selfishness; and what cultivation of the grace of Christ in connection with constant companionship; what suppression of hasty words; what repentings and forgivings. Unless we stop to think these things over, we are apt to forget how much of the influence and ministry of Christ is exercised in the home of the Christian. Verily, a Christian home is the best training school for heaven that we know of; and it is the best blessing on earth. Going out from such a home into one where He does not dwell and reign, how different the atmosphere. The Christless home may be more beautiful in all outward aspects, more richly furnished; more amply provided; but what a sad one there is. The day seems but illy begun without the morning prayer; the food fairly chokes in one's throat for the want of the "blessing;" the worldly courtesy, however refined, lacks the "sweet savor" that is detected even where manners are not so polished; underneath the velvet of society manners there is a suspicion of a concealed claw. We have frequent occasion to visit in homes both where Christ reigns and where he has no place, and the difference in the atmosphere is most manifest. We thank God every time our feet are turned into the one, and we pray God every time we have occasion to go into the other. How we pity the children who are brought up in those homes where He is not, who took little children up in his arms and blessed them; where He is not, who was wont to rest and refresh himself in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus.

Then again there are Christian homes *and* Christian homes. In some where Christ is nominally Saviour and Lord (and we hope really so), he is given but scant recognition, and by no means made to be the Master of the house and the loving and honored Lord of the family. His name is seldom mentioned; his word is only used in private when at all; there is no invocation of blessing at table; and of course there is no family prayer. How He must be wounded in such a house at his friends; how slighted is his love. Like a servant hidden away in an obscure part of the house, with whom there is no open fellowship, He is only acknowledged and recognized as a soul's necessity. A true Christian home of course begins with Christ in the heart; for no amount of formal recognition or calling upon his name would make a home Christian if He is not sanctified in the heart as Lord. Still granting that He has heart-room, his influence and presence in the home can only be manifest as He has gracious and prominent recognition in all the details of home-life.

The true Christian home-life is organized about the family altar; where the law of the Lord is open not only to the eyes of all the members of the household, but where it is daily read and meditated upon; where his name is openly called upon in prayer, praise and thanksgiving. How can it be otherwise; and how can any Christian parent desire it to be otherwise? Of course, where there is a division in the house, as between parent and parent, the matter is more difficult. But even in such a case, the one who is Christian, father or mother, has so much more a responsibility as to the Lord. It is a rare case where a father who is not a Christian could wish it otherwise than to have the rest and peace that comes with the natural and sweet recognition of Christ, and who would not wish his children to be reared under the influence of a Christian home. This is the Christian mother's opportunity and responsibility. We know such homes where the mother is priestess in the house and prophetess unto her children. If this may not be so in open formality it may be so in the quiet persistency of her daily government of the house in the absence of her husband, and that in no clandestine manner. Where the father is Christian, and not the mother, the matter, so far as the public recognition of the Lord and his Word and worship is concerned, is still more simple, for the father is the natural head of the house and may order it as he will. We plead for the enlargement of the functions and privileges of the Christian home life. Let every one who names the name of the Lord see to it that Christ is honored in his home and in presence of all his household.—*Words and Weapons.*

THE FARM.

—After trying several kinds of so-called extra early Lima beans, a market gardener says he has concluded that the best way to get them extra early is to save the seed from the lower pods that ripen first.

—The newer and better way of intensive farming seeks to thoroughly and systematically plan the work to be done, to preserve and increase the fertility of the soil, to select carefully the seed to be planted, to prepare only so much land as can be carefully tended, giving unremitted attention to the planting, hoeing and cultivating of the crop, from the breaking up of the ground to the period of gathering, applying all the fertilizing which will be profitably beneficial. In other words, getting the very highest and best results which the land is capable of producing.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Cultivator.*

—The *American Cultivator* says: "The wheat reserves in Europe in 1887 are smaller than in any of the last five years, especially so on the Continent. Great Britain will need to import next year about 140,000,000 bushels wheat; France, Holland and Belgium 20,000,000 each, Italy 18,000,000, Germany 10,000,000. The Dominion of Canada, with a deficient wheat crop in Ontario and Quebec, will require all the surplus of Manitoba. Besides this country, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, British India, Australia, Egypt, Chili and the Argentine Republic will each have an export surplus of wheat to sell in the markets of the world."

—It is said that one-fourth of the population of the earth derive their sustenance solely through irrigation; that, without it, this large number of people would be without sufficient food to sustain life. In the most powerful nations of antiquity—Babylon, Persia, Egypt, a large part of the Roman and Grecian empires—and now in much of India, in a considerable part of Italy, in much of France and Spain, the best products of the soil are obtained mainly through irrigation. In our country, in those regions that were described in the geographies of our boyhood as the Great American Desert, much of the land is irrigated, and produces bountiful crops. We have in mind the founding of the settlement of Greeley, Col., one of the most successful colonies established recently. All the land is irrigated, so that the crops are really under the control of the cultivator. No drouth affects their crops. Indeed, farmers in these regions much prefer no rain should fall.—*Standard.*

Care of Hens in Winter.

In the winter when eggs command a good price, very few hens are laying. Many are anxious to know how to produce eggs at this time, and for the benefit of such I submit the following:

First, the fowls must have a warm, comfortable house; for hens will not lay with frozen feet or combs. The house need not be a very expensive or a fancy one, but it must be warm, and the warmer the better.

The second condition is proper food. Let their breakfast be potatoes, turnips, apples or other vegetables boiled tender, salted and peppered as for the table, and thickened with corn meal, middlings, or bran cooked a few moments. Feed warm. Wheat, buckwheat, oats, cracked corn, a little rye or barley are suitable for dinner, and whole corn for supper.

Be careful not to overfeed; never give more than they will eat up clean, and do not allow hens to become too fat or they will not lay. If possible, supply them with other green food than cooked vegetables. A cabbage head hung up by the roots so high they can just reach it, will supply green food, exercise and amusement. Beets, parsnips, carrots, onions, apples, turnips and pumpkins are greatly relished as a change if fed occasionally in the same way or chopped very fine and fed from troughs; or pumpkins may be cut in halves or quarters and stuck on stakes driven in the ground to prevent the fowls from scratching them in the dirt. Celery tops and refuse they will consider a rare luxury; and if every morning soon after their breakfast you will give them an armful of clover hay or all their feed trough with chopped timothy hay soaked in warm water, they will sing and talk as happily and gayly as a lot of school girls, and reward you by their dainty white and pink-shelled eggs in profusion.

Give them plenty of clean water, and do not let it freeze. To prevent this, have it a very little warm and change it frequently. If possible, keep milk by them all the time; or if you have not enough for this, take away the water and give all the milk they will drink about the middle of the forenoon.

Two or three times a week feed all the sunflower seed they will eat, and if possible, feed meat scraps three or four times weekly. If you cannot often procure meat, cook their breakfast in milk or even dish-water, instead of clear water. A piece of red pepper, or a little capsicum (cayenne pepper) added to their breakfast every few mornings is very good, as also are onions.

"Venetian red" fed in corn meal every week or two, in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of meal, will keep them healthy and prevent cholera. A little soda in the milk is good for the same purpose. Always feed grain by throwing it among straw or litter, so that the biddies will have to "scratch for a living," as this will not only give them much needed exercise, but prevent their getting too fat. Do not keep them confined to the house when the weather will permit of their having a range.

If you have healthy pullets and hens that are not too old, and follow the instructions here given, always remembering to give them a good supply of sand or fine gravel and lime and a good dust bath, our word for it that you will have a well-filled egg basket at the time when eggs are most scarce, and consequently command the best prices.—*Selected.*

It is wise to provide against emergencies which are liable to arise in every family. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove a never failing remedy.

TEMPERANCE.

How She Saved Him.

MRS. E. M. HICKOK

The grandest ball of the season was to be given in Mrs. Delmont's spacious parlors, where there was no lack of elegance and agreeable amusements. And Mrs. Delmont was known as a most charming hostess and pleasing friend.

With ease, grace and ready tact, she could manage the introductions and incidents of an evening so harmoniously that her guests invariably departed well satisfied with themselves and kindly disposed towards each other. The richest viands, the choicest wines were found at her table.

But though wine was copious and free there, its disagreeable effects were little noticed; for if any devotee realized that his head was becoming confused, a carriage immediately conveyed him to his own home; and there the curtain fell.

And the world pointed to Mrs. Delmont's well-ordered parties, and said: "Behold how harmless is the moderate use of wine."

They forgot how many a young man would taste the first, but not the last glass there; how many an appetite might there be kindled which would burn with fiercer power until it was well nigh unquenchable, and, as I said, on other home scenes the curtain fell.

In Maude Aubrey's pleasant room, that young lady and her warmest friend, Constance, usually called Connie Layton, were in animated conversation regarding the coming ball to which both had invitations.

Maude's circumstances were far more humble than those of the society in which Mrs. Delmont moved; but she was a favorite with that lady, who, despite form and fashion, had a warm, true heart; and when she invited Maude from love of her society, she invited her best friends also.

Beside Maude Aubrey's beauty and pleasing manners, combined with rare intelligence of mind, rendered her everywhere a welcome guest. But now, a touch of sadness lingered about her, a shade of anxiety rested upon her fair brow, and her loving little friend noticed it.

At last she said:

"Something troubles you, Maude. I have seen it ever since I came in this afternoon. Surely you have nothing to feel sad or anxious about."

"But I am anxious about something, Connie, and perfectly willing to tell you now, for I have fully and firmly decided upon my course, and all my friends will know of it soon. I have only been reflecting dear, upon a subject which I am sure demands every woman's attention, and I see my way plain and clear. I only hope my future earnest efforts may in some degree atone for my past thoughtless sinning."

"Why, Maude," cried Connie, in surprise, "What have you ever done to atone for?"

"Connie," replied Maude, with sweet, gentle earnestness, "from force of custom, you know we have been in the habit of tasting wine at all our pleasant gatherings; and in our ignorance of the consequences, and thoughtless gaiety we have offered the glass to many a young man in our circle of friends. You remember Mrs. Arlington's last party; and you must have seen that more than one gentleman there partook so freely of the dangerous beverage that its effects were very apparent, perhaps"—and Maude spoke this with a very painful effort—"perhaps you thought I was blind in one case; but no, Connie, it seemed as though a mist were suddenly cleared from my vision and I saw all the sin, temptation and terrible danger that lie in these little acts of so-called courtesy. And I have pledged myself that never again shall the wine-cup press my lips; more than this," and Maud's beautiful eyes were luminous with feeling, and her tone, attitude and whole demeanor bespoke an unswerving determination, "I will never wed a man who makes not the same unqualified resolve."

Connie drew a long, deep respiration before she could exclaim: "Why, Maude Aubrey! But what will you do at Mrs. Delmont's? How can you refuse where etiquette and politeness are the rule? Perhaps," added the young girl, anxiously, "you will not go."

"Certainly, I shall go; and if there, where all are expected to partake, but none to excuse, if there, the cross be heaviest, so is the duty plainest."

"But, Maude, darling," again ventured Connie, apprehensively, "what will Harry say to your decision? How dare you make such a strict total abstinence resolve, when you have loved each other so long?"

"Connie, I dare not risk my happiness and his salvation by doing such a thing. Oh, I saw, at that last party, the flush meant to his brow, the unnatural fire in his eye; and because I love him, I will be firm God forgive me for the temptation I have ignobly placed in his way in the past; and may God help me to save him now," said beautiful Maude bowed her head and tears rolled down her cheeks, and intense emotion shook her slight form as she repeated, fervently, "God help me to save him now."

Like a rare dream of beauty or a fairy vision of loveliness were the elegant rooms in Mrs. Delmont's city residence, and like a spell of enchantment, the soft, perfumed air, the harmonious blending of color, the sweet strains of music stole upon the senses.

Rich, massive paintings, rare specimens of art in various departments of workmanship, gilded walls and cornices, luxurious draperies and furniture, as well as the costly robes of fortune's favored children gathered there, were all plainly revealed in floods of light from glittering chandeliers.

Amid the brilliant splendour, the hostess of the evening moved easily and gracefully, with cordial courtesy in her look and tone. Forty years had left their impress but lightly on her fair brow, telling of no conflicting struggles with life's hard, stern phases, betraying no contact with its bitter necessities, which sear the heart and furrow the brow. A woman to whom any departure from high-bred customs, anything angular, abrupt or startling, seemed as foreign as ill bred curiosity, or rude, annoying questions.

Truely, as Connie Layton had thought, It required some moral courage to break away from the old timed custom of such a house, and to denounce by act, if not by word, what such upper-ten politeness sanctioned.

Maude Aubrey was dressed with exquisite taste, and even more than ordinary care. And many a guest that evening remarked that she had never looked so beautiful or appeared so interesting. Firm and serene in her high resolve, she maintained well her self possession, while her anxious friend Connie marveled at her calm demeanor, and feared greatly for her new position, though her heart acknowledged it as the true one.

And Harry Linwood, her accepted lover, who had long regarded Maude as his ideal of womanly goodness and beauty, could hardly be attracted for a moment from her presence, and with an unwonted thrill of love and pride took his place beside her at the sumptuously furnished table, as he reflected that she was his promised wife.

He never dreamed that so near at hand was a test, by which that promise must be either confirmed or retracted.

Conversation and merry repartee flowed smoothly on until the wine came round.

"Miss Aubrey and Mr. Linwood please accept this rare and excellent wine, and let us drink to the continued happiness and prosperity of our amiable hostess," said a middle aged gentleman near Maud at the same time extending to her a tiny glass of exquisite design, its ruby liquid sparkling and glowing with crystaline light, also another large glass to Harry Linwood, which, with the usual courtesy, he accepted.

But Maude Aubrey hesitated not a moment ere she replied, "Thanks Mr. Saerman; but I decline the use of wine or champagne both now and hereafter."

Her voice was low, but firm and distinct, and its effect was seen at once in that vicinity. Mr. Saerman set down the glass in mute surprise. Mrs. Delmont flushed slightly, and seemed to expect an explanation and Harry Linwood paused, about to raise his glass to his lips, a shade of annoyance visible with his look of wonder, as his ear caught the covert, sneering remark, "A worthy subject, indeed, for the female crusaders. Possibly Miss Aubrey contemplates joining the procession," made by one of Maud's rejected admirers.

Harry touched her arm lightly, saying in a low, reproachful tone, "Maude, do you consider the disrespect you show to Mrs. Delmont by refusing this courtesy?"

Maude turned her eyes full upon him, and to his vexed, troubled expression gave only a look of earnest, pleading love. A crimson spot burned in each fair cheek; but she answered steadily and loud enough for that lady to hear, "I certainly mean not the slightest disrespect to our honored hostess. I will gladly drink to her long continued happiness in pure water, which neither clouds the brain nor stains the soul; which brings not sin or shame or desolation in its track, but comes to us direct from God's bountiful hand."

Harry Linwood was disturbed, annoyed perhaps, yet he could but admire the young girl's firmness. She looked so beautiful, she stood so bravely there, bearing the scrutiny and criticisms of the wondering guests, that he loved her more than ever, and was silently moving his glass from him to await the effect of her position.

But again that covert, sneering tone that reached his ear, as it was intended to do so, "On! he will follow where she leads, you see."

Stung with wounded pride, Harry's brow darkened as this unwelcome phase was presented, and he grasped the sparkling glass as though he would thus establish his entire independence. Maude's earnest gaze was full upon him. Her small, white hand was laid upon his own. Its touch thrilled him with the sweet and holy power of a true love. Her voice was gentle, but tremulous with suppressed emotion:

"Harry, Harry, I implore, beseech you, don't! Oh, remember there are grand ideas and lofty aims, before which the sneer of contempt, the unworthy ridicule, sink into utter nothingness."

She had thrown the whole power of her great love for him into each word and look and touch, praying for righteous victory, hoping that his love for her might prove stronger than all else, for she felt that this was the decisive moment. And Maude triumphed.

With a quick, impetuous movement, he pushed the glass far from him again, saying, "Miss Aubrey is right. I am not ashamed to follow a noble example."

Meantime, the fair hostess had been visibly affected. She flushed a little and paled, and many thought that Maude had given her a lasting offence. Presently, by an effort regaining her calm dignity, she arose and all eyes were instantly directed to her.

In her smooth, evenly modulated tones, she said:

"My friends, I shall doubtless surprise you all by what I say; but I am not one to shrink from plain duty or hesitate to speak the truth. And from the depths of my heart and the highest impulse of my nature, I say God bless Maude Aubrey for the step she has this night taken. Oh, my friends I, who should have remembered, have forgotten the power of my influence, the effect of my example. I had not considered that the trail of the serpent lingered even in these choice, mild wines. But she has touched a chord in memory and roused a train of reflections, for which, in behalf of my own soul's highest good and humanity's welfare, I cordially thank her; and henceforth, though fashion and folly deride and custom frown, wine shall have no place at my table. Friends we must act for ourselves; let no one judge or condemn, and all who regard an old time friendship of more value than a time honored but sinful and destructive custom, I trust will find our gatherings not less cheerful and agreeable than formerly.

"Now, let conversation be resumed, and see if it will not flow as readily and far more instructive and higher toned without the aid of wine;" and with the last words Mrs. Delmont was again the smiling, social hostess, giving renewed attention here and there, entirely forgetting self in her wish to please and serve her guests.

Ere long she found time to press Maude's hand, and whisper in her ear, "Bless you again, dear Maude, for your noble, fearless stand; henceforth you will be as a loved sister to me." Then she turned to say with solemn emphasis, "Harry Linwood, you can hardly be thankful enough to have won the love of such a woman."

Despite this unlooked-for occurrence, the evening passed pleasantly away. The few who desired to ridicule, quietly to wait early leave, and Mrs. Delmont's guests followed Mrs. Delmont's example, they making remarks of pleasing, while some unhesitatingly expressed and professed their willingness to conform to such a rule.

Of all the guests of Maude's acquaintance, we do not presume to speak; but we know that the pure, exalted happiness which an approving conscience brings was hers that night; and that two hearts rejoiced in the bliss of a tried and true affection.

It may be deemed strange that Mrs. Delmont so readily approved Maude's course; but, as Maude afterward learned, that lady's early life had been saddened, even to disgrace, by that curse, from the power of which so few are utterly exempt, either near or remote.

Harry Linwood and Maude Aubrey are to be married at Christmas and it is understood that Mrs. Delmont will give them a grand reception at her elegant home, where the weak and easily tempted may not fear to go, for neither wine or any of alcoholic constituents will be there to lure him with its dangerous power.

How many will follow Maude's example by giving their influence wholly in favor of total abstinence? Perhaps your course may necessarily be unlike hers. Remember different temperaments need different modes of treatment; for what will seriously change the purposes of one may in no use effect another. But in any case, make a careful estimate of cause and conditions, of circumstances and surrounding, and then, allowing no fear of failure, stand firmly by a principle which is safe, sure and all powerful for good.—*Salem Register*

Eggs Fifty Cents a Dozen.

A gentleman who keeps a few hens for profit, recently carried some fresh laid eggs to a wholesale dealer at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and received for the same forty three cents per dozen. The dealer said to him, "next week I will pay you forty-five cents, and before Christmas fifty cents a dozen for all you will bring me like these."

What is true of Boston is in a measure true of every market for eggs. The next eight weeks will be the season of highest prices. Therefore work your hens now for all they can do. We have no doubt but that, for want of the proper ingredients in their food, more than one-half of the hens in this country are now idle, while eggs will sell for fifty cents per dozen. It is pure folly to wonder, spend time and money or experiment to find out why your hens do not lay. You better by far profit by the experience of others, and make them lay during December and January. The following sworn statement shows that the quickest and surest way to do this and increase the egg product during these months from one to six hundred per cent, is by the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, once daily in the food.

South Waldoboro, Maine,

"I commenced Dec. 6 1886, to feed sixty hens the Sheridan's Powder according to directions, and continued until January 31st. The first week they laid only thirty eggs, the second 61, the third 138, the fourth 196, fifth 262, sixth 315, seventh 389, and the eighth 409 eggs. Or 150 dozen for the eight weeks.

Yours truly,
G. N. Winchenbach.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-eighth day of April, 1887
Geo. G. Benner, J. P."

I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, which is sold by nearly all druggists and general storekeepers. For 50 Cents in stamps Johnson & Co. send post paid to any address, two packs of the Powder; five packs for $1 00. Or for a $1 20 they will send a large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, also one copy of the Farmers Poultry Raising Guide (price 25 cents), postage or express prepaid. Six cans sent for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office in the United States.

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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 Nervous 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.

Special Notice.—The Baptist Book and Tract Society have recently added to their list of papers for this year *The Water Lily*, illustrated monthly, published by the National Temperance Society. Price, single copy, 10 a year; for four or more copies sent to one address, 6 a year.

Geo. A. McDonald, Sec'y-Treas.

P. S.—This is a gem.

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. O. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye grey 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 20 years, and his appearance is a 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; 1 doz. Acme Cleaners at cost to close them out; 3l package Crockery and Glassware, imported just in time to save the advance on duties, will be sold at old prices. Second-hand 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, Glimps, Cord, and Buttons; also, House Furnishing Dry Goods very cheap.
Jas. G. McNally, - Fredericton.
1y 35, 1887.

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Having received our collection of London dyed, Double Extra Quality Alaska Sea Skins, we are now prepared to receive order for
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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 8th day of March A. D. 1878, and made between James W. Price, therein described 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 R. 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 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-one (61) and sixty-two (62), 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

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John Z. Cunningham and Martha 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 8th 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 Martha Cunningham, his wife, of the one part, and David R. 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 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

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Frederick G. Johnston and Fanny M. Johnston, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or do 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 R. 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 R. 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 Jos. 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

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