HEROD'S ANNIVERSARY.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON ON "QUICK FEET."

Vivid Picture of Herod's Birthday—The Dancing of the Daughter of Herodias—A Discourse on Dancing—The Dissipations of Social Life Despoiling a Vast Multitude of People.

BROOKLYN, September 30.—Rev Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon, through the press: "The Quick Feet," the text chosen being Matthew 14, 6: "When Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod."

It is the anniversary of Herod's birthday. The palace is lighted. The highways leading thereto are all ablaze with the pomp of invited guests. Lords, captains, merchant princes, the mighty men of the land, are coming to mingle in the festivities. The table is spread all the luxuries that royal purveyors can gather. The guests, white-robed and anointed and perfumed, come in and sit at the table. Music! The jests evoke roars of laughter. Riddles are propounded. Repartee is indulged. Toasts are drank. The brain is befogged. The wit rolls on into uproar and blasphemy. They are not satisfied yet. Turn on more light. Pour out more wine. Music! Sound all the trumpets. Clear the floor for a dance. Bring in Salome, the beautiful and accomplished princess. The door opens, and in bounds the dancer. The lords are enchanted. Stand back and make room for the brilliant gyrations. These men never saw such "poetry of motion." Their soul whirls in the reel and bounds with the bounding feet. Herod forgets crown and throne and everything but the fascinations of Salome. All the magnificence of his realm is as nothing now compared with the splendor that whirls on tiptoe before him. His body sways from side to side, corresponding with the motions of the enchantress. His soul is thrilled with the pulsations of the feet and bewitched with the taking postures and attitudes more and more amazing. After a while he sits in enchanted silence looking at the flashing, leaping, bounding beauty, and as the dance closes and the tinkling cymbals cease to clap and the thunders of applause that shook the palace begin to abate, the enchanted monarch swears to the princely performer, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, to the half of my kingdom." Now, there was in prison at that time a minister of the Gospel by the name of John the Baptist, and he had been making a great deal of trouble by preaching some very plain and honest sermons. He had denounced the sins of the king and brought down upon him the wrath of the females of the royal household. At the instigation of her mother, Salome takes advantage of the extravagant promise of the king and says, "Bring me the head of John the Baptist on a dinner plate."

Hark to the sound of feet outside the door and the clatter of swords. The executioners are returning from their awful errand. Open the door. They enter, and they present the platter to Salome. What is on this platter? A new glass of wine to continue the uproarious merriment? No. Something redder and costlier—the ghastly, bleeding head of John the Baptist, the death glare still in the eye, the locks dabbled with the gore, the features still distressed with the last agony. This woman, who had whirled so gracefully in the dance, bends over the awful burden without a shudder. She gloats over the blood, and with as much indifference as a waiting-maid might take a tray of empty glassware out of the room after an entertainment. Salome carries the dissevered head of John the Baptist, while all the banqueters shout with laughter, and think it a good joke that in so easy and quick a way they have got rid of an earnest and outspoken minister of the Gospel.

Well, there is no harm in a birthday festival. All the kings from Pharaoh's time had celebrated such occasions, and why not Herod? No harm in kindling the lights. No harm in spreading the banquet. No harm in arousing music. But from the riot and wassail that closed the scene of that day every pure nature revolts. I am not at this time to discuss the old question, is dancing right or wrong? but I am to discuss the question, Does dancing take too much place and occupy too much time in modern society? and in my remarks I hope to carry with me the earnest conviction of all thoughtful persons, and I believe I will.

You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman, who, standing in the brilliant circle where there was dancing going on four or five hours, and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said, "Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?"

You are also willing to admit whatever be your idea in regard to the amusement I am speaking of, and whatever be your idea of the old-fashioned square dance and of many of the processional romps in which I can see no evil, the round dance is administrative of evil and ought to be driven out of all respectable circles. I am by natural temperament and religious theory opposed to the position taken by all those who are horrified at playfulness on the part of the young, and who think that all questions are decided—questions of decency and morals—by the position of the feet, while on the other hand, I can see nothing but ruin, temporal and eternal, for those who go into the dissipations of social life, dissipations which have already despoiled thousand of young men and young women of all that is noble in character and useful in life.

Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sounds and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But whoever started it, all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the redmen of the forest have their scalp-dances, their green-corn dances, their war dances. In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the church anathematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostom says: "The feet were not given for dancing but to walk modestly, not to leap impudently like camels." One of the the dogmas of the ancien church reads: "A dance is the devil's possession, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many paces does he make to hell." Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this: "The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music is his bellows, and the fiddlers are the minister of the devils. For as when hogs are strayed, if the hogsherd call one all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some musical instruments, presently all the dancers gather together." This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

But we are not to discuss the customs of the olden times, but customs now. We are not to take the evidence of the ancient fathers, but our own conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, is to be the standard. Oh, bring no harsh criticism upon the young. I would not drive out from their souls the hilarities of life. I do not believe that the inhabitants of ancient Wales, when they stepped to the sound of the rustic harp, went down to ruin. I believe God intended the young people to laugh and romp and play. I do not believe God would have put exuberance in the soul and exuberance in the body if he had not intended they should in some wise exercise it and demonstrate it. If a mother join hands with her children and cross the floor to the sound of music, I see no harm. If a group of friends cross and recross the room to the sound of piano well played, I see no harm. If a company, all of whom are known to host and hostess as reputable, cross and recross the room to the sound of musical instrument, I see no harm. I tried for a long while to see harm in it. I could not see any harm in it. I never shall see any harm in that. Our men need to be kept young, young for many years longer than they are kept young. Never since my boyhood days have I had more sympathy with the innocent hilarities of life than I have now. What though we have felt heavy burdens! What though we have had to endure hard knocks! Is that any reason why we should stand in the way of those who, unstung of life's misfortunes, are full of exhilaration and glee? God bless the young! They will have to wait many a long year before they hear me say anything that would depress their ardor or clip their wings or make them believe that life is hard and cold and repulsive. It is not. I tell them, judging from my own experience, that they will be treated a great deal better than they deserve. We have no right to grudge the innocent hilarities to the young.

As we go on in years let us remember that we had our gleeful times, let us be able to say, "We had our good times, let others have their good times." Let us willingly resign our place to those who are coming after us. I will cheerfully give them everything—my house, my books, my position in society, my heritage. After twenty, forty, fifty years we have been drinking out of the cup of this life, do not let us begrudge the passing of it that others may take a drink. But while all that is so, we can have no sympathy with sinful indulgences, and I am going to speak in regard to some of them, though I should tread on the long train of some popular vanities.

What are the dissipations of social life to-day, and what are the dissipations of the ball room? In some cities and in some places reaching all the year round, in other places only in the summer time and at the watering places. There are dissipations of social life that are cutting a very wide swath with the sickle of death, and hundreds and thousands are going down under these influences, and my subject in application is as wide as Christendom. The whirlpool of social dissipation is drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea—thousands and tens of thousands of the bodies and souls annually consumed in the conflagration of ribbons.

Social dissipation is the abettor of pride, it is the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust and it is the curse of every town on both sides of the sea. Social dissipation. It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne which Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman I appeal.

As to the physical ruin wrought by the dissipations of social life there can be no doubt. What may we expect of people who work all day and dance all night? After awhile they will be thrown on society nervous, exhausted imbeciles. These people who indulge in the suppers and the midnight revels and then go home in the cold unwrapped of limbs, will after a while be found to have been written down in God's eternal records of suicides as much suicides as if they had taken their life with a pistol, or knife, or strychnine.

How many people have stepped from the ball-room to the graveyard! Consumptions and swift neuralgias are close on their track. Amid many of the glittering scenes of social life, diseases stand right and left and balance and chain. The breathe of the sepulchre floats up through the perfume and the froth of Death's lips bubbles up in the champagne. I am told that in some of the cities there are parents who have actually given up housekeeping and gone to boarding that they may give their time illimitably to social dissipations. I have known such cases. I have known family after family blasted in that way in one of the other cities where I preached. Father and mother turning their backs upon all quiet culture and all the amenities of home, leading forth their entire family in the wrong direction. Annihilated, worse than annihilated—for there are some things worse than annihilation. I give you the history of more than one family when I say they went on in the dissipations of social life until the father dropped into a lower style of dissipation, and after a while the son was tossed out into society a nonentity, and after a while the daughter eloped with a French dancing-master, and after a while the mother, getting on further and further in years, tries to hide the wrinkles but fails in the attempt, trying all the arts of the belle, an old flirt, a poor miserable butterfly without any wings.

If there is anything on earth beautiful to me it is an aged woman, her white locks flowing back over the wrinkled brow—locks not white with frost as the poets say, but white with the blossoms of the tree of life, in her voice the tenderness of gracious memories, her face a benediction. As grandmother passes through the room the grandchildren pull at her dress, and she almost falls in her weakness; but she has nothing but candy or cake or a kind word for the little darlings. When she gets out of the wagon in front of the house the whole family rush out and cry, "Grandma's come!" and when she goes away from us never to return, there is a shadow on the table, and a shadow on the hearth, and a shadow on the heart. There is no more touching scene on earth than when grandmother sleeps the last slumber and the little child is lifted up to the casket to give the last kiss, and she says, "Good-bye, Grandma!" Oh, there is beauty in old age, God says so. "The hoary head is a crown of glory." Why should people decline to get old? The best things the greatest things I know of are aged. Old mountains, old seas, old stars and old eternity. But if there is anything distressful, it is to see an old woman ashamed of the fact that she is old. What with all the artificial appliances, she is too much for my gravity. I laugh even in church when I see her coming. The worst looking bird on earth is a peacock when it has lost its feathers. I would not give one lock of my old mother's gray hair for fifty thousand such caricatures of humanity. And is the life of a worldling, if the life of a disciple given to the world is sad, the close of such a life is simply a tragedy.

Let me tell you that the dissipations of social life are despoiling the usefulness of a vast multitude of people. What do those people care about the fact that there are whole nations in sorrow and suffering and agony, when they have for consideration the more important question about the size of a glove or the tie of a cravat? Which one of them ever bound up the wounds of the hospital? Which one of them ever went out to care for the poor? Which of them do you find in the haunts of sin distributing tracts? They live on themselves, and it is very poor pasture.

Sybaris was a great city, and it once sent out three hundred horsemen in battle. They had a minstrel who taught the horses of the army a great trick, and when the old minstrel played a certain tune the horses would rear and with their front feet seem to beat time to the music. Well, the old minstrel was offended with his country, and he went over to the enemy, and he said to the enemy, "You give me the mastership of the army and I will destroy their troops when those horsemen come from Sybaris." So they gave the old minstrel the management, and he taught all the other minstrels a certain tune. Then when the cavalry troop came up the old minstrel and all the other minstrels played a certain tune, and at the most critical moment in the battle when the horsemen wanted to rush to the conflict, the horses reared and beat time to the music with their forefeet, and in disgrace and rout the enemy fled. Ah! my friends, I have seen it again and again—the minstrels of pleasure, the minstrels of dissipation, the minstrels of godless association have defeated people in the hardest fight of life. Frivolity has lost the battle for ten thousand folks. Oh! what a belittling process to the human mind this everlasting question about dress, this discussion of fashionable infinitesimals, this group looking askance at the glass, wondering with an infinity of earnestness how that last geranium leaf does look—this shrivelling of a man's moral dignity until it is not observable to the naked eye, this Spanish inquisition of a tight shoe, this binding up of an immortal soul in a ruffle, this pitching off an immortal nature over the rocks when God intended it for great and everlasting uplifting.

You know as well as I do that the dissipations of social life are destroying thousands and tens of thousands of people, and it is time that the pulpits lift their voice against them, for I now prophesy the eternal misfortune of all those who enter the rivalry. When did the white, glistening boards of a dissipated ball-room ever become the road to Heaven? When was a torch for eternity ever lighted at the chandelier of a dissipated scene? From a table spread after such an excited and desecrated scene who ever went home to pray?

In my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and under conviction would for a little while begin to pray, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, for she was dying. I entered the room. There was the physicians, there was the mother, there lay this disciple of the world. I asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt down to pray. I rose again, and desiring to get some expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said; "Have you any hope?" and then for the first time her lips moved in a whisper as she said, "No hope!" Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last. And I tell the hundreds and thousands of young people who may read this sermon, the world will laugh with you when you laugh, and romp with you when you romp, but they will not weep with you when you die. I wish from my heart that I could marshal all the young people in this land to an appreciation of the fact that you have an earnest work in life, and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in that word. At the time of a religious awakening a Christian young woman spoke to a man in regard to his soul's salvation. He floated out into the world. After awhile she became worldly in her Christian profession. The man said one day, "Well, I am as safe as she is. I was a Christian, she said she was a Christian. She talked with me about my soul; if she is safe I am safe." Then a sudden accident took him off without an opportunity to utter one word of prayer. Do you not realize, have you not noticed, young and old—have you not noticed that the dissipations of social life are blasting and destroying a vast multitude?

Oh, how many of you have floated far away from God through social dissipations, and it is time you turned. For I remember that there were two vessels on the sea and in a storm. It was very, very dark, and the two vessels were going straight for each other, and the captains knew it not. But after awhile the man on the lookout saw the approaching ship, and he shouted "Hard a-larboard!" and from the other vessel the cry went up, "Hard a-lar-board!" and they turned just enough to glance by, and passed in safety to their harbors. Some of you are in the storm of temptation, and you are driving on and coming toward fearful collisions unless you change your course. Hard a-larboard! Turn ye, turn ye, for "why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"

A COLLEGE OF BEAUTY.

In Which Pretty Lips Are Taught to Utter the Word "Potato."

If American girls should no longer continue to be at a premium in the international marriage market, says The London Graphic, it will not be for want of taking pains to confirm their empire over the heart of the modern man. Richly endowed by nature with good looks, they are determined to cultivate these advantages by a systematic course of training, and to this end, it is stated that a College of Beauty has been established in New York. Grace of gesture and elegance of enunciation are given a foremost place in the curriculum. The American girl has no lack of wit or of language, but it seems that she is inclined to indulge when speaking in an excessive play of feature, and this is one of the aims of the College of Beauty to repress and control. America gave us the potato, but has lost the art of pronouncing it elegantly. Hence, for two hours every day, the pupils of the college are bidden to say "potato" without grimacing. We have heard a good deal of late of music as a therapeutic agent; at the College of Beauty, however, it is found most efficacious in conferring fresh loveliness on lovely woman. Thus an excess of cheerfulness in blondes is counteracted by a course of Chopin, whose pensive melodies impart the requisite expression of melancholy attuned to our pessimistic age. The hardness of feature which so often impairs the charm of brunettes is found to yield before the puissant sonority of Wagner, while the passionate strains of Verdi lend new lustre to the eyes and hair of beauties a la Titian. It only remains to be added that for the accuracy of the above details we rely solely upon the information furnished by a French contemporary. They are there given with an explicitness that leaves nothing to be desired. But then, it must be remembered that there is no protective tariff on imported snake stories.

At the British Museum.

The catalogue of books in the British Museum, to be completed in 1900, will consist of 600 large volumes of printed matter, substituting more than 3,000 folio volumes in manuscript, in which form the tremendous array of titles has hitherto been kept, expending steadily since the first one in 1787, which consisted of two folio volumes. The complete index will be a library in itself, exceeding in volume the Buddhist Canon, the most tremendous codex known, or anything else of like sort in existence. In 1900 it is computed that the library will contain in round numbers 2,000,000 books, the number now exceeding 1,750,000. It is as true now as in the other days that of writing many books there is no end, and the pomp of their lettered array lays a benumbing spell upon the imagination. Who is to read two million books, or even to grasp their myriad intitulations? It would require the days of the patriarchs the leisurely peons of Hilpah and Shallum, to wade through a single alphabetical section thereof. In the old manuscript form it took 120 folio volumes to exhaust the bibliographical import of the letter A, and it takes twenty-three of printed matter, a bulk of text about equaling the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The completed work will be a stupendous monument of literary enterprise in which an army of workers have a band, and which it will have taken a generation to bring to completion.—New York Tribune.

What and What Not to Say.

Don't say a garment sets good, but it fits well.

Don't describe an unusual occurrence as funny,

Don't say I feel good for I feel well.

Don't say she looked beautifully, but she looked beautiful.

Don't say these kind, for this kind.

Don't say I have blacked my shoes, but I have blackened my shoes.

Don't say fix my gown, fix this room but arrange my gown, the room.

Don't speak of articles of diet, as healthful, but healthful or wholesome.

Don't say between three, but among three.

Don't say try an experiment, but make. Experiment means a trial.

Don't say cunning for smart, smart for bright, quick-witted, 'cute for acute.

Don't say had rather, had better, for would rather, would better.

Don't say about seven, but more than seven.

A Good Reason.

"But, my dear boy, why can't you wait? You are still in college, and I don't think it's well for a man in college to be engaged."

"Perhaps not, Jennie, but if we're engaged I'll have a decent excuse for leaving college and going to work. If I go out now, people will say it was because I couldn't pass my examinations."

"Well, what if they do? You don't care what people say, do you?"

"Yes, when they tell the truth."—From the "Editor's Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for October.

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NOTICE.

The undersigned have entered into a copartnership under the name, style and firm of D. J. Seely & Son, for the purpose of carrying on a business as Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants.

Walker's Wharf, St. John, N. B., October 1st, 1894.

DANIEL J. SEELY,
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On and after Monday, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

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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 City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the first day of December 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 Friday, the 24th day of August, A. D. 1894, in a cause therein pending, wherein Charles A. Palmer is Plaintiff and William Esson and Julia E. Esson, his wife, Charlotte Romans, James C. Robertson and Calista C. H. Robertson his wife, John N. Thornton and Annie G. Thornton his wife, James Mowat and Laura P. Mowat his wife, Louisa E. Wilson, Augusta J. Harris, and Julia E. Esson, Executrix and Trustee, Laura Pauline Mowat, Executrix and Trustee, and James C. Robertson and Dudne Breeze, Executors and Trustees of and under the last will and testament of James Stanley Harris, deceased, are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said City and County of Saint John, all the freehold, leasehold and personal property remaining of James Stanley Harris, deceased, and also all the freehold, leasehold and personal property and assets of the firm of J. Harris & Co.

The said freehold, leasehold and personal property remaining of the said James Stanley Harris, deceased, so to be sold as aforesaid, is situate in the City of Saint John and comprises:—

1.—All those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land, with the buildings thereon, situate on the corner of Paradise Row and Harris Street, having a frontage of two hundred and twenty-seven (227) feet, two (2) inches on Paradise Row, and three hundred and one (301) feet eight (8) inches on Harris Street.

2.—All those three several freehold and leasehold lots, with the buildings thereon situate on the west side of Water Street, and the north side of Peters' Wharf (so called), having a frontage of fifty (50) feet on Water Street, and extending back therefrom ninety (90) feet, more or less, and a frontage of twenty-four (24) feet on Peters' Wharf (so called); the leasehold lot being under a renewable Lease subject to a ground rent of Two Hundred and Sixty-four ($264.00) Dollars per annum.

Also, Four (4) shares of the capital stock of the Central Fire Insurance Company.

The said freehold, leasehold and personal property and assets of the firm of J. Harris & Co. so to be sold as aforesaid is all in the City of Saint John, and comprises:—

3.—All those four several freehold and leasehold lots of land, with the buildings and machinery thereon, known as the Portland Rolling Mills, having a frontage of four hundred and fifty-seven (457) feet on the Straight Shore or Short Ferry Road, and extending from said Road southerly to the harbor line; two hundred and twenty (220) feet of this frontage being freehold, and the remainder being held under renewable Leases, subject to a ground rent of Three Hundred and Twenty-Eight ($328.00) dollars per annum.

4.—All those four several freehold and leasehold lots of land with the buildings, machinery and improvements thereon, known as the Foster Nail Factory, situate on the western side of George Street, having a frontage of one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet on said street, and extending back westerly eighty (80) feet more or less; sixty-four feet of this frontage being freehold, and the remainder being held under renewable leases, subject to a ground rent of One Hundred and Thirty $(130) dollars per annum.

The property known as the Portland Rolling Mills and the Foster Nail Factory will be sold en bloc, the stock of raw and manufactured materials to be taken by the purchaser at a valuation.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the plaintiff's solicitor.

Dated the 24th day of September, A. D., 1894.

CLARENCE H. FERGUSON.
Referee in Equity.

M. G. B. HENDERSON,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKHART.
Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

TO GEORGE E. M. ALLEN, of Brooklyn, New York, in the United States of America, Clerk, and Jean Walker, his wife; Helen Firth, widow of Walker Campbell Firth, late of Kansas City, Missouri, in the said United States; Rufus B. Oxley, of Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia, Insurance Agent, and Marion Miller, his wife; Andrew T. Mack, of the City of Boston, Massachusetts, in the United States of America, Carver, and Sarah Malcolm B., his wife; and Charles J. Whitlock, of Tacoma, Washington Territory, in the said United States, gentleman, and Maggie Sinclair, his wife, heirs of William Firth, late of the City of Saint John, and to all whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the Thirteenth day of March, A. D., 1871, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, by the number 38,062 in Book Y, No. 5 of Records, pages 547, 548, 549 and 550, and made between William Firth, of the City of Saint John, Merchant, and Margaret, his wife, of the one part and Mary A. E. Jack, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, spinster, of the other part; and under and by virtue of an assignment of the said mortgage, bearing date the Twenty-ninth day of May, A. D., 1876, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds aforesaid by the number 44,610 in Book Z, No. 6 of records, pages 74, 75 and 76, and made between the said Mary A. E. Jack, of the one part, and John Wishart, of the City of Saint John, Merchant, of the other part, there will be sold by Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the said City of Saint John, on Saturday, the THIRD DAY of NOVEMBER, next, at twelve o'clock noon, the lot of lands and premises in the said Indenture of Mortgage described as:

"All that certain piece or parcel of land, "beach and flats, and the wharf thereon "standing, situate, lying and being in Queens "Ward, in the City of Saint John, the said "piece or parcel of land having a front of "thirty feet on 'Peters' Wharf,' so-called, "extending back preserving the same breadth "thirty feet, the same being the lot devised "by the late Honorable Charles I. Peters by "his last will and testament to his son, "Brunswick W. Peters, and by him, the said "Brunswick W. Peters, by his last will, and "testament devised to the said Mary A. E. "Jack," together with all houses, outhouses, barns, buildings, fences, improvements and wharves thereon being, and all ways, rights of way, members, easements, rights and privileges to, on or over the same and every part thereof belonging or in any wise appertaining.

The above described property will be sold at the time and place aforesaid in consequence of default having been made in the payment of the principal money in the said mortgage mentioned, contrary to the proviso for payment therein contained.

Dated the Twenty-first day of July, A. D., 1894.

JAMES KNOX,
JOHN B. M. BAXTER,
ALLISON WISHART,
Executors and Trustees of the Estate of John Wishart.

For information apply to JOHN KERR, Solicitor to Trustees. 962