Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

THIRD QUARTER.

Lesson VII. Aug. 13. Acts 21: 27-39.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."—Phil. 1: 29.

EXPLANATORY.

27. *The seven days* of the vow. *The Jews which were of Asia.* The western province of Asia Minor, of which Ephesus was the capital. Paul was well known to them, having preached three years there, and been a powerful opponent. *When they saw him in the temple.* In the court of the women, where was the apartment appropriated to the Nazarites. The entrance to this court was by the Beautiful Gate. *And laid hands on him.* Not a legal arrest, for they had no authority, but the beginning of the mob violence.

28. *That teacheth all men everywhere.* A sweeping charge, yet showing how extensively the apostle's influence had been felt. *Against the people.* The Jews. *And the law and this place.* What he had really taught, we saw in the last lesson. But to them it seemed against them and their law and temple. *And further brought Greeks also into the temple.* He had not done this, but they supposed he had (ver. 29). The temple refers to the inner courts. Any one could enter the outer court of the Gentiles. Within this was a series of terraces, rising one above the other. "A balustrade of stone fenced off these more sacred enclosures. This was the middle wall of partition alluded to (Eph. 2: 14). This was four and a half feet high, with small obelisks at regular distances, bearing inscriptions in Greek and Latin that no Gentile might enter on pain of death." The recent excavations of the Palestine Exploration Society (Report for 1871, p. 132) have brought to light a slab with an inscription, discovered and deciphered by M. Clermont Ganneau, which must have formed part of the low wall just mentioned: "No man of alien race is to enter within the balustrade and fence that goes round the temple. If any one is taken in the act, let him know that he has himself to blame for the penalty of death that follows." This, accordingly, was the punishment which the Jews of Asia were now seeking to bring on St. Paul and on his friends. *And hath polluted this holy place.* By bringing Greeks, *i. e.* uncircumcised Gentiles, into the Holy Place, *i.e.* beyond the middle wall of partition.

29. *For they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian.* Trophimus was one of the little band which accompanied Paul from Philippi in Macedonia to Jerusalem. Being an Ephesian, he would be well known by sight to many of the Jews from Asia.

30. *And all the city was moved.* Stirred, excited. *Ran together.* In the court of the Gentiles. *And they took Paul, and drew him.* Rev. Ver., "they laid hold on Paul, and dragged him," etc. Their design was probably to get him out of the temple precincts before they proceeded to further violence. *Out of the temple.* The inner sacred court. *Forthwith the doors were shut.* This was obviously the act of the Levite gatekeepers. The doors were those of the Gate Beautiful, between the court of the Women and the Court of the Gentiles. They were of Corinthian brass, 60 feet high, and it took twenty men to shut them. The obvious reason why the doors were shut was, (1) to guard against the spaces of the temple being stained by the shedding of blood, and (2) as it was already supposed that the inner court had been polluted by the entrance of a Gentile, to prevent its further pollution. The holy places must be guarded against the rush of the excited mob.

31. *And as they went about to kill him.* They were already beating him (ver. 32), and would have soon put an end to his life. *Tidings came unto the chief captain.* Greek *chiliarch*, or commander of a thousand men. His name was Claudius Lysias (23: 26). *Of the band.* Cohort, a body of 1000 men, who were the Roman garrison at Jerusalem, and were stationed in the castle Antonia which joined the temple area on the north-west.

32. *Centurions.* Captains of a company of 100 men. *Left beating of Paul.* The mob probably knew that Roman law would do justice; and that if the apostle were found by the chief captain to have been wrongfully treated, they would be brought to an account.

33. *Bound with two chains.* One from each of his arms to a soldier on each side of him (compare chap. 12: 6). This secured the prisoner, yet left him free to walk away with his guards when the detachment was marched off. The prophecy of Agabus was here fulfilled (21: 11). The chains were at hand because, as Josephus states, every Roman soldier carried with him a chain and also a thong. *And demanded.* Old English for "asked." Inquired of the bystanders.

34. *Some cried one thing, some another.* As in the riot at Ephesus (19: 32), most did not know just what Paul had done. *Carried into the castle* of Antonia.

35. *And when he came upon the stairs.* The stairs which led from the Court of the Gentiles to the top of one of the cloisters adjoining the castle of Antonia. *He was borne of the soldiers.* On account of the pressure of the mob, who, fearing lest they might lose their victim, rushed after him with the intent to kill him.

37. *Paul . . . said* (in Greek, which the *chief captain* would understand, but not Hebrew), *May I speak unto thee? . . . Canst thou speak Greek?* In surprise that he was not the ignorant brigand he supposed.

38. *Art not thou that Egyptian,* etc. The "Egyptian," whom the chief captain took St. Paul to be, is mentioned by Josephus. A short time before this, probably at Pentecost two months before, he had gathered a large body of discontented Jews on Mt. Olivet, whom he had deluded into the belief that he was the Messiah, declaring that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down at his word. Felix marched out against the insurgents and dispersed them, but the Egyptian escaped. Among his followers were 4000 of the *Sicarii*, a numerous band of brigands who, says Josephus, stabbed people in open day in the streets of Jerusalem; and the words of Lysias, "men that are murderers," are, literally, "men of the Sicarii," alluding to a well-known and recent event.

39. *I am . . . a Jew of Tarsus.* A famous seat of learning, possessing many Roman privileges. *Suffer me to speak.* Not for himself, but to quiet the mob, and to proclaim the true Messiah. Then standing on the stairs, protected by the Roman soldiers, Paul spoke in Hebrew to the immense audience in the Court of the Gentiles. He told the story of his conversion and commission to preach to the Gentiles. This stirred up the mob, who, with furious gesticulations and howling yells, cried out for his life. He was rescued by the soldiers.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The teacher should take for his lesson chaps. 21 and 22, of which the verses selected are intended only as a part. Subject,—"Meeting difficulties and trials in God's service."

I. ON THE WAY HOME.

Illustration. Clan-Alpine warriors were not at fault in believing in the intensified power of their brave leader:

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

What is wanted for the Christian ministry to-day, so far as there is any want, is not more *men*, but more *man*.

Illustration. "WILLS" WANTED. There are many kinds of boys and girls in the world, but there are three kinds which deserve special mention. They have been called the "wills," the "wonts," and the "cants." The "wills" accomplish everything, the "wonts" oppose everything, and the "cants" fail in everything. The "wills" are the ones wanted in the army of the Lord. There is no room for the "wonts" or the "cants" in the host.

II. AT JERUSALEM.

Illustration. The parties and differences, even among good men. "Oh, yes! she was a dreadful good woman, mother, no doubt of that. All the same, I can't really and truly think of her only as castin' kind of a shadder round her even in heaven; and I know she must have been afraid at first that the angels was a little too happy."

III. THE ATTACK (vers. 27-30). Note the slanders and misrepresentations.

Illustration. Many suppose those against whom they are prejudiced to be very unlovely, because they have never come near enough to know them. William Jay tells that walking one day in an English fog, he saw a huge and terrible monster approaching him. Coming nearer, it was a gigantic and frightful man; nearer still, it was his own brother John.

IV. THE RESCUE (vers. 31-39).

Illustration. The upas-tree once had a bad name, as its leaves were supposed to exhale a poison, which, spreading over a wide region, was fatal to man and beast. But scientific investigation has shown that the tree is harmless, and that its reputation is due to its growing in a bad neighborhood. The tree grows in volcanic valleys in Java, which are noted for their desolation. It is the only green thing in a region where death seems to reign. But the fatal poison comes not from the tree, but from the gases of the volcano, amid which the upas thrives though all other vegetable forms perish.

"Finished and Folded Up."

"There, that is finished and folded up, and I am heartily glad!" said Bertha, as she took off her little thimble, and laid on the table a pretty blue muslin dress, on which she had been busy for several days.

"Is it well done, too?" asked practical Aunt Mabel.

"Pretty well done for me, auntie; mother says I improve in dress-making."

"That is encouraging. Now, Bertha, do you know that something else of yours is also finished and folded up this evening?"

"What else can it be, Aunt Mabel? This is the only piece of work I have had to do this week, unless it is that tidy. I do not expect to see the end of that these six weeks."

"Still you have finished and folded up something more important than your tidy, or your dress even; something that will not be unfolded again for ages, perhaps; and yet you will see it again with every line and fold. Your day's history is done and gone from your keeping. You may remodel the dress if it does not please you, but you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record."

Aunt Mabel had the fashion of dropping these seed thoughts, which often grew into strong, vigorous plants in young hearts.

"What has the record been?" asked Bertha of her own heart, as she thoughtfully laid away the blue muslin. As, little by little, she tried to go over the hours, there was much she would gladly have changed if she could.

"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to Ned when he wished me to help him with his flag. It would only have taken me a minute or two, and he was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and did not even prepare the cherries for her, in my haste to finish my dress." A sight of a little Bible, whose clasp had been closed all day, suggested still more reproachful thoughts: "No wonder I have such a poor day's record, when I began it in too much haste for prayer, or reading a verse even."

The day's work did not look so satisfactory from this standpoint, and she sighed as she felt it was "folded up."—*Words of Life.*

Severe Accident.

David A. Pinkney, of Bear River, N. S., seaman on the schooner Cathy C. Berry, fell from the poop to the deck of the vessel, with his entire weight falling on one hand. The wrist was so severely sprained and swollen that he was compelled to leave the vessel on arrival at St. John. He went to a drug store and got a bottle of Dr. Manning's German Remedy. Its application reduced the swelling and removed the pain in one day, though before that he had been unable to open the fingers of that hand. He returned to his work on the vessel the next day.

—Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

How Ted Did His Duty.

Ted Stoddard was in his room digging deep into the mysteries of his Latin grammar, when a regular Indian warwhoop, coming from under the low window, made him jump so suddenly that he very narrowly escaped a hard bump from the chandelier directly above his head.

"Hello there, Ted," a merry, boyish voice called out, and then, as Ted poked his head out of the window, he went on, "Buffum and the boys are going fishing down in 'Ford's meadow. Want to come?"

"I just guess I do. I'm always your man for a catch. Be down in a half a minute," and Ted's head disappeared from the view of the boy outside.

"I'd give a dime to know where my hat's gone," he said to himself, as he vainly endeavored to find that always missing article. Finally he spied it posing artistically upon the frame of a motto high up on the wall. As he reached for it, his eyes fell upon the handsomely illuminated text, and involuntarily he read, half aloud: "Do thy duty, that is best."

Only six short words, but they had a great effect upon Ted, for his bright face grew suddenly grave, and the thought flashed upon him that to go fishing on the day before a Latin examination, when he really needed a great deal of preparation, would not be doing the "best" thing—his duty.

His waiting friend outside was beginning to grow impatient, and called out, "Hurry up, slow poke; haven't got quite all night to wait," and then Ted walked over to the window and did a brave thing—brave for a boy who loved all sports, and especially fishing.

"Bill," he said quietly, and so soberly that his friend looked up at him in wonder, "Bill, I don't think I'd better go. The final Latin exam. comes to-morrow, and you know I missed a good many days last term." His voice choked a little, and Bill knew that he meant the time of his mother's sickness and death.

Bill was well aware that when Ted made up his mind to a thing he generally kept to his decision, but he also knew that the boy was particularly fond of fishing, so he said coaxingly, "Oh, come along, old fellow, you'll have lots of time to brush up in the morning. I wouldn't let an old exam. make me lose a good catch. I'm going, and I need the study more than you do." He laughed as he said the last words, but it was an uncomfortable kind of a laugh, and only strengthened Ted's resolve.

"Come up here, Bill, the front door is open. I've got something to show you."

Bill obeyed, rather puzzled to know just what Ted wanted.

"Do you see that?" Ted asked, as Bill entered the room, pointing to the motto which had so influenced him.

Bill nodded, and Ted went on, gently: "Mother painted that a long time ago, and it always hung in her room. I used to like to look at it when I was a little chap, it was so bright and pretty. Of course, I did not know then what it really meant. But one night—it was my last birthday—I was sitting there by that window, waiting for mother to come and have our birthday talk—we always did that ever since I can remember—when the door opened softly, and she came into the room with something in her arms. It was that motto.

"'Teddy, boy,' she said, and I'll never forget how sweet her voice was, 'You always liked this because it was so "pretty." I'm going to tell you about it, so you will love it, because it is so helpful.' And then she came and sat in that very rocker, and talked to me so beautifully that I'll always remember it. Then we hung the motto up there, just where you see it, and mother kissed me good night, and told me to be her brave boy, and never be afraid to do my duty, no matter how hard it might be. That was the last long talk we had together, for mother caught cold the next week, and"—the boy's lips were trembling, and his eyes were filled with tears. No one knew how terribly he felt the loss of his lovely mother, who was her boy's *confidante* in everything. But Ted, with a strong effort, kept back the tears that nearly blinded him, and added, quietly, "And that, Bill, is the reason that I'm going to stay at home to-day, and do what mother would say is my duty."

That pathetic little story, told so simply, impressed Bill more than all the sermons he had listened to in the last six months, and, as he took Ted's hand in a tight grip, he said, huskily, "You're a brick, a regular brick, and if you're brave enough to do your duty, Bill Baker's not the chap to let you stand alone," and quite overcome he darted away, leaving Ted alone with his Latin grammar. It was hard for the boy to fasten his mind upon the uninteresting verbs, for he could not help thinking of the beautiful speckled trout that he knew were so plentiful in the boys' favorite fish-pond in Ford's meadow. But, as we have said, when Ted was once convinced of his duty, his mind was not easily changed.

* * * * * * *

Never during the whole year had the boys of the "A" Latin Class passed an examination more creditably than they did the next morning. Mr. Lorman, the teacher, was greatly encouraged and justly proud that his pupils should do so well before the large number of visitors, for the examination was public. Ted wondered how it was that the boys all did such good work, without the usual "cramming" the previous day, for he thought that they had all gone on the fishing expedition, with the exception of Bill and himself. It was not until a few weeks later that he found out that Bill had excused himself from the party, giving as a reason the little fale that had so touched and helped him. Strangely enough, when he had finished every boy of the "jolly fifteen" had decided that an afternoon of good solid study would not be amiss, so they quietly dispersed to their several homes. And that accounted for the excellent examination.

When Ted learned that it was his example which had brought this about, he went to his room, and there, on his knees by the window where he had that last blessed talk with his precious mother, thanked God from the depths of his boyish heart for the loved memory that had helped him, and which he prayed would always help him to do his duty.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Minard's Liniment is used by physicians

The Blue Laws of Connecticut.

Popular myths and historical falsehoods have a tenacity of life that is amazing. "Never chase a lie," was an old saying; "let it alone and it will run itself to death." But many an old and absurd legend or myth belies that maxim, and seems to keep, if not to gather, vitality, at every step, as it speeds its way down the ages.

That William Tell actually shot an apple from the head of his son at the command of the tyrant Gessler, is to this day believed by multitudes. But while that event is said to have taken place in 1296, it was never heard of till 1482; and careful search through all the charters of Kussenach gives no evidence that such a person as Gessler ever ruled in Switzerland.

And so thousands and tens of thousands really believe that what are known as the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut were the regularly enacted laws of the New Haven colony, and that they contained such absurd statements as that no husband should kiss his wife, or no mother her children, on Sunday, or on Fast Day; that a beer barrel should be whipped if the beer in it worked on Sunday; that on that day no one should cook food, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave himself, and that every male in the colony should have his hair cut round by a cap, or if a cap was wanting, then by the scooped-out shell of a half-pumpkin!

Strange as the credulity seems, such things were believed both abroad and at home, though the distorted romances it accepts are like Falstaff's lies, "gross as a mountain, open and palpable." The "Blue Laws" are quoted, or referred to as actual enactments, not only by *Blackwood's Magazine*, but such men as Rev. Isaac Taylor, Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, and Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, chaplain to Queen Victoria, which, on the part of Englishmen, as John Todd once said, is as preposterous as if an American should quote the story of "Jack in the Bean Stalk," as a veritable part of English history.

On this side of the Atlantic, too, we find such men as Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia (author of "Sam Slick"); Mr. Walsh, of the New York bar (1867); Prof. De Vere, of the University of Virginia (1872), and several other well-known writers, referring to the "Blue Law" fictions as undoubted enactments of the Puritans. During the past summer the writer met and conversed with a highly intellectual gentleman largely interested in publishing school books, who fully believed that the "Blue Laws" were on the Puritan statute books, and who was quite surprised when told of their origin and history. One of the leading New York daily papers, in a late prominent editorial, spoke of those laws with a sneer, as the legal enactments of the New Haven colony; an associate editor of another leading daily paper, speaking on the subject, said he supposed "most of the 'Blue Laws' had been repealed;" and the first number of the new *Catholic Times*, recently issued in Philadelphia, has its contemptuous fling at the "Colonial Blue Laws," in an article urging the opening of the great Columbian Exposition on Sunday.

The true origin of these "Blue Laws" is that they were written by the Rev. (?) Samuel A. Peters, a renegade Tory, who was driven from the colony, and who in anger and spite published these laws in 1781. According to the historian Trumbull he was known as the greatest falsifier in the colony, telling such incredibly absurd stories as that of the "Windham frogs," and of those unearthly and fearful quadrupeds, the "Cubs," and the "Whapperknocker," and that the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, spread the poison of smallpox on the leaves of Bibles which he sent to the Indians, and so swept away the great sachem Connecticote (an imaginary person) and his warriors, and so laid waste their kingdoms; and, climax of all, that the Connecticut River, at Bellows Falls, is so consolidated and hardened by the pressure of the narrow and rocky gorge through which it rushes, that it is harder than marble, and a crowbar of iron cannot be forced into it, but of course, would float on its surface like a chip or a feather!

Such was the author of the "Blue Laws," which are just about as authentic as the stories above mentioned and of others like them originating with Peters, which might well do credit to Baron Munchausen himself. So strangely preposterous were his absurd statements that some have charitably supposed him to have been insane. But his method and motives point rather to a malice and spite which hoped to defame the colony from which he was driven, by fabrications, which, strange to say, have found thousands of credulous believers. Is it not high time that editors and publishers, essayists, and all that would be thought intelligent, should cease to quote such ridiculous falsehoods as to the actual enactment of the Puritans?—*Rev. Tryon Edwards, D. D.*

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EQUITY SALE.

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

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

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

Also all and singular all the lands and premises conveyed to the said William Breese by deed from Malcolm Perry and Mary Ann his wife, dated the twenty-first day of February, A. D. 1861, and by deed from one Catherine Noyes, dated the twenty eighth day of May, A. D. 1861, the same being all that certain lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in Queens Ward, in the said City, fronting on Horsfield street, and bounded on the west by property formerly belonging to the heirs of the late Peter Appleby deceased, and measuring and fronting thirty feet along the northerly line of the said Horsfield Street, from the said western boundary of the said lot towards the eastern boundary, and extending back northerly from Horsfield Street, preserving the same breadth eighty feet.

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

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

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

Dated this 9th day of June, A. D. 1893.

E. H. MACALPINE, Referee in Equity.

HANINGTON & WILSON, Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

NOTICE OF SALE.

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

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

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

CHARLES A. PECK, AMELIA PECK.

A. H. DEMILL, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Iron Staircases at Custom House, St. John, N. B.," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, 11th August, for the several works required in providing and erecting Iron Staircases.

Specifications and drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of W. J. McCordock, Esq., St. John, N. B., on and after Friday, 21st July, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department not does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 10th July, 1893.

J. & J. D. HOWE,

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FURNITURE!

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

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ST. JOHN, N. B.