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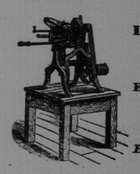

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CHEAPER BETTER EASIER than any known article for Washing & Cleaning.
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A DAUGHTER'S HEART.

By MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "In a Grass Country," "A Lost Wife," "The Cost of a Lie," "This Wicked World," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Susan Meyrick, the heroine of the story, returns home from school, and meets Sir Jasper Keith, the antiquated affianced of her sister Adelaide, (age 30 years) and likes him. Keith discovers the selfishness of Adelaide's character and becomes interested in her homely sister, Susan. They go to a fox hunt, Adelaide riding Susan's hunter, Rob Roy, while Susan is put off with an old cart horse. Susan is thrown while getting over a hedge, and when she regains consciousness, Sir Kieth is bending over her. Sir Kieth takes Susan home in a carriage, when Miss Symonds, her chaperone, manifests indignation and surprise, not at Susan's accident, but that she and Sir Kieth should return from the hunt together. Sir Kieth grows tired of Adelaide whose beauty is that of a well groomed animal, does not understand himself, and Susan is full of perplexity. Adelaide is perplexed by Sir Keith's indifference, but asks no questions. Sir Kieth and Susan discover their feelings toward each other. What harm have I done you?"

[CONTINUED.]

Her face quivered. "Don't!" she cried, sharply, don't be kind! I can't bear it!" then with a supreme struggle for self-control, she added, more quietly, "We must not speak of it—ever. It must be as though it was dead. We—must think of Adelaide."

He turned away with a groan, striking his forehead sharply with his hand:

"Oh, my God! why did I not know you first?"

She turned her head away with a little hopeless gesture full of pathos, and she sighed,—a sad, long-drawn sigh that cut him to the heart. He caught her hand in his.

"Hush!" she whispered; "do not say it; it can do no good now."

"No," he answered, bitterly, "you are right; it can do no good." And then he dropped her hand again hopelessly. "What shall I do, Susan? Tell me what you would like me to do. Shall I go away for a bit? Perhaps if I go we may get over—this folly,—this miserable mistake; and, after all, I dare not stay here now. I shall have to go now, I must fight it out somewhere, you see, and I can't fight here."

"Yes, you must go." She spoke so quietly and so calmly that he hardly knew how much she was suffering. "You see, it is not of me that you must think, but of Adelaide. She must never know, never guess. It would break her heart."

"Would it? Does Adelaide care so much?" he asked, contemptuously.

"You must never allow her to guess—this—this mistake—for it is a foolish mistake, you know," she went on a little hurriedly. "You will be very sorry for it soon. You must not think of it any more. By and by you will be very happy again. She loves you, and she believes in you; and when you come back again—to marry her, you will see what a mistake it all was. Please promise me to forget,—to let things be as they were. I am only your little sister, you know, as you said once,—your little friend——"

And then her voice broke a little, and she could not go on.

He looked at her with all his soul in his eyes. Was ever woman so brave, so unselfish, so good, as she was? A great admiration for her goodness filled his heart. She thought of others always, of herself last of all! What a heart of gold she had! What a treasure he had missed!—he who, in his blindness, had believed every woman to be worthless!

Something which he could not define awoke in his heart toward her,—a something which brushed aside all the tumultuous longings of passion within him, and left in their place nothing but that soul-worship which is the purest as well as the most lasting influence which a woman can wield over a man's heart.

When he looked into the small, steadfast face in which he had learned to see a beauty of soul which others had overlooked, he perceived that perhaps he might never meet so lovely a nature as hers on earth again.

And yet for honor's sake, he was compelled to leave her!

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," he said. Must I go to-morrow?"

"Yes; it would be best, I think," she answered, a little wearily.

"Then I will go to-morrow."

He sank down upon a little garden-seat which was behind him, and buried his face in his hands; he could not trust himself to wish her good-by. For one moment she stood looking down upon his bent, dark head, and then, without another word, she turned, and so soft and gentle were her retreating footsteps that he did not know that she had left him until he looked up and found that he was alone.

* * * * * * * *

The bells were ringing on Christmas morning. The sun was shining, and the ground was white and glittering with hoar-frost. Susan was tying on her bonnet at the looking-glass in her bed-room. It was the same bonnet with red strings that she had put on on that Sunday morning when she had seen Jasper Keith for the first time. When she had fastened it neatly and deftly beneath her chin, she put on the little black cloth jacket that she had worn that day also; and then she paused and looked at herself in the glass. The same Susan, and yet not the same! A page of her life had turned over. She would never be the same now; she knew that she was altered,—knew that between the Susan of to-day and that other self that only a few weeks ago had stood upon the threshold of life there yawned a gulf, deep, wide, and impassable,—a gulf over which she could never return.

She had breakfasted with Clara in the school-room. Whilst Miss Symonds was away, Mrs. Meyrick had told her to breakfast with her little sister. She had not yet been down-stairs. She knew nothing of the others. There were dark lines round her eyes, because she had been awake crying for many hours of the night, crying over broken dreams which never could be realized, and over woman's dearest hopes which had been crushed and blighted ere ever they had been born. But there were no tears in her eyes now. The girl's life of isolation and repression had taught her at least the great lesson of self-control. She made no great moaning over her trouble; the thing had come to her, and it had to be borne, that was all.

So she dressed herself for church, in her little bonnet with its red ribbons, and tried to think of Christmas Day and its history and its teaching, and as little as possible about Sir Jasper Keith and how she had found out to her sorrow that she loved him.

Presently, as on a former occasion, Clara dashed noisily and unceremoniously into the room.

"Susan! what do you think! such a dreadful thing has happened! Jasper has got to go away at once!"

"Has he?" Susan was apparently hunting for her gloves in her dressing-table drawer. She made no sign of interest.

"Yes. Isn't it dreadful?" continued the child, excitedly. "He had a letter, it seems, from Lady Keith: she was ill or something."

A small irrepressible smile crept into Susan's face.

"She must be a horrid old woman to take him away from Adelaide on Christmas Day!" cried Clara. "He said he must go at once, and he asked papa to order the dog-cart to take him to the station. Adelaide was in a dreadful rage,—she cried with rage, she really did—and she begged and prayed him to stop; but he only said his mother wanted him! I do think it odd—don't you, Susan?—of a grown-up man, and not so very young either, to want to go to his mother just because she asks him to! When I have a lover I shan't allow him to leave me to go to his mother. I shall tell him it is all nonsense. Wouldn't you tell your lover so, Susan?"

"Perhaps I shall never have a lover," answered Susan, quietly.

"Well, no, perhaps you mayn't," assented Miss Clara, with uncomplimentary frankness. "I heard Aunt Berry telling mother so last night. She told her that neither Emma nor you would ever marry, because you weren't pretty enough; and mamma said she was mistaken,—that Emma had 'prospects'—what are Emma's prospects, Susan?—already, but that as to Susan she supposed she was right: so I dare say you are right about it yourself. But of course I shall have lots of lovers, and I shall marry a baronet like Adelaide, or perhaps a lord—who knows?"

Outside there came the sound of wheels upon the gravel.

"There! that must be the dog-cart!" cried Clara. "I must run down and wish Jasper good-by. Aren't you coming, Susie?"

"I am not ready. I cannot come down yet."

"Oh, he will think it odd of you. Shall I tell him what you say, and wish him good-by for you?" she called out, as she ran out of the room.

"No; you need tell him nothing," answered Susan.

Then, when she was alone, she sat down, quite away from the window, and waited until the wheels of the departing dog-cart had rolled away.

When she came down-stairs, he was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

Two months did not represent a very large slice of human existence: it is not a very long period to look forward to; it is swift as thought itself to look back upon. There are times when two months slip away so quickly and so smoothly that we can hardly realize that they are gone, and there are times, too, when so much of life and its storms is crowded into that brief space as to represent the history of one's whole existence.

Again, it sometimes happens that two months will so alter and change the whole outlook of our future that they seem to divide us forever by an impassable barrier from the past that has been left behind them.

Now, this is what happened to Susan Meyrick during the next two months of her existence. Her days slipped away quietly and uneventfully, one after the other. Nothing particular happened to her. She rose in the morning and she went to bed at night, performing all day the little daily duties which are so trivial and unimportant, and yet which go to make up the whole sum of existence to a daughter in her father's house.

Twice a week when the weather was open she rode Rob Roy to hounds by her father's side. Sometimes the sport was good and the pace exciting, and then she enjoyed herself really very much indeed; but very often either the scent was bad, or the coverts were drawn blank, or else there was a drenching rain that took the life and spirit out of everything, and on those days even hunting itself ceases to be "a joy forever" to its votaries. And then Susan came home at night very tired or very wet, as the case might be, and physically very much less able than usual to fight out her battle with herself.

Yet, in spite of all drawbacks, she did fight, and that very bravely, against the misfortune that had befallen her. She had set herself the task of stamping out of her heart the love which was forbidden her, and to a great extent, mainly because she was young and courageous, and because she honestly tried her very hardest to do so, she succeeded in her efforts.

Absence, too, that great and powerful aid to those who desire to forget, helped her to a very considerable degree. For Sir Jasper Keith came no more to Raybourne, and she believed that when she saw him again it would be as her sister's husband, when to love him would be not merely a misfortune, but also a sin,—a sin into which Susan, with her pure heart and utter inexperience, told herself proudly that she was very vullikely to fall.

So the home life went on for her, quietly and uneventfully, and oddly enough, she was not altogether unhappy in it. The country suited her; the love of excerise and fresh air, and of her favorite animals, and, above all, the pleasure of finding herself day by day becoming more and more of a companion to her father, who seemed to turn to her with a greater amount of interest and affection than he had shown to any of his other children, all helped her to put that sad little chapter, with its sorrowful mistake, more and more into the background of her mind.

Yet, when at the end of February a hard frost stopped the hunting and she was forced to do without the chief amusement of her existence, she was well aware that it was a very bad thing for her, because it left her more time to think, and deprived her of the stimulus of bodily exercise to which she clung almost feverishly, as necessary to her mental peace. And often when she remembered the past and its brief delirium of grief and joy, compared it with the stagnation of thought and hope which had fallen like a pall of leaden-gray cloud over her life, she wondered whether she was indeed the same Susan who had lived through such a very tragedy of despair on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve.

In the middle of February there occurred a change in the condition of family life about her. Her mother and Adelaide went up to London to embark in the exciting and important undertaking of the trousseau. The wedding was now definitely fixed to be the last week of March, but it was only from Adelaide's conversation on the eve of the visit to London that the fact became absolutely known to her younger sister. Susan told herself that she was glad it was to be so soon, and that when it was over she would be far happier, and better able to forget everything, than she was at present.

Adelaide, since the departure of Sir Jasper Keith, had been quite happy in her mind again: it was evident that she had been mistaken in that half-suspicion of hers concerning Susan's attraction for him: by this time, indeed, she had forgotten all about it, and she reverted naturally to her old manner of careless indifference towards the insignificant little sister whom nobody took much notice of.

"I suppose all you girls want to be my bridesmaids?" she inquired of her sisters at breakfast-time on the day that she and her mother were going up to London. "I shall have to think about your dresses, I suppose?"

"Do let us have pale-blue silk, Adelaide," cried Clara, excitedly. "Blue suits me so well."

After breakfast Susan found a moment to speak to Adelaide quietly.

"Would you mind very much, Adelaide," she said, turning red and white by turns, "if I am not one of the bridesmaids? You would not think it unkind, would you?"

"Dear me, Susan, what an odd girl you are! I really think a nunnery would be the most fitting place for you, you are so shy. But of course I don't mind. Why should I? Three sisters are far too many to figure as one's bridesmaids, and I really wanted to ask Lady Grace Dale, only I hadn't room for her; but if you give it up I can ask her instead of you, and so it will suit me very well."

And so the great matter was settled, and Susan felt thankful that at least she would be spared the ordeal of being dressed up in fine clothes to figure in her sister's wedding cortege. It was bad enough that she would have to be there at all. Oh, if she could only escape from those joy-bells which were to be the death-knell of all her own lost hopes and dreams! But, with that sweet patience which was a part of her nature, she knew that to pretend she was ill or to absent herself by any excuse on such a day and from such an event would only excite attention and suspicion, and cause embarrassment to him whose trouble she would fain lessen and not increase. She would live through the day somehow, she supposed, only it should be in some dark far-away corner of the church, where no one would notice her, that she should listen to the words that would part her for ever and ever from the man she loved.

She was happier and quieter at first after Adelaide and her mother had gone from home to pay that long-promised visit to her friends at Cambridge from which Mrs. Meyrick secretly hoped great things to take place. So that at Raybourne Susan kept house, not unhappily, alone with her father and with Clara and her governess.

TO BE CONTINUED.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

The perfect summer beverage cool and delicious. It soothes you. It "braces you up." Wholesome and refreshing. Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice. There's not a moments "cool feel" about a barrel of alcoholic stimulant. A glass of Montserrat refreshes and that effectually.

Not to be out of fashion, the lawns now wear their summer hose.

The confidence of the people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

Got Left.

Mrs. O'Flynn—And was it for less work or more wages yes struck, Dan.

Dan—Both.

Mrs. O'Flynn—And what did yez get?

Dan—Left.

Pale and listless girls and prematurely aged women would soon give place to bright, healthy; rosy females if Dr. Williams' Pills were used for the ills to which women are peculiarly liable. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, and restore the shattered system, regulate the periods etc. Try them and be convinced. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Turnkey—Do you think of your wife often, Pat? Moonshiner— Yes, her bright smile haunts me stilll.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The Girls Will Risk it, too.

Doctors tell us that diseases are often contracted by kissing, but the average young man of the present day takes the risk whenever he has a chance to place his more-or-less mustache on the more-or-less cherry lips of some more-or-less pretty girl.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

Just a Joke.

Wollard—What do you mean by telling the boys you had the lock jaw?

Pollard—Just a little joke of mine. You see I couldn't find the lock last night, and my wife gave me the jaw from the window above.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

Very Dull.

Sadi—Anything new, dear?

Helen—No; things are dreadfully dull. I am engaged to that little monkey, De Saplets again.

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Edith—Wasn't Clara Comstock in love with Charlie when he proposed to me?

Lou—No; she never wanted him. She was in love with Brighton Beach.

Edith—Oh, dear me! I never would have accepted him if I had known that.

Sarah Marshall.

King St., Kingston, says: "I was afflicted with chronic rheumatism for years and used numerous medicines without success, but by the use of 6 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was entirely cured." "I am acquainted with the above named lady, and can certify to the facts as stated."—Henry Wade, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

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Health-giving herbs, bark, roots, and berries are carefully combined in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate the secretions, purify the blood and renvovates and strengthen the entire system. Price $1 a bottle 6 for $5. Less than 1 cent a dose.

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All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhœa dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

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Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are the best. Never travel without it.

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Many of the worst attacks of cholera morbus, cramps, dysentery, colic, etc., come suddenly in the night and speedy and prompt means must be used against them. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the remedy. Keep it at hand for emergencies. It never fails to cure or relieve.

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You don't need the Chinaman, nor the laundry. You can do your own washing now, and instead of a terror it will be a pleasure to you. And all because of "Lessive Phenix." It is a washing solutive. It does away with the use of soap on clothes. It doesn't raise a soapy lather, which burns and hardens, your hands, and injures the clothes, like the old chemical powder. It is so emollient you can use it in the bath; and it will produce soft, fair skin. You can use it on almost anything. Directions with every package. Ask your grocer.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

Dunley—Say, Cooley, can you lend me $10 for a few days? Cooley—I should be glad to do it for you, old fellow, but the fact is I have but one $10 bill I use for that purpose and it's out just now.

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Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

'O, by the way, dear,' began the society correspondent. 'What is it?' asked the patient spouse. 'I wish to speak of Miss Figg, who vacationed here last spring. Should I say that she sprung here or that she springed here?'

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

"We have been offered $20 to leave the town," writes a Georgia editor. "Its the first clear money we have made in six years. Lord make us thankful for what we are about to receive."

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

I had the muscles of my hand contracted that I could not use it for two years. MINARD'S LINIMENT cured me, and I now have the use of my hand as well as ever.

Dalhousie. MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

I had a valuable colt so bad with mange that I feared I would lose him. MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him like magic.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SANDERS.

LAURANCE SPECTACLES
are the only ones I can see properly with.

These Spectacles are positively the **BEST** goods made, and can be obtained at
W. C. Rudman Allan's
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST,
WEST ST. JOHN.
—OR AT—
JOSHUA STARK'S,
WATCHMAKER,
31 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
DRUGGISTS, Charlotte Street, St. John.

PIANOS MENDELSSOHN & EVANS BROS. **ORGANS**
PIANOS,
UNSURPASSED IN
Tone, Touch and Durability.
A large Stock to select from.
PRICES LOW.
GOOD BARGAINS FOR CASH.
A. T. BUSTIN,
38 Dock Street.

JOHN FERGUSON,
(Late of Christie & Co.,)
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
244 UNION STREET.
Estimates furnished on application for General Jobbing and House Building. All work done under personal supervision.

FLOWERS.
WE have a choice lot of Bedding Plants from 15c. per dozen up. Send in your order early and secure the best.
D. McINTOSH, - Florist.
Telephone 264.

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IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
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556 Machum, E. R. Manager, Temperance, and Gen'l. Life Ins. Co., 1 Pugsley, Building.
558 Magee, D. Sons, Hats, Caps, and Furs, Market Square.
559 McGirr, F. Victualler, City Market.
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523 Scovil, E. G., Wholesale Tea Merchant, North Wharf.
A. W. McMACKIN, Local Manager.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

AUCTION SALES.

Sheriff's Sale.

Will be sold at Public Auction at Chubbs' Corner, so called on Prince William street, City of Saint John on,

Saturday, the 25th Day of July

next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

ALL JOHN MEALEY'S leasehold, right, title and interest in "All that triangular, piece, portion or parcel of that lot of land, known as the school lot situate in the parish of Lancaster in the City and County of Saint John, and bounded and described as follows, viz: That is to say fronting on the road or highway leading from Carleton to St. Andrews, beginning at a post standing at the south eastern corner of lot number seven and extending along the aforesaid road easterly ninety (90) feet more or less to a post in the line of lot owned or lately owned by Simon Z. Lake, thence along the said line northerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet, more or less, thence forming an angle and extending southerly one hundred and fifty (150) feet more or less to the place of beginning together with the buildings and erections thereon being. The same having been levied on under several executions issued out of the Supreme and County Courts against the said John Mealy individually and also against the said John Mealy and William W. Clark.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

St. John, N. B., 15 April, 1891.

The above sale is postponed until SATURDAY, the 8th day of August next, then to be sold at the place and between the hours above named.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

24 July, 1891.

The above sale is further postponed until SATURDAY, the 22nd day of August, instant, then to be sold at the same place and between the hours above named.

JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff.

7th August, 1891.

Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY;

BETWEEN "THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING SOCIETY," PLAINTIFFS, AND JAMES McMINAMIN, HENRY DUFFELL, THE HALIFAX BANKING COMPANY, CHARLES H. PETERS AND CHARLES N. SKINNER, DEFENDANTS.

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, and Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of SEPTEMBER next at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made in the above cause on the first day of June, last past, with the approbation of the undersigned a Referee in Equity duly commissioned, appointed and sworn to act in and for the said City and County of Saint John under and by virtue of an act passed in the forty-ninth year of the reign of her present Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled "An Act Respecting the Administration of Justice in Equity," the mortgaged lands and premises described in a certain Indenture of lease bearing date the 21st. day of February A. D. 1882 made between Irene M. Simonds and Gertude Ann Simonds of the first part and the said James McMinamin and James McMinamin Jr. of the second part in the Plaintiffs' Bill and in said decretal order, as: "Beginning on the eastern side of Bridge street, thirty feet westerly from the house formerly owned by Thomas Cunard, and now owned by Edward Tierney, and running from thence northerly for the said thirty feet, thence easterly at right angles thereto one hundred feet, thence southerly parallel to the said street thirty feet and from thence westerly one hundred feet to the place of beginning". The lot hereby leased being bounded on the North by the lot leased to and occupied by Rosanna Tierney. Together with all the buildings and erections thereon STANDING and BEING.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

Dated this twenty-ninth day of June, A. D. 1891.

G. C. & C. J. COSTER,
Plaintiffs' Solicitors,
JOHN L. CARLETON,
Referee in Equity.

HOT!
Certainly, it is and going to be hotter.
YOU WANT A
Straw Hat
to keep your head cool.
We have a good assortment of the correct styles at right prices.
D. MAGEE'S SONS,
MARKET SQUARE.

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ANECDOTAL LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,
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PRICE 30 CENTS. FOR SALE BY
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THE NEW No. 4 Home Electro Medical Apparatus. WITH DRY BATTERY.
No Acids or Liquids. Complete, excellent and always ready for use. For Doctor or Patient, this apparatus is the most convenient and reliable of any of the hundreds of forms ever introduced. Being the latest in medical batteries it has an advantage over all others.
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PARKER BROTHERS,

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WHO IS HE?
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who satisfies all his customers.
104 KING STREET.

Sanitas
The best disinfectant for preventing the spread of infectious diseases. This preparation is a colorless solution of a fragrant odor, is not poisonous and does not stain linen or carpets, this article is put up in powder and liquid form and retails at 40c. each.
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All stock, Carriages, Harness, &c. New. Horses first-class; Horses suitable for Ladies' driving. We cater to the best patronage in the city.
TERMS REASONABLE.

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DOMINION LINE.
—BETWEEN—
Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal.

1891. SUMMER SAILINGS. 1891.

Steamers.	Tons.	Leave Liverpool.	Leave Montreal.
VANCOUVER,	5,141	July 2	July 18
SARNIA,	3,686	" 10	" 25
OREGON,	3,672	" 24	Aug. 12
TORONTO,	3,376	" 31	" 19