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IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY;

BETWEEN "THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING SOCIETY," PLAINTIFFS, AND JAMES McMINAMIN, HENRY DUPPELL, 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, set: "Beginning on the eastern side of Bridge street, thirty feet northerly from the house formerly owned by Thomas Cunard, and now owned by Edward Tierney, and running from thence northerly by the said street thirty feet, thence easterly at right angles thereto one hundred feet, thence southerly parrellel 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.

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FOR SALE BY
PARKER BROTHERS,

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 chaperoon, 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 Kieth's indifference, but asks no questions. Sir Kieth and Susan discover their feelings toward each other. "What harm have I done you!" Sir Kieth goes away while Adelaide makes preparations for their marriage. Susan is excused from acting as one of the bridesmaids. Lord Kieth sends Susan a copy of Brunning's Poems. Susan writes him her thanks. Miss Symonds, who has no love for Susan, detains the letter.

[CONTINUED.]

Yet it had done her a world of good. Any one who loved her would have been glad to see the difference it had made in her. The hopeless look of patient pain had gone out of her eyes, and there was a soft and tender light in them, and a delicate pink flush upon her face, which secret happiness had bidden into bloom.

As she lay back in her father's chair, with her fair head and its crown of soft curly hair resting against the dark worn leather, with her eyes shining in the fire-glow, and her hands lightly crossed over the open volume upon the folds of her simple gray dress, she made a picture sweet enough for any man's eyes to have rested upon with pleasure. For there was that about Susan, that though no one when they saw her first ever was sufficiently struck with her or to remark her particularly, yet if you took the trouble to look again and again at her, and to watch her in all her moods and ways, there was something in her which grew upon you, and fascinated you involuntarily, so that in the end you would come to wonder how it was you ever could have thought her plain or insignificant. To-night, probably because of the small pale gleam of happiness which had crept across the gloom of the poor child's sorrowful life and self-repression, Susan looked her very best. She did not feel at all dull or lonely by herself; for company she had the firelight, and her little white-and-tan fox-terrier, who, conscious probably of the joyful fact of Mrs. Meyrick's absence,—for Mrs. Meyrick liked to see dogs in what she called "their proper places," that is, in the stables or the out-houses, had crept shyly in and had curled himself contentedly close up to his mistress's feet. Viper found himself, probably to his own surprise, quite unreproved for his audacity in thus venturing into forbidden places. For Susan was not at all of her mother's opinion, and rebelliously considered that a dog's "proper place" was always, and of necessity, in the company of his master,—a fact which doubtless was fully recognized at that remote period of the world's history when the Almighty created the canine race expressly to become the solace and the joy of the human one.

Be that as it may, Viper had in the present instance established himself very comfortably, half upon the black fur hearth-rug, which suited his complexion, and half upon the folds of his mistress's gray cashmere gown, which suited the affectionate instincts of his soul, and he formed in this position an exceedingly appropriate and pleasing item in the picture.

Behind them both, and making a dark background to the little group,—the small graceful figure of the girl and the good-looking white terrier upon whose soft head her fingers rested carelessly,—stood a high old-fashioned stamped-leather screen, of faded greens and golds, which effectually concealed the fireplace and the hearth from the door of the room. Now, Susan and Viper had not been much longer than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes together in the peace and warmth and silence of the fire-lit library when Viper, because he was a dog and was magically endowed with what human beings are deficient in, sat on his haunches and uttered a little smothered snuffling grunt,—below his breath' so to speak.

Susan pinched his hanging brown ears between her finger and thumb, but took no further notice, principally, no doubt, because she was reading, and trying hard to understand with all her girlish comprehension, that was only half awakened by her woman's sorrows, a certain divine poem in the book before her eyes:

Should you forfeit heaven for a snapt gold ring
And a promise broke, were it just or meet?
And I, to have tempted you!—I, who tried
Your soul, no doubt, till it sank! Unwise
I loved, and was lowly——

So she read, finding in those lines of passionate love and passionate remorse, strange answering echoes in her own heart which somehow comforted and soothed her. And that was no doubt mainly why she took no notice of Viper and his little snorts, Another reason why she did not do so was because she was blind and deaf to a great many things which were miraculously revealed to the acute understanding of her canine friend.

Viper, for instance, was evidently perfectly well aware—or else why did he grunt?—that Mr. Dickson, the butler, who hated frosts because they put his master in a bad temper, had two minutes ago opened the front door with the view of ascertaining what sort of a night it was, and whether there were any signs of a change in the weather, and after that had stood for some seconds looking up discontentedly and peevishly at the most glorious and cloudless dark-blue sky, spangled over by countless myriads of stars and constellations; Viper was no doubt furthermore conscious of the fact that Dickson had given quite a start of surprise at the sudden apparition of a man carrying a large gladstone bag in his hand, who confronted him without any warning just outside the house.

That Viper should have actually heard the conversation which then ensued betwixt Mr. Dickson and the newcomer I am not absolutely prepared to state, although no doubt, from his attitude of fixed attention and interest and the repetiton of these little snorting sniffs to which he had already given utterance, there is a strong presumption in favor of it. In any case he very possibly knew more about it than it would become a discreet dog to reveal, and, if he did listen to it, this is what he undoubtedly heard:

"Mr. Meyrick at home, Dickson?"

"Law! Sir Jasper! how you made me jump! I thought you was a burglar. No, sir; I'm very sorry to say, sir, as master is a-dining hout."

"Ah, well, I suppose I can stop here to-night?"

"In course you can, Sir Jasper. Was the master expecting you?"

"No, Dickson: I have just run down to see Mr. Meyrick on a little matter of business. I can see him in the morning. Can you give me a bed to-night?"

"Dear me! yes, sir,—dozens on 'em," replied Dickson, with eager liberality. "The 'ouse is, so to speak, hempty. I'll ring for the 'ousekeeper, Sir Jasper. She will see your room is got ready for you."

Sir Jasper Keith stood inside the door by now. Dickson relieved him of his overcoat and bag.

"Is there any one at home?" he inquired carelessly.

"No one, sir, but Miss Susan and Miss Clara and the gov'ness. Miss Clara is hunwell in 'er room, but Miss Susan and the guv'ness is a-sitting in the library. Would you take some refreshment, Sir Jasper?"

"I'll have a glass of sherry and a biscuit," replied Keith. He turned into the dining-room door, and the old man-servant attended with officious ardor to his modest requirements.

During this interval, be it noted, Viper thought he might have made a mistake, and lay down again serenely on Susan's gown.

When Sir Jasper had drunk his sherry and eaten his biscuit, he observed, casually,—

"Thanks; no more, Dickson, I'll find my own way into the library: you said that Miss Symonds and Miss Susan were there, I think? You needn't wait."

Mr. Dickson did not wait, and Keith walked across the hall to the library door.

How quiet it was by the fire! Susan's head had fallen back a little against the chair, and Browning had slipped out of her fingers. Her eyes were closed, but she was not asleep. She was only thinking deeply, thinking about the beautiful lines she had been reading, and puzzling out to herself some of those great problems of life which present themselves anew in unfathomable perplexity before the individual mind of every man and woman who has lived and who has suffered.

"Why,—why," she asked of herself,—it is the great unending cry of humanity, the question that is never answered,—'why are these things so? why do the innocent suffer with the guilty? the sinless bear the burden with the sinner?" —Will anyone ever know, ever find it out?. No, never, never! not till that day when life's riddles are all unravelled and life's perplexities vex us no more.

"If I could see him once more," she was thinking,—"if I could tell him, just once, all that I have in my heart,—then perhaps I could bear it better."

And then Viper jumped up as if he had been shot, and uttered a short sharp bark, and flew on to the corner of the screen with his tail straight on end and his bristles erect all down his back. Susan looked up startled, and saw Jasper Keith standing looking at her, whilst Viper, having promptly settled in his own mind that the intruder was a friend, and not a foe, altered his whole demeanor and fawned against his legs with insane wrigglings and writhings of his whole body.

Susan sprang to her feet with a little cry of delight, and Browning slipped down on to the hearth-rug.

Well, I don't suppose there are any laws, written or unwritten, human or divine, that will ever prevent a man and a woman who love each other, and who have been parted, from being most unspeakably happy when they meet again. Whether it is wrong or whether it is right to be glad seems for the moment utterly beside the question. In the presence of the dear face we have hungered for, of the eyes that look their love into ours, of the smile that warms and gladdens our whole being, how can any cold considerations of wisdom or of prudence find a place? So Keith and Susan, standing together hands clasped in hands in the glow of the firelight, forgot for a few brief and blessed moments that it was about the greatest pity and the greatest mistake in the world that they should be looking into each other's faces once more.

The joy did not last very long. To Susan, at any rate, remembrance came back soon enough. She turned pale, and her bright smile faded.

"Why have you come?" she faltered, a little wildly, for, after all, it was cruel of him! Now all her struggle was in vain, and the battle would have to be fought all over again!

"I came because I could not keep away any longer, Susan! I came, too, to see if you received the book I sent you."

"Yes, of course. I am reading it now. I have been reading it ever since."

She picked up the fallen volume that lay on the rug at her feet, and held it out to him.

"I thought you would have written me one line," he said, reproachfully.

"I did write to you."

"You wrote? I have never received your letter."

"Not received it?" she repeated, blankly. "But I wrote it once,—that very day."

"Where did you address it?"

"To your house in Hertford Street. I know the address erfectly."

"I have never received it," he said once more.

"What on earth can have become of it?" she cried, in dismay.

"It must have got lost in the post. Never mind: I have come to get your thanks instead; that is what I am here for." His whole face was alight with the joy of seeing her again; the loss of her note was nothing to him now. "No, don't draw your hand away; let me be happy for once. That luck to find you alone! I never expected such a blessed chance. I thought your father would be here, and Clara, and that horrid governess. All I hopefor was for a sight of your face, for a touch of your hand, and I find you—oh, joy of joys!—alone. Where is that Symonds woman, by the way?"

"She is up-stairs writing her letters."

"So much the better; long may she write them! Don'be so serious, Susan. You looked gladenough when I first came in. I feel le a boy again, and I have been so miserable! but to-night is mine,—mine! hat is so beautiful as the present? to-y is ours, to-morrow we perish!"

She was half frhtened, half attracted by his excitemei The wild exuberance of this groundles delight revealed him to her in a neaspect. There was a fascination abt him like this; the recklessness his mood and of his words gave him a new power over her. Then all at once a passionate intenty swept like a storm-cloud over hisace, and his hands tightened their id upon hers.

"We are mad, sian," he cried, in a low, hurried voice,—"mad to throw away our lives for an empty dream, a stupid delusion! God knows, I have fought and striven with my fate, but it is too much for me: I cannot conquer it! I want you, Susan. I cannot live without you. I must take you away with me. Come with me, my sweet; we will leave them all, and go away together and be happy with each other! Say that you will come!"

She turned very pale. She trembled from head to foot. It was a terrible moment, an awful temptation. The flame of his passion caught her, and kindled in her heart an overwhelming longing to do as he bade her. She dared not meet his eyes; she twisted her face away so that he should not see it, and she struggled to free the hands which he held imprisoned. But to a man love is not a romance, but a reality. Keith's blood was rushing hotly and riotously through his veins. This love which was forbidden to him had eaten into his very heart, so that he had no other thought for weeks past no other desire but for her and her sweetness. And now the intoxication of her presence turned his brain and bewildered his senses, so that it seemed to him in his madness that the world were indeed well lost to him so only that he might have her for his own. Suddenly he drew her into his arms and kissed her,—kissed her brows, her eyes, her lips, with those close kisses which a woman never forgets, but which remain burnt for ever and ever as by a brand of fire into her memory.

For a second—scarcely longer—she lay in his arms, and for very joy of his love forgot all else on earth besides.

And it was precisely at that moment that, unheard by either, the soft closing of the hidden door behind the screen made the little fox-terrier prick his ears and utter for the second time a warning grunt, which should have put them on their guard.

But lovers are proverbially blind and deaf to all save each other, and there have been supreme moments in all our lives, I suppose, when even the wisest and most prudent among us evinces a sublime oblivion of the ordinary precautions of existence.

By the time that Viper had trotted back with a little whine to the hearth-rug again, Susan was sitting in her arm-chair, and Jasper kneeling at her side was murmuring incoherent words of penitence and prayers for forgiveness. Susan was rosy enough now, and a little breathless, but she was not angry. A woman who loves is never angry at offences of this kind.

"There is nothing to forgive," she whispered, a little brokenly. "Only, oh, my dear, dear Jasper, we must never see each other again!—never, that is, until you have become my brother. No, do not interrupt me," laying her soft hand upon his lips when he would have spoken. "In a moment of madness we have forgotten what we should have remembered; but now the madness is over,—is it not?—and we must be sober again. What you wish, what you say, can never be. I do not think we should be happy—should we?—If we built our happiness upon the ruin and pain of another's life! And even if you could set aside your given word, and forget for a little while your honor and your truth, would you not be the first to awaken out of that nightmare into a reality of never-ending remorse? It is better, my dear one, that we should suffer a little pain than that we should do what is mean and base and repent of it to the end of our lives. I will not drag you down, Jasper, from that high place you hold in my heart, nor will I suffer you for my sake to forget your honor and cover your name with shame and disgrace."

And so he awoke, and knew that the dream was over, and that he had tempted her in vain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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.

Highland Mary's Grave.

The Greenock Telegraph informs us that Highland Mary's grave in the Auld West Kirkyard there is now a credit to the Greenock Burns Club and the town. The neglected appearance which obtained for too many years, and which called forth protests from newspaper correspondents and magazine writers, has now given place to evidences of much neatness of decoration and care on the part of those who of late years have in this district popularized Burns and all his works and belongings. Every Sunday now brings votaries to the shrine of Mary, dear departed shade!"
—Scottish American Journal.

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Kansas city has an interesting citizen in Justice J. L. Zanghorn, who engaged a saloon keeper to marry him to a rich woman last week and who yesterday arose from the bench and announced that he would sell his whiskers. The saloon keeper who had performed the marriage ceremony rushed the bidding up to $45.20, at which price the whiskers were bought.

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She's a Winner.

You may talk about your summer girl,
With æsthetic taste intense,
But give me the maid whose pretty head
Is filled with good horse sense.

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.

Goes without saying—a mute.

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.

It is the cowardly dog who is always showing his teeth.

Baldness ought not to come till the age of 55 or later. If the hair begins to fall earlier, use Hall's Hair Renewer and prevent baldness and grayness.

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

The Coat of Treves.

[Boston Herald.]

The archbishop of Treves and the archbishop of Versailles, a Paris correspondent says, have aggreed to submit a dispute of very long standing to arbitration. The Pope is naturally to be empire and the question at issue is whether the seamless garment at Treves or the one at the Church of Argenteuil has the best claims to genuineness. The Argenteuil relic is of camel's hair, is handwoven, and has faint traces of purple. It was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne in the year 800.

Answer This Question.

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.

Man may want little here below, but he usually keeps up a fearful kicking until he gets it.

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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.

Though not catchy, the song of the back-fence warbler is undoubtedly catchin.

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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.

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It is the counterfeit bill that gets the passing glance.

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It takes fire to bring out the fragrance of the incense.

Red and rosy cheeks follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are nature's remedy for driving out all disease resulting from poor and watery blood, enriching that vital fluid, building up the nerves and promptly overcoming irregularities, suppressions and the ills peculiar to females. 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.

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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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