Equity Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the city of Saint John, in the city and county of St. John, on **SATURDAY, the 3rd 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 Tuesday, the second day of August, instant, in a suit therein pending, wherein Ann Ruddock, Andrew L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock, and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull are Defendants, and by amendment between Andrew L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the Equity of Redemption of the said Defendants in the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said suit and in the said Decretal Order as follows:

"As all those two lots, tracts and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the Parish now the town of Portland, in the County of Saint John, hereafter mentioned and described, that is to say: All that lot, tract and parcel of land heretofore conveyed by the late Honorable Ward Chipman and wife to Thomas Walker by Indenture, bearing date The first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, registered in the records of deeds in and for the city of Saint John in Book P, number three of said records, pages 352 and 354, and therein described as: All that lot, tract, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Portland, in the county of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:

"Beginning at an iron pt or bolt placed by the said parties hereto on the southerly side of a road four rods in width lately laid out by the said Ward Chipman, leading in a northeasterly direction from the public highway running from the city aforesaid toward Sandy Point, thence from the said iron pin or bolt along the southerly side of the said road, North, forty-six degrees, thirty minutes; East, two chains and thirty-three links to a stake, thence South forty-three degrees thirty minutes, East four chains and thirty links to a stake, thence South forty-six degrees thirty minutes, West two chains and thirty three links to a stake, and thence North forty three degrees thirty minutes, West four chains and thirty links to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one acre, be the same more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, fences, and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof and all the estate, right, title, dower right of dower property, claim and demand whatever both at law and in Equity of them the said Charles G. Turnbull and Mary Ann his wife into or out of the said premises and every part thereof."

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

Dated August, the 29th, A. D. 1887.

HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee in Equity for the City and County of St. John.

SILAS ALWARD,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKART, Auctioneer. 35 tds

SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL be sold at Chubb's Corner, Prince William street, city of Saint John, on **Saturday, the 22d day of October next,** between the hours of Twelve of the clock, mid-day, and Five of the clock in the afternoon:—

All Cornelius McGourty's right, title and interest in and to that lot, piece or parcel of land in the City of Portland, known and distinguished on the plan of subdivision of the estate of the late William Wright, there situate as lot number One Hundred and Four, and bounded and described as follows:—"Fronting on Wright Street, at the North-Eastern angle of lot number 103. Thence moving Easterly along the Southern side line of Wright Street Ninety feet; thence Southerly, parallel with the Eastern side line of said lot, number 103, One Hundred feet, more or less to the Northern line of lands of the Railway; thence Westerly, along the said Northern side line to the said Eastern side line of lot number 103, and thence Northerly along the said Eastern side line One Hundred and Twenty-five feet, more or less." With all buildings and improvements thereon. The same having been taken under execution issued out of the County Court,—C. L. Richards vs. Cornelius McGourty.

JAMES A. HARDING,
Sheriff.

St. John, N. B.,
July 1st, 1887. 76 tds

UNDER THE VICTORIA,

Jubilee Jewelry at Jubilee Prices

Now and until after the

JUBILANT SEASON

I will offer to CASH CUSTOMERS selection from my splendid assortment of

FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AND JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,

and other fine goods at greatly reduced prices to ensure sales.

Discounts from 10 to 25 per cent. (according to style, quality and finish), at my new store under

Victoria Hotel, No. 81 King St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. Tremaine Gard

HERBERT W. MOORE,

Barrister-at-Law,

SOLICITOR IN EQUITY, CONVEYANCER

etc., etc.

OFFICES:

ROOM No 7 POGSLEY'S BUILDING, PRINCE WILLIAM ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

6-33

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

THE HOME.

"The Son of Man Hath Not Where to Lay His Head."

BY MRS. OHMAN.

The birds have cosy nests,
The foxes holes, wherein they lie and sleep,
The sons of toil are blest
With lowly couch, when locked in slumber deep.

The lowing herds repose,
When reddening skies the brooklets turn to blood,
The mariner well knows,
His safe return, a home, with joy will flood.

The stars their orbits have,
The restless waves their mother ocean know.
Infant in crib may sleep,
Rocked by a mother, hushed by music slow.

But when earth's weary road,
The Son of God 'mid grief and pain did tread;
Alone He bore our load,
No downy pillow eased His aching head.

For He on mountain tops,
Loved thus in prayerful pastures off to stray,
Till morning blushed the drops,
With golden touch, from weeping flowers away.

While nature calmly sleeps,
And valley's curtain shade their closed eyes,
Its King, His vigil keeps,
His pillow God's own breast, His home the skies.

Poor! Rich as gems in crown,
Sparkle the virtues of that stainless soul.
Forsaken! Heaven His throne,
And angels waft His wishes to their goal.

Repine not blood bought child,
Who strives in Jesus' footsteps close to tread,
Seek here no bliss to find,
He had not where to lay His weary head.

The Secret of a Happy Life.

BY REV. J. W. LAUGHLIN.

It was Saturday night. John Booker and his wife sat quietly by the fire that burned brightly upon the hearth. The week had not been as pleasant nor as prosperous as they had wished, and when they came to foot up the earnings at its close something was wrong; neither could tell where the trouble was. John and his wife were ambitious and energetic, and withal rather charitable with each other.

But something was wrong this evening. The week had not brought them just what they anticipated.

John was a carpenter, and worked hard at his trade, while his faithful wife kept her part of the work well in hand,

This evening not much was said, and when bed-time came they knelt by the fire and asked God to keep them both; to be their guide and make them happy and prosperous.

Sunday morning came, and, as usual, they were in their places at church.

The minister preached on the duty of consecration and of living for God rather than for self. They both listened and understood. As the preacher grew more earnest with his theme they became more and more interested. The little ruffle in feeling that occurred as they were getting ready for church soon passed away. Their hearts were touched and they both saw how self had been too prominent in their lives.

As they sat together, arms folded, tears running down four cheeks, somehow his hand went out toward his wife and her hand went out toward her husband, they clasped hands and in silence vowed to live more for Christ and each other during the coming week.

Day after day John pushed the plane; day after day he worked with the hammer, adz and saw; day after day, with unbuttoned collar and upturned sleeves, he did the work of a carpenter, and his wife kept her part of the work going, until Saturday night came again, and with it the usual settling up.

Bills were all paid, John came home, and once more they were seated around the fire that burned so brightly on the hearth.

"Well, John," said his wife, as she drew her chair a little closer to him, "how have you got along this week?"

"My dear," said John, turning toward his wife, "I haven't any more money tonight, than I had last Saturday night, but this has been the happiest week I ever saw. I used to think my trade was not very high, but this week I remembered that Christ was a carpenter, and I used to think I could not do anything for Christ, but this week I have had a new thought about that.

"Last Sunday when the minister preached about doing all that we do heartily as unto the Lord, I just thought I'd try shoving the plane for Christ, and I tell you, wife, it pays. I have tried all week to get myself out of the way and work only for you and for Christ, and there has never been a happier week since we have had a home than this."

Aye! John has the secret of a happy life—more of Christ and less of self.—*Congregationalist.*

Heavenly-Mindedness.

It is the part of wisdom to let worldly cares and enjoyments hang loosely about us, so that when "the inevitable hour" comes we may let them fall like a mantle, and take our departure unregretfully. Ripened fruit falls easily. So when the heart of the Christian is truly weaned from the world, death may come at any time and find him ready. It is possible to be in the world and yet not of it, to perform its proper tasks and allotted duties fully and bravely, while yet our supreme desires and affections are set on things above. If we allow worldly cares and perplexities to weave themselves about our hearts so firmly that they cannot rise above the level of our common life, then are we companioning ourselves with the beasts of the field who live in the present only, and whose whole range of being is comprised within the circle of sensual gratification. Heavenly-mindedness comes from a contemplation of the things that are pure and right and holy from a study of God's Word, and an application of its precepts to our daily life. It is not possible to have this frame of mind except it be with a consciousness that we are accepted of God, and have received forgiveness of sins. While the windows of the soul are darkened by sin and unbelief, we cannot expect that the sunshine will pour in to cheer and lighten its innermost recesses, and draw its thoughts heavenward. The mind that is set on spiritual delights, that loves to commune with God, and finds its chiefest joys in doing His service, will not be ruffled by every disappointment in life, or broken by its calamities, for these things it rightly regards as transitory, as of no account in comparison with things that come after, that are sure and eternal. Clothed in such serenity and peace, the soul may move through the midst of trials and griefs, such as come to all of us, like a great strong ship whose course is not stayed by the buffeting or the winds and waves, because it has a certain port to gain, and a pilot who knows how to guide it there.—*Christian at Work.*

THE FARM.

HOW TO SAVE GARDEN SEEDS.—Peas and beans should be left on the vines until the pods are well wrinkled, when they should be picked and spread until they are dry. Small quantities may be shelled by hand, large crops are threshed with a flail. Keep them in a dry place.

Melon, cucumber, squash and pumpkin seeds should be taken only from ripe perfect shaped specimens. In a small way, the seeds may be simply taken out, placed on plates or tins, and dried. Large quantities have to be washed before drying, to remove the slime that adheres to them. When the seeds are thoroughly dried, tie them in bags, and keep in a dry place secure from mice and rats.

Beets, parsnips, turnips, carrots, onions, cauliflower and cabbage will not produce seed until the second year. Set out in early May, strong, well-natured plants of last season's crop. When the seed is ripe, cut the stalks and put under cover to dry; then beat out the seeds, and tie in paper bags.

Seeds of all kinds should be fully ripe when gathered, but it is also important to harvest them as soon as they are ripe. For keeping small quantities of seeds, paper bags are preferable to cloth, as they afford better protection against moisture and insects. Always mark each package with the name of the seed contained in it, and the year in which it grew. Cold does not injure the vitality of seeds, but moisture is detrimental to all kinds.—*American Agriculturist*, for September.

Bleaching Celery.

It takes from eight to ten days to blanch celery in warm weather, and about four or five weeks in cold weather. A new plan of blanching in warm weather is now adopted by some of our best growers, and found to work admirably, as it saves much labor and there is less danger of rust and rot. They half hill, as it is termed, with a a hoe or with a small one-horse plough, if a horse can be used, throwing up a small ridge of the soil on each side of the row, just up to the plants, but not against them much; then take inch boards ten inches wide, lay along on each side of the row, crowding the lower edge close up to the bottom of the plants, then take hold of the outer edges of the boards and bring them up together, placing over them clamps made of No. 9 wire, so made that the boards will be about two inches apart, or a little more, if the celery is large. For the late crop the soil is found the best for blanching. In this it is necessary to use judgement about hilling up. It will not do to commence it while the weather is too hot and wet, as there is danger of its rotting. It should never be banked while the stocks are at all wet. [illegible]

—A box kept well supplied with ashes in which charcoal is found should be within reach of hogs all the time at this season of the year. Like all gross feeders they are apt to be troubled with acidity of the stomach, and the coal and ashes correct this.

Asparagus Culture.

Asparagus is the farmer's vegetable. As a farm crop it is one of the surest, most marketable, and profitable that he can grow. For home use there is nothing better. Once set out, the plantation is good for twenty years, and we can cultivate it entirely by horse power. It comes in spring when we have very little other, if anything, in the way of fresh, green vegetables. Spinach in the open ground does not always winter well, neither do German greens. The cabbage stowed away over winter are about used up or have begun to rot, and the early cabbage wont be in for some time yet.

Unlike peas and beans that last so short a time, asparagus lasts in good cutting condition for nine or ten weeks, and we needn't bother about successions. Asparagus comes in at the time when we are busiest with our other crops, and then all the care it needs is to cut and eat. Before the asparagus season is over we have cabbage and other vegetables.

Farmers needn't growl about nor bother with garden truck, so far as asparagus is concerned. It is cheap enough to begin with. A thousand two-year-old plants cost only $8 to $10, and a thousand plants would set out a row 700 yards long, or seven rows 100 yards long. He may sow the seed and raise his own plants. Plants at three years old will yield a fair cutting; at four years a full crop.—*Selected.*

TEMPERANCE.

—The tobacco bill of the U. S. last year was over $180,000,000,—or $3 for every man, woman and child.

—Canon Wilberforce, during his address on the evils of Intemperance delivered before a vast audience that thronged Tremont Temple in Boston, presented this novel view of the cause of the suffering in Ireland. He said: What is the Irish question? It is the whiskey question. If the Irish had been able to rise in their true majesty and conquer the appetite for drink, there would be no nobler people. There are no more loyal hearts upon the face of the earth. Whisky is the curse of the Irish. The whisky bill of Ireland is $2,250,000 more than the whole rental of the country.

—Ex Senator Windom, in a Fourth-of-July temperance address at Woodstock, Conn., says: "Considered merely from the plane of political economy, there is no one subject now before the American people at all comparable in gravity and importance with this one. The liquor men claim to have one billion dollars invested in the business of making and selling liquor in this country, and they have at least 500,000 direct employes. It is estimated upon the best attainable authority that this tyrant's revels cost annually more than $700,000,000, that 500,000 victims rendered worse than useless are staggering along in his triumphal procession to dishonored graves, and that his army of immediate retainers—the makers and vendors of liquid fire—number 500,000 more. Estimating that this million of makers, vendors, and victims if engaged in some legitimate business could have earned $1 50 per day, we have a loss of productive power of $450,000,000 per annum, which added to the $750,000,000 wasted for strong drink makes a total of $1,250,000,000. Add to taxation, estimated at $100,000,000, for the support of jails, criminal prosecutions, penitentiaries, alms houses, pauperism and all the unnumbered burdens imposed upon the country by this tyrant, and you have $1,350,000,000 as the annual cost of his reign.

Using Tobacco—a Sin.

BY W. E. BENHAM.

Every one must admit that a traffic so immense and a use as great as that of tobacco, must and does involve moral character, and hence that it is a good or a evil, a virtue or a vice. If a virtue it should be advocated and encouraged. The children should be taught to use it. Parents, ministers of the gospel, day and sabbath-school teachers should instruct all both old and young, to smoke, chew and snuff tobacco. If a vice, it should be shunned and condemned by all, everywhere.

No one can say that there is anything clean in the common use of tobacco, nor that there is in its use any element of excellence, nor any trait of Christian character, nor any fruit of the Holy Spirit, leading upwards to holiness and fitness for the heavenly kingdom. But all must concede that at least it is a filthy, base, degrading habit, a mark of uncleanness, a fit characteristic of a sinner, a hurtful lust of the flesh, dragging downward to slavery, shame, poverty and death. Any person given to this disgusting practice becomes more or less callous to all the pure, finer sensibilities of his nature, and hence often violates wholesome rules of propriety, and thus becomes obnoxious, and a nuisance to persons of unperverted tastes. And, therefore, if the prevalent practice of smoking, chewing, and snuffing tobacco, thus polluting the mouth, the breath, the clothes, and the whole person so using it, and befouling the atmosphere surrounding him, whether in company, the car, the waiting-room, the parlor, or whatever building wherever he may be, with the sickening, stench of the filthy weed, is not a sin, and a dirty sin, too, what is?

If prostituting the delicate, innocent faculties God has given man to the vitiated, unnatural craving for this poisonous, nauseating, narcotic, stimulant, which is abhorent to the whole animal creation except the tobacco worm and two or three other creatures, is not a perversion of our pure nature, and therefore a sin against our own highest personal happiness, as well as that of others, what is?

Nor can any kind or amount of apologies or excuses justify this loathsome practice. No matter who or how many use it, whether the vilest and most degraded person, or professor of religion, minister of the gospel, prince, president or king. The inevitable pernicious result is always the same in each and every case. And nothing can change it.

I wonder why and how any human being can consent to sell himself to indulge in, and be guilty of so foul an act. It is as mysterious as sin. Is it not an inexcusable insult to breathe its offensive exhilations in the presence of ladies? I do not see how any minister of Christ or professor of religion can smoke, chew or snuff tobacco, without hindering his own piety and usefulness as a preacher and pattern of righteousness, purity and correct morals. Think you Christ, Paul, Peter or John were or would be tobacco users? Or that there will be tobacco smokers in the heavenly kingdom? I regard the common use of tobacco not simply a bad habit, but a sin, and one of the most odious committed in Meriden. And not only a sin *per se*, but that its inherent poison excites nervous irritability, and unnatural cravings, injures the health, stifles the physical and moral sensibilities, quenches the Spirit, prepares the way for and leads to numerous other kindred sinful indulgencies, cancerous diseases, imbecility, and general wreck of its victims. It is an associate and companion with rum and all other intoxicating drinks. Indeed its public use, fouling walks, steps and floors with its loathsome spittle, and stenching rooms and dwellings with its sickening smoke, is in some respects a grosser evil than drunkenness. The drinking man addicted to its use finds it extremely difficult to abstain from his cup unless he quits his tobacco also, for the latter creates a thirst for the former. Indeed I know of sad instances of reformed and even professedly converted men who, unwilling to abandon their tobacco, have in consequence returned to their former sins and drunkenness. If all tobacco users do not drink, all or nearly all drinkers use tobacco. And if all tobacco dealers do not sell intoxicating drinks, all dealers in intoxicating drinks sell tobacco. And as liquor dealers are held criminally responsible for the curse and sin of drunkenness, so tobacco dealers are for the nuisance, curse and sin of tobacco using.

Again, it not only pollutes and degenerates its victims, leaving its sickening stain wherever practiced, but it is a profligate waste of money. From carefully prepared statistics, we believe nearly or quite as much money is spent in Meriden for tobacco as for bread; and can any one say that this needless waste is no crime? If all the money squandered for tobacco in Meriden, (a city of 20,000 population), a sum amounting to nearly or quite $20,000 per annum, and almost sufficient to defray all the current town and city expenses, were used to feed and clothe the poor and educate the masses, what a blessed and happy change would be realized here. If the common laboring man would save all the money he now spends for tobacco, how much better at the end of each year would be his condition of health, happiness and finances? If all the sickening fumes of tobacco smoke and spittle were cleaned out of Meriden, from all its public walks, stores, steps, and the atmosphere, what an offensive blight would be removed. And if this nauseating element were excluded from the drinking saloons, even this curse would be greatly mitigated—Meriden is not an exception, other places are likewise afflicted with the same wasteful, demoralizing and sinful tobacco scourage.

In the United in 1885 there was 3,132,000,000 cigars smoked—58 for each person; also 972,000,000 cigarettes smoked, mainly by boys, and including that smoked in pipes, chewed and snuffed, 202,611,158 pounds of tobacco were consumed, an increase of 5,000,000 pounds over 1884, at an estimated annual cost to consumers of over $600,000,000. (Intoxicating drinks, $900,000,000. Bread, $505,000,000.) Three times as much money spent for tobacco and intoxicating drinks as for bread. What a frightful waste of money, health and character. Read Isaiah 55; 1-7.

I regard the prevalent use of cigarettes so artfully spiced with cubebs, sweet ferns, and other aromatics to tickle the taste of unsuspecting youth, as one of the alarming and seductive devices of the enemy to ensnare and hurry them into the sinful use of tobacco, intoxicating drinks and general dissipation.

Hence, I am persuaded that the common use of tobacco, besides being a filthy habit, is a sin against God—a violation of His holy law, even the first commandment in the decalogue, for it makes a god of a vitiated, craving appetite, and worships it, rather than the living Lord Jehovah. It defiles "the Temple of God," (if not what does!) and of such an one it is written, "him shall God destroy." Be not deceived, God is not mocked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "He that soweth to his flesh shall reap corruption." So I believe that those addicted to this destructive and unholy practice are "carnal sold unto sin," miserable slaves to their tyrannical lusts, and not the pure, joyful free men of the Lord.

In conclusion, I would most kindly and earnestly advise and entreat every one, old and young, in bondage to this vile passion, in the name and grace of Jesus Christ, the Merciful Deliverer, crucify the old man with all the deeds, break every yoke and chain of slavery to sin and Satan, and thus coming into the full liberty of the glorious Gospel, enjoy a clean conscience in a clean body, and so secure a sure title to an inheritance among the sanctified in the Everlasting Kingdom of God.

Meriden, Conn., January, 1886.

—Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleansing. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents dandruff and stimulates the hair to renewed growth.

The Minister's Questions.

The parish minister in a town not a hundred miles from Dunfermline, Fifeshire, was recently going the rounds of all the Board Schools in the course of systematic examination. The day was warm, and the minister, feeling exhausted on reaching the school, took a seat for a few minutes to cool down and recover his breath, but even while doing so he thought he might as well utilise the time in a congenial way, being naturally a bit of a wag. So he addressed the boys thus:—"Well, lads, can any of you tell me why black sheep eat less than white sheep?" There was no answer to this question, and the minister, after telling them it was because there were less of them, with pretended severity, said he was sorry to see them in such a state of ignorance as not to be able to answer such a simple question, but he would give another. "Can any of you lads tell me what Bishop of the Church of England has the largest hat?" Here the children were again cornered for a solution. "What, don't you know," said the minister, "that the Bishop with the largest hat is the Bishop with the largest head? But seeing I have been giving you some puzzling questions, I will now allow you to have your turn and put some questions to me, to see if I can answer them." Silence fell upon the whole school. No one was apparently bold enough to tackle the minister. At length, from the far corner of the room, a little chap of about seven years got up to his feet, and with an audacity that actually appalled the master, cried out, in a shrill piping voice, but with the utmost sang froid—"Can you tell me why millers wear white caps?" The minister was perfectly astonished, and for the life of him could find no solution of the problem. He began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, while the master frowned with awful threatening in his glance at the undaunted young culprit, who stood calmly waiting a reply to his poser. "No my boy," said the minister at length. "I cannot tell why millers wear white caps. What is the reason?" "Weel, sir," replied the young shaver, "millers wear white caps just to cover their heads." It is needless to remark that the roar which followed rather disconcerted the minister, and he had some trouble afterwards in proceeding with his official examination.

Look at my face and my hands—not a pimple,
Such as you saw there some time ago.
See my fresh cheeks, and I'm getting a dimple,
I don't look at all like I used to, I know.
My face was all blotches—complexion like tallow;
No wonder they thought me and called me a fright;
No one need have pimples and skin gray and sallow,
If she'll take what I took, ev'ry morn, noon, and night.

I asked the delighted young woman what she referred to, and she answered, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best beautifier in the world, because it purifies the blood, and pure blood gives good health, and good health is always beautiful.

$500 reward offered for an incurable case by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of Rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT internally and externally.

Mothers Should Heed This.

GENTLEMEN,—I again have to ask you to send us some more of your excellent Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It has proved such a valuable remedy in all cases of Pulmonary complaints and for building up the constitution of the little ones, many of whom come to us in a very weak and debilitated state. We have come to think that we cannot do without a supply of PUTTNER'S EMULSION in our home. We have no trouble in getting the little ones to take it, in fact they often ask and sometimes cry for it. MRS. L. E. SNOW,
Matron, Infants Home.
Halifax, N. S., Dec., 23rd, 1886.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the Dominion.

BROWN BROTHERS & Co., Proprietors,
Halifax, N. S.

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United Voices. A New Sunday School Song Book. L. O. Emerson has again made a success in a collection of songs for the girls and boys. It cannot fail to be popular. 30 cts.; $4.20 per doz.

Children's Diadem. Abney & Munger. A true children's book containing new and very sweet music and words for the Sunday School. 30 cts.; $3.00 per doz.

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The best Leather Preservative known for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes, and leather generally. This Blacking is peculiarly adapted for keeping all articles of Leather in which it is applied soft and pliable.

Why this Blacking is the best: 1st, It is thoroughly waterproof; 2nd, it will perfectly preserve the leather; 3rd, It keeps the leather soft and pliable; 4th, Because all who have used it testify that it is best as recommended.

W. W. BEARDSLEY,
Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes, etc.
BERWICK, N. S.

Hy. Horton & Son Wholesale Agents.

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There is hardly a Post-office in the United States where at least a few copies are not received each week by subscribers.

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