

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

NOTES AND NEWS OF AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

Joaquin Miller's New Poems.

It is in England, rather than in America, that Joaquin Miller receives his full meed of praise. His throbbing, spontaneous, gorgeous-colored verse is too unconventional to meet the full approval of American readers. It is perhaps not so remarkable as some critics would have us believe, that in literary matters the American public should be more conventional.—I may even say more prudish—than that of Great Britain. The English reader is secure in the antiquity and ripeness of his culture. His feeling and the accuracy of his taste he positions to be beyond question. With confidence, therefore, he is ready to admire the extremest novelty, if it strikes him as justified by its power or its beauty. The American reader, on the other hand, still feels the struggle it has cost his people to escape their former limitations. License, undisciplined thought and expression, crudity—these he has had to contend with, in his environment and within himself. If he has conquered them, it has been by means of an exaggerated devotion to the proper, the symmetrical. Hence the inevitable distrust of what lacks the sanction of precedent. To such a general statement as this there will occur, of course, many exceptions; but I believe it is true as the expression of a distinct tendency. The work of Joaquin Miller is wanting in that nice repose, that kidded restraint, which it costs a new country such effort to attain; hence its beauties are obscured with its novelty. Still vigorous, in its spontaneous vigor, its contempt for mere elegance, it has been taken abroad as characteristically American; and this has been rightfully resented. It is not strange that Miller went abroad to find a right appreciation of his genius. In England he is regarded as one of the very greatest of American singers.

The volume before us\* is made up of two sustained poems, "The Sea of Fire" and "The Rhymer of the Great River," both in the poet's most characteristic style. Miller is essentially a singer, a teller of tales, and has little care for dainty conceits, or for the weaving of intricate artificial forms. His method is that of the minstrels, who knew no need of haste and no dread of reputation. The stream of his narrative winds perpetually, and lingers in eddies and pools. The pools are still, and filled with most gorgeous reflections. It is a part of Miller's poetical philosophy that a poem must be a series of pictures; and his pictorial powers are wonderful. All he writes is suffused with the strong primary colors, and pulsates under an unclouded sun. The poems before us are such as will delight his admirers to the full, and will leave his opponents unconvinced. The same old defects are here—an occasional extravagance, an occasional over-diffuseness, sometimes a confusion in the story. But the old splendors are also here, and they are of the dazzling kind that blinds one to small blemishes. "The Sea of Fire," in its scenery and in its manner, reminds one not a little of "With Walker in Nicaragua," that apotheosis of manly friendship. It is a radiant and passionate love poem, as striking and unconventional throughout as the following sunset picture, which I quote from it:

The drowned sun sank and died. He lay In seas of blood. He sinking drew The gates of sunset fragments to. Where shattered day in fragments lay, And night came, moving in mad flame. The night came, lighted as she came, As lighted by high summer sun Descending through the burning blue. It was a gold and amber lane, And all his bloods blended into one. The night spilled splendor as she came, And filled the yellow world with flame. The moon came on, came leaning low Along her sea-ribbed glow; She fell along that amber flow, A silver flame in seas of blue. It was the strangest moon, ah me! That ever settled on God's sea.

As in most of Miller's narratives, the story of "The Sea of Fire" begins with a burst of light, and flames across the view like a meteor, with utter night before and after it. It leaves one unsatisfied, eager with questions. It leaves one moved, aware of a strange new existence of which but a dazzling glimpse has been revealed to him. "The Rhymer of the Great River" is even more disconnected and wayward than Miller has taught us to expect. Miller's method of telling his story, by the presentation of a swift succession of vivid pictures, to which one supplies the context for himself, scarcely permits of the introduction of interludes and meditations. Yet of such this poem is full; and wonderfully lovely they are, which still further distracts the attention from the main story. Perhaps it would be fair to regard the poem as something distinctly broader than a mere story—as a fragment torn bodily out of the life of the Enchantress City, New Orleans. Certainly the very spirit of this city and of its great river, and of all that south of which it is the pulse, burns through these passionate stanzas. A sense of mystery, of the perpetual presence of the Divine in nature, of devout but fearless reverence, pervades these poems in common with nearly all of Miller's finest work. Such poetry it

\* Songs of the Mexican Seas. By Joaquin Miller. Boston: Roberts Bros.

is good for one to read. Let me conclude with a noble and characteristic passage:

The poet shall create or kill, Bid heroes live, bid braggarts die, I look against a lurid sky,— My silent South lies proudly still. The lurid light of burning lands Still climbs to God's white overhead; Mute women wring white waterhead; Their eyes are red, their skins are red. Poor man! still boost your bittor wars! Still burn and burn, and burning die, But God's white finger spins the stars In calm dominion of the sky. And not one ray of light the less Comes down to bid the grasses spring; No drop of dew nor anything Shall fall for all your bitterness. The land that nursed a nation's youth, Ye burned it, sacked it, sacked it dry, Ye gave it falsehoods for its truth, And fame was fashioned with a lie. If man grows large, is God the less? The moon shall rise and set the same, The great sun spits his splendid flame And clothes the world in queenliness, And from that very soil ye tread Some large-souled seeing youth shall come Some day, and he shall not be dumb Before the awful court of God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Notes and Announcements.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. have just brought out the 46th edition of *One Summer*, by Miss Blanche Willis Howard.

Funds for a memorial to Dinah Mulock Craik are being raised. Jos. W. Harper, of Harper & Bros., receives subscriptions, which have been limited to \$5.

Mr. Banner's popular story of *The Midge*, and Mr. Boyesen's fascinating tale of Norse life, *Anwar*, have been put in paper form by the Scribners for summer reading.

The interesting correspondence between the Margravine of Baireuth and Voltaire has just been translated and published for the first time in English by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

A first edition of 15,000 copies was required by the Scribners to supply the demand for Robert Louis Stevenson's latest romance, *The Black Arrow*, during the first week after publication of the story.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press a biography of Delia Bacon, who, in her *Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays*, announced and vigorously maintained the theory that Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon and others were the real authors. The book is written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, Rochester, and contains many letters of great interest by Carlyle, Emerson and Hawthorne.

William Black's new novel, *The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat*, is published in Harper's Franklin Square library. It is quite as natural, bright and interesting as the same author's *Strange Adventures of a Phœnix*, and more than that needs not be said. The book is very attractively illustrated and, like all the volumes of this series, is in most convenient form. For sale by J. & A. McMillan and T. H. Hall. Price 50 cents.

*Methods and Aids in Teaching Geography*, is the title of a new educational work by Charles F. King, A. M., Head-master of the Dearborn school, and formerly sub-master of the Lewis Grammar school, in Boston. The book is designed to help teachers and normal pupils in presenting this study interestingly and profitably; to give teachers needed information, or to indicate where it may be gained; and also to illustrate the teaching of an experienced tutor in the practical work of the school-room.

There is in the book market so little of a standard character relating to modern Mexico that a well-written, well-digested work on that subject will meet with a hearty welcome. The publishing house of Lee & Sheppard has now in press and ready for issue, a new volume of *Travels through the Republic, entitled Mexico, Past and Present*. The work is the joint work of Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago. Both ladies have attained a high position in American literature, and each has a distinct individuality of her own. Their observations during their journey were confined to no one thing, but were close, thoughtful and universal. The publishers engage that the book will be read with intense interest and substantial profit.

It is impossible to find in the author of *Irene McGillicuddy* and *Scientific Religion* the same person. Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, who wrote *Irene McGillicuddy* in this country, which, it will be remembered, was first published in the *World*, is here again, but this time as an apostle of his new religion. Of this it is impossible to give a coherent account. Briefly, Mr. Oliphant seems to conceive that an atomic union has taken place between himself and beings in another sphere. These appear to be the dead, more or less illustrious. Through this "interlocking" the great moral reform of the world is to take place, and thus prepare the way for the second coming of Christ. For evidences of this interlocking which Mr. Oliphant asserts has taken place in his own person we are to take his word. He furthermore has discovered that the spirit has a dielectric covering, which separates it from the body, and the body has its dielectric covering. We exist, in fact, like onions in concentric layers. In death the two coverings are thrown off and the spirit is emancipated. This and much more enters into *Scientific Religion* as Mr. Oliphant expounds it.—*New York Sun*.

FARMER ENO ON CHURCH SINGING.

I've been listening to the birds An' hummin' o' the bees, An' bendin' in the hours, The wind among the trees, The world seemed like a meetin' house, The congregation there All jinin' in the joyful hymns That 'peared to fill the air. The Lord's ole fashioned meetin' house; Those old-fashioned hymns of praise Since them creation days, No bang an' bustle worship there, Got up for show an' hire; But ev'rythin' that had a voice Was in Jehovah's choir. I wish they'd quit the proxy plan, Where you an' me belong, An' take the Lord's ole fashioned way Or worshipin' in song. Let ev'rybody with a voice, In pulpit an' in pew, Just shout the glory in his heart, An' swell the hallelu's.—*Springfield Union*.

THE INDIAN HAS TRAVELLED.

But Becoming Tired of Wetting His Feet, He Settled Down as a Travellers' Friend.

Everybody in St. John knows John O'Brien's Indian. Ten years of service in the tobacco business have made him familiar to all. He is now taken in the ordinary course of things, and does not attract special attention, except when he has received a new coat of paint, or has a small boy huddled in about his feet. It is strangers arriving in the city that give the Indian his due. Scores of raw countrymen often stand with open mouth, looking at the dashing wooden man, and others ask a hundred questions about the Indian, such as: "Where did he come from? Who does he represent? What is his name? How tall is he?" and so forth. And nobody can answer them quicker and better than John.

The Indian has a history. He does not belong to this country, having made his first appearance in public as the figurehead of a vessel on the other side of the water. The vessel was named after him, being called the *Indian Chief*, and by the expression on his face, it would seem as though he fully realized the honor conferred upon him, instead of on the "captain's daughter," as is usually the case. John O'Brien's Indian has travelled, and has had his feet wet many a time; but he gave up his roving life about ten years ago, and has been pointing his hand in the direction of Carleton ever since. During that time he has had some curious experiences. While the Northwest rebellion was in progress, he was in constant danger of being exterminated by blood-thirsty and intoxicated volunteers, but the Indian sided with the door as usual, saying nothing, though people called him Pound Maker, Crowfoot and other names that denoted everything bad in the Indian line.

That he has been more than an ordinary attraction has been proved time and time again. A young man from Nova Scotia made his second visit to St. John about a year ago. Some time before that, he spent a few days in the city, but the only thing he remembered seeing was John O'Brien's Indian which he recognized at once, and almost wanted to shake hands with him, though the Indian was about to receive a coat of paint and was looking rather shabby. Most people arriving at the depot from the rural districts have parcels more or less large. They don't feel like paying the small fee charged at the depot for taking care of things and generally leave them in stores near the station. Mr. O'Brien probably takes care of more of these parcels than anybody else and it's all on account of the Indian. The Indian attracts the eye of the countryman every time and he thinks that if he leaves his parcel at the store he will make no mistake in finding it again, as he can inquire for the Indian.

There are Ruffians Abroad.

There are a few young men in St. John and Portland who should be spending a term in a certain stone building on King street east. It is not to the credit of either city that inoffensive citizens and harmless strangers cannot walk along the streets at night without being pounced upon and beaten, or chased from Dock street to the Portland police station by well-dressed ruffians. Yet this happened twice within a week. In one case the victim was a well-to-do property owner, who had his silk hat knocked over his ears and was pretty roughly used, on the City road. Two sailors were the other victims. One of them was badly cut about the face, and both had to seek protection in the Portland police station. Because the black-guards who do these things wear silk hats, high collars and are otherwise "loudly" gotten up, it is no reason why they should be allowed to go at large. The police saved the sailors from a second pounding and chased the offenders. They know their names, however, and this knowledge should be made use of.

Some Things You Knew Before.

Phonetic spellin' is a good thing for them as never went to school. A base ball game is a very interesting thing but I notice what a grate number will cum off their seats to look at a dog fight. Sum amusements will never grow old. The cucumber is a very ordinary frute, but it s'ometimes receives more attentun than its aristocratick brothers. I find that the man who owns the grocery store usually conducts the village. Astronomers tell us that there are bigger worlds than ours. I s'ometimes think when I hear people talk that there are sum men as got left on the wrong sphere, and didn't find it out ontill it was too late. The onion is like sum people. It generally makes its presence known when it's not wanted. PAUL TAIT. The Unfailing Resource. An intoxicated Portlander fell off a sidewalk in Ward 4 a few evenings ago. He picked himself up as quickly as a drunken man possibly could and turning to a bystander said: "Say (hic) would you know Ise (hic) drunk?" "Certainly I would; why?" "Cause if I looked (hic) anywats sober at all I was thinkin' (hic) of askin' one of the aldermen if 'twould be any use to bring an action for damages."

Tenders for Supplies.

GENERAL PUBLIC HOSPITAL, St. John, N. B., 19th June, 1888. TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED UNTIL SATURDAY, 30th June, inst., at 12 o'clock noon, from persons willing to supply the following articles, from 1st July next to 30th June, 1889, viz: SUPERFINE FLOUR—per barrel; BAKER'S No. 1 FLOUR—per barrel; BEEF AND MUTTON—per 100 lbs, of best quality, in alternate hind and fore quarters (quarter of Beef not to weigh less than 120 lbs) as may be required. BEST QUALITY AMERICAN PARAFFINE OIL—per gallon, by the barrel; RICE (East India)—per 100 lbs; BARLEY—per 100 lbs; OATMEAL—per 100 lbs; BROWN SUGARS—per 100 lbs; GRANULATED SUGAR—per 100 lbs; TEA—Good strong Congou, per lb. Samples of Tea to accompany each tender; SOAP (Yellow)—per lb; BUTTER (Prime No. 1)—per lb; BEANS—per bushel; CODFISH—per quintal; MOLASSES—per gallon, per barrel; CORNMEAL (Good)—per barrel; DRUGS AND MEDICINES—According to specified list, to be seen on application at the Hospital; 100 to 250 bushels POTATOES (best quality); 5 to 10 tons STRAW, hand threshed, per 100 to 20 cords DRY HARDWOOD. Potatoes to be delivered in quantities not exceeding 20 bushels. Bread, per 2 1/2 loaf. How many loaves of bread will be furnished per barrel of Flour, and how much per barrel for baking. All supplies for the Hospital must be of the very best quality, and delivered at the institution in such quantities and at such periods as required, subject to the approval or rejection of the Commissioners. Payments made quarterly. The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. Security required for the due performance of the contracts. By order of the Board, THOMAS F. RAYMOND, Secretary.

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I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.  
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76 King Street,  
Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.  
WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

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 TUESDAY, the seventeenth day of July, next, at twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a clerical order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the eighth day of May last, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein HECTOR McMILLAN and DANIEL McDONALD are Plaintiffs, and ADA M. KING, and MARY E. KING, and ROBERT D. McARTHUR, and SAMUEL P. OSGOOD, Trustees of and under the last will and testament of the late THOMAS KING, deceased, are Defendants, by and with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the bill of complaint, in the said cause and in the said clerical order as follows, that is to say:— First—A lot of land known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number 1140 (eleven hundred and forty), fronting on Saint James street, in the said City of Saint John. Second—All that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being on the south side of King Street, in Queen's Ward, in the City of Saint John, being part of the lot known on the plan of the said city as lot number four hundred and thirty-seven (437) and bounded and described as follows: That is to say, commencing on the south side of King Street, at the northwest corner of the land formerly owned by James Milligan, deceased, at a point distant about seventy feet from the southwest corner of King and Pitt Streets, thence southerly parallel to Pitt Street twenty-five feet, or to the southwest corner of the said Milligan land, thence easterly parallel to King Street thirty feet or thereabouts to the western boundary line of a lot numbered (438) four hundred and thirty-eight, thence southerly along the western line of said lot 438 seventy-five feet or to the rear line of said lot 437 (four hundred and thirty-seven), thence westerly along said rear line forty feet to the easterly line of lot number four hundred and thirty-six, thence northerly along the said lot mentioned line one hundred feet to King Street, and thence easterly ten feet along King Street to the place of beginning. Third—All that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, and known on the map or plan of the said City of Saint John, by the number (436) four hundred and thirty-six, having a front of forty-two feet on the southern side of King Street and extending back, preserving the same width one hundred feet more or less. Fourth—The leasehold lot of land described in the lease therof from the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of St. John, dated the twenty-second day of January, A.D. 1887, to Robert D. McArthur and Samuel P. Osgood, Executors and Trustees under the last will and testament of Thomas King, late of the said city, deceased, as all that certain piece and parcel of land situate in Queen's Ward, in the said City of Saint John, being part of lot known and distinguished on the plan of the said city on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, the said piece and parcel of land hereby demised being described as follows: Beginning on Pitt Street, at the southeasterly corner of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight, thence northerly along Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet to a portion of said lot under lease to James Milligan; thence westerly parallel to King Street forty feet to the westerly line of said lot number (438) Four Hundred and Thirty-eight; thence southerly along said westerly line and parallel to Pitt Street aforesaid seventy-five feet; thence easterly forty feet to the place of beginning, with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the said lot belonging or in anywise appertaining; together with the said indenture of lease and the buildings and improvements on the said leasehold land standing and being. The said leasehold lands and premises, together with the said lot number (437) Four Hundred and Thirty-seven above mentioned and described, will be sold in three separate lots, according to the plan filed with the undersigned referee in Equity.

Fifth—A tract of land situate in the Parish of Moncton, in the County of Westmorland, in our Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwesterly angle of lot number One Hundred and Forty-nine, in Block seven; thence easterly by the margin of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, south eighty degrees, west one hundred and fifty-five chains, crossing a reserved road; thence south ten degrees, east sixty-eight chains; thence north eighty degrees east one hundred and fifty-one chains; and thence north ten degrees west, sixty-eight chains, crossing North river, to the place of beginning, containing one thousand acres, more or less, distinguished as lots numbers One Hundred and Fifty-one, One Hundred and Fifty-two, One Hundred and Fifty-three, One Hundred and Fifty-four and One Hundred and Fifty-five, in Block seven.

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the plaintiffs' solicitors, or to the undersigned referee in equity. Dated the twelfth day of June, A.D. 1888. JOHN L. CARLETON, Referee in Equity.

WELDON, McLEAN & DEVLIN, Plaintiffs Solicitors.  
W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

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Two large-size Stereoscopes with two hundred and fifty-five views. They will throw a picture a long distance. A splendid chance for a Sunday school or for advertising purposes. Price low. Inquire of CHAS. D. McALPINE, 18 Horsfield Street, St. John, N. B.

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A FARM OF LAND IN JUVENILE SETTLEMENT, known as the McLeod farm, containing 240 acres, 30 of which are cleared. The soil is of rich black loam, with clay subsoil, and can be made one of the most valuable farms in the county of Sumbury. New houses and early good barn thereon. Apply to C. L. RICHARDS, Solicitor, St. John, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing June 25th, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 1.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock. 14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls. FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.15 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached. Houlton at 11.15 a. m.; 11.30 p. m., Woodstock at 17.46; 10.20 a. m.; 18.00 p. m., Vanter at 17.40; 11.30 a. m.; 18.10 p. m., St. Stephen at 19.30 a. m.; 12.20; 19.45 p. m., St. Andrews at 17.00 a. m., Fredericton at 19.00; 11.30 a. m.; 13.50 p. m., Arriving in St. John at 9.45; 18.20 a. m.; 12.25; 17.15 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.00 a. m.—Connecting with 8.50 a. m. train from St. John. 14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Monday. E. W. CLAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888-Summer Arrangement-1888 ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 00 Accommodation..... 11 00 Express for Sussex..... 12 15 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22 15 A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Train for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 20 Express from Sussex..... 12 50 Accommodation..... 12 55 Day Express..... 18 00

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