Go, sun, since go you must, The dusky evening lowers above our sky, Our sky which was so blue and sweetly fair; Night is not terrible that we should sigh, A little darkness we can surely bear; Will there not be more sunshine-by and by?

Go, rose, since go you must, Flowerless and chill the winter draweth nigh; Closed are the blithe and fragrant lips which

All summer long perpetual melody. Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid; Will there not be more roses-by and by?

Go, love, since go you must. Out of our pain we bless you as you fly; The momentary heaven the rainbow lit Was worth whole days of black and stormy sky; Shall we not see, when by the waves we sit, Your bright sail winging shoreward-by and by?

Go, life, since go you must, Uncertain guest and whimsical ally! All questionless you came, unquestioned go; What does it mean to live, or what to die? Smiling, we watch you vanish, for we know Somewhere is nobler living-by and by. -Susan Coolidge, in New York Independent.

## AUNT HOPE'S HIRAM.

"The Lane" ran from one side of the village toward the river, and from it ran the road across the meadow and ford, then up and down, in and out past the hill farms beyond.

This pebbly road was not unlike the bed of some mountain stream whose former power is gone, for it also no longer knew the full tide of life that had flowed over it in days before the railroad came.

The railroad had at first cut and burned till many a mountain stream was dry, and then had puffed and steamed till many a stage-road was grass-grown; it had, more-over, led full many a son of the New Eng-land hills to the Far West.

In the old days the restless boy would take his perhaps forbidden way toward Boston, where he would ship before the mast; now he had but to seek the dreary brown station on the sandy hill, where he could step aboard the westward-bound train and rattle away toward the land of his vague day-dreams.

But last in the scattered line of weatherstained houses that fronted on the Lane stood one from whose doorway a boy had gone sullenly forth in those earlier days, when anger or ambition led eastward. And now, although the thirtieth spring since his departure was coaxing the lilacs into bloom about that same moss-grown door-way, his mother still watched and waited for his return.

Thirty years is long to wait, and Aunt Hope, as all the village called her, was bent and gray, and leaned upon a cane when she went to fetch wood from her meagre pile. Yet she never mourned her boy as dead; even the purple lilacs hung the decaying old house but in half-mourn-

At the east window Aunt Hope sat. day in and day out, braiding palm-leaf hats. Ever and anon she would glance up the Lane with those faded blue eyes, that seemed strained from continual watching.

Of late, too, she was often seen, with her apron thrown hastily over her head, watching at the gateway, and sometimes at dusk a young man going down the Lane-perchance to meet a young face-would be startled to see an old one peering at him, and to hear an eager but timid voice question, "Is that you, Hiram?" Then with sudden confusion and apology the old woman would turn and vanish.

In spring sometimes the farmers, sometimes their wives, came to order hats of

Aunt Hope.

On one evening of this thirtieth spring, when the moonlighted night air was heavy with the lilac's odor, when the unfolding of leaves and grass blades was fairly audible, when at intervals a wakeful bird chirped in the overhanging elm branches, two women sort o' season," and this evening she might door. As they passed through the lamplight that streamed through the small-paned uncurtained east window you would have seen them to be mother and daughter. One was fair-faced and slight, the other had hidden her tears from her unrelenting had been so. They both wore shawls husband after Hiram's angry leave-taking; thrown over their shoulders, and the mother | she had obeyed a stern command, and had carried an empty basket.

conviction, "she does look sights more peaked this spring. And she's so fretted for fear she'il have to take something from folks as ain't kith nor kin. There's that nephew o' hers livin' in clover down to Boston, an' he won't so much as lift his little finger for her. It does rile your pa. The little she'd want ain't enough to make no great to-do about, anyway."

answer in half remonstrance:

"But you know, ma, when pa wrote him

he was sick. Perhaps -"Humph! said he 'couldn't be disturbed the way o' watchin' for her Hiram ter come till she can't get out of it. We are all 'critters o' habit,' as your pa's always say-

can't make me believe that any human crit-ter can rest easy in a rockin'-chair all night. It ain't common-sense that they can. But there ain't no use talkin', for it only gets

Chair fleat the stove. On a lamp-stand be-side the window stood the lamp, whose light, falling through an open door, illu-minated the fresh patchwork quilt of a neatly made bed. there ain't no use talkin', for it only gets her a-goin' on Hiram. She can't never git over it that she sided with his pa. Land, she couldn't do no other way! 'Bijah May was terrible bumptious. When I said something one time about her settin' up, says she to me, 'Mis' Gyles, I must be up if Hiram should come suddin. Hiram's bed is made up in there, an' mine in the next room. When he comes I shall go ter bed, an' not before,' says she, an' she opened 'The clock on the mantle-piece was ticking toward eleven.

The clock on the mantle-piece was ticking toward eleven.

"Seems like that clock said: 'Hi-ram, the wind bed.

The clock on the mantle-piece was ticking toward eleven.

"Seems like that clock said: 'Hi-ram, in a hushed tone. She knew by his face, and asked no questions. "Poor old critter. I oughter have staid; I kept thinkin' of her in the night, and I had a teelin' I oughter have staid. Why didn't you come right over for me, Hiram? I s'pose you was on your way here?"

"Miss Clara," he said, tremulously, "I want to tell yer—er—the old, old story in the night, and I had a teelin' I oughter have staid. Why didn't you come right over for me, Hiram? I s'pose you was on your way here?"

"What a fool I be! As ef he could fly the only replied: "Well, you see, she before."—Drake's Magazine.

up nice as a pin; but I guess I told you

about it." ly, for as they walked along she turned her head from time to time and glanced anxious-

"Oh yes, I ruther guess it's gettin' on to-ward nine, by the look o' the moon. Maybe you're expectin' a Hiram too?" Mrs. Gyles added, in jocose half-inquiry.

"Oh, don't, ma!" exclaimed Linda, as though the comparison suggested something

Stearns ain't likely to spunk up, and goodnes, Lindy, what is the matter? Ther' ain't no trouble, is ther'? I know Mis' Stearns is-"

"Oh, no!" Linda interrupted, in a choking voice; "everything is all right enough. But you know-well-I guess she must hate

The mother did not put a protecting arm about her child, nor did the child draw nearer to her mother. Among the New stances, to advise her daughter in regard to a love affair. She felt now that she might peak, yet she disguised her feeling in an indignant tone.

"Well, you needn't fret for fear Hiram Stearns will rise up against anybody. An' I should hope, Lindy Gyles, you wouldn't want to go where yer wa'n't wanted. Not that your pa nor I ever had anythin' aginst | mussin' yer bed dreadful. I mus' git up;" Hiram. But he does take after his pa, who and she strove to rise.

in its mild, New England sense, "I'm sure run over-" Hiram's more than clever. Everybody says, and pa says-"

"Yes, I know, Lindy, your pa does say he's the smartest man in 'The Grange'; but he knuckles to Mis' Stearns, just like his pa done before him. An' she never could git over our sendin' you away to school last winter. Her family always was rampajus, and she stews enough to wear the legs off 'n much-men-folks don't run on as womenthere says that. There, I've been an' done an' said it, an' I should like to know ef she's been pitchin' into Hiram ?"

"No-that is-Hiram didn't say so; but he wasn't very talkative last night at sing-ing-school." Linda spoke wearily, then added with less reserve, "I guess though his was when he was merried. When I he means to have a talk with her before meet him, I can tell him it's all right, Hilong. I supposes he does think sights of him."

"Humph! thinks sights of him because he's her son, an' not 'cause he's himself. He's got his own life to live—we all have an' he just oughter stan' up an' tell her so. Your pa says ef she was spoke as plain to once as she speaks to other folks, she'd come offen her high hoss an' be kinder considerate. It's an awful thing for a person to have always their own way!"

The pair had now reached their own home on the straggling main street. The girl paused with her hand on the latch, listened a moment with nervous intensity, then mur-

"You don't suppose he's come and gone?" "Land, no, of course he hain't! He always takes the ford road, an' you'd 'a heard his buggy ef he'd drove by when we was at Aunt Hope's. Something may have turned up to hender him a little; the menfolks are all 'round now seein' about pasturin' and changin' work."

Miss Gyles said this cheerfully, and there was a decisive air about her, before which Linda was borne into the house.

After the various kitchen clocks of the village had struck ten, not a light was visible save Aunt Hope's. Every one knew that came out of Aunt Hope's by the kitchen have been seen moving about in her lowstudded kitchen instead of seated braiding at the east window.

All her life Aunt Hope had known no way but "to love, honor, and obey." She arried an empty basket.

"Lindy," said the mother in a tone of onviction, "she does look sights more eaked this spring. And she's so fretted is never spoken to the girl, who, after sharing her waiting a short time, had married another admirer. Abijah May died, and then his wife was ruled only by an idea—the idea that Hiram would yet return. She had grown wizened and gray in its service, yet tonight a flush burned on either thin cheek. She drew a little black and white checked shawl over her bent calico-clad shoulders, and, talking to herself, went slowly out-of-

The daughter was peering down the silvery vistas of the Lane, but was roused by her mother's riughteous indignation to give me a stitch in my side. But I must git me a little more wood. It's real chillsome, an' Hiram may come in all tuckered hand which still rested in his across the out after ridin' so fur in the cars. I didn't tell Mis' Gyles I'd been a-moppin', she would 'a' fumed so. An' I didn't let on 'cause he was sufferin' from heart trouble!' I'd heard from Hiram. I don't see what I out locking the door, the young man left Osserfication of the heart, I guess!" ejacu- done with that telegraph, but I'm sure I the house of death. lated the mother. "Why, Lindy, when got it. Lemme see-it was yesterday. we wrote him ten years ago, after she'd Lor', how took aback folks will be when we had a spell o' sickness, he would ha' put | walk into meetin' together-me an' Hiram!" her in the asylum ef everybody hadn't riz and the little sere figure trembled with right up against it. Why, she ain't no more crazy than I be. She just got into sticks and re-entered her house. Drawing

"Dear me, how fetched I be for breath!" Linda's tone of reply showed her mild nature, and her words the "schoolin'" her father and mother had been proud to give showed her mild real glad Mis' Gyles did bring in some dressed to Miss Linda A. Gyles, Hillside, victuals, ef I didn't really need 'em, for I'd Mass. like to get Hiram a real fillin' breakfast. I "But she did talk more about him to- guess Hiram will see that the tolks as hev night than I ever heard her before, and kept going to the window. Her mind can't be quite right, ma."

helped his mother is paid; but I'll keep on braidin' just the same. It does look slick here, if nothin' more."

So he tore the joyless thing into fragments, which the light morning breeze chased away from his sight forever. "She is straight about everything else, fur's I see. But she does look dreadful peaked this spring—real sort o'—well— If she only wouldn't be in such a stew to work, an' would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You work any would go to bed like folks! You

down an' wait like folks."

She sat down, but it was of no use. "Yes, I remember," Linda said, absent- Rising again, she started out to her old post beside the fallen gate. Before she could reach it a man's step broke the hush that had closed in behind the departing train. As the sound tell on the old woly down the lane. "Poor Aunt Hope!" she added, "I wish she would let somebody make her comfortable. But isn't it past eight o'clock, ma?" The question was asked in the tone of one who fears missing an appointment.

"Oh yes, I ruther guess it's gettin' on toward nine by the leek o'the mean Market."

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"And so she had been after his leaving to move her weak limbs.

England hills the reserve of the Puritan and the unconscious dread of many words are inborn. Nor would this decided woman have ventured, under ordinary circum-face of him who bent over her. Her lips But now, in the midst of her dishwashing,

but I knew ef I could only call, ye'd know yer ma's voice. Blood is thicker'n water. She did not hear the opening of the outside door. Hiram was beside her; he laid Oh, how I be fetched for breath! An' I'm

want nobody but you 'round now. I'm like Aunt Hope, an' everything 'll go to comin' out of it all right. Set down-set down by the bed. You don't know how I've watched all these years an' never give you up, just a-hopin' to see yer settin' by my side again. I know yer glad to come back from yer wanderin's—ef yer don't say much—men-folks don't run on as womenHis mother looked at him solemnly. a cast-iron pot. Every hired man that lives folks do-" She closed her eyes a moment, then fixed them again on the sunburnt face that did not move away.

"I sided against yer, Hiram, an' I don't blame nobody for it," she said. After a Both Mrs. Stearns and her few moments had elapsed she spoke again: "Yer eyes are brown like hisn-like

She said vet again, more feebly: "Yer may have regretted, Hiram. The Bible says: 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap'; but yer can't know what a mother feels. If you had, you'd 'a' forgot yer anger an' come back, wouldn't ver,

The brown eyes were full of tears. "Yes, that's what I'd do," he said, hoarsely. "But you're gittin' tired, ain't

"No; I'm better, an' I want to git up. I'm mussin' yer bed." Then a strange gray shadow crept over her face, and the eyes grew strained in their gaze. "Is it mornin', Hiram?" she whispered.

"No, not yet," he answered, soothingly. He felt the frail fingers releasing his strong "I guess it is mornin', Hiram. It's all

bright outside the winder. I hear the birds singin'-how ver curls shine! Sing too, Hiram-sing, Hiram." The words were scarcely audible, and he could not see the old face plainly, for the

mist that rose before his eyes. "Sing," Aunt Hope's lips breathed, and with a shaking voice Hiram Stearns sang what first came to him—a song the choir was just learning from the "New Collec-

> "One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home today Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the Great White Throne, Nearer the Jasper Sea."

As he sang his voice rose stronger and some one of those "many mansions."

from the sharp words of his jealous mother, had come a vision of the quick fleeting of the years, a vision of the pitiful waste that been called twice.—London Standard. anger makes, and the pathos of mistakes. He could not have expressed his feeling, but it would infleuence his life. In the sight of Aunt Hope's darkening eyes he had been her own son returned, not another's. Hiram felt glad, as he laid the quiet breast, that she had called, that he had heard. He stood gazing a moment at her peaceful face, then turned, and, with-

The sun was rising; Hiram felt vaguely the beauty of his home hill-tops as he passed out of the yard. His soul awoke at the morning light and song of this world as had Aunt Hope's when the light of another

dawned for her. With earnest face he walked across lots toward the Gyles homestead. He knew that Mrs. Gyles would be up; he hoped Linda would not be. As he walked he

He looked at it a moment, saying slowly "She shall never know anything about it."

There was a great cackling among these, and an exclamation of surprise from Mrs. Gyles:
"Mercy sakes alive! where did you come

from, Hiram Stearns?" "Only from Aunt Hope's house. I was coming by last night and she stopped me, and I've been there till now—"

the door an' there was Hiram's bedall made | right down here in a minute! I'll just sit | got it into her head I was her Hiram, and didn't want me to stir. I thought 'twould do more hurt than good if I did-

"So it would ha'-so it would ha'!" Tears stood in the eyes of both, but Mrs. Gyles hastily brushed hers away, and only

And so she had been, after his leaving to

"Hiram! Hiram!" The longing, the despair, the hope of thirty years was in that cry. "go West, where he could make a home for Linda Gyles." She had told him she could "run the farm alone"—that he had though the comparison suggested something painful.

'Mercy sakes alive, Lindy, don't be so tetchy! I didn't mean nothing. Hiram Stearns ain't likely to spunk up, and goodback into the yard; an old woman threw knowledge this to herself, yet she knew up her arms and fell unconscious against there was nothing to be said against the him. He lifted and carried her tenderly girl he had chosen. Hiram's almost wordinto the house, where he laid her on the less anger and departure was something bed which the light showed him. He she could never have imagined, and it quickly brought water from the pail that crushed her. Every train-whistle in the stood beside the cupboard door, yet hardly night made her shiver. She was a wiry, expected to see the eyes open, although he | black-eyed woman, who moved with a nerwet forehead and lips. He laid his hand vous quickness; but this morning her work over the old woman's heart, and as he did | "dragged," and at six o'clock the dishes moved twice before she could speak; then she said. weakly, still clinging to his hand: her. She sank into a chair beside the "Yer knew yer ma's voice, didn't yer, Hiram, if yer had forgotten the old place? I had a kitch—I couldn't git no further; in tears.

his hand upon her shoulder. "I have come back, mother, to see if I

can't at least go away peaceable."
"No, you can't," she cried, sharply, seizing his hand—"no you can't! You was real kind and clever—"

"No, no, you just stay still," said the other, with gentle firmness. "I guess Mis' seizing his hand—"no you can't! You spirit, when her mother used the last word Gyles will come over and fix you up, if I un over—"
"No, no, Hiram," she begged, "I don't West! If you do, I shall git to be just

rack an' ruin. "Come, mother, don't take on so. If ou want us here, of course I want to stay; but now I want to tell you that Aunt Hope is-gone! She stopped me last night, in

"I see how it was. She thought you was her Hiram. I know you done yer best for her. Go hitch up, an' I'll go down an'

Both Mrs. Stearns and her son Hiram were calm and reserved again as they rode up the Lane toward Aunt Hope's house .-

How Earnest Renshaw Won the Title from H. F. Lawford.

The gentlemen's single-handed championship was brought to a conclusion yeserday on the grounds of the All England Lawn Tennis club. Renshaw secured the first game by four strokes to two, obtaining the next after deuce had been called twice. The third game also reached deuce twice, and was won by Renshaw, Lawford losing two strokes by twice serving two faults. The fourth game was won by Lawford after one call of deuce, but in the fifth he managed to obtain one stroke only. Renshaw did no better in the sixth, but then led off in the succeeding games with four strokes to two, five strokes to three, four strokes to

Of the twelve games in the second set wo only reached deuce. Lawford secured the first two games with ease, Renshaw making one stroke in each. Renshaw won the third with a single stroke to Lawford's credit, and Lawford took the fourth after Renshaw had made two strokes. Again Renshaw secured a game by four strokes to one, and then his opponent followed with a four strokes to two win. Deuce was called five times in the seventh game, which Renshaw added to his credit. With four strokes to two Lawford won the eighth, leaving Renshaw to complete the set by the succeeding four games at four strokes to two, five to three, four to love, four to one. Renshaw served two faults in both the first and third games of this set, Lawford two faults in the fourth game.

The third was decidedly tame, Renshaw clearer, as though his soul had been tempted upward by that other one now seeking game to start with, he only allowed his opponent one stroke in the second game, two To his young spirit, all hot and smarting in the third, one in the fourth, one in the

Life Is So Lonely.

"Yes," he said, "life is so lonely." "It is lonely sometimes," she answered. "Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little ottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle nd rose bushes?" "O! wouldn't it?"

"And when a fellow came home tired from business to have a nice little wife meet im at the door with a kiss."

"Y-e-e-s." "And then the summer nights, the windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cosy parlor, and-you-I mean a wife at the piano singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."
"I—think—it—would—be—nice."

"And then-At this point a careworn woman came around the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the summer air for a little. Then they

changed the subject .- San Francisco A Chance Not to be Trifled With.

"Mr. Sampson asked me to be his wife last night, papa."
"And what did you say?" "I told him he must give me a little

time, and he said I could have the usual 30 days, or 5 per cent. off for cash, and then he stopped and apologized. What am I to think of him, papa?"

"Think of him?" shouted the old man.
"That young fellow is full of business, and

you can't say 'yes' too quick !"-Grip.

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