THE ROLL-CALL AFTER BATTLE.

The trampled sod was drenched With the blood of the bright and the brave; And the lips, that at morning answered the roll, At night were still as the grave. Trampled, and tossed, and torn; Torn, and trampled, and tossed ;-Dear God, how costly the victory seemed, When we remembered the lost!

We stood with our banners torn, We stood with our bayonets red: Around us the bruised and the bleeding, Around us the dying, the dead. And there on the battle-ground gory, Again that roll was read; Answer! How can they: the bruised, and the

bleeding? How can they: the dying, the dead?

We had faced the cleaving sabre, We had felt the grim bullet's pain. Faced it, and felt it, but feared not To face it, and feel it again. But to stand in the solemn twilight. And hear the unanswered name Repeated-and still unanswered; We couldn't face that again.

We sang as we passed to the conflict, We cheered as we felt the shock, We fired till the barrel was heated. And then we fought on with the stock. Fired, and fought, and fell, Mid the thundering, hissing shells ;-But the silence that followed the roll-call, That was the hell of hells.

-Rev. W. B. Hinson, in Albert Maple Leaf.

## BUMPSHER'S DEVIL.

When I tell you that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was possessed of a devil, you must not suppose that that lofty moralist was addicted either to black arts or to spicy dishes at jovial hours. The Lord Chief Baron was very strict and orthodox, and his devil was a shy lame secretary. The world, notably that of horsehair wigs and silk gowns, is envious of eminence. To this must be attributed the fact that the great success of the Chief Baron was set down to Stephen Maudsley, the "devil" aforesaid. It was said that until the good law and sound sense of his hidden assistant appeared in the speeches of the Lord Chief Baron they were inflated and puerile, in spite of a fine voice and imposing person inherited from his father, the Bishop. This belief was accentuated by a mot of the Master of Corpus: "The Bumpshers are a talented family. The Bishop was a clever lawyer, and his son is a good preacher!" But I must tell you that by a grotesque

accident Stephen Maudsley did powerfully contribute to his patron's success. Once, when the Chief Baron was only a struggling barrister he was asked to deliver a lecture at a philanthropic institute by Lord Prendergast. He had nothing ready, but Stephen Maudsley came forward with the MS. of an old rejected magazine article. Bump-sher decorated it with a few flowers of rhetoric, and gave to it an imposing title, The Shackles of Woman. Its teaching was that as long as woman is trained to believe that her mission in life is to pounce upon the first practicable husband, she will remain dependent and ignorant, and marriages will be generally unhappy. As a remedy, it was suggested that she should be educated, and independence opened up for her in literature, art, and other channels. The lecture took immensely with Lord Prendergast, who came shortly afterwards into the ministry, and pushed Bumpsher's fortunes. It took, too, with Miss Binks, the heiress. She heard the lecture delivered, and by and by became the second Mrs. Bumpsher.

Is life worth living? This was an enigma started in popular magazines a few years back; and I think that the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, seated, as we may now see him, in his fine library at The Priory, should of all men answer the question in the affirmative. He has worldly success, and many gifts, physical and mental; he has the wife of his choice, and with her the green slopes of The Priory, that stretch away outside his open window, till arrested by blue distances of elm. He has a talented subordinate in the house to look up his law and write his letters. He has a library emphatically classical, the books bound in dull maroon, and the pattern of the wall of dead gold and bronze and olive. No author more recent, I believe, than Addison and Steele figures on those walls. In one corner stands a marble Demosthenes, an orator before the era of Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher. In another corner stands a marble Aristides, a just man before the era of the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher. Is he happy?

I must answer emphatically, No! and the reason of his disquiet is to be sought in an oaken lodge-gate and a briar-clad cottage two hundred yards from The Priory. Chilcote is the estate of Lady Almack, and Lady Almack represents the most exclusive Tory circle. And although the Lord Chief Baron handsomely added a pretty Gothic cottage for the schoolmaster when Lady Almack built her denominational school the oaken lodge-gate of Chilcote remained as steadily closed as in the days of the Binkses, the earlier owners of The Priory. Binkses, the earlier owners of The Priory. The Binkses had emerged from soap. This will make more intelligible a strange event that happened this very morning. A card, bearing the inscription, "Mr. Edgar Hawtayne, Grenadier Guards," was suddenly placed in the judge's hand. The Hon. Edgar Hawtayne was the eldest son of Lady Almack. Why had he called?

A good-looking young man of two-andtwenty, with easy manner, enters the library. He is not long in announcing his errand after a few commonplaces.
"The fact is, Lord Chief Baron Bump-

young lady!" And our orator neglected

for once to make a rounded sonorous sentence in his extreme bewilderment. "The young lady," said the Guardsman, without the least diffidence.

"I didn't know—I was not aware—that you knew my daughter——"
"I danced with her at Lady Burling-

"And — and — I don't quite understand--

"Well, the position is this; my mother, as you, perhaps, may guess, would not, I fancy, like the marriage—"
"O, indeed!" said the Lord Chief Baron

call without giving you warning."
"Well, but you know, so solemn an en-

gagement as marriage-" The Chief Unionist and Union," said Lady Almack Baron was becoming himself once more. "Ah, but there's no solemn engagement in the matter! All that sort of thing is a

"But--"

"Papa, lunch is ready," said a girlish voice, and a question of very high morality was cut short. Also, young Hawtayne was

carried away to the dining-room.
"Mr. Maudsley," said the Lord Chief Baron, introducing a keen-eyed gentleman with gray hair. The gentleman was af-flicted with an awkward limp as he took his place at the table.

For many days the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher was beside himself with excitement. What prospects were not opened up by this alliance with Lord and Lady Almack! The latter was queen in the world of women, and did not the world of women rule the world of men? Was it not also a logical sequence that if his daughter married the Hon. Edgar Hawtayne, the splendid tiara of Lady Almack would one day be hers? Then, too, as regarded himself, the Liberals without doubt had done a great deal for him; but what legal gentleman ever thinks that his patrons have done enough? With the influence of Lady Almack, what position might he not grasp!
All men of the world are aware that politics with a lawyer means simply a brief, even if in the present turn of the party cotillion on her little causeuse near: "Providence in the present turn of the party cotillion eld-green favors had not been grotesquely transferred to most inappropriate breasts. These sorts of fancies chased through the breast of Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher for many days; and during these Mr. Haw-tayne called, and flirted, and followed Kate

Bumpsher to flower-show and fancy bazaar One day the Lord Chief Baron deemed at least flattering. that the time had arrived to speak to his daughter. He narrated the flattering pro-

posals of Mr. Hawtayne. "O papa, I'm so distressed at anything of the sort having occurred!"

"What-what do you mean?" said the Lord Chief Baron, quite thunderstruck that there should be any hesitation on his

daughter's part. "I can never marry him," said the young girl, quietly but firmly.

"You are an inexperienced girl," said the father, when he could find words, "you do not know what you are refusing." "What you desire, papa, is quite impossible; love does not depend on our own

"My dear, the match is most desirable, for Lady Almack rules the best society in England, and the two properties will much

Lady Almack even than the present one." "Papa, I have no ambition." "My love, this is preposterous. Consider the enormous influence for good -"Papa," said the young girl, getting up and fetching a small book bound in morocco from the shelves, "you must recollect

that you have been my teacher." "To what do you allude?" "I have learnt much from your writings. I study deeply this little volume, The

Shackles of Woman." "Yes, yes," said the father a little im-

"What you say here is so very, very 'Providence has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul. You may call it an affinity, or what you will. Marriage with that soul means the acme of happiness: marriage

with any other means the acme of misery. "Yes, yes, that is very true," said the Lord Chief Baron curtly; "but Hawtayne is a fine young fellow, honest, of good ability. He is your affinity."

"No, papa, he is not." "Now, what can you know—you an in-experienced, raw girl?"

"Your little volume has given me guide. Listen to this: 'The sole test is intuition, the guide and director that dwells

If it were possible for such a moralist as the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher to "curse" or "confound," at this moment he would have mildly anathematised the little volume,

The Shackles of Woman.
"My dear," he said, with some effort at self-mastery, "lectures at philanthropic institutions deal rather with an ideal world than with the actual world in which we live. The philanthropist, like the poet, imagines a better and a happier one. Experience teaches him, alas, that we cannot actually reach such a world, but every effort to approach it makes us happier

"Papa," said the girl, with unexpected resolution, "I know quite well that I can never love Mr. Hawtayne."

The father was struck with the earnestness of her manner. "Do you, then, love anybody else?" he asked nervously.
"Yes, papa, I do."
"Who is it?"

"Stephen Maudsley."
"Good heavens! he hasn't a farthing in the world! He is a hopeless cripple! He is old enough to be your father!"

"He is a noble soul," said the young girl calmly. "This is quite preposterous! Never let me hear of such nonsense again!"

A year has passed, and the days of Kate Bumpsher have not been happy. During this time Maudsley has been banished from the Priory, and the young girl has gone away to join her invalid mother at Bourne-

Throughout the year the Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher has persisted in completely ignoring the conversation just detailed. It was a little maiden coyness, he thought; that was all; and he persuaded himself into the belief that no real opposi-Here the young man glanced at a water-color portrait of a pretty girl hanging near.

"Admire that desired at a water-tion had been offered. One day young Hawtayne formally proposed to the father, "Admire that drawing - admire - the | who coolly accepted on the part of his daughter, and decided at once to have an

interview with Lady Almack. When you are ushered into the pretty drawing-room of Chilcote, and see before you a slim lady of gentle manners, it is difficult to believe that you are in the presence of one whose very name chases the blood from younger sons, parvenus, and detrimentals. "What can I do for you, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher?" said the

lady, with the most winning grace.

The Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher, remembering that he was a great orator, said: "In politics, Lady Almack, sections of society are ranged in formidable, also in a little queerly.

"Well, mothers always hate the choice of their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to their sons, you know; so, I didn't like to the choice of the like to the like to the choice of the like to if I may use the word."

"I thought that these were the days of

soothingly. "Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, "the day is undoubtedly coming when Whig and Tory must stand shoulder to long way off yet. All depends upon Miss shoulder to save society from many grave dangers. Both abroad and at home theo-ries and doctrines are widely propagated which threaten to overthrow society." Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher thought it right to be diplomatic. There are times when we may take the eagle as a model; there are times when we may learn a lesson of the hedgesparrow.

"All that is too true." "I have come to talk to you about my daughter."

"How interesting! I hear she is quite a girl in a thousand. "She has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintaince, nor have I that pleas-

"But I have the pleasure of knowing you, Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher; I quite idolize your little work, The Shackles of Woman.

"Yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, a little staggered. "Perhaps in the matter of marrried happiness I go in that little volume rather too far, though wealth and

buff favors, and true-blue favors and emer- has appointed to every one a solitary soul that beats in unison to his or her soul. . . Marriage with that soul means the

acme of happiness: marriage with any other means the acme of misery." "Yes, yes, yes," said the Lord Chief Baron, rubbing his hands. That his pen had won over this most worldly woman was

"You must certainly introduce me to your daughter directly she returns. Her married happiness is my first thought."

The Lord Chief Baron Bumpsher nearly jumped into the air. This astonished him more than snything that had happened since he had set foot in the pretty drawingroom of Chilcote, and the interest in his daughter's happiness, shown by Lady Almack, whose reputation was so great in the highest circles of society, puzzled him not

"And when do you expect Mrs. Mauds-"Mrs. Maudsley!" said the Lord Chief

Baron. "Lord Almack did all he could in the matter. He got Mr. Maudsley the school, so that the house you built for the schoolmaster will not be thrown away. Mrs. improve each other. And you will one Maudsley, I hear, is a capital teacher."

day be Lady Almack, a more powerful The murder was out. Miss Bumpsher had run away with Mr. Maudsley, and Lady Almack, through kindness or diplomacy had got them her school.-London World

## No Danger of Freezing Now.

A Connecticut Yankee claims to have invented a neat thing in the way of a steam heater to carry about on the person. It is called "the portable body steam heater." The apparatus is a small affair, consisting of a copper boiler, under which is a diminutive lamp, all encased in a nickel box, and balanced something like a compass, so that no matter what position the outside box is in, the boiler and lamp will always remain in the required vertical position. The entire apparatus is so small that it can be carnied in the received. ried in the pocket. After the lamp is lighted, the water in the boiler is heated and circulated through rubber tubes, which run down the legs, around the ankles, up around the back, and back to the boiler. The circulation of the water keeps the body warm on the coldest day. A safety valve and escape for a higher pressure of steam than the affair is allowed to carry flows off at the back of the wearer's neck. Elaborate heaters are being constructed for ladies' wear. They can be worn inside the bustle, and entirely obscured. Before going out of the house the ladies' maid can light the lamp which, by the way is gauged to run six, eight, or ten hours .- Canadian Manufacturer.

A Brave Curate. At Morton, near Gainsboro', I read, two poor folks died of small-pox, leaving their little children, one an infant at the breast, alone in the desolate house. The neighbors were afraid to venture near them; so the curate of the place, the Rev. H. Keene, "went and prepared the little ones' food, washed and got them to bed, and stayed with them the whole night." There have been doubts expressed about "apostolical succession"—Sidney Smith could only see it because of "the likeness of the bishop of — to Judas"—but there can be no doubt of the matter in this case. Mr. Keene may never be made a bishop; but he has his reward even now in the admiration of every man and woman whose respect is worth having.—James Payn, in New York Independent.

## The Pooh Bah of Manitou.

Dr. Isaac Davis, of Manitou, Colorado, publishes a card in a Colorado paper, which is the most unique combination of business ever seen. Here is the card: Isaac Davis, Physician; Isaac Davis, Druggist, a full line of Druggist sundries; Isaac Davis, Undertaker—lots for sale in Davis cemetery. Monuments for sale out of Davis, Celebrated stone quarry. If you should happen to be killed or die suddenly, call and see Isaac Davis, County Coroner. Isaac Davis, Notary Public. If you want to buy lots in Manitou or in the suburbs, call on Alderman Davis.

They Knew His Style. "Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?"

"Then how do you know he's home?" "'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr.—Time.

A Misfit.

Grafton-Aw, Cholly, wheah did you waise that widiculous little straw hat? Baboony-Widiculous? why, deah boy, had it made to awdaw. Grafton-The deuce! For youaw own head, or your cane's?—Judge.

An Unnecessary Insult. Tramp-Please, madam, will you give me something to eat?

Madam-I kin give you an old vest, if you want it. Tramp-Madam, do you take me for a Yorkville goat?-Time.

Going.

Oh, bustle, bustle, fare you well,
We're sick and tired of your abuses;
So don't hang back, you've got to go,
Or tournure self to other uses.
— Times-Democrat.

IT WAS NO FREAK OF NATURE.

But Thousands of Bass Which Caused the Moving of the Rock.

The introduction of black bass by a local syndicate into Peters' lake, but a short distance from the city, has given that fish a prominence in angling circles which it had not. Very little is known of the habits of the bass, though Mr. S. W. Kain's interesting article in Progress, some weeks ago, was very instructive, and anything that tends to throw any light upon it or forecast the sport in prospect for the members of the syndicate will be eagerly read.

An old guide called "Hi McLean" tells a good story about bass which is reproduced from the New York Evening Sun:

One morning while Hi and the party were in a boat that was anchored on the edge of a shoal fishing for bass, Hi suddenly pointed to a rock and asked:

"Do you see that rock?"

"Yes; what about it?" was the reply.
"Well, that rock used to be an island, and it's now known as Moving Rock. Years ago, when I was a boy, the rock was out yonder between that point on the big island and a sunken oak, which is now covered by the water. Well, to make a long story short, the next spring the island had moved about ten feet, and we noticed it had grown smaller. That summer she moved some more, and every spring and summer she has come closer and closer, until now she's more than a quarter of a mile from where she used to be.

The party unanimously expressed their doubt, and one of them asked how he accounted for the freak of nature.

"Freak of nature? There's no such thing about it. It was done by black bass. One day some years ago, while I was standing on the little island, I noticed that the rock was largely porous. I picked up a piece, and it was very light, in fact not much heavier than wood. The water was about fifteen feet deep there, and the bottom could be plainly seen.

"You could also see the bass lazily rubbing their sides against the shale, and often I have seen them dart away and then come up with a rush and butt their noses against the rock. One day the next summer I was fishin gover near the old stump when I noticed a sudden commotion in the water near the island, and heaving my anchors, I went over there and saw that the water was fairly alive with black bass. There must have been thousands of them, and some of them were the biggest old grey heads I ever saw. They were all on the off side of the rock, and I immediately made a try for some of them, but it was no good. I didn't catch one, and they did not seem to notice me. Several times that summer I witnessed the same strange spectacle, and when fall came I was amazed to see that the island's position

was again shifted. "The next summer, and, in fact, every summer since, I have seen the bass congregate in that manner, and when they were busy on the base of the island I never could catch any fish. About ten years ago l made a close investigation, and several times since I have substantiated the results then obtained. I found that the bass formed in solid phalanxes and with all their strength moved the rock. Those next the shale pushed it with their noses, while those directly behind lent their aid by pushing GILBERT BENT & SONS. against the side fins of those directly in front. In this way they moved the rock, though the distance covered at any one time was imperceptible."
Such is the yarn of Hi McLean.

John L. and the Chimpanzee.

The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach for half a day, and the

train had reached its destination. "I am indebted to you, sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the monotony of a long journey. May I ask your name?

"Certainly. My name is Sullivan." (Jocosely.) "Not Mr. Sullivan of Bos-

"Yes, I reside in Boston."

"What! not-(Haughtily.) "No, sir; I am a college "Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce

myself. My name is Crowley." (Smilingly.) "Not Mr. Crowley of New "Yes, New York is my home."

"What! not-(Hotly.) "No, sir! I am the president of a bank, sir.

(Coldly.) "Good-day, sir!" (Frigidly.) "Good-day!" - British-American Citizen.

Wants His Hens Protected.

Probably the most unique petition ever filed in the United States congress in favor of additional protection to American industries was received recently by representa-tive Anderson, of Iowa. It reads as follows: Being profoundly impressed with the gravity of the occasion and the magnitude of the matter at issue, in that all my worldly possessions are invested in two dozen hens, and realizing that there should be no discrimination in regard to the protection of American industries, and being advised that there were some 16,000,000 dozens of eggs imported into the United States in the year 1887, therefore I would respectfully pray your honorable body to pass a law to protect my interest against the infernal activity of the pauper liens of Europe.

Your most obedient servant,

T. H. B. MILLER, Cambria, Iowa.

THE DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE

In the morn of the holy Sabbath, I like in the church to see The dear little children clustered, The dear little children clustered,
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful, Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master, Whose mercies are ever new, Has a special benediction For dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord(is my shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home—
A place of their own with His people;
He cares for me and for you,
But close in His arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morn, to see
The dear little children clustered,
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew. -Mrs. M. E. Sangsterin St. Nicholas. London House, RETAIL.

Gents' Summer Underwear, In fine makes of

Cashmere, Silk, Merino and Balbriggan.

HALF HOSE, In SILK, MERINO and LISLE.

NEW PATTERNS

Summer Scarfs, Collars and Cuffs,

LATEST STYLES.

Charlotte Street. JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY

JAMES S. MAY & SON

Merchant Tailors, 84 Prince William Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B. Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and Prices low.

> WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street. MOSQUITOBANE.

ertain Preventive from the Bite of Black Flies, Mosquitoes, Etc. Not Injurious to the Skin. No Unpleasant Odor.

Prepared by A. C. SMITH & CO., St. John, N. B. TESTIMONIAL.

CAMP BURNT HILL,
S. W. Miramichi River, July 9th, 1884.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & Co.,
Dear Sirs,—We have much pleasure in certifying to the efficacy of your preparation of Mosquitobane.
We have used others of acknowledged merit and form of the at-

have found none so effective in warding off the at-tacks of mosquitoes, black flies and other pests. We consider it invaluable to sportsmen and others who visit our forests and streams. ALEX. H. WOOD, WM. MAGEE, WM. F. BUNTING,

C. A. ROBERTSON.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN Flour, Teas,

Fish, Sugars, Tobaccos Salt,

And everything in the line of STAPLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

6. 7 and 8 South Market Whari ST. JOHN, N. B.

To Arrive Today: Strawberries,

Tomatoes,

Squash,

Bananas, Pine Apples.

84 King Street.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

T. J. McPHERSON, 181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

FRUITS A SPECIALTY. Beef, Mutton, Strawberries, Bananas,

Oranges, And other seasonable FRUIT, by every boat from Boston. For sale by

J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte St., next door Y. M. C. A. Havana and Domestic Bacon,

CIGARS. I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street.

Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

S. R. FOSTER & SON, Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads

Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B

ROYAL HOTEL.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL,

81 to 87 King Street: ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. McCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

(FORMERLY WAVERLY),

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. Hawarden Hotel,

Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts.,

ST. JOHN, N. B. WM. CONWAY . . Proprietor

Terms, \$1 Per Day.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op posite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free

harge.
Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

J. SIME, Proprietor. PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort.

TERMS-\$1.50 and \$2.

E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B. HOTEL, QUEEN

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprieto FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day.

Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT . . . Proprietor.

KING STREET RESTAURANT. MR. W. A. LANG

Informs his numerous patrens and the public that First Class Eating Saloon

TRINITY BLOCK, where he will be pleased to see everybody. The coolest rooms, the choicest meals, an the best attendance in the city.

You can't miss the place 94 King Street.

R. J. LANG, Manager

P. A. CRUIKSHANK,

DINNER A SPECIALTY

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand.

Opposite Market Building.

49 Germain Street,

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

Spring Lamb, Veal, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash.

Lard.

SUGAR CURED HAMS,

THOS. DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

CHOICE

ENGLISH CHEESE. I Case STILTON Cheese;

WILTSHIRE Cheese; Round DUTCH Cheese;

CHEDDAR Cheese. N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc.

P. S.-COCA JELLY-the Queen of Table Jellies. FOR SALE AT

ROBERTSON & CO.'S

Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.