

WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK.

In the spring when the green gits back in the trees, And the sun comes out and stays, And yer boots pull on with a good, tight squeeze, And you think of yer barefoot days; When you ort to work and you want to not, And you ort and yer wife agrees It's time to spade up the garden lot— When the green gits back in the trees— Well, work is the least of my ideas When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

THE MAJOR'S WIFE.

He was a melancholy man. I met him at my foggy club. I did not know his name. In my own mind I looked on him as the man who always sat in the same corner, smoking Trichinopoly cheroots. He was very neat as to his dress, and I detected at once that at some time or other he had been in the service. His hair was perfectly white, and the man appeared worn out with some secret grief, some mysterious trouble. I made Major Fowler's acquaintance on one Christmas eve, after having dined a little better than usual, and I was correspondingly elated, and felt I must talk to somebody; so, fait de mieux, I talked to him. Generally at the Rice and Curry, when a member whom we have not been introduced to addresses us, we put on a wronged and indignant air—as a rule we do not answer; if we do we make the man who has thus daringly addressed us understand his mistake. It is thus we assert our superiority. Perhaps this is why we have the reputation of being cliquy.

Why it was I do not know. There is no other word for it—we "chummed," literally chummed, at once. We had both served in the same presidency, we had met the same people, but Major Fowler was senior to me. He had been through the mutiny, I had not. It was a rather ghastly affair, and I cannot see why he confided it to me. At any rate, this is what he told me:

I was only a lieutenant then—a lieutenant in the Bengal native infantry. The mutiny had already broken out in our presidency, but our regiment was supposed to be particularly well affected. Kerimabad was a wretched place; it was one of the dull and hottest stations in the presidency. We were very hard up for European officers; some were on leave—of course, they were hurrying back as fast as the P. & O. boats could carry them; some were on detachment duty, others away on special employment, but the bulk of them were on the sick list, for Kerimabad was an unhealthy hole, although its strategic importance was too great to allow of its being unoccupied, and to our regiment had fallen the duty of occupying it. From the circumstances I have mentioned Major Cross, who was in command, and myself were the only two men on the effective list. Cross was a martinet; he had risen from the ranks, and was extremely religious. We naturally saw a great deal of each other.

Major Cross was married, and his wife was the only white woman on the station. Not six months before, Major Cross returned from furlough with his bride. Of course we all fell in love with her. What she could have seen in Cross I cannot make out; why she married him, Heaven knows. Cross, though a most deserving officer, was perhaps hardly what would be called a gentleman; but his wife was a lady and very beautiful. She must have been in her 21st year then. She was blonde and petite, with dreamy blue eyes and masses of curling hair, which gave her girlish beauty an air of recklessness which was but an additional charm. Her greatest delight was horse exercise. At early morning Mrs. Cross was certain to be in the saddle; in the afternoons, as soon as ever the sun was low enough, the major's wife might have been seen on her dapple gray Gulf Arab flying across the country, attended by one or more of her husband's subordinates.

I had been in love with her from the first; but I am not an excitable man, and perhaps it wasn't genuine love, after all. I know that there was not the faintest shadow of impropriety in the love, if we must call it so, that I felt for the major's wife. True, I was her willing slave, her constant cavalier. Perhaps I pitied the girl married to a man twice her age, a man with but two ideas in his head—drill and discipline. They say that pity is akin to love—perhaps it is; but I had not the least idea of running away with Rosa Cross, not the remotest; my affection for her was purely platonic—at least it was till the fatal afternoon when we rode out together for the last time at Kerimabad. Our horses were walking, their bridles on their necks, our native grooms some fifty yards behind us on the sandy plain. "Jack," said she to me (unfortunately we were Jack and Rosa now), "I shan't be able to bear it much longer. The mail was in again this morning; all my friends are urging me to go down to Calcutta at once. I don't think it's fair of the major to make a poor little woman live with her heart always in her mouth. O Jack!" she sobbed, and the tears ran down her face, "I'm so afraid of the nasty blacks!" Now, this particular remark was peculiarly irritating to Major Cross. Commanding, as he did, a native regiment, he naturally disliked the expression. So angry had he become that Rosa never dared to use her favorite expression in her husband's presence. "Of course, it's very rough on you, but I don't see any way out of it. You are the only European in the station, Cross and I are the only two men here; we can't leave the place. But you shouldn't let it worry you; the regiment is well affected enough."

The brute. No doubt he had told her. "Then he was a fool for his pains!" I replied.

"It's very hard!" sobbed the girl; for she was but a girl, though she was my commanding officer's wife.

Perhaps I remembered the first fact and forgot the second when I took her hand, and, looking into her eyes, swore that I would look after her, and that there was no danger.

She returned the pressure; she was but acting, as I found out afterward. All women are actresses, I suppose; but I did not dream that the pressure of her finger tips, the trusting, loving glance which she flung upon me through her tears, was but the cursed bait which was to lure me to my destruction.

"Ah, if he would only let me go!" she said; "by morning I should be out of danger. I am too young to die here, Jack, and to die as I should have to die!" she added, with a shudder.

There was a great deal in what she said. The major trusted her just as far as you could swing a tiger by the tail, and never let her out of his sight, save when I took her out riding as I was doing now; he was but a selfish ruffian, after all. It didn't much matter if he and I were laced to pieces, or worse, by the Sepoys; it was in the ordinary way of business, and would doubtless be duly mentioned in dispatches.

But poor little Rosa, not six months a wife, to be butchered in this lonely furnace to gratify a madman's whim—it was hard. "Jack," she said, as she leaned over her pommel, her face almost touching mine, "you can save me, Jack!"

In that instant duty, honor, esprit de corps, loyalty to my senior officer and all, vanished. As I felt her warm cheek against my own, my sympathy, my admiration for Rosa became in an instant converted into a fierce, unreasoning love. My arm was round her waist in a moment, and one sweet, sinful kiss sealed the compact between me and the devil who masqueraded as the guileless and timorous young bride. "Jack," she said, "we must be careful. There is no time to lose. Who can tell whether the grooms that follow us may not have seen that kiss?"

She was cool, calculating, and reasoned admirably. As for me, the blood rushed through my veins like liquid fire, and my heart palpitated to an almost painful extent. "Jack," she said, once more, "it is for tonight. He knows it; he has told me so. We must fly together."

I am not a coward. To make love to another man's wife is one thing, to run away with her another; but to desert one's colors, to desert one's brother officer, to leave him to certain death in the hour of his need, and at the same time to run away with his wife, is a piece of villainy too monstrous for the mind of any man to conceive or execute.

I explained, I argued, I pleaded for time; I swore I loved her; I told her that by an act such as this I would become an outcast. All to no purpose.

"If you love me, Jack," she said, "surely you would not have me handed over to the tender mercies of wretches such as those."

And with her little cutting whip she indicated the two grooms.

Her kiss was burning on my lips, but I was not the man to desert my colors in the hour of danger under the excuse of an intrigue. I said to her:

"It's a bad business, Rosa; it seems to me he ought to put you in safety, somehow or another."

"Jack," she said, with savage determination, "I'll give him a chance. He can save me tonight if he will. It is only a four hours' ride, after all. But promise me one thing, Jack; if he should refuse, you will save me. You can be back before dawn, to be butchered here with him, since you prefer it."

I shook my head.

"Do you refuse me still?" she cried.

"Then, by heavens," she screamed, as she shook her little fist at the blue sky, "I'll go by myself, for you are both of you cowards, you would be paladins!"

I did not answer her, but womanlike she pestered me into making her a promise. I agreed that her horse and the colonel's should be brought round, as if for a moonlight ride, after dinner. Then, and not till then, did her tears, her piteous tears, cease to flow.

"Forgive me, dear old Jack," she said; "I knew you would save me, after all."

Ah, me, I did save her, but at what a price!

Dinner was over, and we stood in the compound outside the mess room, the major, his wife and I. Some sort of attempt at floral ornament had been made in the so-called garden by a few rows of stromium plants, whose large white flowers, which open only at night, gave their heavy perfume to the tepid air. We smoked our "trichys," better ones than they give us here (said Fowler, with a sigh). Then there was a horrid scene between the pair. She implored him on her knees, in the dust, as a woman might plead with an executioner for her wretched life; but she did not move the major.

"My dear," he said grimly, "you did not marry me for my good looks; you married me, Rosa, for my position. My position, my dear, has its duties, and one of them is to take my chance of death in this hole. My wife has thrown in her lot with me. I take it that that's so, Fowler?" said the major, turning to me.

"I could run across with her, if you liked, you know, as far as Murghab; it's only 25 miles, and the roads are good."

Now, at Murghab was a large cantonment—English families, ladies and children; and what was more important, an English regiment and some guns.

"Fowler," said the major, "I can trust you, my boy, but I can't trust her; she'll have to stay and take her chance with the old man, after all."

I saw there was no use arguing with him. There was only one chance: to try and shame him into it. I left the pair, she pleading and entreating, but the man was not to be moved.

From the regimental lines came the sounds of music and song, but the men were less noisy than usual, and, to my mind, that boded mischief.

I had made her a promise. I suppose it was her only chance of escape. If the major chose to take her out again, and she bolted to Murghab, so much the better for her, and it could do him no harm; for at the pass we were, scandal, even the scandal of an Indian station, was dead. Of course he couldn't leave, but he might easily have sent her off with a sergeant's guard; he could do it this very night even, if he chose. But he didn't. To my mind

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he knew that things had come to a crisis, and I felt that he had treated me badly in not taking me into his confidence. But why should he have done so? Perhaps he looked on me as his wife's lover; so I was, in one sense. Perhaps he thought that he was revenging himself on us both in dooming us to a certain and horrid death; so I pondered as I entered the mess tent. Not a servant in the place!

Perhaps I was too late, after all. I ran out of the mess tent; as I did so, I came upon my own syc— a little old man, who had been with me since my griffin days. He had nothing to do with the regiment, and I could trust him, for he had been my confidant in many a stable secret, my trainer for many an up country race; the man had never yet sold me, and he would not, I felt, betray me now.

"Mortazza," said I, "saddle my horse and the Men Sahib's, and bring them round to the front of the mess tent at once. Run!" I said, as the man hesitated.

He disappeared without a word. As I retraced through the mess tent I felt that mischief was brewing. The songs in the lines had ceased, and I heard a portentous hum of confused voices. There was no doubt about that matter. But my rage against the men, whom I felt in a few minutes would be in open mutiny, was as nothing to my indignation at the major for deliberately sacrificing his wife and not taking me into his confidence.

"Major," I cried as I joined the pair, "there's something serious on foot; there's not a soul in the mess tent."

He calmly looked at his watch, and smiled. As he did so the sound of cantering hoofs fell upon our ears, and Mortazza, riding his horse and leading Mrs. Cross' Gulf Arab, suddenly appeared.

Light as a bird, Rosa sprang into the saddle. At that moment the report of a single musket rang in our ears, and shouts and cries, with the noise of a struggle, were heard from the lines.

"Take my horse, major," I cried, as I urged him to mount.

We were both armed. I drew my revolver, and forced it into Rosa's hand.

"Ride," I said; "I will take their attention off. Get her away, Cross."

But the major never mounted. "My place is here," he said, as he loosened his sword in its scabbard. His hand never left her bridle rein.

A confused mass of armed men made their appearance, shrieking and shouting, in the lighted circle on the further side of the mess tent.

"Save me, Jack!" cried the major's wife, as she gave her horse the spur. The animal plunged frantically, but the major held him fast.

"Mount, you fool!" I cried, in my rage and excitement.

With his disengaged hand the major struck me on the mouth.

As I received the blow, I heard the report of a weapon and I saw the major fall; I saw that the bullet had struck him in the forehead; I saw him fall like a stone, flinging up his arms as he did so, and I saw that he was dead.

To snatch the revolver from the major's belt, and to mount and follow Rosa's horse, which was still wildly plunging, but edging off from the infuriated mob, which had now reached the mess tent, was the work of an instant.

"Keep on!" I shouted to my companion, as we got beyond the immediate circle of lights. We went straight for the road, and Rosa uttered not a sound. There was hope for us yet; we might get clear off in the darkness. My duty was plain—to save the helpless woman at my side. A few yards brought us to the road. On we went at headlong speed, but the Mussulman devils had fired the mess tent. In an instant the great dry tent was one sheet of flame; it lighted up the white road, on which we were galloping for dear life. The sound of musket shots rang out; the brutes were evidently potting at us. "Stoop!" I cried to my companion, but too late. A dull thud told me she was hit. She gave me one look of agony, a look that will haunt me to my dying day.

But we tore on, and a few seconds more brought us out of the light of the still blazing tent. She had ceased to urge her horse, as she had done, with whip and spur.

"Don't give in," I cried; "in a few minutes we shall be safe from pursuit."

"Leave me, Jack," she said; "my horse is wounded, and so am I."

As she said the words the poor beast fell with a crash—fell to her no more. I sprang to the ground; desperation lent me strength. How I managed it I don't know; but I succeeded in getting her on to my own frightened beast. She was apparently fainting; in her right hand she still clutched the revolver.

"Take it," she said. I thrust it into my holster.

"Don't let me fall into their hands alive, Jack." She never spoke again.

When she passed away I cannot tell, but she was dead ere I reached Murghab. I handed her body over to the women. I made my report to the officer in command. I told how sudden had been the rising, and how brave Major Cross fell pierced by the bullet of some skulking mutineer; and then I thought of poor dead Rosa, and wondered if she and I had been so very

Dressmaking.

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much to blame. No, my conscience was fairly clear; and it was with some satisfaction that I buckled my sword belt to accompany the party that was to wreak retribution on the mutineers of the —th regiment, who, we heard, had entrenched themselves at Kerimabad. As I rode along with the others, thirsting for revenge, I thought of poor murdered Rosa and her wrecked young life. I thought of her as an angel in heaven looking down on me, and in my heart I swore to give no quarter to the ruffians who had caused her death. As I did so I mechanically opened my holster, took out my revolver and drew back the little safety bolt that held the chamber.

"Good heavens! what's this?" One of the cartridges had been discharged. You can fancy my feelings when I discovered that hers was the hand that fired the shot—the shot that had slain her husband!

I don't tell you how we wiped out the ruffians at Kerimabad. If ever vengeance was sudden and sure, that was the day. The bulk of them had entrenched themselves, and were slain to a man.

I thanked Major Fowler for his story. I suppose it was all true, for I had heard of the death of Cross at Kerimabad—I had even seen his grave; but till now I certainly did not know that it was his wife who had murdered him.—London World.

A SACRED OYSTER-TIN.

How a Canadian Combination of Religion and Business Impresses an Englishman.

[Liverpool Citizen.]

My friend the Minion of a base and corruptible Press was just sitting down with Mrs. Minion of a base, &c., and five little Minions of a corruptible, &c., to the reportorial tea table. The hearty welcome, the cosy room, the hot cups, the newly-opened tin of lobster, the pleasant and pungent aroma of hot coffee, and the small decanter of "French cream" standing persuasively prominent, scattered all thoughts of the Surrogate of Tamquamquo and his dusky proselytes to the four winds of Heaven, and I sat down and made the eighth Minion of a base thingummy, and the boon companion of a corruptible thingumbob.

Now, in common with many others, I have heard of the pious country grocer who thus said to his apprentice each evening after the shop was closed:—"John!" "Yezzir." "Have you sanded that there shuggar?" "Yezzir." "And put them there iron filin's in the Congou chest?" "Yezzir." "And ground up that there pepperette?" "Yezzir." "And put the reg'lar hounce of bacon rind under the sellin' plate of them scales?" "Yezzir." "And damped down that there tobacker?" "Yezzir!" "And made that there margarine up into Best Cheshire Dairy?" "Yezzir!" "And put the false bottom back again inter that there split-pea measure?" "Yezzir!" "And got those roasted horse-beans ready for the coffee mill tomorrow?" "Yezzir!" "And washed your 'ands?" "Yezzir!" "Then put out the light and COME UP TO PRAYERS!"

I little supposed, however, when I first heard and chuckled over this yarn ancient the "pious" shopkeeper that I should one day come across something not quite so amusing, but infinitely more blasphemous, in the shape of a Canadian lobster tin.

This tin is the strangest place I ever strolled into! I begged it from my friend and crony, the Minion, and have it still. This is the way the Canadian gentleman, Christian, fishmonger, and packer, utilises his labels for the furtherance of religion and the propagating of his trade in hermetically-sealed cray-fish. I shall not give this holy dealer in tinned lobster a free advertisement by publishing either his name or his brand, but I will publish a few extracts from what most folks—of whatever creed or denomination—will probably consider a tolerably stiff attempt to prostitute the Bible into the most contemptible of trade dodges.

Listen! This is on a lobster tin!—First quality broken meat. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.—Prov. i. 7." "He is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through Him."

Trade mark. "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life." "But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.—Gal. vi. 14."

Medal at St. John. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8."

Medal at Philadelphia. "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance according to the purposes of Him who worketh all things after the council of His own will.—Eph. i. 2."

Medal at Paris. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth.—Rom. i. 16."

Medal at Berlin. "Believe that you have received, and you shall have it."

Medal at Brussels. "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.—Heb. xii. 14."

Medal at London. "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that ye ask or think."

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.

Oh, little child, lie still and sleep; Jesus is near, thou need'st not fear; No one need fear whom God doth keep By day or night. Then lay thee down in slumber deep Till morning light.

Oh, little child, lie still and rest; He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps; And in the morning wake so blest His child to be. Love every one, but love Him best— He first loveth thee.

Oh, little child, when thou must die, Fear nothing, then, but say "Amen." To God's demands, and quiet lie. In His kind hand, Until he say, "Dear child, come, fly To heaven's bright land."

Then when thy work on earth is done Thou shalt ascend to meet thy friend; Jesus the little child will own. Safe at His side, And thou shalt dwell before the throne, For He hath died.

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PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 13.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at 16.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached. Vanocboro at 11.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 10.20 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. Houlton at 10.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m. St. Stephen at 10.55 a. m.; 19.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 10.20 a. m. Fredericton at 17.00 a. m.; 11.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45; 10.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John. 13.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

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