PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

MIZPAH!

I kissed your lips and held your hands, And said farewell and went away, Well knowing that another day Would speed you forth to other lands. And down the summer scented street I heard your echoing voice repeat The Hebrew motto, quaint and sweet : "Mizpah!"

A thousand miles between us lay When autumn passed, in lingering flight, And drenched with fragrant dew at night The woodland fires he lit by day; But all the golden distance through, From you to me and me to you, Went out the tender prayer and true : Mizpah.

The winter night falls cold and bleak; I sit, in saddened mood, alone, And listen to the wind's low moan, And hide a fear I dare not speak, For you are far, so far away, And younger lips have turned to clay; Dear love! I tremble while I pray, Mizpah.

But spring shall blossom up the plain, And Easter lilies scent the air, And song birds riot everywhere, And heart and hope grow glad again. Yet still my nightly prayer shall be, Though swallows build or swallows flee, Until my love come back to me, Mizpah!

And when, with flowers of June, you come, And face to face again we stand, And heart to heart and hand to hand, O love! within the one dear home, We shall not need to say again In winter's snow or summer's rain, Till death shall come to part us twain :

Mizpah! -Homer Greene, in New Haven Palladium.

UNCLE PHILEMON.

You see, said Popleigh, this was the way it happened.

My grandfather was a supercargo in the India and China trade, and he spent most of his life travelling all over the world, and Boston, first, and they had five or six children-may be seven-and then she died, and he married my grandmother in New York, and built up the population to the extent of eight boys and three girls.

Then she died, and after a while he gave

up the supercargo business, and settled down to farming in New Hampshire. He was 78 years old then; but he married say, belonged to the second crop, here in cab, and slammed the door on him. Then New York, and he had more half-brothers and half-sisters and half-aunts and quartergrandmothers, and so on, scattered all over the wrist, and hauled me so hard that I had the country, than he wanted to count. to clamber up after him. I've made the acquaintance of most of them, since I got my partnership and bought a house on Lexington avenue; but there are a few back counties yet to hear from, and the returns keep coming in.

So, you understand, we weren't much surprised when we got a letter from Uncle Philemon, up in North Chuggville, New Hampshire, saying that he'd like to see his brother Augustus' son and his brother Augustus' son's family, and if we couldn't come up to North Chuggville, couldn't we since 1843. He enclosed his photograph, and when my wife saw it, she said: "Oh, were in for Uncle Philemon. Well, he was a handsome old man, for a fact—white hair, clean shaven face-regular old Joshua Whitcomb, only bigger.

Well, you know how women look at such things. My wife always wants me to be polite to my own family, and she takes in all the aunts and uncles and cousins, just as if they were hers. If I object, she says I don't think seriously enough of my children's future. Great Scott! I'd think a thundering more seriously of it, if it depended on what my relations would do for

However, so it was, and Uncle Philemon Christmas and have a real family reunion, first wife's daughter, and her late husband's sister, who's living with them. That's the way women do-she wanted to combine Uncle Philemon with a round up of all of the fly-speckled members of my family, whom we go to see once a year, "just to keep up the connection." So she sent the letter off, and Uncle Philemon wrote back promptly that he'd be here three days be-

fore Christmas, sure. Well, when it was settled, we both of us began to feel a little bit uneasy, and my wife said she thought perhaps I'd better have waited and thought it over. You see, we not only didn't know whether we should like Uncle Philemon; but we didn't know whether Uncle Philemon would like us. You know about how we live. I like my claret at dinner, and the whiskey decanter | the Eden Musee. stands on the sideboard for anybody who comes in of an evening. I generally take good." a nip myself before I go to bed. Then, Sundays, I take a walk in the park, when the children don't go to Sunday school. My wife used to teach a class there; but she's kind of got out of the way of it, since she had four babies to look after. I tell you, children take up an awful lot of a gations I c'n see, or is this durn taown a the guests had arrived. They were sitting woman's time. Now, you know, we saw graveyard?"
right off that Uncle Philemon wouldn't like
I felt like of my future, and Uncle Elnathan would probably be looked upon as a liberalminded child of sin in a small primitive and rural community like Chuggville, New

Hampshire. My wife and I held a caucus over it, and we decided that the whiskey decanter should go inside the sideboard, and that I should drink my claret for strictly medicinal reasons. My wife wanted to know if I couldn't and a fellow who sat behind me said that if the table; "I've be'n a tryin'," said Uncle Philemon cheerfully, after he had seated ourselves at the table; "I've be'n a-tryin' to find some give the stuff up for three or four days, and asked me if I was a slave to the habit; and rub snow on them. That audience found it b' gosh! The barkeep' come from but I told her I was, and we compromised had a good deal of tun with us, before the New Hampshire, and he knows Medford on the medicinal basis. Then we agreed to take turns in escorting him to the vari-

should find out what prayer meetings were going on, or any other services of an interesting character, so I got a list out of the paper. We had to work a little in the dark, for we didn't know what church he belonged to, but I familiarized myself with the whole subject, and I was ready for him if he should turn out to be a Seventh-Day

Baptist or a Millerite.
We thought a great deal about Uncle Philemon, and got to preparing for his visit in various little ways, and arranging things to suit his taste. My wife borrowed a perforated cardboard motto from Uncle Elnathan, and hung it in the spare room, and she stuck some of the children's Sunday school cards in the looking glass on the bureau. I found an old photograph album with a lot of family pictures in it, and I put it in a conspicuous position on the parfor table. We wanted to make him feel at home. But it did seem to me all the time as though I had given a mortgage on my house, or as if I was out on bail. I got to dreaming of Uncle Philemon.

We got a note from him a day or two before he was expected, saying that we might look for him on the train that arrived at five on Monday afternoon. At half-past five he hadn't turned up, nor at six. It was snowing like a feather bed, and at half-past six my wife said she thought the poor old gentleman must be waiting at the Grand Central station, and that he was probably so confused by the noise and bustle of the city that he didn't dare to start off by himself. She thought I'd better go and look him up. I didn't want to. but I put on my overcoat and stamped off through the

The snow was coming down so that you could hardly see ten feet in front of you when I got to the place where the trains come in. Just at that corner I stopped, for I heard a noise up the street, and—I don't know why the idea came into my head-but I felt sure that I was going to find Uncle Philemon there. There he was, sure enough. I recognized him right off, although he was muffled up in an army overcoat and a fur cap. He had three hack-men dancing about him, and he towered above them like a Statue of Liberty. hands, and I heard that white-haired old gentleman bellowing above the howls of the above them like a Statue of Liberty. above them like a Statue of Liberty. crowd: only coming home now and then to attend When I came up he was talking New 'I'm agoin' behind the scenes! I ain't to his family duties. He married a wife in Hampshire so loud that the policemen never be'n an', by gum, I'm agoin'! Don't

mop th' hull durn taown with ye!"

That was Uncle Philemon. I went up to him and introduced myself, and asked him to come along. But he had he jumped up on the box like a lively old cyclone, reached down and caught me by

"Come along!" he shouted; "you tell me whereabouts Lexington Avener is an' I'll drive this dinged kerridge-farmer there, an' I won't charge him no quarter, neither. Hi thar! git outer the way, Mister man

Gee up, Jenoary! Whoop And before I knew where I was, we were going down Park avenue faster than I ever saw a cab go in the city of New York. Well, I got the old man switched off into Thirty-somethingth street after awhile and cooled him down, and we stopped and took let him come down and see us some time.
He said he was an old man and mighty lonely, and he hadn't been in New York

the hackman out. He was pretty well dazed, and there wasn't a bit of fight in him. Five dollars settled his case and he got upon the box and drove us home. But I did a good deal of thinking on the way, what a dear old man!" and then I knew we and finally I told Uncle Philemon that he would oblige me if he wouldn't say anything ashamed of yourself.' about the affair to my wife-and, in fact, if he would be very careful of her nerves. I said that she wasn't very strong, and that

> "I'm a leetle lively with the boys, now and then," he said; "but, bless your soul, I'm ice cream and honey with the girlies.'

We got home and sat right down to dinner, and I am bound to say that Uncle Philemon did splendidly. He sat up there looking like an old patriarch, and he talked away about how he'd enjoyed his last visit had to come. My wife sat down and wrote | in 1843, and how much he'd like to have us him the nicest sort of a letter, and told him at North Chuggville. He told us all about how glad we'd be to have him here at the members of the family, how they all were, and what they were doing. I began and get in Aunt Christina to dinner, and to think that he was an uncommonly nice Cousin Alonzo and his five daughters, and old gentleman if he was a little hasty in his Uncle Elnathan, and Sarah Clymer, his temper. My wife looked a little nervous when I told about the medicinal claret; but he took it very pleasantly. He said he oc-casionally took something in the same way; but he didn't take it at meals.

After dinner I proposed that we should go out and do a little sight-seeing, and he assented at once. He wanted to know if nowadays, and seemed disappointed when I told him that I hadn't heard of any. But he put on his army overcoat and his big fur cap, and we set out. His costume wasn't just the correct thing for an evening in the metropolis; but he was such a fine-looking, benevolent, grand old man that he carried the style quite gracefully.

When we got into the street, I asked him where he would like to go, and suggested "Eden Musee?" he said, "that sounds

But when I told him what it was, he

snorted with disdain. "Wax figgers!" he yelled; "I ain't no was, and said he guessed it would come out wax figger, nor I ain't come daown ter all right. I only hoped so.

York to gun fer wax figgers. Say, ain't there any female minstrels or lady aggre- and didn't put in an appearance until all

that sort of a thing. Uncle Elnathan told me once (before I got my partnership) that he never read Revelations without thinking beginning to get my eyes open. I told him that the lady aggregations were out of fashion, and then I took him off to the "Got 'em all here, with yer?" he ex-Casino. I was in hopes that we would not claimed cheerfully, as he proceeded to be able to get seats down stairs; but some knock the wind out of Uncle Elnathan with man had just returned a couple when I got | a tremendous thump on the back, following to the box office, and I had to take them- that operation by kissing the women all

right down in front.

Philemon said:

"Used Up."

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

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in the last act. Then Uncle Philemon sat silent in his seat for a full minute, taking all the glory in, I suppose, and then he looked up and inquired, in a voice that an intoxicating drink. must have been heard out in the street: "Know any o' them gals?"

That was pretty bad; but the fun hadn't commenced. I lost him in the crowd going out—or rather he lost me—and when I got to the street I tore wildly up and down looking for him. At last I noticed a crowd at the stage door, and I hurried there. There was the old blue overcoat and the big fur cap swaying about in the grasp of

ought to have heard him in the bar-rooms. you take a-holt of me, Mr. Man! What "You're the sixteenth kerridge driver I've talked to this arternoon," he yelled; harm. S'pose I'm goin' to eat up yer durned old theayter? Sho! lemme go! S'pose I do wanter see the lady in the pink gown! Whose gosh dinged business is it if I do? Lemme loose, ye dood!"

I don't know how I got him out of it; refused to make a match with him, and withbut somehow I lured him into a gilded bar-room, and the magnificence of his sur-roundings diverted his attention from his old man went back to the Medford, and I

could afford the luxury. My father, as I up like a jack-knife, chucked him into his many shebangs like this araound taown?

He said he would take Medford rum, and then remarked that he guessed he would do. he waiter opened his eyes, but he brought "Now, you look here," said Swazey: the waiter opened his eyes, but he brought the stuff. I had never tasted it before, and it struck me as a pretty mean combination of herb tea and alcohol. Uncle Philemon said it was pretty good; but it wasn't just the right article, and he was going to get a drink of Medford rum that would make him feel at home, if he had to hunt up every bar-room in the city. I don't want to go into details about the rest of that night. It was half-past two when I persuaded Uncle Philemon to come home, and I had a great in attendance. There was a good deal of time with him on the front stoop where he wanted to sing comic songs.

I got him into his room pretty quietly, however, and then I went to mine. My wife was awake—as much awake as I ever saw her-and she said to me:

should keep that dear old man up to this with depression of the nerve centres and hour of the night. I should think you'd be that he regarded the patient as a hopeless I wasn't ashamed of myself; but I was dead tired out, and I had a splitting head-

ache, and I was so mad that I was just time would lift the veil from her eyes soon started without us. I hadn't long to wait. It was rather chilly at breakfast the next day. Uncle

Philemon was still in bed. I didn't offer any explanation of our lateness on the previous evening, and there were large areas of low temperature all over the house when I left for the office. When I came home at five o'clock, I

found Uncle Philemon stalking up and down the parlor, with his cap on the back of his head, talking cheerily with my wife. She was staring at him in a dazed, fascinated sort of way, like a bird at a rattlesnake.

"Hello!" he shouted, when he saw me;

"I've been sp'ilin' the Philistines. Jest be'n tellin' yer wife about it. Look at this here, sonny, an' weep!" He drew my attention to a large diamond

which was sparkling in the bosom of his "Buncoed a bunco man out'n that!" he

proclaimed. "How's that fer a hayseed from down East with grass on the back of his neck? Oh, the old man ain't dead yit,

He wasn't dead, that's a fact. But I was, almost. And I wasn't looking forward to that Christmas dinner with any particular exhilaration. Outside of the family, we were not expecting anybody but Swazey, and he was looking forward to the time when he should be counted in as a member. He was the house surgeon at Fairview hospital, and was expecting to marry my wife's sister in the spring. I steered him onto the old man's antics the day before Christmas. He was rather more amused by them than I

Uncle Philemon went out in the morning graveyard?"

I felt like a puppy nine days old—I was which would have been more appropriate

When the chorus marched in, Uncle added, with a fervor in which I detected a

KID GLOVES.

It doesn't affect the quality of our Gloves one bit, nor make them better or worse, but ALL THE SAME it is very pleasant for us to hear such a universal Chorus of Satisfaction from all classes of people, each harping upon the same string: "It is really wonderful the way that Glove of FAIRALL & SMITH'S does wear." This is the remark of one lady to another, as she extended her hand to display a pair worn over a year, and with every seam in perfect condition. Our price is still 64c., and we will send them FREE BY POST to any address.

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E L. PHILPS, SUB-AGENT.

phantly placed on the table. They all consented to sample it, though Aunt Christina, who was a prominent member of the temp-erance society, rather hesitated, until Uncle Philemon assured her that Medford was not

"Be'n brought up on ru u um," he declared with a beaming smile. The old lady timidly remarked that it

tasted rather strong; but was reassured when Uncle Philemon told her she wouldn't mind it so much if she would try it again. I didn't know much about Medford before that dinner; but it is my present impression that, as an intoxicating beverage, it has great advantages in being certain the doorkeeper and two or three stage and speedy in its effect. The funereal as-

> ly By," my wife concluded that it was time for the ladies to retire. The men all stuck to the Medford. Uncle Elnathan explained to the company that I was a child of sin, that he had wrestled in prayer for me, and then offered to wrestle with me-a proposition which met with Uncle Philemon's approval. Uncle Elnathan was much offended when I

was 78 years old then; but he married again, and went right on helping the census along to the day of his death. I think he left eight up there—he always left them where he found them, and he compounded with their maternal relatives for their keep. He was pretty well off, and the maternal relatives for their keep. He was pretty well off, and the maternal relatives to the was about, he hit one of the stomach, doubled him their keep. He was pretty well off, and the maternal relatives to the was about, he hit one of the stomach, doubled him their keep. He was pretty well off, and the maternal relatives to the was about, he hit one of the stomach, doubled him their keep. He was pretty well off, and the magnificence of his surroundings diverted his attention from his along right handy." Then, before I knew what he was about, he hit one of the cabmen in the pit of the stomach, doubled him the room turned to look at him; "this is just about rich enough fer my blood. Got the magnificence of his surroundings diverted his attention from his along right handy." Then, before I knew what he was about, he hit one of the cabmen in the pit of the stomach, doubled him the room turned to look at him; "this is just about rich enough fer my blood. Got dance a hornpine, and lay right there.

Special Attention is Given to dance a hornpipe, and lay right there. Swazey examined him for a minute, and

"I'm going to send for the hospital ambu-lance, and ship him home by the night train. See?"

He was limp enough when we shoved him in the ambulance, and Swazey and I rode up to the Grand Central with him. Swazev bought his ticket, and we put him on a stretcher and carried him to the sleeper. Swazey explained to the porter that he was very ill, and that I was a professional nurse sympathy expressed by the passengers; and one old lady with spectacles was much touched by the resemblance to her husband in his last illness. She wanted to know what was the matter with him, and if he wasn't going to die. Swazey told her that "I think it's a perfect outrage that you it was a case of progressive locomotor ataxy,

"Look here," he said to me; "there's a word about him that I want to say to you before the train starts. Come out on the excitement was very injurious to her. He cussed enough to get into bed without say-platform, will you?" We walked out upon grinned like a satyr, and said I needn't ing a word. I thought the kindly hand of the platform, and when the train started, it

I suppose he got through all right. found this in the papers next day:

AN EXCITING NIGHT ON A SLEEPER. AN EXCITING NIGHT ON A SLEEPER.

The passengers on the midnight train out of New York, on the N. Y., N. Haven & Hartford road, last night, will be likely to remember their trip—those of them who were on the car New Hampshire. An elderly man, who had been carried to the car on a stretcher, and was supposed to be an invalid in care of a nurse, woke the passengers in the night by calling for a little more Medford. His nurse was not to be found; and when the porter attempted to quiethim, he jumped from his berth in an apparently delirious state, and offered to clean out the car. He was very noisy and violent, and it was morning before the train hands could succeed in quieting him. His ticket was for North Chuggville, New Hampshire.—

New York Truth.

A Border Drama Played Backward.

Buffalo Bill is as handsome and statuesque as ever, and since his great financial success and experience abroad has taken on a quiet dignity which becomes him greatly. His favorite reminiscence is touching the days when he first became an actor with Texas Jack, in Ned Buntline's

Knowing how proud Buntline was of his drama, Bill arranged with the stage manager one night to reverse the order of the acts. and proceeded to play the fourth act first, the third second, the second third. and first last. Buntline had business in the front of the house looking after the admissions, so he didn't come on till the second act, when he acted a small part, was promptly killed off and allowed to go out to the front again and count up. He came back to the stage to dress on the night when the change was made, and was horrified to find them playing the fourth act. He was dazed for a minute, but he knew he was sane and sober, and presently demanded an explanation.
"We've shifted," said Bill. "It got

monotonous playing it the other way all "But you'll ruin everything," declared The

Buntline, in a frenzy. "Nonsense," said Bill. "They'll never know the difference. And the public never did .- Chicago

The Warning Was Wasted.

Teacher-"Late again, Johnny! Remember, Johnny, it is the early bird that catches Johnny (solemnly)-"I've already got 'em."-New York Sun.

If your cough keeps you awake and rest-less by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

and obtain immediate relief. This remedy to take turns in escorting him to the vari-ous churches, and my wife suggested that I eral recognition of the entertainment we under the curtain came down with a gallon demijohn, which he trium-The sooner you begin the better.—Advt.

NOTICE.

THE JEWELRY BUSINESS heretofore conducted under the name of PAGE, SMALLEY & FERGUSON, will, after this date, be carried on under the name and style of FERGUSON & PAGE. Dated at St. John, N. B., Feb. 15, 1889. J. R. FERGUSON, H. C. PAGE.

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PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR †3.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18:30 p.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephea, Honl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at †6.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; †7.30 pm., Sleeping Car attached.
Vanceboro at #1.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at †10.20 a. m.; †8.40 p. m... Houkon at †10.15 a. m.; †8.40 p. m... St. Stephen at †9.55 a. m.; †9.45 p. m... St. Andrews at †9.20 a. m... Fredericton at †7.00 a. m.; †12.50 p. m... Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †10.00 a. m.; †4.90

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 a m.-Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from

†3.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. trace from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. Daily except Saturday. Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manages.
H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
A. J. HEATH.
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Intercolonial Railway. 1888---Winter Arrangement--- 1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 25th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 39

A Sleeping Car will run daily on th 18.00 train to Halifax.
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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 Express from Sussex...... 8 35

All trains are try by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

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