AFTER MANY DAYS.

I really am obliged to you for bringing back my It moves me much to look whereon I thought no

more to look; It minds me of the early time wherein 'twas lent to

When life was young, and hope was fair, and this eld book was new.

How well does memory recall the gilt this volume The day it first attracted me at ----'s store;

And vividly I recollect you called around that day, Admired it and borrowed it, and carried it away.

And now it comes to me again across the lapse of Wearing the somewhat battered look of those be-

yond their prime. Old book, you need a rest-but ere you're laid upon

the shelf. Just try and hang together till I read you through

-Christian Advocate.

UNDER THE WATTLE.

(THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF AUSTRALIA.) "Why should not wattle do For mistletoe?"

Asked one-they were but two-Where wattles grow. He was her lover too, Who urged her so-

"Why should not wattle do For mistletoe?" A rose cheek rosier grew,

Rose lips breathed low, "Since it is here and you, I hardly know

Why wattle should not do." -Douglas Sladen, in Australian Poets.

A MODERN REVELATION

As I traveled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I air throbbed. And after awhile a heavy what she wanted, and she said, "I am drowsiness came over me and I laid my head down against my saddle and I fell asleep. And in my sleep I had a curious

desert and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures, like beasts of burden of the desert. and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out and one stood by it, and I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its am I to get there?" He said, "There is has an old horse, valued at \$150 or \$200, back and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for cen-

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

bears men in her body." And I said, "Why does she lie here mo-

tionless, with the sand piled round her?" And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you. Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move; the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age of Dominion of Muscular Force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was bowed, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and fied it on with a broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to

And he said, "Sometimes a limb she

quivered. She is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her." And I said, "Why does not he who stands

by her leave her and go on?" And he said, "He cannot. Look!"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them both together. He said, "While she lies there he must

stand and look across the desert." And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?" And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden broken asunder, and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age of Muscular Force is dead. The Age of Nervous Force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand, and silently and visibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She

might rise now." And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to on the ground. And she laid him down on the ground, and she covered her wound. look for something on the far off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?" "
And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth and at the sky, and at him who stood by her; but he looked out across and they beat this way!' the desert.

But only her sides heaved; she lay still

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long!"

And I saw the creature struggle, and the

And I saw the creature struggle, and the drops stood out.

"And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her. She must help herself. Let her struggle until she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her."

her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and drags | pass?" her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and | river. he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes turned on my side, and I watched the ant with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her.

The creature rose an inch from the ground and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! She cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her! Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in eyes, and they were not afraid.

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke; and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with it?" And he answered, "On earth." And the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and I said, "When shall these things be?" And down in the red sand, and the heat beat he answered, "In the future." fiercely. I looked up in the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead, I stretched myself, and I thought over the dream I had had. I fell asleep again, and in the fierce heat I had another dream.

ing out of it. And she came to the bank | would arise again .- Olive Schreiner in the of a dark river; and the bank was steep Fortnightly Review. and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard, and a stick sat down under the tree because the heat | that was curled was in his hand, and on it beat fiercely and all along the horizon the was written Reason. And he asked her The Farmers Want a Chance to Win Big woman, and I am seeking for the Land of Freedom.

And he said, "It is before you." And answered, "None." She said, "Is the fair. water deep?" He said, "Deep." She

And he said, "This is woman; she that you may be lost. She said, "Have any crossed already?" He said, "Some have tried." She said, "Is there a track to show tried." She said, "Is there a track to show how spavined or crippled he may be, if he where the best fording is?" He said, "It is limbered up enough to beat some other has to be made."

She shaded her eyes, and she said, "I \$100.

And he said, "You must take off the dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

of Ancient Received Opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out sooth, they must spend the money in lumps of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the of \$100 on the old trotting horse. People Shoes of Dependence off your feet."

white garment that clung close to her. And he said, "That you may keep."

And I saw on her breast was written horses? Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way; where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot." And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No-what is that-in your not. breast?" She was silent. He said: "Open it and let me see." And

she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to aunty.-Harper's Bazar. her, and he held her breast fast with his hands. And Reason said: "Who is he? What is he doing here?" And she said: "See his little wings"—— And Reason said: "Put him down." And she said: "He is asleep, and he is drinking. I will carry him on to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long; so long I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—'Passion!' I have dreamed he

might say 'Friendship' in that land."
And Reason said: "Put him down." And she said: "I will carry him so with one arm, and with the other I will fight the

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight; you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down that he may

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had turned from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? Oh, I am alone! I am utterly

alone!" And Reason said to her, "Silence! what do vou hear?"

And she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,

He said, "They are the feet of those And I saw her body quiver; and she that shall follow you. Lead on! make a pressed her front knees to the earth, and track to the water's edge! Where you

veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going | stand now, the ground shall be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water edge, and is swept away, and then another comes, then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."
She said, "And, of those that come first,

some are swept away, their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said. "And what of that" — she said.
"They make a track to the water's edge."

And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will He said, "The entire human race."

And the woman grasped her staff. And

I saw her turn down that dark path to the And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light; the sinking sun lit run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the

afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness

crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep. And I dreamed a dream. I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men hand in hand. And they looked into each other's

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands. And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?" And he said, "This is heaven." And I said, "Where is

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. Then the sun passed down behind I saw a desert, and I saw a woman com- the hills; but I knew that the next day he

TOO MUCH HORSE.

Premiums.

A farmer, writing to the president of an agricultural society, which the Pittsfield Journal says is not a hundred miles from she said, "I see nothing before but a dark that place, in speaking of the fair, men-I thought I stood on the border of a great | flowing river, and a bank steep and high." | tions some things that he thinks are not And he said, "And beyond that?" She right. One man has an Alderney bull said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when valued at from \$500 to \$800, takes him to I shade my eyes with my hands, I think I a fair ten or fifteen miles distant, hiring a one way, and one only. Down the Banks which can trot around the track in three of Labor, through the Water of Suffering." minutes. He has no trouble, no work, and She said, "Is there no bridge?" He gets \$50 or \$75 for it, which doesn't seem

One man has some nice poultry, which said, "Is the floor worn?" He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost. She said, "Have any premium, he is \$1 better off, while the owner of an old plug of a horse, no matter nag in going around a track, gets \$50 or

The man who brings a big pumpkin to the fair gets 50 cents, and the woman who clothes you wore in the desert; they are has worked patiently on a silk or satin quilt for days, weeks or even months, gets what? She gets the quilt covered with And she threw from her gladly the mantle | dust, gets it home the best she can, and gets a discretionary premium of 25 cents for her trouble. The managers of the fair cannot give her any more, because, forwho attend the fair are interested in some-And she stood there naked, but for one thing else than the horse; then why not give the farmers and farmers' wives a fair chance, instead of spending it on the

Edith, I sometimes fancy baby will be like

you, Aunt Penelope? Dear me, I hope

Aunt Penelope—You hope not! And pray why, Edith? Edith (suddenly recollecting herself in

view of Aunt P's. powers) - Oh, good looks are frequently such a snare, you know,

The Work of Time.

have been married? Mr. B.—This must be the first anniver-

sary, because I notice that she sits at the window every evening and waits for him to you are well bred, make any very bad mis-

long as we have the poor thing would have is handy. to wait for him all night.—Life.

AT ONE.

"Thou canst not see my Face."-Exodus xxxiii 20. "The Power that the universe manifests to us, utterly Inscrutable."—HERBERT SPENCER.

Truth is never foe to truth, Science has no war with faith; Different though the tongues they speak, One the word that either saith. Faith, in dream, a ladder sees
Heavenward reaching from the sod;
Science slowly builds and climbs,
Climbing, buildeth up to God.

"Not by whim and not by chance
Is the world's great order moved;
Law eternal changeless rules":—
Science cries:—"Yea, I have proved
Not through all eternity
Doth an atom thrill in vain:
"Is' but joins 'Was' and 'Shall be',—
Links in Nature's endless chain."

"Meting not, with partial gaze, Links and atoms one by one, Mine," cries Faith, "the boundless Whole, Never ending, ne'er begun. 'How' and 'Why' I seek not. 'Law?' This word, too, shall men outgrow— 'Was' I know not, nor 'Shall be': Only this,—God is,—I know."

Not a senseless, huge machine Is this universe to me; Nature is the living smile Of the Face I may not see.
'Tis the Power that lights the sun,
Whirls the earth from night to day,
Bids the woodland minstrel sing,

Bids the soul of man to pray. Truth hath never war with truth, Truth hath never war with truth,
Science finds no foe in faith;
Unto him that knows its tongue
One the word that either saith.
Science slowly builds a stair,
Faith sees that by angels trod—
Brother, climb by which thou wilt;
Either leads the soul to God.

-Solomon Solis-Cohen in the Christian Register.

STOCKINGS!

MAKE OUR OWN HOSIERY.

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We are now making one of the TOUGHEST WEARING STOCKINGS we have ever made, yet they are sightly and fine, with an EXTRA DOUBLE HEEL.

FULL FASHIONED and WITHOUT a SEAM, and every pair may be RE-FOOTED. Made from Imported Hard-Twisted ENGLISH YARNS. TRY THEM!

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NOT TO BE EXPLAINED.

Just a few evenings ago, at a small dinner party, Prof. Clarke of the geodetic survey, who was once a student at Cornell, in the same class with Gov. Foraker of Ohio, told of a strange experience he once had in New York with Mme. Blavatsky, sleep there are no kickers there.

the notorious theosophist. He wished to test her supposed super-natural powers and see for himself if she could do any of the wonderful things alleged, of which Julian Hawthorne is so fond of writing. He called and stated the object of his errand. The madame was seated in an armchair, at one end of her room. She was gracious, polite, volatile, and agreeable. There was a center table

"Write a letter personally to yourself," she said, "about something known only to yourself, and seal it."

He did so.

"Drop it on the floor near the table." This was done. She put her hand near the carpet, pointed with one finger, and the letter came to her. She took it up and made a motion as if she would open it.

professor. "That is a personal and pri-there. "Oh, I will not open it," was the reply. "If you look upon the table you will find a

copy of it."
She handed the sealed letter to Prof. Clarke. He went to the table and saw an exact copy of his letter in his own handwriting upon another sheet of paper.

"Seal that up," said Mme. Blavatsky, "and when you get home you will find it under the table in your study." "I put on my hat, thoroughly frightened," he said, "and got out of the house as quick as I could, and rushed home. I

found the copy of my letter just as she "How do you explain it?" "There is no explanation," was the eply. - Washington Post.

When to Use Fingers Instead of Forks.

At an official dinner a few nights ago, in Washington, a distinguished society belle from New York, one of McAllister's 400, was observed to handle the wing of a chicken with her fingers, and afterward daintily nibbled a "drumstick" the same way without the use of a knife or fork. Some of the cabinet and administration ladies, only one of whom belongs to the 400, marvelled at this, and thought it showed "lack of breeding." The one Aunt Penelope (who has testamentary authority, Mrs. Whitney, remarked that powers and is very homely)—Do you know, the action of the young lady was in per-

fect good form. The list of things that can be eaten from Edith (astonished into candor)—Like the fingers is on the increase. It includes all bread-toasts, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when it is served whole, as it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumpled in the fingers and dipped in sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters; strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pul- a column of people to his little store which verized sugar; cheese in all forms, except has continued to grow ever since, until it Mrs. B.—That couple across the street Brie or Roquefort or Cumbefort, and fruit has followed him into the grand palaces in are going to celebrate the anniversary of of all kinds, except preserves and melons. their wedding; I wonder how long they The latter should be eaten with a spoon or

In the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if ome home.

Mrs. B.-If they had been married as finger bowl stands by you and the napkin

Wedding Novelties.

The latest novelty at fashionable weddings is for the bridesmaids to carry satin shoes filled with flowers, and the result is charmingly pretty, says London Life. At one wedding the shoes were of eau de Nil satin, and were filled with blush-pink roses. At another there was a very effective combination of pink satin and maize-colored roses, while the delicate structure depended from the bridesmaid's arm by pink satin ribbons, like a veritable miniature hanging garden. At a third the shoes were pink satin, and the flowers were golden-brown chrysanthemums, toning from dark brown to pale yellow.

In some cases these shoe bouquets take the place of ordinary posies; in others they are merely supplementary to huge clusters of flowers carried in the hand; sometimes, however, by way of intensifying the novelty of the innovation, the bridesmaids are divided into two detachments, half carrying shoes filled with flowers, and the other half being supplied with bouquets of the regulation pattern.

The Frenzy of Starvation. Mrs. Hamoneg (to waiting maid)-

Where's the dinner? Brigita-Shure, ma'am, when I was goin' through the hall wid it that new boarder pulled a revolver on me, grabbed th chicken, an' he locked himself in his room.

-Puck.

If you have rooms "to let," remember that every house-hunting woman reads "Progress." Only 10 cents.

NO KICKERS THERE.

A Striking Test of the Powers of a Theo- A Side Glance at Heaven by a Rather Irreverent Poet.

I hope to go to the realms above, when I lie down to die; I hope that choirs all clad in white will greet my wondering eye. I know that I'll be filled with joy, in regions free from care, for angels tell me in my sleep there are no kickers there.

| 18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodsteck, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. I know that I'll be filled with joy, in regions,

Though rugged be the jasper pave, no soul will dare complain; though sunlight shines the ages through, no spirits call for rain; though crowns be half a size too small, no seraphs tear their hair, and all is joy above because—there are no kickers

The music may be out of tune, no one will hold his ears; the robes may not be tailor-made, there'll be no moans or tears; the sandals may be often worn, none ask a better pair, for, glory to the Lord of Hosts!

—there are no kickers there.

And when celestials councils call for paving on the street, the man who gets the contract may work onward swift and fleet; no spirit will injunctions bring nor cranks nor croakers swear; the realms above are "I beg your pardon," said the disturbed free from chumps, there are no kickers

where cranks come to the front: where men who never work or toil still lie around and grunt; I long to wear celestial robes and climb the golden stair, for well I know that in those lands, there are no kickers there. - Unknown Exchange.

If you want to Let your House, Advertise in "Progress".

Hon. John Wanamaker Began Life. John Wanamaker's first effort in business

as a boy was with an army clothing contract. He had his widowed mother with several children younger than himself to support, and got them all to work. He was able, one hour before the expiration of the time for the delivery of the goods, to pull the last of them on a hand truck over the sidewalk, while his brothers pushed the load from behind, into the office of the A Sleeping Car will run daily on th 18.00 train to Halifax. United States Inspector.

Not one of these garments was rejected. Every one of them passed a most rigid examination and was found to be exactly according to the government requirement, and was accepted by the most particular and technical of inspectors. Upon receiving his pay for this contract from the United States disbursing officer, he drew the money for the check from the bank in bills, laid aside \$500 for the support of his deceased father's family, \$500 more of it as capital in business, and before going home called at the different newspaper offices and advertised himself as a clothing merchant, paying all the rest of the money, about \$2,-

500, for the advertisements. Next morning Philadelphia was thoroughly aware of the fact that a new clothing merchant had commenced business within her limits, and the curiosity excited by the liberal, simultaneous advertisements started which now is conducted his wholesale and retail trade.—New York Mail and Express.

It Beat the Devil.

This is Edward Everett Hale's story A man had sold himself to the devil, who was to possess him at a certain time, unless he could propound a question to his Satanic Majesty which he could not answer, he being allowed to put three queries to him. The time came for the devil to claim his own, and he consequently appeared. The first question the man asked was concerning theology, to which it caused the devil no trouble to reply. The second he also answered without hesitation. The man's fate depended on the third. What should it be? He hesitated and turned pale, and the cold dew stood on his torehead, while he shivered with anxiety, nervousness and terror, and the devil triumphantly sneered. At this juncture, the man's wife appeared in the room with a band's condition, she demanded to know the cause. When informed, she laughed and said: "I can propound a question which the devil himself cannot answer. The devil gave it up and retired in disgust, and the man was free. - Salem Gazette.

AT EVENING TIME.

Slowly, by God's hand unfurled, Down around the weary world Falls the darkness. Oh, how still Is the working of His will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh, Work in me as silently; Veil the day's distracting sights, Show me heaven's eternal lights. Living stars to view be brought In the boundless realms of thought;

High and infinite desires, Flaming like those upper fires. Holy Truth, Eternal Right, Let them break upon my sight: Let them shine, screne and still, And with light my being fill.

-W. H. Furness.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Genéral Agent for New Brunswick.

Commencing January 7, 1889.

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PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. †3.35 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

\$3.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Pertland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heulton, 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 p m., Sleeping Car attached.

Vanceboro at ¶1.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon.

Woodstock at †10.20 a. m.; †8.40 p. m.

Houlton 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.; †4.00 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. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. #Daily except Monday.

Then take me from this vale of tears, H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
A. J. HEATH F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

1888---Winter Arrangement---1889

Intercolonial Railway.

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express..... 7 30

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Ex-press, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Halifax and Quebec...... 7 00 Express from Sussex...... 8 35 All trains are : by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moneton, N. B., November 20, 1888. Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

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