

BELLS OF THE ANGELUS.

Bells of the past, whose unforgett'n music Still fills the twilight expansion...

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

The doctor, with his immense shaggy head, glowing eyes deep-set and small, thin body, was an extraordinary object...

Of course, as every one knows, Dr. Hognagel is nothing of the kind; for though he probably knows more than all the wizards of antiquity put together...

We had been discussing the skull. "It is a woman's then," said I. "Yes, and a very lovely woman she was, too," replied Dr. Hognagel...

"Well, at all events, I know she was a beauty," he said. And, after puffing at his pipe a while, he continued: "It's a curious story, and you might as well hear it. You remember Daventry?"

"Not Daventry who married Miss Saltonstall, the heiress, and went mad?" "That's the man—Edward Daventry. My specialty is mental diseases, you know, and I signed the order committing him to the asylum. That was ten years ago. He died last week."

"Only last week! I supposed him dead for years." "Death is a name applied indiscriminately to several different phenomena. Now you knew Daventry who married Miss Saltonstall; but I knew him before that event—long before. And I happen to know that Miss Saltonstall was not the first lady."

"Ah! An earlier romance! Do let me hear about it." "There is not much to that. There was a girl—let us call her Francesca; her family name does not concern us. She was a lovely creature, of a style quite unlike Miss Saltonstall. Daventry was then barely 20; she, a year or two younger. She loved him with all her heart. He—well, he conceived a passion for her. It was understood—she understood—that they were to be married. But she took too much for granted, and granted too much. You know the way of the world. There are times when the woman is as much to blame as the man. All I will say is, that this was not one of those times. Daventry was then a young fellow in a country town, with no prospects in particular. An unexpected circumstance gave him an opportunity to enter business in New York, and he went, leaving Francesca behind. Well, it had to be! And within a year he had the satisfaction, such as it was, of hearing that she was dead."

How the doctor's eyes did glow! He looked terribly at that moment. "Daventry had, I believe, already made the acquaintance of Miss Saltonstall, and it was not long before they were openly engaged to be married. There was no ambiguity about that arrangement. You may suppose, if you like, that Daventry was really in love this time. At all events, he acted as if he were. He hardly ever let the girl out of his sight. She couldn't complain of lack of devotion. They were married—a great wedding. You remember it. A handsome couple. All New York looking on. All the girls envying her; all the young fellows him. So off they went on their honeymoon."

The doctor sucked hard and fast at his black pipe, until he, and the little white skull, and the pile of antique volumes, were all enveloped in a gray mist of smoke. "Daventry became proverbial for work."

Everything he took hold of went well. His wife had a million to her dowry, so there was no need for him to work; but he did work, and it was thought greatly in his credit that he did so. He went into all sorts of schemes; they all turned to gold as soon as he touched them. He kept a fine house in town, another at the seaside, another in California. He and his wife were always on the top in society, always stirring, always entertaining; and yet Daventry never lost his grip on any of his schemes. People said there never was such a man; wonderful head! Astonishing genius! They had no children—children are hardly fashionable—but people sometimes asked where all these millions were going. Never mind; they kept piling up—railroads, telegraphs, coal, iron, silver—all contributing to make Daventry rich. No skeleton in his closet; no room for one—too full of gold! Lucky man! happy man, Daventry!—devilish happy!"

Here the doctor paused and wreathed his great lips into so sardonic a grin, at the same time gathering his shaggy brows together in a frown so portentous, that I really felt uneasy.

"The happiest men sometimes make mistakes. Daventry made one—he over-worked himself. One day he came to consult me. I examined him; told him to let up. He said he couldn't. I asked him if he wanted softening of the brain? That startled him—threw him off his guard. He began to talk about himself; said he was the most miserable wretch on earth. Hated his wife; she hated him. Fought together like a couple of scorpions. No children, no peace, no rest. Wanted to kill her, and himself, but was afraid to die. I asked him why? He gave me a look—a ghastly look—and went out."

"The seventh anniversary of their wedding came round. To show how happy they were they arranged to give a great reception and ball. Such preparations never were known. Invitations were sent out two months in advance. Preparations going on in the house for three weeks. It was in winter, but the halls, staircases and rooms were smothered in flowers. For supper, all the things nicest to eat and drink, and hardest to get. Favors for the dance cost enough to buy a city lot—gold, silver and diamonds. Eight hundred people came; the best in New York, and only the best. Until twelve o'clock Daventry and his wife stood under a great marriage bell of their guests. There they stood, smiling, bowing and shaking hands, the type and example of blessed and prosperous wedlock. Ah! a fine sight!"

"After midnight they left their place and mingled with the guests. It was like a fairy palace—everywhere perfume, color, sparkle, beauty, music. They say, so many beautiful women were never before seen together in New York. Daventry was fond of beautiful women. He went about chatting and laughing first with one and then with another. Everybody remarked how uncommonly well he looked. I was there; he came up to me; I looked at him. 'Well, doctor!' he said, smiling. I put one finger to my forehead—so! and shook my head; his lips got pale, and he glared at me. A few minutes afterwards I saw him at the table, drinking champagne."

"As he turned away from the table he saw a lady sitting in a window-seat, partly concealed by the curtains. She was alone. He went up to her. She was the most beautiful woman of the evening; but he couldn't recall who she was. And yet there was something familiar in her face—familiar as a strain of music that you recognize, but cannot place. Now he thought he remembered—then, again, the name just escaped him. He asked her to take a glass of wine—'Yes,' she said, 'with you!'"

The manner in which Dr. Hognagel gave the ensuing dialogue amazed me. No trained actor could have done it better. His marvellous voice accommodated itself to every intonation. Closing my eyes, I could have believed that the speakers stood before me. "He brought the wine, and she received the glass from him. Her voice, when she spoke, had gone to his heart; surely he had heard it before! Where? Where? How lovely she was! Her dress, too, was exquisite, white, soft, voluptuous. The arms and figure of a young goddess. Diamonds on her bosom; in her hair a spray of heliotrope. That flower had been his favorite—before he married! He had associations with it. He felt his face burn. He bent down toward her."

"I hear you have been having a dull evening," he said. "Did you come late?" "Yes; I am but just arrived. I came only to see you."

"He felt his heart beat at those caressing words. 'The night would have been a blank to me if you had not been here.' 'She smiled—a strange smile. 'Truly? I thought you had forgotten me.' 'How could any one ever forget you? But it is some time since we met.' 'Yes, indeed—a long time. But this is your wedding anniversary. See, I bear you no ill will! Let us drink to it!'"

"She lifted the glass to her lips. On her finger he caught the sparkle of a ring—an amethyst. His hand shook so that his wine was spilled. He knew that ring! 'Where did you get that amethyst?' 'Surely, you ought to know! Then I am forgotten! It was you who gave it, Edward.' 'He sat down beside her on the window seat; he had no strength to stand. They were concealed by the lace curtains. He stared in her face, trembling. Yes, it was she; there could be no mistake. 'Francesca!'"

"Ah, at last!" she said, laughing softly. "But why do you stare so at me?" "I heard you were dead—dead, years and years ago!" "Oh, I am alive! I am all life. I have been in foreign countries. But I have not forgotten those old days of ours, Edward. How sweet they were! Have you been happy since?"

"The happiness of lost souls! This is my first happy moment. Is it real? You have changed, Francesca. You were never so beautiful as this. Have you come to taunt me?" "I am Francesca—your Francesca," she said. "But other changes have, indeed, come to me. I am no longer a girl. I have wealth and power." She leaned toward him, fragrant and irresistible. "Edward, do you care for me still?" she whispered.

"His self-control forsook him. 'I would give my soul for you!' he said. 'What a look—what a smile she gave him! 'Come with me, then,' said she. 'Come to my home; we cannot talk here."

There, no one will interrupt us. Come, Edward!"

"He hesitated. 'My guests will expect—' 'You know I am—' 'She laid her soft fingers on his hand. 'Never mind them. What are they to you? Let this be the proof that you care for me—to leave them and come with me. Are you afraid?'"

"He rose to his feet. 'Let us go,' he said. 'He was reckless. But the dining-saloon was now empty. The guests had gone to the drawing-rooms and the bands were playing a waltz. How the music sang and thrilled! They passed out into the hall unnoticed. No one seemed to heed them. Francesca was now enveloped in a long pearl-gray cloak, lined with swan's-down. He had his hat and coat. Her hand was on his arm. They descended the stairs, treading on roses. The door opened before them, and they went out. Her carriage stood at the bottom of the steps. Snow was falling; but in a moment, they were seated side by side in the carriage, where it was warm and perfumed. Edward Daventry could have believed himself in heaven. He felt the gentle touch of her arm and shoulder. He saw the darkness of her eyes and hair, the pure bloom of her face."

"He loved, she loved him; what was the world compared to that? The carriage rolled along swiftly, on easy springs. They were leaving all things—all care and trouble behind. He bent to kiss her cheek; but she put up her hand with tenderest coquetry. 'Not yet, Edward,' she murmured. 'Wait! wait!'"

"At length the carriage stopped; they were at her home. They alighted; he followed her up the steps, and into the softly-lighted hall. As the door closed behind them, she turned to smile on him—a smile of love and invitation. She went on into an inner room, pushing aside the heavy curtains that hung in the doorway. Here all was warm, sumptuous, luxurious, softly-lighted. In the middle of the room she turned upon him with an enchanting gesture."

"Now—the kiss!" she said. "His lips were almost on hers. Suddenly she lifted her two hands to the sides of her face, and her whole face seemed to come away, as one removes a mask. Beneath was disclosed a bare, grinning skull, with fragments of earth and mold clinging to it. A cold, damp scent of death emanated from it. Something seemed to burst in Daventry's head. He uttered an awful scream, and fell to the floor senseless."

The doctor stopped and re-lit his pipe. My eyes fell on the skull beside him. "What does this mean?" I faltered. "Is that all?"

"A mere hallucination, of course," said the doctor, chuckling. "Daventry's brain had given away on that evening, as I had warned him it would. He imagined he saw this woman, and had followed the spectre into the street. An odd coincidence, by the way; he was found the next morning, nearly frozen to death, and quite mad—where do you suppose?"

"Where?" said I, shuddering. "Why, in a deserted house on the other side of the Harlem, which had previously been occupied by this same Francesca. How he got there nobody knows. But he raved about this hallucination for years afterwards; and when he died the other day, he shrieked out with his last breath that he was being kissed by a skull."

"Who was Francesca?" I asked. "Why do you ask? That is her skull. And this ring of mine is her ring. What does a name matter? It is only within the last fifteen years or so that I have borne my present name. I was married some forty years since. I lost my wife early. She left me a daughter, but she died, too. When she was about nineteen years old. Have a glass of wine."—N. Y. Ledger.

ONE OF BURDETTE'S BEST.

Not so Very Funny, But Chock Full of Solid Facts for the Boys.

Then, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

These words of the apostle were not the utterance of a cold and crafty preceptor who proposed to bring up his adopted child that he should tread the devious paths of the world in safety and achieve the greatest possible amount of material good. If St. Paul had been such a teacher he would have said: 'Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the wiles of the devil. Cheat, lie, steal, trample upon conscience, murder, scruple; take to thyself that which thou canst seize upon. Fear not—there may be heaven; there may be hell; meantime, is one earth here.' But St. Paul was not that kind of a man. 'Thou, therefore, my son,' he said, 'be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.' That way lies happiness; there is sweet content and the heart's ease of a calm and quiet conscience. The heathen rage furiously; the wicked make a stir in the world, but there is no health in them. They sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind; and they pass away. But thou, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, and everything that is pleasant and beautiful shall be about thee, and joy and rapture will fill thy soul eternally. Now, you may not believe it, but it is true, that St. Paul knew what he was talking about, and some day you will come to the conclusion that you would have been better and happier if you had followed and profited by his sage advice. Then you will look back with sorrow and bitter tears upon the vast fields of pestilent wild oats that you have sown so thick and with such diligence, and slowly, with halting step, you will go to the bank of God and say: 'Let me have fifteen years this morning, please.' And the cashier will say: 'No, my son, you have overdrawn your account.' 'What!' you will exclaim in surprise, 'I have checked out only thirty-five years so far.' 'Ah, my son,' the angel of life will say to you, 'you have lived seventy years in those thirty-five, and your credit is exhausted.' Then will come, all too soon, the time when you will be stricken down, and then—Think of it, my boy! Eternity! Never more to greet God's glorious sun with the smile of perfect and unalloyed innocence; never again to hear the loving of the kine on the hillside you knew so well in your boyhood; never again to listen to the melody of the birds; never again to join the romping of merry children on the village green; never again. Eternity! Never again to feel the arms of loving women about your neck; never again to hear the gladome prattling of your child; never again to know the delights of friendship; never again. Eternity! And thus, at

your own desire, you will go forth into the black night of death, helpless and alone. My boy, is that to be your life? Is this to be your latter end? No, God forbid. Be honest—not because some one has said that honesty is the best policy, for if you are honest from considerations of policy you will be dishonest just as soon as dishonesty seems to you to be a better policy. But be honest because honesty is right, honesty is noble. And if you find the task a hard one, remember that there is One that will keep you, if you will but ask His aid. He died for the priests and the Pharisees who judged him falsely. He died for Pilate, who condemned him. He died for the people who jeered at him. He died for the millions who daily wound him. He died for you and me. He will help you, my son. Ask him.—Sermon in Chicago by R. J. Burdette.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILY.

An Angel's Tears Call Forth the Beautiful Floral Gift.

Once, long ago, when the earth was young, an angel was wandering through its verdant fields searching for a flower to make an offering to his Heavenly Father. Rich was the color and sweet the perfume of these earthly stars, but how gaudy they were in comparison to the one that was in his mind!

"A pure white flower!" he murmured; but though he searched long and diligently he could not find one.

Disappointed and weary he sat down on a stone and wept. The crystal tears fell down his robe and sank into the ground. Immediately a lily sprang up so pure and sweet that the angel, with a joyous burst of song, straightway gathered it and flew on high to the throne of God, and, kneeling, laid the offering at His feet.

His Creator, beholding the graceful white flower, said to His faithful servant: "Because of thy zeal in My service, this flower shall henceforth grow all over the world, and when sinful man looks upon it he will think of thy fervor and imitate it."

Reader, have you ever looked upon a pure white lily and not felt an indelible sensation pass over you? A breath of heaven, perhaps; a glimpse of the divine purity!—Gertrude B. Duffee in Atlanta Constitution.

For Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Cramps and Pains in the Bowels, there is no remedy that can be more relied upon than Kendrick's Mixture, for children or adults.—Adet.

Sorry He Said It.

"This rain is really too disagreeable for you to venture out, Mr. Boggs; remain and take tea with us, quite en famille, won't you?" "Thanks, but it isn't as bad so that.—Ex.

When, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the best physicians, and are for sale at all the drug-stores.—Adet.

Vertical Chinese text advertisement for tea: 等委名茶舖在聖轉華上, 利臣庇厘專辦, 5 o'clock Tea

A PRIZE OF A CADDY OF CELEBRATED 5 o'clock Tea will be given to the person that first sends a correct translation of the above hieroglyphics to T. WILLIAM BELL, Wholesale Dealer in Finest China Teas, 88 Prince William Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dyspepsia

Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequalled.

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills cured him.

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Insurance advertisement: FIRE PLATE GLASS INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE. R.W.M. FRANKLIN, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B. STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE. ACCIDENT

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, Fredericton, N. B.

COLT STAKES. Foals of 1888 to be Trotted in 1890. Foals of 1889 to be Trotted in 1891.

The Directors of the above Association would announce the opening of the following COLT STAKES, to be trotted for on their Track.

Stakes will be open to Colts, either trotters or pacers, that have been bred in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island. The whole amount of entrance money and added money will be divided—60 per cent. to the winner, 20 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Stake No. 3. Open to Foals of 1888, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1890.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1890; \$5.00, second payment, to be made on or before 1st July, 1890; \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race. \$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats 2:54, the present track record for two-year-olds.

Stake No. 4. Open to Foals of 1889, mile heats, two in three in harness; to be trotted at the FALL MEETING of the Association in 1891.

Entrance, \$15.00 each, to be paid as follows: \$5.00 to be paid with nomination on or before 1st January, 1891; \$5.00, second payment, on or before 1st July, 1891; \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race. \$50.00 will be added to the entrance money, by the Association, and \$25.00 additional will be given if the winner beats the best previous record on the Track for same class.

General Conditions.

All nominations must give name and description (date of foaling, and breeding of foal named, and also the names and addresses of the breeder and owner. Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association.

Board of Directors.

F. P. THOMPSON, President. D. F. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. TENNANT, J. M. WILEY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. P. FLEWELLING, Sec'y. Fredericton, N. B., Nov., 1889.

REMARKS.

The Directors think it advisable to continue these Colt races. While there is no money in it directly for the Association, the Directors think that it must be encouraging to breeders.

50c. A WEEK.

Lounges, Tables; Wringers, Hanging Lamps; Pictures, Plated Ware.

F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street. HORSE BLANKETS, Harness Leather, Barn Lanterns, Sled Shoe Steel, Tested Chain. FOR SALE BY J. HORNCastle & Co., Indian town.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing October 7, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6:40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 7:00 a. m.—Accommodation for St. Stephen and intermediate points. 3:00 p. m.—Fast Express for Houlton and Woodstock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 1:45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 1:45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 1:30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 6:00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. 12:20, 7:30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vancouver at 11:15, 10:55 a. m.; 12:10, 11:55 p. m. Woodstock at 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:30, 12:30 p. m. Houlton at 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 12:30 p. m. St. Stephen at 10:20, 11:30 a. m.; 12:15, 12:30 p. m. Fredericton at 10:20, 11:20 a. m.; 12:20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 10:45, 10:05 a. m.; 12:10, 11:10, 10:20 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 10:00 a. m. for Fairville. 1:40 p. m.—Connecting with 4:45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. † Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1:25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4:10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7:45 a. m., St. George, 9:50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12:25 p. m., St. John at 12:45 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889--Winter Arrangement--1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7:00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 11:10 Fast Express for Halifax..... 11:10 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11:20 Express for Sussex..... 12:25 A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7:15 o'clock and St. John at 7:30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10:20 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 10:20, will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11:10 Fast Express from Halifax..... 11:10 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 12:25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave..... 12:30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows:

Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8:30 | Leave MONCTON, 15:30 Arr. MONCTON.....10:30 | Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17:30 C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

TICKETS

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMÉ, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.