## PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

#### A SONG OF THREE BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

God three beautiful things hath made. Birds and women and flowers, To charm the roaming eye, and spread Sweet magic o'er the hours; And whoso loves not all the three, Let him live with his loveless self alone, Like a crab in a shell, or a toad in a stone, Far away from me!

Flowers are beautiful when the brae Is purpled o'er with blossom, And all the buds that crown the spray Their fragrant stores unbosom; And who loves not this one of the three, etc.

Birds are beautiful when they keep High concert in the spring, Or wheel their mazes o'er the deep With gently sloping wing; And who loves not this second of three, etc.

Women are beautiful when they wear All summer in their smiles, And sweetly lighten while they share The workman's weary toils; And who loves not this best of the three, etc.

God three beautiful things hath made, To feed discerning eyes, With outflow of His glory shed O'er earth and sea and skies; And whoso loves not all the three,

Let him live with his loveless self alone, Like a crab in a shell, or a toad in a stone, Far away from me!

-J. Stuart Blackie, in Cassell's Magazine.

A BOGUS ANCHORESS.

out Protestant she was revolving in her fell." mind certain impious questions. This was the third mendicant in pious garb who had come to her door within a month, soliciting alms for the support of some far away religious institution. Who was to assure her that the contributions she had already made would be faithfully dedicated to the purpose for which they had been given? Would the Catholics take pity upon the needy suffering of other denominations? In her growing distrust she leaped to reck- Mrs. Belden. less surmises. What if these black-robed women were not "sisters" after all, but merely bold imposters, who assumed the dress of the order for the time for their own selfish aims and purposes?

She recalled herself from her reverie with a little shudder, and her voice was hard and cold as she spoke.

looking up the poor about us. There may "The mother?"

succeeded in swallowing a cup of tea and a home. "Bessie, you remember Jack Gros- open, and Jack Grosvenor, returned to bit of fruit. Then she resumed her post by venor - the oldest triend I have. You something like his old impetuous self, the window. A rain was falling, which increased until it came in gusts and squalls, then settled into a steady downpour. It was after nine o'clock when she des-

cried a dark figure hurrying up the street The gate opened and shut with a click, and you to our home, Mr. Grosvenor," said the the doctor bounded up the steps of the portico, to be met with a tearful greeting winning smile. on the part of his wife.

"Oh, Robert! You don't know what I have suffered. I was so afraid that some of those dreadful men who are always of the gay, lighthearted fellow, and tried shooting on the streets down town -"

laid a long morocco case on the table, she over the plains with an abstracted air. noticed that his face was pale and drawn. "An operation, dear? What was it?"

He did not answer at once. Indeed he sat down to the table and drank his cup of Mountain.' tea and ate a slice or two of bread and butter, chatting meanwhile in an absent absently wondering why her husband should way on indifferent topics. It was only make such a point of his friend's business way on indifferent topics. It was only when they had gone into the little parlor, and he had thrown himself in a great easy chair before the glowing fire, that he recognized her question.

"A seven-year-old boy dear. Leg crushed beneath the cars. Stood it like a hero !"

"How did it happen-the injury I mean ?"

"Slipped and fell under a backing engine! They seem to have been pretty badly off-the mother and child-and the fireman of yard-engine No. 26 had been in the habit of throwing off lumps of coal for the little fellow to pick up. To-day tells me he has lost all trace of her." The doctor's wife scanned her visitor in silence. With the au facity of an out-and- slowed down, and missed his footing and "How very strange!" Her woman's curiosity was roused. "And she was such

" How he must have suffered !"

"He never seemed to think of himself at all. Was possessed with a fear that the fireman might be blamed. Beautiful little fellow in spite of his shabby clothes. Broad white forehead, curling brown hair and thoughtful gray eyes Do you know I can't get rid of a certain fancy that I've seen the child before."

"Probably on the street," suggested

"No, no. Years ago; when I was a boy, or in some other existence." " Where do they live?"

"I declare, Bessie, I never suspected there was such destitution in this place. You remember those wretched dug-outs on the other side of the railroad ? Nothing to screen the entrance but a piece of worn-"Sister Veronica, I really do not feel out tent-cloth. We had to perform the justified in helping your hospitals and asy-lums any more. I think its time we were She held it."

our wedding-

himself a thousand miles away. Yes, I doctor's wife, holding out her hand with a

But there was no answering smile on the face of the man she so cordially greeted. She remembered her husband's description to identify him with this sober-faced re-"Nonsense, child !" But his voice was served man, who had silently seated him-shaky, and as he reached out his hand and self by the window, and was looking out

"Jack has just come back with a party from Guaymas," explained the doctor; "he has made a rich strike down on Pocahontas

"That is very good," said Mrs. Belden, success, or speak of it as if it were of vital interest to her.

"I am glad for Jack," proceeded the doctor, a little awkwardly; "he has been telling me something of his experience today-you don't mind my telling Bessie. Jack ?---and he's had a hard pull. Worst of all he lost his wife."

"I'm very sorry"-

"No, not that way !" hastily interrupted the doctor; "lost sight of her. He left her in Denver three years ago. Heard from her once or twice, but his roaming life was not favorable to correspondence. Now he

a pretty woman, Mr. Grosvenor. I remember the lovely face of the photograph you sent us when you were married. Such a dimpled, laughing face! Where was it that I saw one that reminded me of it not long ago?"

"I can't say it seems so very strange to me," remarked Grosvenor, taking part in the conversation for the first time, and speaking in a labored, husky voice; "I wonder that she put up with it so long. We have had a hard time of it for years. You know how she had been reared up. She was a Miss Ruth Stanhope, of Richmond, of the old Virginia Stanhopes I was never able to provide for her in the way she had been accustomed to at home. I left her with almost nothing. She was a proud spirited woman. She tired of the struggle and went back to her friends. I had hopes she might hold out on account of the boy."

"The boy? Then you had a child?" Grosvenor assented with a mute gesture. "Ruth Stanhope," repeated the doctor's wife slowly, looked steadily at her husband, who sent her back a significant glance; " and the boy-how old would your little son be now, Mr. Grosvenor ?" "A little more than seven years." "Robert, I have an errand that must be attended to at once. You and Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me. I will not be long.' Mrs. Belden had snatched up a broadbrimmed hat, and was trying it under her her hands from the lamp. Her fingers chin as she spoke, her eyes kindled with excitement, her cheeks lit a with a sudden son in a cataleptic trance. I thought she flame. Jack Grosvenor, roused from his was going to fall on the ground. But, apathy, looked curiously after her as she sped down the street, her head in a whirl. As she flew along the sidewalk, she tried " Instead; she insisted upon staying there to balance and arrange the queer facts and strange memories that were flitting through the splendor of Jack Grosvenor's wedding, "But how can the child recover in aud the contrast it had presented to their The anchoress turned to go. She had such a place? It is criminal to leave own nuptials. She recalled an account she had read of the marriage banquet and the with a decided rebuff, yet at the door she "The citizens of Palmea may be a trifle list of the notable guests who were in at-paused a moment and held out a shapely uncivilized, my dear, but they are not tendance. She saw in anticipation the bare "The citizens of Palmea may be a trifle list of the notable guests who were in atroom she was about to enter, with its beggarly strip of rag carpeting along the centre, the pine bedstead with its worn coverwith mingled curiosity and interest, and house Brown's family vacated last week, let, the wooden chairs, and woman bent over her ironing-board, contrasting it with the comforts and generous hospitalities of that Southern home. A high wind was blowing, and clouds of dust darkened the air about her. Battling with a miniature sirroco, she yet found time to marvel at the strength of character that wife into her arms, and cry over her sorrows and humiliations. Her heart chilled at the sight of the cold, proud face, whose severity was increased by the piece of stiff, white muslin bound about the head as a protection from the smoke and coal dust of the ironing stove. Mrs. Belden looked in momentary abhorrence at the mass of lace and embroidery lying upon the ironing table, guessing only too well the owners of the tawdy splendor. "What! do you work for them?" For a moment the woman gazed calmly upon her questioner, then turned with an expressive glance to the low pallet where til it became necessary to use a gimlet for her boy lay sleeping, by his side the crutch the insertion of shirt-studs but in van. A that must be his lite-long companion. Notwithstanding the mother's impassive demeanor, the visitor's eyes filled with sud-The doctor and his wife sometimes dis- den tears. She twirled her hat strings and she was the bearer. She observed the dig-"I can't quite make her out," the doctor nified movement of the tall figure across membed how the same hand had held a Academy of Art.

to the table alone and tried to eat, but only arrived in the place, and brought him step sounded outside, the door was flung **CHRISTMAS** is COMING! remember he would have been best man at strode across the room and caught the fainting woman in his arms. The white "If he hadn't been busy getting married turban fell back from the pale face, its I HAVE now on hand a large and well assorted stock of all the LATEST DESIGNS in rigid features relaxed into a hapgy smile, and the doctor's wife, struck by the transformation, was startled with a sudden recognition, and murmured softly, "Sister Also, a varied assortment of DIAMOND WORK. Veronica !" All kinds of PRECIOUS STONES always in stock.

> "I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."-So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.-Advt.

Impure Blood Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine." - G. C. Brock, Drug-gist, Lowell, Mass.

"My wife was for a long time a suf-ferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure." – W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."-W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.



DEAN'S SAUSAGES, September to April. POULTRY, HAM, BACON AND LARD,

## THOS. DEAN. 13 and 14 City Market.

JEWELRY IS WANTED.

FASHIONABLE JEWELRY.

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

67 KING STREET.

VEGETABLES.



## 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

16.40 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 BOSTON.] †7.00 a. m.-Aecommodation for St. Stephen and intermediate points.

3.00 p. m.-Fast Express for Houlton and Wood-stock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ot-tawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 14.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

18.45 p. m .- Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-

Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. †12.20, 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at 11.15, 10.55 a. m.; †12.10, †5.15 p. m. Woodstock at †6.00, †11.00 a. m.; †1.30, †8.20

.m. Houlton at †6.00, †10.55 a. m.; †12.15, †8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.30 a.m.; †3.15, †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †6.45 a. m. Fredericton at †6.20, †11.20 a. m.; †3.20 p. m.

Arriving in St. John at 15.45, †9.05 a. m.; †2.10, 7.10, †10.20 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.00 a. m. for Fairville.

t.430 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: Ala

LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton [at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 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

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs .- not large in bulkwill 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, Carle-

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will

W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

be fellow beings suffering in our midst without a murmur; people whose pride forbids them to appeal to public charity. I think we should be doing more nobly if we devoted our time to looking up such cases, instead of contributing to the support of distant institutions, of which we know nothing."

impetuously.

"What then! I fear you would not succeed so well in your missions."

Mrs. Belden leaned forward as she spoke, and gazed curiously upward into the countenance beneath the peaked white bonnet. The momentary flutter and crimson wave which had transformed her caller's calm face passed away, leaving it cold and still in its purity.

the great sum of human misery !" was the get us off." quiet response.

not only failed in her errand, but had met him there." white hand, which met the other's in a sympathetic grasp.

surprise the latter did not continue up the placed in the bank to-morrow to the little street, but retraced her steps along the boy's credit." lonely path leading in the direction of the easily convert a pillowcase into one of those large, square bonnets. But after a short time Mrs. Belden dismissed these wandering speculations from her mind, and resuming her crazy patchwork was soon deeply absorbed in studying the arrange-ment of "samples"—alas! that woman should be capable of such duplicity-lately procured from an enterprising New York dry goods firm.

Several months sped by, and the good lady, in spite of her creditable resolutions, had taken no active steps toward ascertaining the circumstances of her neighbors. One day had been too chilly, another too windy, a third to warm, to sally forth on

"Yes; and never flinched. Shielded it with her hand to keep the rain from putting out the light. In all my professional experience I never saw such selfcommand.'

"Indifference, I should call it," suggested the indignant listener.

othing." "I don't know, my dear; I don't know. "Oh, madam! If others were only of When we got through I wondered that she your thinking!" interrupted the visitor, did not move or stir. I looked at her and her eyes were fixed upon the face of the unconscious child. I had to unclasp were cold and clammy; she was like a perinstead

" Instead-what ?"

alone to-night. Would not listen to our "One must rejoice at any lessening of offer of watchers. Seemed in a hurry to her brain. She remembered something of

wanting in the common attributes of humanity. The boys have been busy this The doctor's wife stood at the window evening. They have rented that little watched her visitor's departure, To her and a couple of hundred dollars will be

But the citizens of Palmea found that station-house. Was she then only stopping they had a difficult case with which to off between trains, and had she squan-dered the few minutes she had to "do" the her situation, the mother consented to little New Mexican town? or had she move to the house made ready for her, but had enabled the petted southern girl, born grown hopeless of success after her first she drew sparingly upon the funds placed and cradled in the lap of luxury, deliberfruitless effort? The picture of the strange to her credit, and took a careful inventory ately to renounce the life of ease open to woman lingered obstinately in Mrs. Bel- of everything the house contained, with a her, and condemn herself and her child to den's memory. There was something view of paying for everything as soon as the life of toil and hardship that had reoddly familiar about her face. The very she should be able. In an inconceivably sulted so disastrously. The gentle woman's dimples in her cheeks-that a Sister of short time, thanks to the reactive powers heart filled with love and sympathy, and Charity should have dimples-the gentle of healthy childhood, and the pure air of she was ready to take Jack Grosvenor's curves of chin and mouth, and the bright the elevated southern plateau, the child flash of her eyes, unsubdued by the long | was able to be about the house, blithe as a and weary penance to which her pale face little maimed bird, on a single leg and and wasted figure bore testimony, were all crutch. The scant sewing that the mother parts of haunting and elusive memory. could procure was ill-paid and inadequate She wondered to what order the woman for her needs, and she quietly opened anbelonged. The skirt of her robe was cer- other industry. She made the fact known tainly very scant and shabby, and a faint line about the bottom reminded her of the mark left on her own black silk where she monopolized this industry, at prices so exhad lately ripped off a plaiting. A little travagant that he was tast rising to a posistarch and skillful manipulation might tion of affluence, viewed this encroachment upon his peculiar province with unfeigned alarm. He lowered his scale of prices and starched the bosoms of Palmea's shirts ungenerous tide of patronage flowed in upon his competitor.

cussed the anomalous character of the searched the cold face, wondering how she woman with whom fate had brought them had best communicate the tidings of which in contact.

once remarked; "to look at her one would the room, the shapely hand that changed think her incapable of feeling-that she had the cool iron for a fresh one, and she rescarcely a human instinct. She is developing into the hardest business woman I ever | light without filinching while the little boy's her charitable errand. So she had con- saw. Yet I am inclined to think that the limb was being taken off. With what a tented herself with making a few inquiries of chance visitors. She had been laughed at for her pains. It was an axiom in the New Mer 1 and included to think that the courage of the highest order, an heroic self-forgetfulness that conquered her own New Mer 1 and included to think that the disdainful front she had faced poverty, and how sternly she had repelled those who offered sympathy and help! Such a woman

## 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, 30 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 moncy, 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, mild 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, 1890. \$5.00, second payment, on or before 1st July,

1891. \$5.00, balance, on evening before the race.
\$5.00 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

Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association A Colt distancing the field will receive first money

## **Board of Directors.**

F. P. THOMPSON, President. D. F. GEORGE, Vice-President. J. A. EDWARDS, M. TENNANT, J. M. WILEY, HARRY BECKWITH, W. D. ETEWETTING, Socie 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

for the Association, the Directors think that it must be encouraging to breeders. With the numerous well bred Sires now in the Lower Provinces, these stakes should be well patronized, and as they are limited to colts bred in the Lower Provinces, there will be no chance for parties to import colts with the especial intention of winning these stakes. The Directors trust that the breeders throughout New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, will help to make these Colt Stakes a success. All entries received will be widely advertised, and

All entries received will be widely advertised, and

complete lists of entries will be sent to each person aming a colt. All communications should be addressed to

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. P. O. Box 73, Fredericton, N. B.

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :--

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN 

 Fast Express for Halifax.
 14.30

 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal.
 16.20

 Express for Sussex.
 16.35

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 Que-bec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 

by steam from the locomotive. All trains sicies 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,

Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889. Manager.

\_\_\_\_\_то \_\_\_\_\_

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.

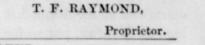
#### VICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

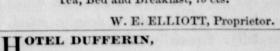
D. W. McCORMICK, Proprletor.

DOYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.



**ULLIOTT'S HOTEL**, 28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.



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.

SAINT JOHN

```
50c. A WEEK.
 New Mexican town that no worthy and physical weakness,"
                                                                                          would have nerve enough for anything.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ST. JOHN, N. B.
                                                                                         Why should she plan to spare her what
would at most be little more than a slight
                                              "I understaud her perfectly," returned
                                                                                                                                      STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST.,
 industrious person could ever suffer for lack
                                             his wife, with prompt feminine decision;
of food or raiment.
                                                                                                                                                                                   Lounges, Tables;
                                             "she is constructed on a different principle surprise.
  There came a day when the doctor was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    FRED A. JONES,
                                                                                                                                                 ST. JOHN, N. B.
late to his six o'clock supper. The table from ordinary women. Some gentle in-
                                                                                           Mrs. Belden ended by flinging all her
                                                                                                                                                                                      Wringers, Hanging Lamps;
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Proprietor.
was spread in the cosey little dining-room stinct of sympathy-of womanly tenderness
                                                                                         scruples to the wind.
                                                                                                                                                                                              Pictures, Plated Ware.
                                                                                           "My husband's old friend, Jack Gros-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               DELMONT HOUSE,
                                             -is wanting in her composition. I have
and the tea simmered on the hearth. The
young housewife vibrated between table,
stove and window. The little cathedral dear, and I ought to be able to judge.
                                                                                          venor, is at our house."
                                                                                                                                      The aim of the school is to give pupils a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ST. JOHN, N. B.
                                                                                                                                                                                  F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street.
                                                                                           "Alive ?"
                                                                                                                                                   good training in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op-
posite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station.
clock on the parlor mantel sounded the half-hour. The young wife busied herself at all," she generously conceded.
                                                                                           The word spoke volumes. The pain and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Baggage taken to and from the depot free of
charge. Terms-$1 to $2.50 per day.
J. SIME, Proprietor
                                                                                          agony of years were concentrated in the
                                                                                                                                      DRAWING AND PAINTING.
                                                                                                                                                                                  SKATES!
                                                                                                                                                                                                        SKATES
picking off the dead leaves from a twining
                                                                                         cry. The hot iron she was holding fell
                                               "Curious sort of name, isn't it. Mrs.
smilax which stood in the window-so
                                            Ruthstan? It has a very fancy sound."
                                                                                         upon the lace draperies and burned its way
                                                                                                                                      Pupils can commence at any time-week,
many withered leaves do the house-plants
                                              "It doesn't sound like a real name at through them, as she clutched at the table
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               OUEEN HOTEL,
                                                                                                                                               month, or by the year.
                                            all," returned Mrs. Belden, severely. Oh, to steady herself, while her brown eyes
show in that exasperating climate! The
                                                                                                                                                                                    All the different makes, at low prices, by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          FREDERICTON, N. B.
clock solemnly knelled the hour of seven.
The little woman had grown too accus-
tomed to the exactions of a physician's life
to fell more than impatient. She sat down
                                                                                                                                      PRINCIPAL-JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
                                                                                                                                                                                       J. HORNCASTLE & CO.,
                                                                                                                                      Assistant-FRED H. C. MILES.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class
Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats:
                                                                                                                                                                                               INDIANTOWN.
                                                                                                                                        Send for circular.
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