

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember, three things come not back; The arrow sent upon its track— It will not swerve, it will not stay Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot By thee; yet it has perished not; In other hearts 'tis living still, And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity, That cometh back no more to thee; In vain thou weepst, in vain dost yearn, Those three will never more return.

—The Century.

[For Progress.]

A FAIR DECEIVER.

BY BELLA L. FOLEY.

"I have good news for you this morning, Maud," said Aunt Esther Coolidge. "George Ashley arrives in three weeks. That reminds me you need a new gown, dear, for you must needs look your best, as first impressions are everything."

"Well, Aunt Esther," was the reply, "you can save the needless expense; and if to see me is the object of Mr. Ashley's visit, he can spare himself the trouble, as I'll have nothing to do with him. Coming to inspect me, indeed! One would think I were a farm or piece of furniture, instead of a human being."

"Come, come, don't be so saucy," replied the aunt. "He has good prospects, is of good family, has all the qualities that constitute a true man, and what more can any girl desire?"

"It's all very well, Aunt Esther, for you to say so," replies the indignant niece; "it suits the present occasion. I'm fully determined to have nothing to do with him. A girl should be at liberty to make her choice, without her friends plotting an engagement for her."

"Well, my dear," was the mild response, "you are young and inexperienced; but when you come to know more of the world, you'll change your opinion."

"I think," continued the girl—"nay! I'm sure of it—there was never a marriage of this sort known to terminate happily. If they don't hate beforehand, they are sure to afterwards. I'm not going to repent when it's too late. I detest him, and will end it now."

"My dear girl, there should be no such word as detest in the English language. The scripture tells us we must love every one—even our worst enemy. You know, Maud, you don't really mean what you say."

"I mean every word," was the emphatic reply. "Since my very childhood has his name not been the bane of my life? He has been held up as an idol for me to worship—and I've learned to treat his very name with scorn."

Aunt Esther, turning about to make reply, finds herself alone.

"Dear, dear," sighed she, "the frivolities of youth. That girl's utterly spoiled since the death of her parents. I've indulged her in every way but this, and now she seems to take the reins in her own hands. I'm sure the child has no other attachment. He's a fine, intellectual fellow, and would make her an excellent parti. However, as he is coming, I must remain silent and let things take their course. Time will reduce that child to a more reasonable frame of mind."

Meanwhile, Maud Ronalds is in her room, in a far from pleasant mood. Her mind never varies from these doleful words, "He comes in three weeks—He comes in three weeks."

"Do you know Maud Ronalds," said she, going hastily to the mirror, "that there's a bill of sale on you? The auction takes place in less than a month; the bidder arrives in three weeks. But," nodding significantly at herself, "there's lots can be done in three weeks. Let me see," tapping her foot impatiently upon the bright, inoffensive strip of tapestry and gazing out at nothing in particular; "that's what I'll do. I'll write him this very day; tell him my exact feelings towards him. He may, perhaps, entertain the same opinion of me and be glad of the release. Moreover," her face lightens up, "I'll send this photograph, and what my words will fail to effect, the portrait will do. Poor Eliza Jordan, if she knew the use I'm making of her photo. I dare say she'd never forgive me, but then it's for a good cause. Besides, she's away in Melburn and will never know. Now, it's time I was giving Aunt Esther a hand, so I'll lay you safely aside till I get the chance to write; then I'll see, dear old photo, what good turn you'll do me."

She enters her aunt's presence, but that wise old personage, to Maud's surprise, follows closely the motto of a still tongue, and nothing more is said of the expected lover. But if the aunt's tongue is silent, her mind has rose-colored dreams of the future of her silent niece. "Yes, the child needs a new dress," opines she, "and I'll say nothing more about it, but buy it myself—have it made up, and she will be only too glad when the time comes to wear it."

Accordingly, that afternoon she set out upon her important mission, leaving her niece behind her in an exultant frame of mind. "Now's my chance," said she, when her aunt's figure disappeared from sight. "If ever I made good use of my time it must be now," and presently she was oblivious to all things else, save pen,

ink and paper. Half an hour elapsed ere her work ended, and she perused the letter. "That sounds quite right," folding it carefully. "I dare say he'll hail his release with a gladdened sense. But now he's free to choose whom he likes, whilst I can do the same. I must hurry and get it safely posted. Good-bye, dear Eliza," kissing fondly the face of the picture before her. "I feel a degree of self-abasement in sending you to him, but he can't hurt you; that's one consolation, and I feel sure you'll purchase my freedom."

In a short while the letter was out of her possession, en route for its destination. She returned home triumphant, as did Aunt Esther ten minutes later, for her's has been a pleasant purchase of everything to suit her taste in both texture and colors. So the two contra plotters resumed their work in a cheerful aspect, keeping their secrets safely locked in each other's hearts.

Three days later George Ashley sat reading a letter which the morning mail had brought, a shade of annoyance depicted upon his fair, frank face. "So I'm not to make my visit, Miss Ronalds. I'm tabooed, given over. By Jove, that's something new! Well, so be it," looking with a frown upon the photograph. "I'm thankful for the release. What an awful escape I've had. I could never like that face—never. But, by Jove! I admire her spirit. She has taken the matter completely out of my hands. I'll write her aunt, comply with her wish; then farewell to all match-making and matrimony for me. But," scanning the portrait again, "it strikes me that this is not the picture of the girl I saw seven years ago—this looks rather mature. Perhaps I've a rival in the field. Well, all's fair in love and war, and as mine is a promised visit, I'll defer it till some future period, when I'll drop quietly in upon them and see how things stand. If she resembles this face, I'll resign with thanks in favor of my rival."

Three weeks came and went, and brought, instead of George Ashley, a letter to Aunt Esther Coolidge, changing her opinion of the author entirely. "The coxcomb," was her mental conclusion; "lack-a-day, how boys change! He was a fine youth, but you can't trust those city lads. They are very unstable, and never know their own minds a minute. Well, I'm neither sorry nor yet glad. Maud will get her wish, and if he is a flirt or coxcomb, the child is well rid of him."

In the month of November, George Ashley determined to pay his promised visit, and arrived at the village. Eager for a *tele-a-tele*, he started hastily from his lodgings and reached Aunt Esther's door. But that particular personage was out, a fact of which Maud informed him, wondering who he could be, and inwardly regretting her aunt's absence. The same source of wonder was in George Ashley's mind as he looked eagerly for the original of the photograph to appear, his eyes seeking Maud's pretty face with an enquiring look, when Maud hastily said:

"My aunt Esther is not at home, but would, I'm sure, be pleased to see you if you would call again."

"Thank you," said he, bowing low, repressing a smile of amusement. "I have no card with me, but shall be happy to call on my way back," and with another graceful bow, he departed.

"So she has revealed herself," said he, with a smile. "She said her aunt was out. I'm sure I'm not mistaken, and yet there's as much difference between the photo, and her face as between day and night. Is it possible I have been the dupe of a girl babe like that! I might have known a face like that (producing Eliza's photo.) would not give a man up so readily without a reason. Why didn't I produce the photograph and demand an explanation? I wonder does the aunt know of her writing me! I hardly think so, and dare say I'm into her bad graces ere this. I see it all. She played a game upon me by sending another's picture. Well, Miss Deception, I can return the compliment. I'll represent Ralph Fordham, her aunt's solicitor's son, who is at present abroad. Her aunt and the wily niece will never know the difference."

Long after the departure of the stranger did Maud's mind ponder upon him. "I wonder who he can be?" soliloquized she. "Evidently one who wants to surprise the dear good soul. Well, I'll frustrate his plans and tell aunt all about him. But wasn't he nice! almost my ideal," and all the time her thoughts never once reverted to George Ashley.

Aunt Esther, on her return, was informed of her visitor, of whom, notwithstanding Maud's lengthy details, she failed to have the slightest remembrance.

Thus it was that when George Ashley came again, in the guise of Ralph Fordham, he was welcomed by Aunt Esther, who overwhelmed him with many questions, to all of which he gave satisfactory replies.

As the days passed, Maud and he became very good friends. He was her companion in all her walks and drives.

"Can you tell me," said Aunt Esther, when the trio sat one evening tete-a-tete, "if you have ever met in London, a person by the name of George Ashley?"

"Yes," was the young man's smiling reply, "I know him well."

"What manner of man is he?"

"Well," replied he, "He is a man capable of anything and everything; has been

"Economic" White-wear for Ladies.

For this month we are making a SPECIAL SALE at REDUCED PRICES of the "Economic" (un-trimmed) White Cotton Underwear, consisting of NIGHT GOWNS,

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The "Economic" Underwear is made from an Extra Quality Cotton, and is manufactured in our own factory; we can, therefore, guarantee the sewing on these garments as being the very best.

They are on sale in our SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR LADIES, and are marked at prices lower than they can be made up for in Ladies own homes.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

disappointed thrown over by some heartless girl.

"Maud's eyes were riveted upon the floor, her face wore a deep blush, while Aunt Esther, grim and severe, stared at the speaker.

"Well, well, the wickedness of men," was her curt reply. "A fine excuse for his errors—gone to the bad, eh?"

"Yes, gone to the dogs. A sheer case of disappointed love on his part. He has vowed never to trust womankind again, but then you know, time heals those wounds," and he looked in a careless fashion at the guilty girl opposite him.

"If the ground would only open up beneath my feet," is poor Maud's heartfelt wish; or "if Aunt Esther would not be so inquisitive." She felt that her tell-tale face was revealing all and that the man opposite could read her very thoughts.

"Tell me what he is about at the present time?" said Aunt Esther.

"Well," replied the visitor with a sly twinkle, "I believe he is trying to gain the affections of a certain young lady."

"Do you think him likely to win?" asked Aunt Esther, eagerly.

"I don't really know. She's a fine girl and I'm afraid too good for him."

"Oh, the villain," was Aunt Esther's vehement response, while Maud's repentant mood assumed a vindictive form. "I'm real glad I sent the photograph," was her inward comment, while Aunt Esther, with all the zeal and ardor of her nature, hoped that the girl he was after would have nothing to do with him."

On his way to his lodging, George Ashley found his mind in a pleasant train of thought. "My scheme," said he, "is not at all a bad one. It ends proves as good as the beginning all will be well. The man who gains her noble heart will be well repaid."

The weeks glided into months, until it occurred to George Ashley that his visit must terminate. Would he confess his true sentiments to Maud or not? He felt sure she loved him, but when she found out the real facts would she profess her former antipathy for him? The months ere they should meet again appeared before him. His anxiety lest in his absence another should supplant him weighed heavily upon him and he resolved to speak his mind, come what might.

Accordingly the next day he paid his usual visit to Aunt Esther's cottage, his thoughts deeply fixed on the project before him, and in a few minutes he was by her side.

"Dearest Maud," said he plunging eagerly into the subject, "this is our last walk together. Ere tomorrow's sunset we two will be far apart."

"Must you really go?" said she, with deep regret, raising two sad lovely eyes to his, "I shall miss you so much."

"Will you miss me Maud? I shall be happy to know that I occupy a place in your memory and that I have gained a true friend."

"How strangely you speak," she responded with mild reproach, "have we not been the best of friends and, with tender paths, 'I think it mean of you to go away so soon. Can I not coax you to remain a little longer?"

"That," replied he, depends entirely upon yourself. Can you keep a secret?"

"I hope so," was the startled reply, fixing upon him at the same time an anxious look.

"Well," replied he, "when you hear my story, Maud, you will understand." "I owe your aunt an apology, but on the other hand I consider the scales are equally balanced. So we shall forget and forgive, be friends in the future, casting all deceit in the background."

"I don't understand you, Ralph," was Maud's somewhat false reply, "you're a perfect enigma to me, be more explicit please."

"Well you know," with a mischievous glance,—"tis a very delicate subject,

especially as it shows up the present company in their true colors. You know, Maud, the role of actress is a difficult one, which I'm sorry to say sits badly upon you. You have failed in your simulation of this particular personage (producing the picture), and you have displayed in my opinion very depraved taste."

Maud's consternation can better be imagined than described whilst her tormenter went hastily on: "But you know, Maud, two can play at the same game: I suspected the imposition, and resolved to sift the matter. I thought it best to present myself in the guise of Ralph Fordham, my absent friend. Instead of being he, I am George Ashley, whom I must say received at your hands very harsh treatment. However, I will not be vindictive, and I trust you are truly penitent." But tell me Maud—can you love George Ashley as well as you did Ralph Fordham?"

"Better," was the fond reply, "do you know George, that deceitful act has bothered me more than I care to own. I am only glad to have a free conscience once more, but," with gentle reproach, "I consider you likewise to blame."

"Well, I daresay I am, but you set the example. Had you not done so I never would have retaliated. So you see, Maud, the books are evenly balanced."

"Well, well! wonders will never cease," was Esther's ejaculation, when the young folks entered the house and she heard their story. "The roguery of youths now-a-days exceeds everything!"

And as the big, round sun sank in golden glory to rest, there were none more happy than the occupants of Aunt Esther's home.

"And to think," said Maud, when her lover had departed, "that I should have learned to love him, I can scarcely credit it, aunt." "Well, my dear," was the placid response, "love conquers everything, even antipathy."

Six months later Maud Ronalds and George Ashley embarked upon their voyage of life; and if love and sunshine are the true essentials of a happy wedded existence, theirs must needs be bright indeed.

"They're a bonny couple, bless them!" was the prayer that escaped Aunt Esther's lips, as she stood upon the pier with a retinue of friends to see her darling depart. Though smiles wreathed her mobile lips, tears sprang in her mild blue eyes—tears of thankfulness that she had at last obtained her wish and her darling's love had not been sought in vain.

AGAINST HOOP SKIRTS.

Women Have Decided That They Will Not Be Popular Again.

"Never fear," said a bright woman yesterday, "that hoop skirts will come in. They can't. They're an impossibility under the present social regime. Hoop skirts go with formalism, conventionalism; limp skirts are necessary with estheticism and—occasional chairs. There are three things that act and react on one another—furniture, manners and clothes. Hoop skirts were all very well for a generation that bowed and courtesied and set its sofas, tables and pianos primly back against the walls. There was a fine clear space in the middle where social evolutions could be fitly and with dignity performed. Greek draperies are the only ones really compatible with the present method of arranging drawing rooms."

"Is there any encouragement for hoop skirts in a society which drops into statuette poses on cushions wherever those cushions chance to occur, which clasps its hands over its knees and is always assuming picturesquely confidential attitudes? Hoop skirts are not Delsartian. There is one thing only in their favor, they would give an opportunity for classes. One could give lectures on the art of managing a hoop skirt, and Lent is coming when lectures multiply. The true daughter of the nineteenth century would take lessons, if she could, in the art of doing. But no, hoop skirts in a horse car civilization are impracticable."—N. Y. Press.

The great majority of so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver.—Advt.

Make a Note of It.

The woman who finds that the lacing in the back of her corsets will show through her bodice finds the remedy in choosing another lace; the chances are that she has a round cord, or else somebody has convinced her that a rubber lace is desirable. What she wants to do is to pay 50 cents for a long flat silk lace which will outwear any of the others, and will never announce its existence except by being easy to pull when she wishes to tighten her stays.—N. Y. Sun.



BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disgusting, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50; SOAP, 35c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Impies, blackheads, chapped and oily skin driven away by CUTICURA SOAP. Dull Aches, Pains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 30c.

DID YOU EVER USE PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND?

The thousands of bottles of Paine's Celery Compound sold in this city the last few months, leads us to ask the question at the head of this article.

If you have used Paine's Celery Compound, please write us full particulars of your case, and we will refer your letter to our consulting physicians. We find sometimes that a little advice in regard to diet and other matters hastens a cure. For this letter of advice we will make no charge. We only ask that you tell your friends who may be suffering with nervous diseases what our remedy has done for you.

We are always glad to hear from people who have used Paine's Celery Compound. Many have written us of the headaches that it banished, the back-ache that it cured, the brain trouble that it removed, and the sleeplessness that it replaced with healthy slumber. All these kind words are cheering to us. That this medicine has brought health and happiness to thousands of homes, is our best reward. Write us what it has done for you.

Here are samples of letters we have received recently, short and right to the point. Annie Gourd, River Beaudette, P. Q., wrote: "I have used your Paine's Celery Compound for weakness. I find it to be a certain cure. I feel as well now as ever I did in my life."

W. Gordon of Montreal, P. Q., wrote: "I have been troubled for a long time with indigestion, and have tried several remedies, but without benefit. I finally used Paine's Celery Compound, and am heartily recommending it to any one suffering with indigestion."

Remember that Paine's Celery Compound is a scientific, health-giving medicine that restores vigor to all the physical organs. Its action upon the nervous system is entirely different from that of any other medicine; hence its superior power. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL, P. Q.

How to Please Them.

Such little things please women! They are made happy by a smile and a flower.

By a new frock and a pleasant greeting. By a bit of cake and a good cup of tea. By a well-fitting pair of slippers and a handkerchief with a drop of perfume on it. By a string of gold beads or a new book. By being told they look nice, and having this accompanied by a kiss.

By a tete-a-tete supper, or a lot of the girls to eat ice cream in the middle of the day.

By a box of candy or ten postage stamps. By a wedding or an engagement.

By going to the matinee, or having a bit of news that is an absolute secret told them.

But they are happiest of all when they can lean their heads up against the shoulder of some great big man, tell of their woes and joys, be laughed at and kissed, be patted and assured of being "a ridiculous little donkey, but after all a pretty good little girl." That's what they like best.—Ez.

"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.

For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

Be sure and ask for

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PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Advertisement for Fire Insurance, Plate Glass, and Steam Boiler, featuring R.W.W. Frink & Co. and Wm. Frink & Co.

ROBINSON'S PHOSPHORIZED EMULSION

Coughs and Colds that we so frequently neglect, and which so often prove the seeds sown for a harvest of consumption, should have immediate and thorough treatment. A teaspoonful of Robinson's PhosphORIZED Emulsion taken whenever the cough is troublesome, will relieve the patient, and persevered in, will effect a cure in the most obstinate cases.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

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

Commencing December 30, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, at 10.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 11.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 10.40 a. m.—Night Express for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

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

Montreal, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vancouver at 11.15, 11.20, 11.45 a. m.; 12.25 p. m.

Woodstock at 16.15, 11.35 a. m.; 18.00 p. m. Houlton at 11.25 a. m.; 18.00 p. m.

St. Stephen at 18.50 a. m.; 11.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 18.05 a. m.

Fredericton at 17.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.55 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45, 11.00 a. m.; 11.30, 12.30, 16.50 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West.

13.15 p. m.—Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from St. John.

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. MOULTON, 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 MOULTON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in 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..... 7.50 Accommodation for Point du Chien..... 11.10 Fast Express for Montreal..... 14.50 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.25 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 Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, 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..... 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19.25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi..... 23.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are 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.

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