## SWEET IS REVENGE.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy,

Author of "How Came He Dead?" "That Villain Romeo." "A Modern Magician," &c.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTERS I AND II .- Sir Danvers Fothergille, of Fothergille Abbey, a twenty year old widower, falls in love with a Miss Fayne, a governess at the rectory of the Rev. Charles Harrow, and after telling the baronet she once loved another man, now dead, she, not without hesitation, consents to become his wife.

CHAPTER III.—CAPTAIN JACK FOTH-ERGILLE.

had just passed her twentieth year. The seek a second marriage. news of her father's marriage had come he had wedded for love.

She had welcomed her stepmother with Danver's heir was yet unborn. every sign of affection, seeing which her father felt much relieved; for Sir Danvers | very day when Sir Danvers returned to the had secretly feared his impulsive daughter abbey from his honeymoon, Capt. Fother-

herself as an intruder. father when she was alone with him the cular, upright and of more than middleday after his return, "if I were quite sure height. Black hair parted in the middle you were happy I would promise not to was carefully brushed over his temples; feel the least jealous of Ethel. We have his round dark eyes protruded under heavagreed that I am to call her Ethel. I ily marked eyebrows; a full moustache couldn't call her mother. She is only a half concealed his thick lips and coarse few years my senior, you know," she mouth; his nose was straight and well concluded, without a shadow of reproach | shaped, his chin square and heavy, his in her voice.

more happy than I ever dreamt of being usually received from the fair sex gave him since I lost your dear mother." "Then I shall forgive Ethel for having

robbed me of your love." "That no woman could do, dear child."

elevating her evebrows.

"Not even of an inch," he answered,

she wouldn't marry me until she was quite | I'll pay my score before I've done with certain she could love me.

"I like her for that. It would be diffishe does.'

"I think-nay, I'm certain she does." approval to his marriage.

"Aye, as happy as a summer day," he ting them. repeated, all unconscious of the clouds his home and darken his life.

down to see us."

"I scarcely remember him," the girl

tell Ethel we expect a visitor.'

Capt. Fothergille, was a man whose career | do a pretty stroke or two of business down had been more eventful than successful. there. Yes, I certainly shall invite myself The only son of a country squire who im- to visit Danvers and his wife. poverished himself by extravagance, he A sinister smile parted his lips as he had gone into the army in his teens; but turned once more to the table and wrote to his exploits had been confined rather to his cousin. drawing-rooms, gambling hells, and racecourses than to the field of battle. In an the only person to whom news of the incredibly short time he learned to play at | baronet's marriage had come as a blow, billiards and cards with a dexterity that for the Hon. Mrs. Crayworth had heard frequently brought him handsome rewards; the tidings with bitter envy and deep and before he was five-and-twenty became regret. As the wife of a consul in the noted as a man without heart or conscience, British service, she had seen much of the who ruined women through their love, and world, and grown familiar with its ways: men through their purses. It was admitted and now in her widowhood, she declared he knew the world, which meant that he herself delighted at being able to retire to was familiar with its dirty lanes, dark al- the peace of a country life. Whilst living leys, and hidden passages; and this know- in France she had met Sir Danvers, and ledge he utilised by acting as guide, phil- their acquaintance soon ripened into friendosopher, and friend to beardless lads and ship. His courteous manner and impos youths from the universities desirous of ac- ing appearance made an impression of quaintance with the seamy side of exist- which he was wholly unconscious; and her ence, who readily parted with their money | husband dying soon afterward, she returned under the belief that they were really see- to England, and of all places selected as a ing life, and plunged into vice, confident residence the neighborhood of the abbey, they were enjoying themselves.

Though respectable women shunned him, returned. and honorable men avoided him, he managed to keep his head above water and swim with the crowd, until one night at the were rude enough to say she had sent her Satan club, whilst having a hand at poker | cap at Sir Danvers, and strove hard to bewith a young friend, he was detected in cheating by one of those who look on and ship for him was renewed with fervour, the see most of the game. Jack Fothergille interest she showed in his daughter was denied the accusation, refused to refund maternal; the visits she found it necessary the little pile of gold he had accumulated, to pay them that she might ask advice on and as a consequence was knocked down subscriptions to the winter charities or the and had the money shaken from his pockets. Seeing the game was up he sent in her offers of hospitality incessant his resignation next morning to the Horse Guards; and, deeming it advisable for him to leave England until this scandal had such open friendliness. A cold, sinister blown over, he sailed for Australia, where look in her dark eyes. keenly watchful he was safe from the vengeance of those while her face basked in smiles, warned who now awoke to the fact of having been | him; a certain ring in her voice underlyshamefully duped by him.

At the end of this time, when his reputation | become his bride. as a gambler and a swindler had spread,

his difficulties to the speculative money-lenders. To these he was known as the sending them a handsome wedding present, rank of sergeant. When the years of his I shan't write," she replied; "I must

forty, with an income of over twenty thousand a year. At the rate of eight per cent. they consented to advance funds to the captain on chance of receiving payment on his inheriting the baronetcy and entailed estates of his cousin. Did Sir Danvers survive him, or marry and beget an heir, the money risked was irrecoverably lost. But it was most improbable these events would take place, for according to the Sir Danvers Forthergille and his bride captain, Sir Danvers suffered from heart spent six months abroad before returning disease and his death might be expected to the abbey, where they were received by any day; and whilst he was, moreover, a the baronet's daughter Meg, a girl who confirmed woman hater who would never

When therefore news of the baronet's upon her as a surprise, but it by no means alliance was announced, the wonder and estranged the affection which had ever ex- consternation prevailing amongst this genisted between them. Being romantic by erous and speculative tribe was great; and temperament she was glad rather than to them Capt. Fothergille was a man to be sorry he had married a governess, instead | met with eyes of wrath and hearts of steel. of a titled dowager or a member of a Though the intelligence struck a blow to county family, arguing from this fact that the captain, it by no means shattered his audacity or dispelled his hopes, for Sir

One morning in early spring, on the might consider the bride little older than gille sat in his rooms, situated in a quiet street neat Piccadilly. Personally he was "Dear Daddy," Meg whispered to her a well-built man, of about 40 years, musneck thick and short. The encouragement "My dear Meg," he replied, "I am his matter of fact mode of making advances some claim to belief in his fascinations.

The table before him was littered with letters, circulars and bills, on one of which he looked long and anxiously. "I must "What, not even a little bit?" she asked, get out of this place for a few weeks," he said, knitting his brows, "but where can I go; haven't money enough to keep me in Paris; happy thought, I'll invite myself to "Then I have nothing to forgive. Do visit Danvers, who must be home by this you still think her worthy of your affection, time. Wonder what his wife is like: Dad: you must tell me everything as be- clever she's sure to be, for she's made an excellent bargain; governesses are always "I believe her one of the best and noblest | artful vixens. I owe you a grudge, my omen in the world. Do you know, Meg, lady," he continued, meditatively, "and

He had not yet formed any plans by cult not to love you, dear, and I'm sure | which he might wreck vengeance on the woman who had come between him and his prospects, one whose speedy removal from "Then we shall all be as happy as a her position as Sir Danver's wife could summer day," Meg replied, kissing his alone reinstate him; but whatever schemes cheek by way of giving the seal of her he might form in the future Captain Fothergille was not the man to hesitate in execu-

He pushed away his chair and walked up which were soon destined to gather over and down the room for some minutes. "I must marry," he reflected. "It may be a As he spoke he took from his breast desperate game, but it must be played. pocket a letter addressed to him in big And surely its fit and proper I should mate heavy writing. "Here is a line from my with my fair cousin Meg, who inherits her Cousin Jack," he said, "saying he's coming | mother's fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and has never heard the idle stories which gossips tell of me. The sum wouldn't come amiss even with twenty thousand a year. "No; he has lived out of England a the prospect of which isn't yet quite lost to good deal, and hasn't been down here since me. Wonder how the girl will agree with his return from abroad. I must go and her stepmother, she may desire a home of her own now her place at the abbey is The baronet's cousin Jack, otherwise filled. It occurs to me I may be able to

Captain Fothergille was not, however, to which the baronet had by this time

Here, as elsewhere, she found the world unkind in its judgments, for her neighbors come mistress of the abbey. Her friendsummer school treats were numberless; and

Sir Danvers, however, now seemed reluctant to receive the advances made with ing smooth words, bade him beware of Here he remained ten years, leading a placing himself in her power. Though he rough and adventurous life amongst the kept apart from her so far as neighborly gold diggers, occasionally bringing the politeness would permit, and remained unskill he possessed in all games of chance to moved by the tender speeches she made, bear upon the less dexterous colonial; liv- she never lost hope of eventually capturing ing chiefly by his wits, and for a time deriv- him until the terrible news reached her ears | should remain behind. For in the first | speaking to herself. Some slight but peing an excellent income from their exercise. that he had asked the rectory governess to place it was necessary for the captain to culiar accent marked her utterance; it was

Bitter disappointment succeeded hope- duns to seek his society or gain his address; and his absence became as desirable in the ful expectations, implacable hate followed and in the second place, though he trusted new world as it had formerly been in the warm friendship. She would have left Barlyl, who knew much concerning the old, he returned to England. To Sir Hayton had she not felt such a step would shady passages in his life, he considered it Danvers, who was abroad whilst the gossip afford triumph to her enemies, and that a best not to submit him to the manifold concerning the gambling scandal was rife, fierce desire seized her for revenge upon temptations to gossip which abound in and who from his seclusion remained in the man who slighted her advances, and the servants' halls. ignorance of the darker passages in the woman who filled the place she longed to captain's life, the latter now appealed for occupy. Knowing she would thwart her stock that had encountered reverses and help, on which the good-natured baronet design by showing the anger which burned drifted into obscurity. Whilst a youth he agreed to allow him five hundred a year. her, she concealed it from all eyes, ex- was thrown on the world, unfitted by educa-But to a man of extravagant habits and pressed her delight to Sir Danvers that he tion or training to make his way through expensive tastes this sum was as a drop in had found a wife worthy of him, kissed its tangled paths. He had therefore enlist- her strongly, he, after some slight hesita- Monthly. a bucket, and he soon applied for relief in Ethel Fayne as she wished her joy, and did ed, and through his natural intelligence, tion, said "Any letters you address here

A few days after their arrival at the abbey, Mrs. Crayworth prepared to visit Sir dark as to be almost black, her nose, cheeks and chin, were well moulded, her figure plump, graceful and upright; little touches of art helped to improve her gen- forgotten years of his youth. eral appearance.

"Now," she said as she drove through the park, "We shall see how this nursery governess takes the part of mistress of the abbey. It may be she's a born actress, and who knows but that in marrying this fool she plays a role deeper than he suspects. If I could discover some dark spot in her past, see her humiliated, crushed, degraded, it would be the happiest day of

five minutes latter, on entering the white drawing-room of the abbey, and she opened able retribution would arrive. her arms as if to embrace her hostess. tent herself by grasping effusively.

Sir Danvers is well."

"Yes, he will be here presently." "He has gone to meet a cousin whom we expect," added Meg, sitting down behad been lividg at the abbey with her during Sir Danvers' absence.

"Quite a family party; and here is Mr. Sympington," remarked Mrs. Crayworth, as the curate advanced somewhat nervously and shook hands all round.

She made room for him beside her, and was engaged in talking to him when the some, entered the room followed by Capt.

"This is my cousin Jack," Sir Danvers said to his wife, upon whom he looked on which she wore black thread gloves. with a smile of affection. "I'm very glad to see you," Ethel said,

giving him her hand as she raised her eyes to the captain's face. "By Jove, she's a stunner!" Jack Fothergille thought, whilst saying, "I am de-

lighted to meet you. "Ah, Mrs. Crayworth, are you quite

well?" Sir Danvers asked, cheerily. On hearing this name Jack Fothergille her face assumed an appearance of friendly Fothergille had his flat. Then raising her herself, "Kinder than those who kept me he approached her.

could alone warrant. "Pleasant, I hope?" she queried, co-

quettishly raising her dark lashes. "How could it be otherwise to me?" he replied, sitting down beside her, and only by an effort restraining himself from put-

ting his arm round her waist. "You have been in the bush since last we met," she said discreetly, moving a little

hergille was talking to the curate. "Yes; it must be at least a dozen years since you and I rowed in the same boat. What a pleasant time it was for us—if not

past," said Mrs. Crayworth, looking him straight in the eyes. "All right; I'll take the cue; but I say

you look as fresh as paint, and as young today as you did then. Tell me how you have preserved your youth." "By means of a good conscience," she

answered with a mocking laugh. "Do you find it pays better than —"
"Be cautious," she exclaimed quickly.

'I have settled at Hayton." "And Crayworth?" the captain said in-

errogatively. "Has gone.

"Bolted, do you mean?" "My dear husband," she replied in a higher voice, seeing the curate was advancing, "has departed to a better world." "How lucky," said the captain, with an inpleasant laugh.

"For him or for me?" she asked, the curate having moved away. "Well, for both. "That's a two-edged compliment," she

"You are as clever as ever, and I hope as amusing, for I dare say we shall see a great deal of each other whilst I am here, far from the reach of some troublesome

"Then your funds are not flourishing?" "They are lower than ever. And you?" he asked, with interest.

"The annuity secured by my marriage settlement goes far in the country. Crayworth didn't leave me a penny; he was a brute. I must go now; come and see me soon. You will easily find my villa; it is called the Arbour."

"The name savours of Arcadian simplicity," he replied, with a smile that was half

"Then you will not find yourself at home there, I fear," she replied. He watched her slowly cross the drawing- of the captain recently taken, which stood room, a half-amused look on his face, a

cynical sneer on his lips. "If there's mischief to be done here," he thought, "there's the woman who will do it. Fate has flung her in my way, and we may work in harness once more

CHAP. IV.—A Mysterious Appearance In leaving town Captain Fothergille thought it wisest his valet Jack Barlyl know what efforts were being made by the | not American, nor Irish, nor yet, it seemed,

Jack Barlyl had come of a good Welsh heir presumptive to a baronet of six-and- which she hoped might help them to re- service ended he became an officer's valet, wait until I see him."

member so faithful a friend in years to and by some strange fate had taken service under Captain Fothergille.

In person he was medium sized and dark complexioned; in character a philosopher Danvers and Lady Fothergille. Gazing in a small way, whilst by habit he was obat her reflection in the glass, she was con- servant and reticent. He was indeed a scious of maintaining her reputation for man who had seen life and profited by its good looks. Her hair and eyes were so experiences; one who, judging from his brown, deep-set eyes and firm immobile tace, on which a smile was seldom seen, had a history hidden away amongst the un-

> His position as valet to an impecunious master was not so unsatisfactory as might seem at first sight; for from the outset he had insisted on having his wages paid monthly no matter how the current of the captain's finances might ebb or flow; whilst his services left him much time which he devoted to study. Moreover, analysis of and it may be a long time before he rehis master's character afforded him un- turns.' failing interest, for aware of his open

An incident soon occurred which gave Lady Fothergille, however, held out her him fresh grounds for speculation. One hand which the visitor was obliged to con- sultry morning, shortly before midday, Barlyl stood at an open window of his Mrs. Crayworth surveyed the lithe, master's sitting room, scarcely conscious graceful figure before her in a dress of of the wayfarers, and quite heedless of the creamy hue, and looked at the fair face maids regarding him with gracious smiles help with its violet eyes and masses of chestnut from houses on the opposite side. The hair, while her feeling of envy deepened. noise of traffic in Piccadilly tell upon his But concealing this, see said, "I hope dear ears dulled by distance, whilst above it rose the sound of a piano organ played in a neighboring mews.

The bright day invited out of doors all who could enjoy its sunshine, and Jack side Mrs. Gauntley, the poor relation who Barlyl was thinking of taking his way to the park, when his eyes fell upon the figure of a woman standing on the opposite side of the street, and staring at the houses as if examining the numbers painted on the doors. What it was in particular that attracted his attention to her he could not determine. Her figure was tall and thin, baronet, looking bright, florid, and hand- black dress and cloth cape were old-fashioned and shabby; her face was concealed by a thick lace veil which covering her bonnet was fastened behind; whilst her hands, nervously clasped a faded parasol.

In the general aspect she presented there was something unconventional, singular, and striking; she seemed a black shadow in the midday sunshine; a waytarer from another land, who had nothing in common with those who passed her; a figure such as one might meet hurrying away through the slums of a great city at night, bound on some mysterious errand. One

and fully hoping she would return again. To his knowledge he had never seen her he argued, be the sight of his face which history. apart, and glancing to see that Lady Fot- had so suddenly caused her disappearance. He could not, try how he would, erase the impression the brief glimpse of the mys- no more.' terious woman had left upon his mind. "Hush! You may be overheard. Let retina of his eye, and remained there per- amine it more carefully she raised her heavy by-gones rest. You know nothing of my sistently. Presently he fell to wondering veil, and Barlyl saw a pale, sensitive face, who she was, whence she came, what her tion he was unable to make any satisfac-

tory suggestion. He therefore withdrew from the window, seated himselt in an easy chair, and took when a timid rap at the outer door fell up- | away. of expectation that stirred him strangely, here. went torward to answer the summons. For a second he paused, wondering what it was knew when he arrives.' that moved him in this unwonted manner, threshold the strange woman who had re- over to the window and gazing cut. After her to speak, and in the interval, though he not say that I have called, promise me." neither saw her face nor heard her voice, concluded he stood in the presence of a

gentlewoman. "Is he—is Capt. Fothergille at home?" she asked in tremulous tones that clearly of my coming. How happy I shall be." betrayed her agitation.

"He is out of town at present," Barlyl "Where?" she asked, with something at | we shall meet again. once of relief and disappointment in her

commands given him. 'Will you not

walk in, madam?" She hesitated a moment, looked round her, and then followed him to the sittingroom without a word. With a giance that betrayed keen interest and some surprise foils, scimitar, and Spanish daggers hanging above the chimney-piece, her eyes

on a little table in a corner. "Are you his friend?" she asked, accepting the chair Barlyl offered her. "I am his valet," he answered.

"And he lives in these rooms?" she asked with interest. "He has been here for the last eighteen months," Barlyl replied.

"I should have called before, but that was not possible," she remarked, as if belonging to any foreign nationality. His concern in her deepened every moment. "Will he be long away?" she said.

"I can't say; he may be absent a few weeks or a few months," he answered guardedly.

in a soft, low voice, to which the accent lent a peculiar sweetness. "It is impossible to tell," he remarked. Though she made no answer he felt she was disappointed, and sympathising with

He wondered if she called to obtain money, or to threaten revenge, or what her motive was in seeking an interview with his master.

"If you leave a message I will send it," he said, hoping he might by this means be able to understand her object in calling. "I have no message for him-I must

wait," she responded, wearily. "What name shall I give him?" "I have no name," she answered, and then quickly added, "Don't say I called,

please don't, it were best you didn't." "How can I when I am ignorant of your name?

"You might describe me, and he would know," she said. "But you," he said, venturing to express a surmise, "have come some distance

"I have come a great distance, but there contempt of honor, and disregard for is no returning," she replied, sadly, "and "Ah, dear lady Fothergille." she said, honesty, the valet wondered how his career I am used to waiting. I may have to wait reminutes latter, on entering the white would end, and by what means the inevit- for death, who knows?" she added, lower-

ing her voice almost to a whisper. Something in her appearance, manner and tone appealed to her hearer; her individuality interested him as that of no other woman had done before, and a strong desire rose in his heart to aid one whom he felt was in sore need of an honest man's

"If I can be of the slightest use to you -" he began.

"You cannot," she said, hopelessly, 'no one can but Captain Fothergille. He can and he will, but I must have patience. I shall not lose him now, unless, unless,' she said, in a tone of fear, "my dream returns to me.'

"Your dream?" he said, interrogatively. "Yes it was a dream which parted us, a horrible dream that haunted me by day and night, that would not leave me though I praved to be released from its spell; it burned itself into my brain like fire," she said in an excited tone as she rose from having a certain grace in its lines; her her chair and glanced rapidly around her. "But it has gone," she continued, placing one hand upon her breast as if to still the storm raging there; "It has gone, I am well again, and we shall be separated no NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B..

Barlyl listened to her with wondering ears, perplexed by her words, and startled by the emotion her voice expressed.

"What was this dream?" he enquired. "Don't ask me, I have never spoken of it to those around me; it would have wronged him. Don't tell him I mentioned it," she added, in a frightened tone.

"Certainly not," he replied. She paused a moment with her head turned quickly round and caught sight of by one she noted the numbers, until sud- turned towards him, and he felt her eyes the widow. Her eyes were fixed on him, denly and with a start, as it seemed to were fixed on him steadily. "Your voice and after the slightest possible hesitation Barlyl, she came to the house in which Capt is kind," she remarked, as if speaking to recognition. In a couple of minutes later | head she glanced at the windows, and saw | from him for so long a time; you wouldn't the valet, when with a gesture expressive shut me in darkness for weeks and months. "This is certainly a surprise," he ex- of surprise or fear, she hurried down the lock the doors upon me, beat me if I cried claimed, with an air which old friendship street, and turning the corner, was lost to out at night when the moon looked down pititully on my solitude and despair, beck-Astonished alike by her appearance and oning me forward across the river where her action, he stood gazing in the direction | she flung a silver bridge, and away towards in which she had vanished, half expecting | boundless space into which she chased the shadows from the hills."

A dark suspicion crossed the valet's before, nor indeed had he known anyone mind. "Why did they do this," he resembling her, and it could not, therefore, asked, hoping to hear something of her

"Because my dream pursued me and would not let me rest; but we'll speak of it

With a sudden movement she advanced Her originality had struck him; her figure | towards the corner table, and gazed at the was, so to speak, photographed on the framed photograph of the captain, to exworn by sickness, and saddened by sorrow. history might be, in reply to which ques- The rich masses of brown hair brushed smoothly on her forehead were heavily streaked with silver; the large, dark eyes had an expression at once timid and defying, like those of a hunted animal at bay. up a theological novel which just then in- Feeling rather than perceiving that the terested him. He had been engaged in valet closely watched her, she hastily drew this manner for upwards of half an hour down her veil, and sighed as she turned

on his ear. Immediately he flung aside his "I shall come again," she said, "another book, started to his feet, and with a sense | day I may not be disappointed; he may be

"If I had your address I should let you

"Something will tell me when he comes. and then opening the door saw on its I shall find him soon," she replied, going cently filled his thoughts. He waited for a minute's pause she added, "You must "I promise," he replied.

"Thank you. I would rather surprise him. I know he will be glad, and in his joy he will forgive me for not warning him She turned nervously and slowly towards

the door, and then turning round said.

"Good day-we shall meet again. I know Barlyl opened the outer door and saw her glide noiselsssly down the stairs. Re-"In France," he answered, obeying the turning to the sitting-room with an abstracted air he sat thinking of his visitor and wondering in what strange chapter of her life had she the misfortune of meeting with his master. She awaked his sympathy, for he saw she had suffered; she claimed his interest for he feared for her future. Sudshe noticed the soft carpets, comfortable denly it occurred to him he might be able chairs, and well-filled bookshelves, the en- to find out something concerning her if he gravings and etchings on the 'walls, the knew where she lived, and any knowledge gained would perhaps enable him to help her. Acting on this thought he hurriedly finally fixing themselves on a photograph put on his hat and rushed into the street

determined to pursue her.

"How long have young Swackhammer and Miss Peckinpaugh been engaged?' "For about five years." "Fond of each other?" "Been sweethearts from childhood." "In good circumstances?" The only children of wealthy parents." "Health good?" Both sound as a dollar." "Then why don't they marry?" "Why, the old folks have got it down in their wills that they're to marry: there's \$20,000 in bank that they'll get whenever they do; the plans are drawn for the house they're to live in, and the Swackhammer and Peckinpaugh tarms join. There hasn't been any opposition. That's all."-Chicago Trib-

(To be continued.)

Mr. Waffle-Aw, Miss West, kindly al-"Surely not a few months," she protested low me to escort you into the banquetting salon. Miss West-Pardon me, Mr. Waffle, but did you expect to walk or ride? Mr. Waffle (standing on her dress)—Why walk, of course. Miss West-Then, please, get off the train .- Smith, Gray & Co.'s

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