

## SHORT CREEK DAVE.

Short Creek Dave was a leading citizen of the little camp at Cinnabar. In fact his friends would not scruple at the claim that Short Creek was a leading citizen of Arizona. So when the news came over from Tucson that Short Creek, who had been paying that metropolis a breezy visit, had in an inadvertent moment strolled within the confines of a gospel meeting then and there being waged, and suffered conversion, Cinnabar became a prey to some excitement.

"I told him," said Bill Tutt, who brought back the tidings, "not to go tampering 'round this yere meetin'. But he would have it. He jest kept pervading about the 'go in' place, and looks like I can't get him away. Says I: 'Bill, you don't understand this yere game they're turnin' inside, so jest you keep out a whole lot; you'll be safer.' But warnin's warn't no good; not as much as throwin' water on a drowned rat."

"This yere Short Creek was allers speshul obstinate that a way," said Old Scotty, the driver of the Tucson stage; "and he gets them moods frequent when he jest won't say whar he is, no go anywhar else. I don't wonder you don't do nuthin' with him."

"Well," said Rosewood Jim, otherwise James Rosewood, Esquire, "I recon Short Creek knows his business. I ain't, myself, none astonished much by these yere news. I've knowed him to do mighty flighty things, sech as breakin' a good pair to draw to a three flush, and it would seem like he's just a pursuin' of his usual system in this yere religious break. However, he'll be in Cinnabar to-morrow, and then we'll know a mighty sight more about it; pendin' which, let's licker. Mr. Barkeep, please enquire out the nose paints for the gang."

The people of Cinnabar there present saw no reason to pursue the discussion so pleasantly ended, and drew near the bar. The discussion took place in the Gold Mine saloon, so, as one observed on the issuance of Rosewood's invitation, "they were not far from centers." Rosewood himself was a suave courtier of fortune who presided behind his own faro game, and who, being reputed to possess a straight deal box, held a high place in the Cinnabar breast.

The next day came and Cinnabar began to suffer increased excitement. This feeling grew as the time for the coming of the Tucson stage approached. An outsider might not have detected this warmth. It found its evidences in the unusual activity of monte, highball, stud, and kindred devices, while faro too showed a boom spirit, and white chips, which were a commodity ordinarily disposed of at the rate of two bits per white chip, had, under the heightened pulse of the public, gone in some games to the dizzy pinnacle of 25 dollars a stack.

At last out on the gray and heated plain a cloud of dust announced the coming of the stage. Stacks were cashed and games cleaned up, and presently the male population of Cinnabar was in the street to catch as early a glimpse as might be of the newly converted one.

"I don't reckon now he's goin' to look sech a whole lot different, neither," said El Paso Bell, as she stood in front of the dance hall, of which institution she was a pronounced ornament.

"I wonder would it do to ask Dave for to drink?" said Tutt, in a tone of vague enquiry.

"Shore," said Old Scotty, "and why not?"

"Oh, nuthin', why not?" replied Tutt, as he watched the stage come up, "only he's nacherally a mighty peevish man that a way, and I don't suppose now his enterin' the fold has reduced the restlessness of that six-shooter of his'n, none whatever."

"All the same," said Rosewood, who stood near at hand, "politeness 'mong gentlemen should be allers observed, and I asks this yere Short Creek to drink as soon as ever he comes, and I ain't lookin' to see him take it done invidious, neither."

With a rattling of chains and a creaking of straps the stage and its six high-headed horses pulled up at the post-office door. The mail bags were kicked off, the Wells-Fargo boxes were tumbled into the street, and in the general rattle and crash the eagerly expected Short Creek Dave stepped upon the sidewalk in the midst of his friends. There was possibly a more eager scanning of his person in the thought that the great inward change might have its outward evidences; a more vigorous shaking of his hand, perhaps; but beyond this, curious interest did not go. Not a word nor look touching Short Creek's conversation betrayed the question which was tugging at the Cinnabar heart. Cinnabar was too polite, and then, again, Cinnabar was too cautious. Next to horse stealing, curiosity is the greatest crime of the frontier, and one most seriously resented. So Cinnabar just expressed its polite satisfaction in Short Creek Dave's return, and took it out in handshaking. The only incident worth a record was when Rosewood Jim said in a tone of bland friendship:

"I don't reckon now, Dave, you're objectin' to whiskey after your ride?"

"I ain't done so usual," said Dave cheerfully, "but this yere time, Rosewood, I'll have to pass. Jest confidin' the truth to you all, I'm a little off on them beverages jest now, and I'm allowin' to tell you the ins and outs thereof a little later on. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll canter over to the O. K. House and feed myse' some."

"I shore reckon he's converted," said Tutt, as he shook his head gloomily. "I wouldn't care none only it's me as gets Dave to go over to Tucson this yere time; and so I feels more or less responsible."

"Well, what of it?" said Old Scotty, with a sudden burst of energy. "I don't see no kick comin' to any one, nor why this yere's to be regarded. It Dave wants to be religious and sing them hymns a heap, you bet that's his American right. I'll jest gamble a hundred dollars Dave comes out all even and protects his game clear through."

The next day the excitement had begun to subside, when a notice on the post office door caused it to rise again. The notice announced that Short Creek Dave would preach that evening in the big warehouse of the New York store.

"I reckon we better all go," said Rosewood Jim. "I'm goin' to turn up my box

and close the game at 7.30 sharp; and Benson says he's goin' to shut up the dance hall, seein' as how several of the ladies is due to sing a lot in the choir. We might jest as well turn out and make the thing a universal deal, and give Short Creek the best turn in the wheel, jest to start him along the new trail."

"That's whatever," said Tutt, who had recovered from his first gloom and now entered into the affair with great spirit.

That evening the New York warehouse was as brilliantly lighted as a wild and untamed abundance of candles could make it. All Cinnabar was there. As a result of a discussion held in private with Short Creek Dave, and by that convert's own request, Rosewood Jim took a seat at the dry goods box which was to serve as a pulpit, to assist in the conduct of the meeting.

The congregation disposed itself about on the improvised benches which the energy of Tutt had provided, and all was ready. At eight o'clock, Short Creek Dave walked up the space in the centre reserved as an aisle, in company with Rosewood Jim, this latter gentleman carrying a new and giant Bible, which he placed on the dry goods box. Rapping gently on the box for order, Rosewood then addressed the meeting briefly.

"This yere is a public meeting of the camp," said Rosewood, "and I am asked by Dave to preside, which I accordin' do. No one need make any mistake about this yere gatherin' or its purposes on account of my presence. This yere is a religious meetin'. I am not, myself, given that a way, but I am allers glad to meet people what is, and see that they have a chance in for their ante and their game is protected. I am one of those, too, who believe a little religion wouldn't hurt this camp much. Next to a lynchin' I don't know of a more excellent influence in a Western camp than this yere meetin's. I ain't expectin' to be in on this play none, myself, and jest set here in the name of order and for the purpose of a square deal. I now introduce to you a gentleman who is liable to be as good a preacher as ever banged a Bible—your townsman, Short Creek Dave."

"Mr. President," said Short Creek Dave, turning to Rosewood.

"Short Creek Dave," said Rosewood Jim seriously, at the same time bowing gravely in recognition.

"And ladies and gentlemen of Cinnabar," continued Dave, "I shall open this yere play with a prayer."

The prayer proceeded. It was fervent and earnest and replete with unique expression and personal allusion. In these last the congregation took a breathless interest. Toward the close Dave bent his energies in supplication for the regeneration of Bill Tutt, whom he represented in his orisons as a good man, but living a misguided and vicious life. The audience were listening with a grave and approving attention, when, at this juncture, came an interruption. It was Bill Tutt, who arose and addressed the chair.

"Mr. President," said Tutt uneasily, "I rise to a point of order."

"The gent will state his point," responded Rosewood, at the same time rapping gently on the dry goods box.

"Well," said Tutt, drawing a long breath, "I objects to Dave a takkin' of the Redeemer for me, and a makin' of statements which aims to show I'm nuttin' more'n a felon. This yere talk is liable to queer me up on high, and I objects to it."

"Prayer is a free-for-all game, and thar ain't no limit onto it," said Rosewood. "The chair, therefore, decides agin' the point of order."

"Well, then," said Tutt, "a-waivin' of the usual appeal to the house, all I've got to say is this: I'm a peaceful man and have allers been the friend of Short Creek Dave, and I even assists at and promotes this yere meetin'. But I gives notice yere now, it Dave keeps on a-makin' of me to the Great White Throne as heretofore, I'll shore call on him to make them statements good with his gun as soon as the contrebution-box is passed."

"The chair informs the gent," said Rosewood, with vast dignity, "that Dave, bein' now a' evangelist, can't make no gun plays nor go canterin' out to shoot as of a former day. However, the chair recognizes the rights of the gentleman, and standin', as the chair does, in the position of look-out to this yere game, the chair will be ready to back the play with a Colt's 45, as soon as ever church is out, in person."

"Mr. President," said Dave, "jest let me get a word in yere. I've looked up things a little in the bible, and I finds that Peter, who was one of the main guys of them days, scrupled not to fight. Now, I follers Peter's lead in this. With all due respect to that excellent apostle, he ain't got none the best of me. I might add, too, that while it gives me pain to be obliged to shoot up Deacon Tutt in the first half of the first meetin' we holds in Cinnabar, still the path of dooty is clear, and I shall shore walk tharin, fearin' nuthin'."

"I tharfore moves we adjourn ten minutes, and as thar's plenty of moon out here, it the chair will lend me its gun—I not packin' sech frivolities no more, a-regardin' of 'em in the light of sinful bluffs—I shall trust to Providence to convince Bill Tutt I know my business, and that he's way off in this matter."

"Unless objection is heard, this yere meetin' will stand adjourned for fifteen minutes," said Rosewood, at the same time passing his six-shooter to Dave.

Thirty paces were stepped off, and the men stood up in the moonlit street, while the congregation made a line of admiration on the sidewalk.

"I counts one, two, three, and drops my hat," said Rosewood, "wharupon you all fires and advances at will. Be you all ready?"

The shooting began on the word, and when the smoke cleared away Tutt had a bullet in his shoulder.

"The congregation will now take its seats in the store," said Rosewood, "and the deal will be resumed. Two of you'll carry Bill over to the hotel and fix him up all right. This yere shows conclusively that Short Creek Dave is licensed from above to pray for whoever he pleases, and I'm mighty glad it occurred. It's shorely goin' to promote public confidence in his ministrations."

The concourse were duly in their seats when Dave again reached the pulpit.

"I will now resume my intercession for our unfortunate brother Bill Tutt," said Dave, and he did.

This was Cinnabar's first preaching, albeit it has had many more since—under the instruction of the excellent Rev. Dave.

On this first occasion he preached an earnest sermon; the dance-hall girls sang Rock of Ages, with spirit and effect; and the wounded Tutt sent over five dollars to the contribution box from the hotel where he lay with his wound.

"I knowed he would," said Rosewood Jim, as he received Tutt's contribution. "Bill Tutt is a reasonable man, and you can gamble religious truths allers assert themselves."—Short Stories.

## UNDER NITROUS ETHER.

Twenty Seconds When a Doctor Thought Himself in the Other World.

Dr. Granger, of Glasgow, gives a Scotch paper his experience under nitrous ether, when he thought he was in the land of shadows. He says:

"It happened thus—a severe chill had set up an inflammatory condition in the roof of a decayed tooth. After a week of great suffering, in the course of which I had applied in vain to both the doctor and the chemist in the village to rid me of my ivory, I set off to the neighboring town to seek the services of a qualified dentist. There my poor fang was subjected to a prolonged assault and battery with an elevator, but still it refused to surrender."

"I see this is going to be a tough job," said my operator, "Come along to-morrow and I will give you gas."

"I went on the morrow. I was placed in a large chair and gagged, and the inhaler was pressed firmly over mouth and nose. Oh! the relief that it was to think that in a few seconds I would be in a calm sleep from which I should awaken to find both pain and tooth gone."

"But, alas! I had not reasoned aright. From a condition of physical torture, I was immediately ushered into one of mental torture, which was far worse. 'Take deep, steady breaths,' said Mr. Q—, 'I drew a long, deep inspiration, and looked around. Nothing was changed—no new sensation had yet arisen. I drew a second. It seemed as if a liquid stream rippled swiftly through my whole body, and penetrated every nerve and fibre. It tingled in my finger tips, and I felt giddy. With the third inspiration my body seemed to become swelled out like a balloon. I felt inclined to laugh, and then I soared upwards. As I passed through the windows, I looked round, and saw myself seated in a large chair. Mr. Q— stood beside me, holding the ether bag against my mouth; while Dr. M— peered anxiously into my face, which was dark and expressionless."

"Immediately the scene was changed. I seemed to have penetrated to the realms of eternal night. I could see nothing; but felt I was surrounded by innumerable legions of spirits—all engaged in doing some work, the which I could not make out. Suddenly, I felt I was being approached, and a voice addressed me. It was a voice from which all hope had fled; and, at once, I understood I was in the regions of the condemned. 'It was you who brought me here,' the voice said. 'I brought you here!' I exclaimed. 'Why, I do not know you—cannot see you. Who are you, pray?' And, in the same undertone, the voice replied, 'It matters not who I am, or what I was—sufficient for you to know that by your instrumentality I am here today.'

The mental torture I endured at this point was intense. Imagine yourself, if you can, being reproached by a damned soul, and held accountable by that soul for its damnation. I felt that, when the time came for me to stand before the Great Judge, this spirit would stand forth, and, pointing at me with his finger, declare, 'Thou art the man.' Again I pressed for an explanation."

"How did—how could I bring you into these regions?" I pleaded. And, in the same hopeless recitative, came the reply—

"Some time ago you suggested I should undergo an operation for a certain disease, and advised me to have chloroform. I was averse to the chloroform, but you insisted and assured me there was no danger. Relying on your word I took chloroform, and my spirit passed from my body for ever. I was not ready to die; thus am I here."

"Just then I heard Dr. M— say, 'All right now, old fellow, and on opening my eyes I found it had all been a ghastly dream. Still, the impression on my mind was too deep to pass lightly away. I then knew there was truth in these words, 'I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' I had been unconscious just twenty-two seconds."

## Whittier at Newburyport.

Sept. 7, 1892.

"Giftless we come to Him who all things gives, And lives because He lives."

—The Poet's Last Lines.

Hail to thee and all good cheer, Though men say thou liest here Dead, And weep all uncomforted.

By thy faith, refining mine, Life still lights those eyes of thine Clear As the autumn atmosphere.

Ever still thy smile appears As the rainbow of thy tears; Bent O'er thy love's vast firmament.

Thou endurest—shalt endure, Purely, as thy song is pure. Hear

Thy hail; good cheer, good cheer. James Whitcomb Riley.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

All invalids who visit these specialists before Nov. 1st will receive services for the first three months free. All forms of chronic diseases are treated but no incurable cases accepted. The doctors will examine carefully and thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable, will frankly and kindly tell you so, also advise you against spending your money for useless treatment.

Remember it costs nothing to consult these gentlemen, therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of their professional experience. The St. John office is permanent, but FREE service ends NOVEMBER 1st. Call at once if you wish to consult them, as their parlors will be crowded during the latter days of free service.

Head office: 272 Yonge street, Toronto. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday 10 to 3. All correspondence punctually answered. (Enclose stamp).

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

All invalids who visit these specialists before Nov. 1st will receive services for the first three months free. All forms of chronic diseases are treated but no incurable cases accepted. The doctors will examine carefully and thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable, will frankly and kindly tell you so, also advise you against spending your money for useless treatment.

Remember it costs nothing to consult these gentlemen, therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of their professional experience. The St. John office is permanent, but FREE service ends NOVEMBER 1st. Call at once if you wish to consult them, as their parlors will be crowded during the latter days of free service.

Head office: 272 Yonge street, Toronto. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday 10 to 3. All correspondence punctually answered. (Enclose stamp).

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

## Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made.

Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

BEWARE of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

## You are Chasing Phantom,



if in pursuit of better Clothing than we are offering, for it is not manufactured. One look at

Fall and Winter Supply will convince you that what we say is true. Our Stock embraces everything that is new and serviceable as to materials, and everything that is stylish and becoming in the way of set and shape.

## Our Boys' Suits

surpass anything in that line in the City. We have a large assortment of Overcoats, of various shades and shapes, which you should examine before fitting yourself out for the Winter. We can sell low, and we do, at one price only. Boys' Cape Coats from \$2.90 up.

R. W. LEITCH, 47 King Street. St. John, N. B. NEW ROYAL CLOTHING STORE.

## Why Irishmen Love the Green.

The early Celts worshipped the dawn and the sunrise. It is more than probable, therefore, that their liking for the color green, which we see in their flags, sashes, etc., arose from a mistake among those who had lost a thorough knowledge of the Irish language. The Sun, in Celtic is called by a word pronounced exactly like our word "green," and it is likely that the Irish fondness for that color arose through the striking similarity of the two words. In the same way when we talk about a greenhouse we think they are so-called because plants are kept green in them during the winter; yet it is far more probable that the word is derived from the old Celtic word for the sun, because greenhouses are so built as to catch the rays and heat of the sun and store them for future use.—Ex.

## The Kind Exported to America.

An American who was studying low life in London went into a beer shop where malt and other liquors were sold in all quantities, from the glass to the barrel, and while lingering over a glass of indifferent ale a couple of draymen entered, one of them bawling to the bar maid, "Now, Sue, give us some legs and wings." They were served with what appeared to be the same sort of drink that the traveller was endeavoring to dispose of, and, after standing treat to put them in a compliant humor, he asked them what they meant by ordering "legs and wings." "Lor' love yer, sir," replied one, "don't be vex their ain't no body to it!"—N. Y. Paper.

## So Nice.

Bride (after the return from the bridal tour)—I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours sleep and a woman ten. Bridegroom—Yes, I've read that somewhere myself. Bride—How nice! You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up.—N. Y. Press.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

All invalids who visit these specialists before Nov. 1st will receive services for the first three months free. All forms of chronic diseases are treated but no incurable cases accepted. The doctors will examine carefully and thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable, will frankly and kindly tell you so, also advise you against spending your money for useless treatment.

Remember it costs nothing to consult these gentlemen, therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of their professional experience. The St. John office is permanent, but FREE service ends NOVEMBER 1st. Call at once if you wish to consult them, as their parlors will be crowded during the latter days of free service.

Head office: 272 Yonge street, Toronto. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday 10 to 3. All correspondence punctually answered. (Enclose stamp).

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

All invalids who visit these specialists before Nov. 1st will receive services for the first three months free. All forms of chronic diseases are treated but no incurable cases accepted. The doctors will examine carefully and thoroughly, free of charge, and if incurable, will frankly and kindly tell you so, also advise you against spending your money for useless treatment.

Remember it costs nothing to consult these gentlemen, therefore the most humble in circumstances can avail themselves of their professional experience. The St. John office is permanent, but FREE service ends NOVEMBER 1st. Call at once if you wish to consult them, as their parlors will be crowded during the latter days of free service.

Head office: 272 Yonge street, Toronto. Hours: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday 10 to 3. All correspondence punctually answered. (Enclose stamp).

THE BRITISH AMERICAN STAFF OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS IN ST. JOHN.

Services first three months free. The British American staff of Physicians and Surgeons who have so long enjoyed gratifying success in the principal cities of the continent, cured thousands of cases of male and female weakness, Catarrh, Catarrh, deafness, skin diseases, etc., while others have failed, have opened a permanent office in St. John at No. 24 Wellington Row.

## Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert."

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week For BOSTON



NEIL further notice the company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7.25 a.m. Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a.m., and Portland at 5 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday Trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

## HOTELS.

BARKER HOUSE, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor. Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

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



"Vivat Regina."

Queen Hotel, HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada.

The QUEEN contains 130 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w.c.s on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.

A. B. SHERATON, Manager.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

## Oysters R in Season.

The Oyster season having opened Sept. 15th I can now supply my customers with choice P. E. I. OYSTERS at lowest and North Shore prices.

J. D. TURNER, 19 to 23 N. S. King Square

## OPALS AND ONYX