

CORAL'S WEDDING-DAY.

It was Coral Hyde's wedding anniversary—her first—and it was Christmas Day as well—a sort of dual festival.

The old housekeepers on the western shores of the Pacific laughed at the assiduity with which she sought wild redberries and feathery trinkets of silk-white clematis to deck her little one-storied cabin in the Redwood Forest.

"It's all nonsense," said one. "The berries lose their color right away, and the clematis seed-pods burst all apart, and make such a litter as never was! Mrs. Hyde'll get sick of such sort of things before she's been married as long as we have!"

"Besides," added another, "this California country isn't like down East. Not but what it's a good place to sit in, and very snugly among these hills, but one somehow misses the frost and snow. Christmas don't fairly seem like Christmas here!"

"Christmas is Christmas everywhere," said Coral, with the pretty positiveness that belonged to her nature. "And it is my wedding day, too!"

So she gathered wild mosses and branches of black-green mistletoe and the scarlet mountain-berries that glowed as if they were touched with fire, and made her little house beautiful. And she hung up a snow-scene—evergreens all nimbly with white and a cabin drifted up, all save the shine of one window across the steady river—on the wall, and worked a "Merry Christmas" in shaded wools to put above the mantel.

"Alexis shall see that the dear old festival is not forgotten," said she. "But it seems so strange to stand here on Christmas Eve and see the roses all in bloom and the manzanita and macraea-trees all clothed in their superb, m. gnolia-like foliage and the blue birds darting in and out of the wood!"

Coral had come all the way from Maine to share the fortune of her sturdy young western lover. It would be scarcely true to say that she did not, at times, pine for her eastern home, and think longingly of the mullen-studded pastures and bilberry swamps along the Androsoggin River. But she had determined to make her home where her heart was, and in a great measure she had succeeded.

And so she decked the house for Christmas and took out all the little presents she had secretly contrived for Alexis, passing them in careful review to make sure that no stitch had been omitted, no finishing-touch left out. And then she looked at the turkey, all stuffed and stewed for the morrow's oven; the bowl of ruby-red cranberry sauce; the dainty mince-pies, which she herself had chopped and seasoned according to her mother's recipe; the solid "New England" pudding baked in the tin-pot, with plums and lumps of oleaginous nut and blanched almonds scattered along its crust.

"Everything is all right," she said to herself; and there she stood, in the glow of the Christmas Eve sunset, waiting for Alexis to come.

But Alexis did not come. He was a baggage-master on the train which ran daily between San Francisco and Santa Cruz. Of course, there were allowances to be made for all possible and impossible detentions; but even taking all these things into consideration, he surely should have been here, Coral thought, before the purple sunlight which was now shrouding the mountains had darkened into such an accidental glow.

"He has sipped in Santa Cruz," said Coral to herself, a sudden tide of jealousy surging up in her heart. "Clytie Vail is visiting her cousin there—Clytie Vail is old sweetheart, with her blue eyes and red-gold hair! Of all colors red is the most hideous for the human hair; and I don't see how any man alive can fancy one of those washed-out blonds! Oh, I see it all now! She has persuaded him, with her wiles and fascinations, to stop in Santa Cruz; and now he will not be back until after tea, and I am left here alone, just as I was last week! And upon the anniversary of our wedding-day too!"

It is strange upon how slender a foundation a woman can build herself up an edifice of misery. And Coral Hyde became miserable all at once—miserable and vindictive and inexorable. She had always entertained a secret aversion to Clytie Vail: now she was allowing himself to fall into her snare!

And the profound dark grew into a violet blackness, studded here and there with stars, and the madrons thickets waved softly in the air, and the scent from the sweet bay-trees floated up the valley, and the little clock on the mantel, all wreathed around with spiked holly-leaves, struck nine.

"I am to have no Christmas!" said Coral, with a choking sensation in her throat. "Very well. Since he has so chosen, so let it be. And he knew—he knew how much I had counted on this, the first anniversary of our wedding life. But he thinks more of Clytie Vail than he does of me!"

And, with the quick, passionate impulse of a grief-stricken child, she tore down the silent fringes of clematis, the clusters of polished redberries, the wreaths of gray moss, and flung them in a heap upon the floor. And then she looked up the house, put the key in her pocket, and with only a shawl flung over her head, she went up the lonesome mountain road, past the great powder magazine, across the bay-tree woods, into Pipeclay Clearing, where lived Mrs. Atwell, her nearest neighbor.

Mrs. Atwell was one of those unmethodical, shiftless house-keepers who are always behind in their calculations. Late as it was, she had only just sent out her freckle-faced little boy to catch the chicken for the morrow's feast.

"I did reckon on havin' a turkey," said Mrs. Atwell, in her spiritless whine. "But our turkeys they're so dreadful wild. They roost up in the trees, and hunt the medders all day, and there ain't no catchin' 'em. So we'll have to put up with chickens. Atwell he was raised in Rhode Island, and he sets store by a reglar Christmas-Dinner. But it's hard on me since my Chinaman went away, and I've had all the work to do."

"I'll help you, Mrs. Atwell," said Coral, rolling up her dress sleeves and looking around for a kitchen apron. "Are these raisins to be s'oned?"

"Ain't Mr. Hyde come home?" said Mrs. Atwell, staring at her guest.

"No," said Coral, seating herself by the

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment



It is the original. It is the best in use. It is unlike any other. It is the oldest on earth. It is superior to all others. It is the great vital and muscle nerve. It is for internal as much as external use. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne. It is what every mother should have in the house. It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere. It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation. It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician. It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. S. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

lattice window to tie the shoe-strings of a neglected little Atwell, who was running about with a very dirty face and a stocking ditto, looking for a nail to hang it on. At Santa Claus should by any possibility ignore his wants. And I've come to spend Christmas with you, Mrs. Atwell."

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad of it," whined the untidy man, shuffling across the floor to frighten the cat away from the cream-pot. "I s'pose it is pleasant in Santa Cruz than out in this wilderness. I don't blame the men-folks or stopping there, all right it is trying to wait 'till midnight for one's groceries and things; and Atwell is always half an hour behind every one else. I wish to goodness they'd shut up them times-me liquor stores. Not that Atwell ever drinks too much but it's so handy to set round and read the papers and talk politics. Abel, if you don't bring in that fowl I'll never get picked in this world, and you'll eat pork fried apples for your Christmas dinner to-morrow!"

So Mrs. Atwell droned on, while Coral sat stoning raisins for the pudding, which was as yet in its chaotic elements on different cupboard shelves, and thinking, with a certain angry satisfaction, how bewildered and probably how vexed Alexis would be when he came home and found the door fastened, the house deserted, no light to greet him, no wily smiles to welcome him.

"Very well," she kept repeating to herself. "Then he need not have stopped in Santa Cruz with Clytie Vail! Let him spend his Christmas where he pleases! I am so dupe! He wishes to be free, I shall claim a like privilege." The chicken was captured at last, and duly decapitated. The pudding had finally been compounded by Coral, and the old clock on the kitchen window-sill struck eleven.

"In another hour it will be Christmas Day," thought Coral with a little sigh. "Oh, I never—never expected to feel so wicked and sinful on a Christmas Eve as I feel now! Oh, what evil shape am I growing into—what hideous spell is transforming all my life!"

"There comes Atwell now," whined his wife; and the house is all topsy-turvy—and the children are not abed! What will he say?" But Mrs. Atwell probably was used to this dispirited state of things, for he only nodded good-naturedly to the two women as he came in, while the swarm of children, taking courage, began to question him whether he had met Santa Claus.

"S'pose you've heard of the accident, Mrs. Hyde?" he said to Coral, as soon as there was a little peace. "Accident?" she gasped.

"We ain't heard nothing. We never hear nothing," said Mrs. Atwell, in her injured tone. "There's nobody to tell us." "On Broad Gauge Road," said Atwell, "just 'other side of Santa Cruz. Oh, don't look so scared," as Coral grew white and staggered against the wall. "Mr. Hyde ain't hurt; but one of the rails got warped, somehow, and the train went off the track; and ever so many were hurt. And the passenger-car too, and everyone would ha' been burned to death if it hadn't been for your husband Mrs. Hyde. He flung his overcoat over the burning panel and put it out; but he got pretty badly scorched about the face and hands; and when the messenger came away he was helping the women-folk and quieting the scared children and doin' the work of three men at once. He'll get promoted a step up on the line for this night's work, now see if he don't; and—But where be ye gwine?"

"Home!" said Coral, who had caught up her shawl, and was hurriedly wrapping it around her. "Home, of course. Where else should I go?"

"Well, there ain't no use in bein' in such a mortal hurry," said Mrs. Atwell; "he can't be back afore two o'clock. I tell ye he's stoppin' to have his hands dressed at the drug-store. He—"

"But I must be there to meet him when he does come!" cried Coral, breathlessly. "Don't keep me! I tell you I am going home!"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Atwell, looking helplessly after the flying figure as it vanished into the purple glow of the California midnight. "And she said she was goin' to spend Christmas with me!"

But Coral Hyde never stayed her footsteps along the dim, madrons-stated road until she stood once more in her own little house where the holly and clematis and radiant redberries were all heaped on the floor where she had flung them two hours before in the paroxysm of her jealous passion. With frantic haste she lighted up the lamps and drew aside the curtains to make the little house smile its brightest Christmas welcome; and then she put up all the wreaths and festoons just as they had been before, and made all speed to prepare the little supper to do fitting honor to Alexis and to this first anniversary of their wedding-day.

And then she knelt down and prayed a

ODOROMA
Sweetens the Breath,
Whitens the Teeth,
Preserves the Enamel,
Prevents Decay.
Price 25 cts. All druggists.
THE ODOROMA CHEMICAL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

prayer of mingled thankfulness and remorseful petition.

"Because I have been so wicked, so envious, because I have judged so harshly," she whispered.

The distant bells of Santa Cruz were chiming their Christmas sweetness when at last Alexis came home, striding cheerfully up the path and whistling as he advanced. "A merry Christmas, my darling! A merry wedding-day!" he called out as she ran, sobbing, into his arms.

But Coral could only answer: "Oh, Alexis! Oh, my love!"

And he never knew of her over-fit of jealousy and passion.

"Because," she reasoned to herself, "I would not have bin know, my dear husband, that I ever could have been base enough to doubt him!"

AUTOMATIC CAR SWITCHING
An Electric Device Which Saves Time and Much Trouble.

A device by which switches can be automatically turned without any attention on the part of the motorman has been recently patented by W. S. Browne, of New York.

The improvement contemplates there being several switches on the line, and adjacent to each one are switch-operating magnets with pivotally mounted armature engaging a switch point in such a way that when either of the magnets is excited the switch point will be correspondingly moved.

The trolley wire is held in place in the usual way, and on it, near each switch, is a stationary contact device comprising a frame or casing with angular upper portion, and having at one edge a clamp which engages the wire, the contact plates preferably moving in recesses or openings in the casing when engaged by the contacts carried by the car. The car contacts are lugs bent outwardly from one side of a plate at the end of the trolley pole, and are in electrical communication with the trolley wheel, to utilize the trolley wire current to operate the switch mechanism. The contact plates have springs to hold them normally in position to be engaged by the car contacts, and the springs are connected by circuit wires to the switch-operating magnets. The casing of the stationary contacts is hollow, and the contacts are hinged at the edges of openings, with their outer faces inclined, and have stems on which are coiled contact springs. As the car approaches one of the switches, one of the car contacts engages the stationary contacts on the trolley wires to actuate the switch point and set the switch as desired, the car contacts being arranged to actuate only the particular switch or switches designed to be moved.

"Odorama," synonymous with perfect teeth, sweet breath and rosy gums. Druggists—25 cents.

Plants AND CUT FLOWERS



Shipped to All Points At all Seasons.

Nova Scotia Nursery

Lockman St., HALIFAX, N. S.

BORN.

St. John, Nov. 23, to the J. J. McCarthy, a son.
Midleton, Nov. 16, to the wife of F. E. Cox, a son.
Quinan, Nov. 11, to the wife of Solomon Collins, a son.
Parrishboro, Nov. 9, to the wife of John Llewellyn, a son.
Woodstock, Nov. 23, to the wife of W. P. Jones, a son.
St. Stephen, Nov. 23, to the wife of J. W. Moore, a son.
Mill Village, Nov. 19, to the wife of Alonzo Wallace, a son.
Argyle, Nov. 22, to the wife of Capt. Lovett Elmes, a son.
West Beccaro, Nov. 18, to the wife of Wm. Madden, a son.
Windsor Plains, Nov. 19, to the wife of Harry Shaw, a son.
St. John, Nov. 23, to the wife of W. G. Lawton, a daughter.
Mt. Denison, Nov. 23, to the wife of Oliver Love, a daughter.
Camlin, Nov. 21, to the wife of John R. Forbes, a daughter.
Calais, Nov. 13, to the wife of Gregg Breckett, twin boys.
Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of Charles Phillips, a daughter.
Truro, Nov. 23, to the wife of Henry M. Dunlop, a daughter.

Moncton, Nov. 27, to the wife of Enoch Rushton, a daughter.
Richibucto, Nov. 20, to the wife of Nicholas Chevalier, a daughter.
Mill Village, Nov. 10, to the wife of Alonzo Wallace, a son.
Parrishboro, Nov. 15, to the wife of Capt. John Brown, a daughter.
Annapolis, Nov. 18, to the wife of Chas. M. Spurr, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Nov. 2, to the wife of Laurie J. Amro, a son.
Lower Grandville, Nov. 11, to the wife of Lorenzo C. Ellis, a son.
Dalhousie West, Nov. 10, to the wife of Charles Buckler, a son.
Fredericton, Nov. 15, to the wife of Benjamin Campbell, a daughter.
Halifax, Nov. 20, to the wife of George H. Crosswell, a daughter.
Eel Brook, Nov. 14, to the wife of Captain Hiram Forster, a daughter.
Shelburne, Nov. 18, to the wife of J. Nathan B. Holden, a daughter.
Parrishboro, Nov. 15, to the wife of James McCormack, a daughter.
Urbana, Harris Co., N. S., Nov. 21, to the wife of G. B. McAloney, twin daughters.
Hughesville, Ekatarinoslan, Russia, Oct. 20, to the wife of A. S. White of Nova Scotia, a son.

MARRIED.

Tusket, Nov. 21, W. Hughes to Mrs. Adelbert Mood.
Baner, Me., Nov. 25, Thomas J. O'Leary to Annie E. Curran.
Windsor, Nov. 25, David B. Herd, to Annie McKinnon.
Albert, Nov. 11, by Rev. C. Comben, Zenas Turner to Rebecca Stiles.
Windsor, Nov. 17, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Millidge J. Adams to Emma Cord.
Milford, Nov. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Jacob O. White to Alice McPhee.
Campbellton, Nov. 16, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Charles I. Shaw to Janie Wilson.
Boston, Nov. 19, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, John H. Dodge to Eliza McQueen.
St. Charles, Nov. 13, by Rev. Fr. Venner Blair, Abigail to Julie Legoff.
Oak Bay, Nov. 12, by Rev. Isaac Howie, George Cameron to Isabella McLeod.
North Sydney, Nov. 21, by Rev. T. C. Jack, George Proctor to Susie Laurence.
Kingston, Nov. 18, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Cavan L. Murray to Emma Ward.
Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. R. P. Crawford, Thomas L. Waterford to Eliza Pace.
Glace Bay, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Neil McLean to Katie Patterson.
Greenfield, Nov. 17, by Rev. C. C. Burgess, J. S. McAdam to Clara E. Hunt.
Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. C. C. Gunn, Lushan D. Cameron to Maud Cameron.
Boston, Nov. 11, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Ois H. Caldwell to Sarah McQueen.
Boston, Nov. 25, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Archie I. Cameron to Mary L. McKay.
Pictou, Nov. 17, by Rev. Homer Putnam, John T. Taylor to Elizabeth Graham.
Calais, Nov. 12, by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Henry J. Mowatt, to Mary McMillan.
St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. S. Seetherland, Richard Cole to Mrs. Sarah Anderson.
New Glasgow, Nov. 12, by Rev. W. J. Croft, Joseph C. Horne to Sarah M. Bayneil.
Newton, Nov. 11, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Howard R. Keith to Agnes E. O'Neil.
Calais, Nov. 20, by Rev. W. J. D. Thomas, Charles E. Johnson to Alice A. Revels.
Oak Bay, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Clarence D. Holt to Evelyn Fisher.
Antigonish, Nov. 3, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John Cumming to Mary L. Macaulay.
Barrington, N. S., Nov. 25, by Rev. C. Huestis, H. B. Elderkin to Ida M. C. Ellis.
North Cambridge, Nov. 9, by Rev. Edward Abbot, James L. Hinton to Ada M. Fennell.
Appl. River, Nov. 25, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Stewart McLean to Edith Fowler.
St. Andrews, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. C. Berrie, John W. Cumming to Miriam D. Malloch.
Chapman, N. S., Nov. 18, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, John W. Munro to Eva R. Stewart.
Crow Harbor, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. A. Scott, David F. Green to Mary Armstrong.
Newport, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. T. W. Johnston, William H. Davies to Eliza Barnes.
Grand River, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. M. McLeod, Alexander P. McKay to Eliza McPhail.
Isaacs Harbor, Nov. 11, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Zena A. Silver to Lillian B. Davidson.
Merced, C. B., Nov. 15, by Rev. G. W. Lyons, Robert L. Leman to Letitia Archibald.
Overton, N. S., Nov. 19, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Edward H. Cushing to Maezie Churchil.
Boston, Nov. 4, by Rev. R. Kidner, Dr. Elmore Lowerison of Amherst to Janet L. Bacon.
Upper Merquodibito, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, John Henry to Annie F. H. For.
Calais, N. S., Nov. 17, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, Norman Ferguson to Flora McLean.

DIED.

Windsor, Nov. 19, Jeddiah Shaw, 65.
Canaan, Nov. 17, Joseph Mitchell, 63.
Quepasnis, Nov. 23, David Magee, 64.
Roxbury, Nov. 26, Michael J. Bradley.
Windsor, Nov. 19, Jeddiah A. Shaw, 65.
Quepasnis, Nov. 24, George Roberts, 70.
Belleville, Nov. 18, Thaddeus Babine, 54.
Havelock, Nov. 23, George W. Keith, 54.
McAdam, Nov. 21, Harvey E. Harris, 27.
Bridgewater, Nov. 21, Arthur Fralick, 28.
Yarmouth, Nov. 21, Mary L. Stoneham, 68.
Campbellton, Nov. 5, Allan McKinnick, 79.
Fredericton, Aug. 19, Deacon Josiah Barber, 74.
Lower Stewiacke, Nov. 18, Henry Denmore, 48.
Fraser, Nov. 15, William H., son of Charles Ross, 18.
Victoria Beach, Nov. 18, Mrs. Emeline Marry, 78.
St. John, Nov. 26, Annie wife of Andrew Lane, 54.
St. John, Nov. 26, Elmira, wife of Charles Hodges, 33.
Martin's Brook, Lunenburg, Oct. 31, Louis Young, 55.
Tidnish, N. S., Nov. 27, Theresa B. wife of Miles Peck, 26.
St. John, Nov. 30, Josephine J. wife of R. A. Christie.
Boston, Nov. 20, Samuel T. only son of Horace King, 21.
Kingston, Nov. 20, Mary Adeline, wife of Samuel Scribner.
Fort Lawrence, N. S., Nov. 18, Mrs. Edward Carter, 79.
St. John, Nov. 26, Agnes, child of Patrick and Kate Quinlan, 6.
Boston, Nov. 26, Thomas R. son of Thomas and Susie Rogers.
North Sydney, Nov. 20, John D. son of Charles G. Buchanan, 27.
Milford, Nov. 25, James W. child of Edgar and Bertha Scott, 2.
Pembroke, Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 12, George S. Johnson, 29.
Shelburne, Nov. 15, E. A., child of John H. and Mrs. Toorburn.
Wentworth, Nov. 19, Mary, daughter of the late John Neville, 68.
Halifax, Nov. 25, Emma G., child of Alexander and Emma Moffat, 5.
Bay Road, Nov. 6, Eliza May, daughter of Daniel Pierce, 8 months.
Newcastle, Nov. 19, Florence R., daughter of J. de Vries Neale, 4.
St. John, Nov. 29, Mary E. widow of the late Nathaniel N. Clark, 77.
Onslow, Nov. 19, James M., son of Wren and Eunice Johnston, 20.
Brookline, Newpott, Oct. 22, Willie F. son of John and Eliza Crowell, 14.
St. John, Nov. 29, Warren L. son of Capt. H. D. and Lizbeth Ferris, 19.
St. John, Nov. 29, F. W. Vernon, son of John H. and Mrs. Vincent, 19.
Lynn, Mass., Nov. 15, Sadie, daughter of E. B. Armstrong, 15.
Genoa, Italy, Nov. 24, Hon. John James Fraser, Lieut. Governor of N. B.
Greenfield, Nov. 20, William Tweddie, 26, and Nov. 21, his sister Ellen, 19.
Windsor, Nov. 22, of inflammation, Mary, widow of the late Bamford Smith, 78.
Biggar Ridge, N. B., Hepsey, child of Charles and Mary Harrington, 4 months.
Scott's Hill, Pictou, Co., Nov. 11, Charlotte P. widow of the late James J. McDonald, 69.
Bridgewater, Oct. 1, by drowning, Cecil Burns, only child of James and Beatrice Hanley, 2.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED—
With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.
This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the house, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Cafe Royal,
DOMVILLE BUILDING,
Cor. King and Prince Wm. Streets.
Meals Served at all Hours
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

WILLIAM CLARK,
Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

I. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class. Livestable. Coaches at trains and boats.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. H. B. NASE

DENTIST.

86 King Street, St. John, N. B.

A. G. BLAIR, G. G. RUEL, A. G. BLAIR, JR.

Blair, Ruel & Blair,

BARRISTERS, ETC.,

49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

GORDON LIVINGSTON,

GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Collections Made. Remittances Prompt.

Harcourt, Kent County, N. B.

Pigs' Feet and

Lamb's Tongues.

RECEIVED THIS DAY.

10 Kegs Pigs Feet,

5 " Lamb's Tongues.

At 10 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

WINES.

Arriving ex "Escalona"

"The Nicest" in quarter cask and Ottives.

For sale low.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

Beef,

LAMB,

MUTTON,

VEAL,

Ham, Bacon and Lard,

Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls

Vegetables.

THOMAS DEAN

13 and 14 City Market

Painting!

That well-known Painter and

Decorator,

Cornelius Gallagher

is prepared to take orders for

Painting and Decorating.

Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

CORNELIUS GALLAGHER, 99 St. Patrick St

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....12.20
Express for Sussex.....18.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.10
Suburban Express for Robbsey.....20.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....18.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....21.25
Suburban Express from Robbsey.....24.20

The