The bounteous gods at Helen's birth With gifts divine came laden; Said Venus, "She of all the earth Shall be the fairest maiden."

Jove graced her with a royal mein To win each mortal's duty; Athena's gift was all unseen-A mind to match her beauty.

Each brought a boon, save one, alas! Who had not been invited; I know not how it came to pass, But Father Time was slighted.

His vengeance for the sad neglect, I own, might be severer: Fair Helen gets the cut direct-Time never has come near her.

#### A STORY OF A STRIKE.

It was a desolate scene as I wandered among the pitfalls and abandoned workings of the Beaver Meadow Coal Mines. In the hollow of an old and useless stripping lay tons of slaty waste, among which gleamed bits of coal here and there. The mineral had long gone its way to the market, and only the refuse remained; but even these bits the poor about the district were forbidden by the owners to glean.

miners as for the rich?

The place looked deserted and dreary every limb, and a piteous, scared expression upon his wan' pinched little face.

"Don't be alarmed," I said, touched by his evident fear; "I wouldn't harm you."

"Ben't you come to arrest me for pickin' up the coal?" he inquired, falteringly;

"didn't the maisters send ye?"
At his feet I now spied a pail half full of

the precious stuff.
"We h'ain't got no fire," he said, grasping the pail with his little blue, half-frozen fingers, "and poor granny has been shiverin' and moanin' and huggin' the baby awful close, sir. She thinks that keeps it warm, you know."

A wan smile flitted over his face as he said it, but something in his tone brought a lump to my throat.

"And what is your name?" I next inquired. "Jemmy, sir."

"And your father, where is he?" 'I dunno," answered the boy.

"Dead?" I queried. "Mebbe. I dunno." "And your mother?"

His little lip quivered. "Mother went to work afore daylight, sir. She goes out a-washin' and scrubbin' when she can git it. We'll have some supper when she comes home—granny and me will, and I'll have a fire, 'cause you know mother'll be awful cold and tired.'

"Well," I said, struggling with my emotion, "let us fill the pail, and I will carry it."

It was soon done, and before long we stood upon the threshold of a miserable shanty, which the boy called "home." He hesitated a moment before opening

"You ben't one of the maisters, now, be

ve?" he asked solemnly. "God forbid," I answered, as seriously.

"And ye ain't come to turn us out of the "Never fear," I smiled; "I come as a

friend, not an enemy." For an answer he opened the door. Home! A carpetless floor, a bed, a

chair or two, a fireless stove. Cowering close to the latter sat an old woman, crooning to a babe which she held

in her arms, swathed in rags. "Lie still, my bairn," she murmured, startled by the opening of the door; "lie still—the maisters shall nae touch ye, never

Oh! those hollow cheeks, those trembling hands, those straggling locks, that bent,

shivering form. She gazed at me curiously at first, with a

vacant, dazed-like stare, then a shudder | broth! shook her frame. "Be ye one o' the maisters?" she inquired in a husky voice.

"No," I replied, smiling, "no." "I maun a-knowed it," she said with a nod. "The deil ne'er cooms a-smilin', and -and-" here her voice fell to a whisper-

"the barons are all sold to the deil-did ye I made no answer, and she continued her crooning to the babe in her arms. "Hush, my bairn!" she said to the mo-

tionless figure; "hush, thy father's a-coomin' home the day. Has't seen him?" she cried, suddenly turning to me; "has't seen my Sandy! My puir boy, Sandy—did he send ye?

The boy looked at me with a wistful, touching expression. "Sandy's the father," he explained,

"who went away long ago." At this juncture a door opened and a woman about 30 years of age entered, with every appearance of weariness and heartsickness in her form and face. For the first time the boy's eyes bright-

"Mother," he said, "the gentleman fetched home a whole pailful of coal—see!" and the little fellow spread his hands over the newly-kindled fire with a look of pride

"Hush!" whispered granny, "the bairn sleeps. Wake her not up to misery again. It were a blessin', when hunger cooms and fro, and fell at Sandy's feet without life or cold, for us all to sleep. The maisters can- motion. Then the rest sprang upon Sandy, na sell sleep," she muttered, brushing with | who stood there dazed and horror-stricken, one tollworn hand the straggling locks from her brow, "though they do own our bodies, they canna touch the soul."

"Poor granny!" sighed Jemmy's mother; "'tis always the maisters since that awful day. Sleepin' or wakin', 'tis always the

maisters. rising feebly and depositing her burden upon the bed; "sh-h! the bairn sleeps." "The child must be cold," I said to the

younger woman. "Its clothing seems poor and thin." She smiled strangely and placed her fin-

boy; "it's only a stick o' wood the granny I looked at the boy's mother inquir-

ingly. "Yes," said she, "the bairn died the morning poor Sandy was taken away. Granny went crazed, as you see, which was a mercy, sir, seein' as how she loved the bairn and Sandy better than life."

The old woman had returned to her chair, and, cheered by the warmth, was sinking into a gentle doze.

"Sandy!" she murmured. "Sandy's I could not coomin' hame the day. The bairn will nae rible word. mair cry from hunger, for the father is coomin' hame.'

"Of what dark day do you speak?" I inquired; "and who took your husband away ?

The boy shuddered, and crept close to his mother's side. She hesitated.

"Here, Jemmy," I hastened to say, 'take this money and go to the nearest store. Your mother will tell you what to

He was gone, but nevertheless I was haunted by those solemn, pleading, wistful eyes—eyes in which the glad light of happy childhood had never lurked; eyes which Gran looked out upon life shadowed by the wing | come the day."

The winter had been a severe one, and the men had been idle for months, but still the coal-handlers' strike for a few pence they clung to the hope that, by holdin' out, more a day had augmented the sufferings their future would be bettered—that the of the poor, not only in and about the barons would see at last that all they asked great city, but extending out to the coal for was wages enough to sweeten labor; thy boy Sandy come back indeed!" regions as well; for the barons have shut something beyond the coarse fare and the down, and was not coal as dear for the comfortless cabin which had ever been their portion. So the day came when even the bit of salt pork and black bread could no enough, but I walked on, musing over the more be had at the company's store on fate which doomed the generality of men to toil and poverty, when suddenly the figure of a child arose from one of the He was very white, sir, when he came back, figure of a child arose from one of the He was very white, sir, when he came back, heaps and stood before me, trembling in and there was that in his eye which made me shudder.

"Why, Sandy," I cried, "my man-why do you look so?" "For answer he pointed to the empty

"'They would gie me nane,' says he, slow like and husky; 'they will nae trust | paper. us more.'

" 'And why?' I asked all of a tremble. " 'They mean to turn us out of the house tomorrow,' he answered bitterly. 'New men, my lass, are coomin' to take our places at 60 cents the day.'

"But the bairn, our sick bairn!" cried. 'She has been cryin' for a sup of broth since early mornin'. She is dyin', Sandy-dyin' for the lack of nourishment.' "Sandy groaned. He was a big, brawny

man, sir, willin' to work, and he well-nigh worshipped the little one that lay there moanin' and cryin' for the broth which he couldn't give her. "'Ye maun get a chicken, Sandy,' cried

granny; 'try it, mon. The darlin' is starvin', can ye no see?" " 'A chicken?' cried Sandy, with a bitter

laugh. 'Ye maun as well ask me for the keys of heaven, granny. They would nae gie me the trust of a pail of coal the morn. A chicken! they would call me mad an I should ask for it-mad!' "Well, sir," continued the woman, after

a painful pause, "the next day was cold and raw. A fine, drizzling rain set in, which froze as it fell. The little one was worse. She lay quite still now, and moaned no

"'They will not turn us out in this storm, Sandy, with a sick bairn,' I said; 'they can never be so cruel as that.'

"'The new men must have homes,' he answered, despairing like; 'and when did ye know the barons to show mercy? Nae, I'm afraid we'll have to go; but if the bairn dies, if she dies, Jenny, I'll-' he stopped and clinched his hands, and muttered something under his breath.

"Just then came a knock at the door. Granny looked out the window, then turned with white face and set lips, and grasped Sandy by the arm.

"Be a mon,' she said, in a low, deep voice, 'be a mon, Sandy, and dinna let them turn us out this awfu' day. Think o' your dyin' bairn, and be a mon."

"Sandy shook in every limb, but answered not a word. "A louder rap now on the door, and an

oath or two. "Granny wrung her hands in agony, for just then from the bed came a low moan. "Broth! cried the bairn; 'granny,

"'Open the door, Sandy,' said granny; 'open the door;' and taking the little one in her arms, she stood, like a figure turned to stone, in the middle of the floor.

Jemmy, hardly more than a babe, clung weeping to my skirts as I knelt in prayer by the fireless stove, asking aid from One greater and richer than the owners of the coal mines.

"There was a silence for a moment when the door was opened; then one of the men laughed. "Come,' he said, 'make ready to be

out of this by noon. You had your orders yesterday, Sandy, and we mean to enforce

"But the bairn is near to dying,' answered Sandy, choking like, 'and sure ye will not turn us out in the storm?"

"'Well, if the brat be near dying,' said an officer, brutally, 'she may as well die

"Then," continued the woman, shielding her eyes with one hand, "I heard a growl like as from a wild beast, then a cry of mortal agony, and then —" Her voice broke, and she half arose from her chair and looked with a fixed, stony gaze straight before her."

"And then?" I queried, after a painful

"And then," she resumed with white lips, "the man who had uttered that cruel speech flung up his arms, swayed to and white as the dead man at his feet.

"'I did nae mean to kill him,' he said, solemnly, with uplifted hand; 'God above knows I did nae mean to kill him. But the bairn is the light o' my eyes, and if any of ye be fathers, ye maun know how— how—' He could say no more, sir, for "Sh!" again whispered the old woman, the tears, which choked him; tears wrung from his great loving heart—a heart as ten-

der as a woman's. "'Come," said the dead man's friends, savagely, 'come. We want no more of your whining. You'll get a halter for this day's work, never fear.'

"'A halter!' exclaimed granny, dazed ger upon her lip.
"'A halter!' exclaimed granny, dazed like—'a halter for my Sandy!' Then she

looked at the dead man's face, and laughed, such a horrid laugh, sir, that it curdled the

blood in our veins.

"'She's dead,' he said, quietly; 'my Jenny, our pretty bairn is dead;' and, without another word, turned and went out the door, never to enter it again." "Surely," I stammered, "he was not-"

I could not bring myself to utter the hor-"No, sir," said she, quietly; "but he was sent to prison for life." "And you and the boy and granny?"

inquired-"what did you do? "The neighbors helped us to move here," she said, wearily, "and helped to bury the child. Granny's reason fled that very day, and as you see still she nurses the bairn, and ever in her ear rings that mournful cry,

"Broth! granny, broth!" The door opened suddenly at this juncture, and in sprang Jemmy, with a look upon his face that brought us both to our

"He's come!" he gasped; "he's come! Granny was nae mad when she said he'd "Who?" cried his mother, a wild hope

gleaming in her eye. "Quick, Jemmy, tell

me! Who has come?" "My boy, Sandy," crooned granny, aroused by the confusion; "'tis my Sandy come back with broth for the bairn." "Ay, mither," cried a rough, manly

voice at the door, "God be thanked, 'tis The wife stood like one turned to stone. "Escaped?" she gasped with a shudder, as her husband held out his arms; es-

"Nae, my lass," he cried; "never fear, 'tis not escaped I am, but pardoned, Jenny -pardoned.

That meeting was too sacred for a shaken with emotion, wife and child sob-"bairn" tenderly clasped in her arms, smiling upon the group in placid, sweet content.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated News-

#### Life Insurance Pays.

Philadelphia has three citizens, who. aside from Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, lead the world in the amount of individual in- series. In numbers it far surpassed all surance they carry. Mr. Wanamaker car- others, embracing as it did between 4,000 ries \$1,000,000 life insurance; Mr. Stetson, \$750,000, and Hamilton Disston, societies in 1,200 cities and towns, in 31 \$500,000. Dr. Hostetter is carrying states and territories. The speaking \$800,000. The list of prominent men who carry large risks upon their lives is rapidly the very highest order. Among the many lengthening. The risks of Mr. Wanamaker have been of slow growth until re- Harper, Miss Francis E. Willard, Rev. cently, when a few European companies John H. Barrows, D.D., Rev. Arthur were brought in. He is conceded to be Mitchell, D.D., Bishop Samuel Fallows, one of the best risks in the United Rev. James W. Brook, D.D., and Mrs. one of the best risks in the United States. He is but 50 years of age, is regular in his habits, does not touch alcohol or tobacco, and although he has enormous business interests and great responsibilities is free from excitement. Mr. Wanamaker's risks are divided, \$500,000 in tife and \$500,000 in fifteen year endowments. He pays about \$65,000 premiums per year. He can go upon the street and borrow half a million dollars upon his risks, which is in itself a great advantage in a business point of view. The endowments run in various lengths, from ten to fifteen years, and when the risks expire, if he permits the dividends to remain, he will receive \$1,400,000. His risks are in 29 different companies .- Philadelphia Times.

#### A New Use for Tobacco.

A new use has been discovered for tobacco. A father, whose child was dying of membraneous croup, remembered how deathly sick he was the first time he chewed tobacco, and, having a cud in his mouth, without thinking twice, he opened the child's mouth and placed the tobacco in. The father knew it was a desperate act, and he waited in terrible suspense for the result. It came, and quicker than he could have hoped. There was a sudden convulsive movement, and the poor little thing was nearly doubled for an instant, and herself forward, there shot from her throat a chunk of almost solid phleghm at least two inches long, and having through it a passage no larger than a small lead pencil. After a few minutes of retching, the little one lay quietly back and slept calmly and sweetly, and the next day was playing around the house with all her wonted vim. -Boston Herald.

#### He Went Too Far.

Two serious looking Germans walked into police headquarters together this morning, and said to Doorman Flood that they wanted to see the superintendent. One of them carried a little black and tan dog un-"On police business?" queried the door-

"Very particular pusiness," nodded the

smaller of the men. "Vell, I dell you. Dis man," pointing

to his companion, who stolidly held on to the dog, "he has mine vife four days altreaty, und now, mine Gott! he wants mine

The superintendent was not in, and the Germans went away together after a brief conference with Sergeant O'Toole. The one with the "vife" still had the dog .- New York Sun.

#### VACATION.

O worker, weary with thy work, Worn with thy daily strife, Who knoweth that success is vain, That dreams fade out of life,—

Go to thy mother's heart for rest Deep as thy childhood's sleep. Her tired children safe and close Thy mother yet can keep.

For still 'tis true, as in those days,

Long past, of myth and song, Calm Nature great all-mother is, with love and memory for

Pind then, thou canst, on Nature's heart, This solace for thy pain— The joy that blossoms with the grass, The gladness of the grain, The happy breaking into song
Of brook, and bird, and bee,
And of the wind that lifts the wave,
And bends the willing tree.

Of silent pools beneath the hills, Where quiet shadows lie. On waters swift, of changing hue, Let fall thy line and fly,

Let thy heart dance with dancing leaves,
And with the pattering rain—
So thou shalt find, though day decline,
Thy childhood's rest again.
—Edward Carlton in Forest and Stream.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

The Pan-Presbyterian council, represent-

As foreshadowed by Progress, last week, Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor of the Leinster street Baptist church, has decided to accept the general managership of the Union Baptist seminary. That institution is to be congratulated.

The bishop of Fredericton, now in his 84th year, and Bishop Austin, of Guinea, now 80 years of age, are without doubt the oldest actively engaged bishops in years and length of service, in the Church of England at home, in the colonies or in the daughter church of the United States.

If ever Mr. Gladstone comes back to power, he is bound to make the Rev. Wm. Theseby a bishop. That worthy minister has just published a Service of Song on the life of Mr. Gladstone, and the page headed "The People's William" is occupied by the hymn "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word." Mr. Gladstone says, "I appreciate very much the compliment you have paid me."-Halifax

Eminence Cardinal Manning presents a the most respectable business centres of very interesting statement of the progress | the cities. They are all the more dangertablishment of the hierarchy. Within the something eminently respectable about the been erected in London alone, without including the 16 or 17 chapels that are attended from a distance. The greater part of these were begun under the most adverse circumstances, the congregations being unable to support a priest. The zeal and self-denial of the clergy is beyond all praise. They have struggled through poverty, depriving themselves for the sake of stranger's eye to witness, and so I silently their schools and their poor, and withal stole away and left them; the strong man ever cheerful and contented. The cardinal concludes with the instructive reflection that bing upon his breast, and granny, with her of all the works agreeable to God, the best is the formation of a priest, "that divine instrument for the salvation of a multitude of

Although all the National Christian Endeavor conventions of the past have been notable gatherings, the seventh annual convention, which has just been held in Chicago, was by far the most important of the and 5,000 delegates, representing 1,800 throughout the four days' session was of well known speakers were Prof. W. R. G. R. Alden (Pansy), who read a delightful Christian story. Perhaps the most important advance step which was taken was the proposal of an amendment to the model constitution by the president of the united society, in regard to the relation of what may be called the "Christian endeavor graduates," i. e., those who have been trained in the society for usefulness in the church. The amendment provides that the older active members, when the time comes that they can attend but one meeting in the week, shall be expected to attend the church meeting, and that the prayer meeting pledge shall apply to the church meeting. So long as they are faithful to this meeting, they are to remain honorary and affiliated members of the society. Another important matter was the presentation by Prof. W. R. Harper of a systematic plan of Bible study, which will doubtless be adopted generally by the societies.

#### BEWARE OF THE BUCKET-SHOP!

A Vigorous Condemnation of the Swindle, by a Commercial Authority.

Bucket-shop is a compound of two good honest words, which has unfortunately fallen in with bad associations, and is known by the company it keeps, or rather that it has been forced into keeping. It is seemed to writhe in agony, when, throwing the occupation which brings the name into contempt, not the name which brings the occupation into contempt, as some who are engaged in it are fond of imagining.

The business of a bucket-shopkeeper is to gamble in either produce or stocks, or commonly in both. New York stocks and Chicago wheat are to the Montreal bucketshop gamblers what the red and black balls are to the gamblers of Baden-Baden or the Pacific Coast. The bucket-man is the bank, and as the gambler stakes three to two, the latter is allowed "to make the game" as in other dens. Stripped of all the plausible phrases which are attached to these transactions by the gamblers themselves, in the vain attempt to deceive themselves as to the true nature of the business in which they have launched, and thereby stifle their consciences, that is what it means. The keepers of these places say that it is not a matter of chance, but of speculation. Under the best of circumstances for the gambler in this city, how much room is there for speculation even in the debased sense in which grain dealers regard the word. What grounds have the best informed of speculators here to build upon as to the price of Chicago wheat, which dethe purse of cliques in that city, and the speculative inclinations of grain dealers. They have real grounds, based upon the world's production, the visible supply, comparative prices, &c., but while final results are dependent upon these, the passing results upon which the bucket-shop gambler stakes his money are dependent upon the momentary success of manœuvres on the part of the cliques, of which he knows and can know nothing. The "speculations" of these bucket-shop gamblers would excite smiles of mingled pity and contempt for their innocence on the faces of members of

such cliques. Commercial editors who have especial means of knowledge, who watch every cause and every effect, after a very little experience, learn that "it is never wise to predict, for nine times out of ten you are caught," to use a phrase that has become stereotyped. It men with cool heads and disinterested minds find it impossible to calculate with any sort of probability, what chance has the man whose mind is perplexed by the fear of loss, the desire of gain, by the wrong-headed, perhaps the wrong-hearted, opinions of others, to make even the best possible calculation? "A man is always

lucky at first," is a saying which obtains among these gamblers, and this can only be owing to one of two reasons, either that "The child no longer moaned, but lay quiet within her arms. Sandy shook off the hands which held him, and stooped to kiss the bairn.

"The child no longer moaned, but lay ing 4,000,000 communicants (equivalent to 20,000,000 adherents), has accepted the incalculation only misleads. Either of these vitation conveyed by Principal Caven and will hold its next meeting at Toronto, in is not a matter of chance. But the largest class of bucket-shop gamblers come to the den without knowledge upon which to build, or experience or native wit to guide their choice. Such men do not deceive themselves or others into believing that "there is any speculation in their eyes"; they

> simply "take a chance." It is a great evil that men, who, by laboring hard all summer, save just about money enough to feed and clothe themselves and their families though the approaching winter, are exposed to the temptations to spend their earnings at these dens. Stevedores and handicraftsmen who earn their money about the shipping, and who have a little money and a great deal of idle time on their hands, are led to these places, Satan knows how, and are relieved of both, It is in such places as these that the clerks who use their employers', and trustees who use other people's money, lose it, and character and reputation, and win only infamy for themselves and for their families.

And yet there are representative citizens, who are regarded respectable and conscientious men, and church members in this A pastoral letter recently issued by His nefarious trade! Their shops are found in of Catholicity in England since the re-es- ous and more damnable because there is space of 20 years, 20 new churches have appearance of the business itself, of the offices which are used as dens, and of the men who conduct the business, and thrive by the means of financial and moral ruin of their victims. This disreputable business is held in contempt by business men, but wherever there is an opportunity for gambling, there are sure to be soft-headed persons enough to indulge in it. It should, if possible, be under the ban of the law, as it is even more mischievous than liquor selling .- Montreal Journal of Commerce.

#### "King Lear" in French.

Louis Frechette has been commissioned by the managers of the Theatre Français, to translate King Lear for rendition during the exposition of 1889. He will do it

# Hotel Dufferin.

St. John, N. B.

#### FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

J. SIME, Proprietor. Hawarden Hotel,

Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WM. CONWAY . . Proprietor. Terms, \$1 Per Day.

### PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. TERMS-\$1.50 and \$2.

E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

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· FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

### ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT . . . Proprietor

## ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

#### T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL.

(FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B.

pends to a great extent upon the length of D. W. MCCORMICK - - - Proprietor.

### KING STREET RESTAURANT MR. W. A. LANG

Informs his numerous patrons and the public that he has opened a First Class Eating Saloon

TRINITY BLOCK, where he will be pleased to see everybody.

The coolest rooms, the choicest meals, and No. 94 King Street. R. J. LANG, Manager

### BUSINESS MEN, **CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS**

Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

The best the market affords always on hand.

## NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Commencing June 25th, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at t6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON †8.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Wood

14.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Bangor at †6.15 a. m., Parlor Car attached; †7.30 p m., Sleeping Car attached.

Vanceboro at ¶1.15; †11.15 a. m.; 2.21 p. m.

Woodstock at †7.46; †10.30 a. m.; †8.00 p. m.

Houlton at †7.40; †10.30 a. m.; †8.10 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.30 a. m.; †12.20; †9.45 p. m. St. Andrews at †7.00 a. m. Fredericton at †6.00; †11.30 a. m.; †3.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †8.20 a. m.; †2.25;

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18,00 a m .- Connecting with 8.50 a. m, train from †4.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.
A. J. HEATH,
Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

### 1888--Summer Arrangement--1888

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888,

#### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. A Sleeping Car will rnn daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Ex-press, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30 Express from Sussex..... 8 30 All traine are in: by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,

Chief Superintendent

#### RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888. UNION LINE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, and Fredericton for St. John, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 9 o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops. Fare \$1.00.
Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for
Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and
Western Railway for Doaktown, Chatham, etc.; and
with steamer Florenceville for Eel River, Wood-

On THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS Excursion Tickets issued to Brown's, Williams', Oak Point and Palmer's wharves, good to return on day of is-sue, for 40 cents, or to Hampstead and return for 50 SATURDAY EVENING AND MONDAY MORNING

SATURDAY EVENING AND MONDAY MORNING TRIP.—For accommodation of business men and others, Steamer ACADIA will leave Indiantown every Saturday evening, at six o'clock, for Hampstead, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave Hampstead at six o'clock Monday morning, to arrive at Indiantown at nine, thus affording an opportunity to spend a day of rest and change in the country without encroaching on business bours.

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