

A DREAM.

Behold, there was seen of my heart, A place of great shadow and tears, Shadows and trembling and fears, Death, and the pain of his dart.

Love in his grave clothes was there Dead, with no smile on his face, Dead, in that sorrowful place, With scorn for a wreath in his hair.

He that had once been so great, Mighty of wing and so fleet, There, lying still at my feet, There at the feet of my hate!

Looking thuswise on him there, I, being softened in part, Touched, for one heart beat, his heart, Leaving my lips in his hair.

But, as repentant I knelt, Torn with the battle begun, Shamed for the thing I had done, Lo! on a sudden I felt

Warmth of his wings overspread, Yea, of his lips and his smart, Of his eyes, of his hands, and his heart: Love had come back from the dead!

—Anniea Rives, in the Pittsburgh Bulletin.

THE PHANTOM PICKET.

The story I am about to relate is an old regimental legend in the 1st Regiment of foot. It was narrated to me by an officer of that distinguished corps one evening after dinner at their hospitable mess.

Of all the British Regiments which fought under John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, during the long and bloody wars in France, Germany and Flanders, none was more dreaded by its foes than the One Hundred and Fiftieth. It was, indeed, scarcely less dreaded by its friends, for it was composed of men regarded as the most reckless and abandoned of the soldiers fighting under the British colors at a time when all soldiers were considered the most desperate and brutalized of human beings.

Terrible as was the military penal code of those days, with its merciless flogging, strappado and other barbarous punishments, the powers of the officers of the One Hundred and Fiftieth were severely taxed to keep their men in anything like order during the winter months of military inaction.

In fact, though no regiment could be found more trustworthy when it was a question of a bayonet charge, the military authorities could not but feel relieved when, after the campaign of 1712 had closed, they were enabled to draft the One Hundred and Fiftieth to India.

They had not long arrived when they were employed in the field once more. But Indian warfare was child's play to men who had crashed through columns of France's bravest soldiers in a score of fierce struggles, and the swarthy warriors of Hindostan shrunk appalled at the reckless courage and devilish ferocity of the "Jal wallaws," (sash bearers), a name given to them owing to a thin red sash worn alike by officers and men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth, a distinction earned at Ramillies.

Time, however, mellowed all things, and when the country became more peaceable the men, tired of bloodshed, began to settle down into comparative quiet. Brawls, of course, were frequent, nor were they always bloodless; but on the whole things were mending, and the One Hundred and Fiftieth bade fair to become as orderly a regiment as any other. One man, however, seemed to regret the change.

Drummer McGrath was a short, ill-favored Irishman of prodigious bodily strength and the most daring courage. His promotion might have been secured over and over again, but for some drunken orgie or riotous act which showed him unworthy, in spite of his intrepidity. He was indeed a curious and unsightly object. He had lost an eye at Blenheim, a ghastly slash (a reminiscence of Ramillies) crossed his face from brow to chin, while a large projecting tooth made up a tout ensemble so hideous as to inspire a superstitious awe in the natives. The villagers would fly in terror to the jungle when it was noised abroad that the Lal Jal Bhuat (red sash devil) was drunk and roaming at large. One gift he had. He could blow a bugle, said the men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth admiringly, as could no other man in the army. Often in the canteen, when half drunk and excited with talking over old fights, he would leap suddenly to his feet and blow the wondrous shrill call of the regiment with a blast that rang through the hearts of men who had heard it on many a bloody field. Countless frays had been commenced by McGrath's bugle, and the natives learned to tremble when they heard it ring out at unusual hours on pay night.

The regiment was quartered in 1720 at Azimpoor, when it was suddenly attacked by cholera. Officers and men died like flies. For the first time something like a panic seized the corps. The men rushed to drink as a refuge, disorder began to spread and at last, when orders to move came, only a wreck of a regiment marched away to Indraghar, 40 miles distant, leaving 150 comrades buried together in a small patch of ground surrounded by a mud wall, about half a mile from the cantonment. The last man who fell a victim was drummer McGrath.

On the night before the regiment left he had been in high spirits, blowing his bugle and uttering wild yells. At midnight the fell disease struck him, and he was borne, writhing with agony, to the hospital shed. He was lying moaning and muttering, sinking fast, when at dawn the bugles sounded the "fall in" for the regiment prior to its marching away. He started as the sound struck his ear.

"Sure they'll never be lavin' Larry McGrath behind!" he murmured. "What'll the old regiment do without me?" He started up as the word of command to march ran out through the dark dawn, and clutched the rug on his pallet with his left hand convulsively as he heard the tramping feet dying away in the distance.

"Ye'll mebbe want me yet," he whispered hoarsely, "though ye lave me now so aisy!" He had had his beloved bugle in his hand at the moment of his seizure, and they had not been able to disengage it from his stiffened fingers. As the sound of tramping grew faint he put the bugle to his lips

and struggled to blow it, but failed. At last, with an imprecation so hideous that the old priest, who alone remained with him, shuddered as he crossed himself, McGrath yelled: "By—! I'll blow a rally for the boys once more if I come from the pit to do it!" Then, with a gasp, he fell back dead.

It was nine o'clock on the evening of June 19, 1857, and the little garrison of Azimpoor lay momentarily expecting an attack from a large force of mutineers under one of their most able and vindictive leaders, Mir Khan. Early that morning the small cavalry detachment from the garrison, while reconnoitering had discovered the enemy close at hand, marching with the evident intention of attacking Azimpoor. Everything pointed to a struggle that night or early next morning. The state of affairs was very critical. Colonel Prendergast, the commandant of the station, had but 800 troops, of whom 200 only were Europeans, to meet a force of overwhelming superiority in numbers. The nearest help lay fully 40 miles off, where the One Hundred and Fiftieth, after more than one hundred years of campaigning or garrison duty in every quarter of the globe, were stationed once more at Indraghar. Colonel Prendergast had sent for aid, but there could be but scant hopes of assistance arriving before twenty-four hours at the earliest. The cantonment, moreover, was one which did not readily lend itself to a defence by small numbers; what could be done, however, was done. Outlying bungalows had been leveled, trees cut down, entrenchments and barricades prepared in suitable places, while the garrison chapel had been put in a state of defence as a redoubt.

In a small room in the commandant's bungalow four officers sat discussing the state of affairs. Seated on a camp bed, smoking a cheroot, was Captain Enderby, the chief staff officer of the station. On the table, swinging his legs, sat Major Ponsonby, of the Dragoons. At the same table, and studying a small map, was seated Captain Hawkins, of Danby's Sikhs, a stout, well-built man of thirty. The most striking of the four, Lieutenant Paul Adderly, was leaning against the door post smoking a cigarette. He was an extremely handsome young fellow of about five and twenty, with dark brown hair and soft gray eyes, which might have belonged to a day-dreaming student rather than a soldier. Paul Adderly, however, was no day-dreamer when roused by necessity for action. Short though his career had been, on several occasions he had so borne himself under fire as to win golden opinions from his superiors. He was dressed in uniform, and round his left shoulder hung the time-honored red sash of the peculiar shape that distinguished the officers and men of the One Hundred and Fiftieth. Hawkins was speaking.

"I tell you, Enderby, the Colonel was quite right to bring in my piquet. It is half a mile away from the cantonment, that graveyard, and the Pandys have got guns. Besides the men were demoralized with their stupid superstitious funk. They were a precious sight more frightened of the dead soldiers inside than they were of the mutineers outside."

"That graveyard has always had a bad name with the natives about here, I believe," said Major Ponsonby. "My bearer told me none of them would go near it after nightfall for any money."

"By the bye, Adderly," said Hawkins, turning to Adderly, "I don't know if you are aware that the graves in that place are all those of men in your regiment, which ever appears to have been quartered here ever so long ago. I amused myself by trying to read some of the names on the tombstones; there is one very peculiar looking stone almost facing the entrance gate, with a bugle and a death's head splendidly carved on it. The name, however, is almost effaced; I could only make out a big M, and the number of the regiment."

Adderly looked interested. "I assure you," pursued Hawkins, "the way my fellows went on very nearly gave me the jumps myself. I asked my subadar, old Kan Singh, what it was all about, and the old chap, who is as plucky a fellow as I ever saw in a row, said, looking green with funk himself, that the men could hear the 'gora Sipahis' whispering to each other under the ground and moving about! I tell you, if the orderly hadn't come up when he did with orders for us to retire, I don't believe anything would have got them to stop."

"Ah!" said Enderby, slowly, "I would give a good deal if we had a hundred and fifty of your men here, Adderly; I expect we shall want every man we have to get out of this mess."

The words had scarcely left his lips when a distant shot rang out on the still night. The four men started to their feet as if electrified, and began hurriedly adjusting their belts and weapons.

"Now for it!" muttered Ponsonby grimly to Hawkins, as they passed out hurriedly into the compound.

All around could be heard the hurrying feet and the clang of arms as the little garrison fell in to take their part. Enderby was mounting his charger when a horseman dashed up, and a deep voice called through the gloom: "Is that you, Enderby?"

"Yes, sir," answered the staff officer, as the tall, soldierly figure of the commandant approached.

"You heard that shot, I suppose," said the Colonel; "it seemed to come from the direction of the graveyard. Stay, Ponsonby," he added, turning to him, "I may want you. You are Adderly, of the One Hundred and Fiftieth?" continued he, as his eye caught sight of the sash.

Adderly saluted as he replied in the affirmative. "I heard," pursued the Colonel, "that you had been sent from Indraghar with those dispatches. I am very hopeful of your regiment arriving in time to pull us through. I have received word that they started early this morning, and though the road is long, such a regiment as yours is well paid no effort, I well know. If we can hold out four or five hours, I feel confident we shall be all right."

The brave old soldier spoke so cheerily that his hearers felt inspired, though Adderly could hear Enderby mutter, as he shook his head, "Forty miles in sixteen hours—and such a road."

The men had now mustered at their posts, and a profound stillness reigned; every ear was being strained to hear what next might happen. "I shall appoint you to my staff, Adderly," said the Colonel, with a kind smile; "as you are unattached." Adderly saluted and thanked him. No braver young fellow wore her

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Majesty's uniform than Paul Adderly, but he could feel his heart thumping with excitement. It was a hot murky night; the day had been very sultry. Occasional flashes of lightning flickering in the sky in the direction of the graveyard betokened the approach of one of those storms common at that time of year. The stillness was oppressive; men could hear one another breathing as every nerve was strained by suspense. They had not long to wait. Through the still hot air there rang out a musket shot, followed by two others at a short interval, from the direction of the enemy. Hardly had the third shot reached the ears of the garrison when a blinding flash of lightning almost immediately above the graveyard made its white walls plainly visible from the cantonment. An appalling crash of thunder followed, when Adderly, with a loud shout cried: "The regiment has come up! the regiment has come up!"

As the Colonel turned to him in amazement, Adderly continued excitedly, "I heard our bugle call. I would know it in a thousand! There it is again! Don't you hear it?"

"I hear nothing!" said he, after a pause, with disappointment in his tones. "Did you hear anything, Enderby?"

"I heard something certainly, sir!" answered Enderby, "but it sounded more like a Pandy horn to my ear!"

"Nonsense!" cried Adderly, impatiently, his excitement causing him to overlook etiquette. "Do you imagine I could be mistaken as to the bugle call of my own regiment? There! There! I hear it again!"

His eager confidence impressed the colonel, who almost dared, against his judgment, to hope it might be true.

"God grant it may be so," he murmured fervently. The scattered shots had now developed into volleys of musketry, mingled with sounds of shouts and yells.

"One would think they were attacking the graveyard," said the colonel under his breath to Enderby.

Enderby sighed as he answered: "They will soon, I fear, find out their mistake."

"Well, d— it, man!" said his chief, somewhat impatiently; "you don't mean to say I ought to have kept that picket out there to be cut up! It would take 150 of the best English soldiers that ever fired a musket to hold such a place for one hour against such a host. How could I spare them from here?"

Enderby made no reply. A marked diminution in the firing caused other thoughts to occupy him.

"They are coming on here, sir, depend upon it," said he. "They have found out the graveyard is unoccupied, and we shall have them here directly."

"I don't believe it," said Adderly. "I feel sure that the regiment has come up. There!" he added, sharply, as a shot was heard, "is that nearer?"

"That, certainly, was farther off," remarked the colonel, "and seemed to be more to the right."

Two or three more shots followed, which even to the still skeptical Enderby were obviously more distant.

"Ponsonby!" called out the colonel, "take your troops and reconnoiter cautiously toward the graveyard. If you come across the One Hundred and Fiftieth, put yourself under the colonel's orders, but send back an orderly with the intelligence to me."

"Very good, sir," replied Ponsonby, and in a few minutes the rattling sabres and clattering hoofs of the cavalry were heard as they left the cantonment.

A long silence ensued, full of excitement. The storm had passed off, the musketry had ceased, and no sound broke the stillness of the night save now and then the low whispers of the men, who were standing motionless in the ranks. Shortly, after a silence that seemed an age to the young man, Adderly caught the sound of galloping hoofs. "Here is an orderly back, sir!" he whispered to Col. Prendergast, and in a few minutes a dragoon dashed up and saluted the commandant: "Major Ponsonby sent me to say, sir, that he hadn't come across any of our troops, but that the enemy had retired—panic, I think he said, sir; they've chucked away their muskets and weapons; the ground's reg'lar strewed with them just beyond the graveyard." Colonel Prendergast and Enderby looked at one another in blank amazement.

"Where is Major Ponsonby?" asked the commandant.

"Major Ponsonby, sir, told me to say he was going on a mile or so further to reconnoiter; that he would be back soon."

"But do you mean to say that there were no signs of European troops—of the One Hundred and Fiftieth?" asked Colonel Prendergast, completely puzzled.

"None, sir—none whatever," answered the trooper.

The Colonel dismissed him, and, turning to his staff, said: "Very extraordinary! What do you make of it, Enderby?" That officer, however, could only shrug his shoulders.

The tension had been very great. The general relief was such that, when a second orderly dashed up with the news that the enemy had, from some unexplained cause, and consequently unlikely to make a further attack that night, the long pent-up excitement of the men found vent in a ringing

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cheer. A little later Colonel Prendergast and his two staff officers sat smoking in the chief's bungalow. Rest was felt to be impossible, at least until Ponsonby should return.

"It is really incomprehensible," said the Colonel slowly. "I can't imagine what kept them off."

"I have an idea, Colonel," said Enderby, who, from his staff training, was never at a loss for a why and a wherefore. "I fancy I see how it occurred. I think the fellows made sure that we should have an outpost in the graveyard. They probably crept up to it close and then fired. The walls would echo the shot, and the sound may have led them to think they were really engaged with us. Once grant that, and then you can imagine that the sort of panic which attacks the best troops occasionally (especially in night fighting) seized them, and the mystery is solved."

"An ingenious explanation, Enderby!" commended the Colonel. "A little far-fetched, perhaps, but I really can't think of any other; unless," he added, half laughing, "one goes into the supernatural."

Enderby smiled, perhaps a little contemptuously. He had served under Colonel Prendergast for some time, and while he could not help admiring the chivalrous character of his brave old chief, he had often come across a vein of romance in his nature, which, to Enderby's matter of fact mind, seemed a deplorable weakness.

"Natives seem easily frightened," observed Adderly. "Hawkins, who was on picket in the graveyard today, was telling me, 'how nervous his men were.'"

"Nervous! how nervous?" asked the Colonel with curiosity.

"Well," answered Adderly, "Hawkins seemed to think some superstitious fear on account of being near the white soldiers' graves got hold of them. He said they even petitioned to be stationed outside, because they heard queer noises and all sorts of things. He seemed to think they were quite demoralized with funk!"

The Colonel looked thoughtful as he puffed at his cheroot.

Enderby smiled again. "Good heavens!" said he to himself, "how can men be so childish? I verily believe he thinks there was something supernatural about it all!"

At this moment there was a bustle outside.

"There is Ponsonby, at last," cried the Colonel, eagerly, and in a few moments the tall cavalry officer entered.

"I have brought in a prisoner, Colonel," said he, "and also the dead body of a mutineer, which we believe to be that of Mir Kahn himself, their leader."

After hearing all that Ponsonby had to report, the Colonel desired him to send for the prisoner.

Ponsonby could throw no light on the cause of the panic, nor had he come across any signs of the One Hundred and Fiftieth.

"Enderby here thinks he can account for it," observed Adderly; and he repeated the staff officer's explanation.

Ponsonby laughed as he heard it. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there certainly is an echo there. I can bear witness to the fact. As we were riding back, just as we were passing the graveyard, on the road between the gate and the Fakir's tomb on the other side, we heard you fellows cheering in the cantonment, so my men, to keep you company, I suppose, also set up a cheer. By George! a cheer echoed back from the graveyard and quite startled us! It was exactly as if a lot of men were in there, cheering us as we passed."

"I'm sure that's how it was," said Enderby quietly.

At that moment a tall gray-haired officer appeared at the door.

"Come in, doctor," cried the colonel. The surgeon entered.

"I have been examining the body of the mutineer Ponsonby brought in," he said. "What is singular is that there is no wound on his body, or any mark or sign to show what caused his death."

"Lightning," suggested Enderby, as he lay back in his chair and blew a cloud of smoke from his lips.

"Most singular!" said the colonel, ignoring Enderby's remark. "Where did you find him, Ponsonby?"

"In the gateway of the graveyard," replied Ponsonby. "He was lying on his face with his hands stretched out in front of him."

"He seems to have died in great pain," exclaimed the doctor. "His face is distorted with the most ghastly expression of pain or fear. A horrid sight! Of course, I suppose, he found out the cause of death, but I can only say that from the examination I have made I could find nothing."

"Here is the prisoner, colonel!" exclaimed Ponsonby as the tramp of feet was heard in the compound.

The mutineer was brought in. He was a fine lad, dressed in rich clothing, and seemed to have held some position of rank.

He glanced quickly around the room and gave a perceptible start as his eye fell on Adderly. He saluted abjectly to all the officers.

Colonel Prendergast was not only a proficient Hindostani scholar, but was also well versed in most of the Oude dialects. Finding the prisoner a little conversant with the former language, he inquired where he came from, and at once commenced a fluent examination in the man's own patois. After some time, in the midst of a voluble speech, (unintelligible to the officers except to the colonel,) the man paused abruptly and pointed to Adderly's sash.

The colonel continued the examination at some length, and finally dismissed the prisoner, under escort, to the guard-room. The colonel did not speak for some mo-

ments after the man had been removed, but sat looking very grave and thoughtful.

"I don't know what to think!" he broke out at length. "The man must be drunk or mad. He swears positively that the graveyard was full of white soldiers dressed in red coats with sashes just like Adderly's there! He was most circumstantial—swore that he saw them firing over the walls."

"Wonderful thing, funk on top of bhang!" remarked Enderby, sententiously.

"He declares," pursued the Colonel, "that he was close behind Mir Khan when they attacked the graveyard, and that he saw him struck down by a small Ferenghi with one eye and a gash across his face! He says the Ferenghi had the face of a Sharitan, and that he fled for fear of him."

"Good Lord!" cried Ponsonby, "he must have been very drunk."

"They do give their men 'bhang' before they go into action, I know," observed Enderby.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Colonel, rising as he spoke, "thank God, the place is saved! As it is nearly day now, I think we had better get some rest."

The officers arose, and all were about to leave when a European sergeant appearing at the door, saluted and said: "The One Hundred and Fiftieth are just coming in, sir."

"Hurrah!" said Adderly, dashing out into the compound. "Impossible!" said Enderby. All the officers went out into the veranda and began eagerly to scan the graveyard.

There, sure enough, in the gray dawn could be seen a column of British troops approaching the station, and shortly after the red sashes of the old regiment were swinging into the cantonment, welcomed by the little garrison with cheer upon cheer.

Some weeks after these events Colonel Prendergast and Captain Enderby were riding out in the afternoon of a sultry day round the cantonment. Their road led past the old graveyard. The colonel pulled up as he passed the gate.

"I have a fancy," said he, "to try this wonderful echo. I think it was here that Ponsonby said he noticed it."

"Yes, sir," said Enderby; "here is the gate on the left and the Fakir's tomb on the right."

The Colonel gave a loud shout. "I hear no echo," said he.

He tried a louder shout without effect, and Enderby, too, raised his voice in vain. They moved to other spots, but no echo answered their repeated efforts. "Strange," said the Colonel, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps the wind today (such as there is) is in a different quarter," suggested Enderby, with his usual ready explanation.

"Very likely!" said the Colonel shortly, and they turned their horses' heads homeward.

They glanced at the open gate of the graveyard, where the dusty graves were scorching in the sultry August sun, which cast the shadow of one tall fantastic tombstone standing in front of the gate almost to the horses' feet.

As they passed, the Colonel turned his face toward the cemetery and saluted.

And Enderby, like a good staff officer, saluted, too.—Belgravia.

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Vancouver at 5.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 11.20 a. m.; 7.40 p. m. Houlton at 11.15 a. m.; 7.40 p. m. St. Stephen at 9.55 a. m.; 7.45 p. m. St. Andrews at 9.20 a. m. Fredericton at 7.00 a. m.; 12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45; 11.00 a. m.; 4.00 p. m.

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