WISHES.

Think of me as your friend, I pray, And call me by a tender name;

I will not care what others say, If only you remain the same! I will not care how dark the night,

I will not care how wild the storm; Your love will fill my heart with light, And shield me close, and keep me warm.

Think of me as your friend, I pray, For else my life is little worth; So shall your memory light my way, Although we meet no more on earth; For while I know your faith secure,

I ask no happier fate to see; Thus to be loved by one so pure Is honor rich enough for me.

-Wm. Winter.

MY GUARDIAN.

"'Ugly, old, deformed, close-fisted and tyrannical-in short, a veritable monster.' A flattering portrait of myself, truly."

I turned away with drooping head, and cheeks burning with shame and resentment. The words were my own, spoken in a moment of heedless anger. But they had not been intended for his ears, and much as I disliked him, I would have given all I led under foot. possessed to have recalled them.

"I do not deny the truth of the picture," in the same cold, sarcastic voice; "though, in the category of my vices, a gentler nature might have spared the mockery of my personal mistortunes."

"I did not mean you to hear. I am very sorry," I began, hesitatingly, but he interrupted me with an indifferent wave of the

"Do not apologize, I beg of you," he said with quiet bitterness. "The 'veritable monster' cannot be supposed to possess sensitive feelings which may be wounded like those of other men. Therefore let that pass. I merely desire to repeat that I do not wish you to go riding to-

His tone of authority aroused my indignation anew.

"Why not, pray?" I asked, haughtily, facing him rebelliously.

"My desire should be sufficient," he reirritated me.

"But it is not," I burst forth. "I will of peril, was the nobility of his character not be treated like a fool or a child. I revealed to me. have rights which you have no power to deny. Because my poor father was so mistaken in you as to make you my guardian of you against one weak, helpless girl. Is no reason why I should submit to insol-Cowards that you are! if one of you dare ent despotism on your part."

"I was your father's closest friend," he responded, calmly "At his request I accepted a trust which I certainly did not led my horse away, riding close beside me, led my horse away, riding close beside me, as I murmured the words I had heard—" crave; but having accepted it, I am the crowd giving back in silence to allow us love her." pledged to fulfil it to the best of my judg- to pass. ment. I know my duty, and shall not falter in performing it."

"You speak with authority," I said, contemptuously.

"Yes," he replied, with the same steadiness, "the authority which the law and your father's will impose upon me. So long as you remain in my charge I shall exact the obedience which I deem necessary to your welfare.'

tyranny," I exclaimed. "I shall be of age in two years—two long, unhappy years."

"Unhappy," he repeated, with an intonation which caused me to turn and look at him sharply. His voice had sounded strangely softened-almost regretful. But his face wore its customary expression of cold immobility. "Well," he added, after a pause, "that must depend upon yourself. | that his horse reared and plunged, and his For today I must insist that you give up face, which was turned toward me, conyour ride. The roads are not safe. "I am not afraid of a few poor workmen,"

I said, defiantly. "The long strike has made them law- did he speak again until we reached home. less," he replied. "At all events, I do not consider the ride prudent, and I expect you to heed my request."

walked back toward the house. "I expect you to heed my request"

an excuse for drawing the rein of his hate- it ful authority still tighter.

I had dwelt in the house of my guardian, Walter Wild, but three months, and my first unfavorable impression of him had deepened into positive enmity, which I had not been at all careful to conceal.

his friend, Walter Wild, in terms of the sought to establish an unjust and irritating warmest admiration, and in my childish authority over me. The memory of his fancy I had pictured a handsome, chival- face, as I saw it when he confronted the own darkened chamber. Gazing faintly rous figure, with noble features and commanding mien. Imagine my disappointwhen, meeting him for the first time at the railway station, my romantic ideal resolved liness and courage as they had been reitself into a middle-aged, unprepossessing vealed to me then, and to think that for my person, somewhat undersized, with broad shoulders, one of which was perceptibly higher than the other.

His features were in themselves regular, and might have been called handsome, but for their cold, expressionless rigidity, the house along a bypath, my attention was gave place to one of fervent gratitude. which nothing seemed ever to disturb. His attracted by the sound of heavy footsteps eyes were of a dark, luminous gray, with something of a dusky shadow in them, as ther side of the hedge. Peering cautiously if a vail had been drawn over them, hiding through the shrubbery, I was startled to rethe soul beneath. His manner was freezingly reserved, rendering any approach to-

ward intimacy or confidence impossible. his time in his own apartments; but I soon found that he was by no means ignorant of my movements, and meant to act the part | hind the sheltering leaves, I watched him, of guardian with authority. To a spoilt scarcely daring to breathe. and untrained girl like myself the mere I was quick to resent.

little secret fear, and, so far, I had never turned away. ventured to openly disobey his commands; but his interference with my daily ride was more than I could bear. I watched his retreating figure until it entered the house, with growing anger, then I went to the stables and ordered the groom to saddle my horse. He complied, though with evident reluctance, and with a sense of defiant exultation I mounted and rade away alone.

had remained quiet and orderly. When I passed a group of two or three lounging along the road, therefore, I felt no uneasiness. I had ridden onward but a short distance, however, when a confused sound of

figures, shouting and gesticulating violently, turned the corner of the road aud surrounded me.

Pages bound out of o care

They were armed with cudgels and stones, and evidently bent upon mischief. Many of them had been drinking, as their flushed faces and glaring eyes testified, and all were wrought up to a dangerous pitch

of excitement. My heart stood still with fear, but it was now too late to retreat, for the infuriated men were pressing about me on all sides with angry looks and threatening language. In spite of my extreme terror I managed to preserve an appearance of coolness, and quietly attempted to force my horse through the crowd. But a dozen hands seized the bridle and brought me to a halt.

"Fetch her along with us!" cried a jeer "No, drag her off the horse!" cried an-

other. "Let us have the horse." "Yes, the horse! the horse!" replied a score of the rioters together. "Down with the woman! Into the mud with her and her finery! Down with her!"

Mute and helpless, in the midst of the maddened ruffians swaying to and fro about me with tossing arms and menacing shouts, I sat upon my horse, expecting every moment to be torn from my saddle and tramp-

Hitherto some faint remains of manhood among the throng had restrained them from actual violence, but now one of them, more frenzied than the rest, seized me by the skirts and attempted to pull me down. Shrinking, I uttered a wild, despairing cry

A voice answered me, and the next instant a tall, black horse came thundering along the road, rolling the crowd backward before her plunging hoofs. I saw the rider arise in his stirrups, and the man whose hand was still upon me fell like a log be-neath a furious blow of a heavy whip-handle. Through the mist which swam before my sight I recognized my guardian. His face was deadly pale, and as he glanced around I observed how the boldest there quailed under his eye.

At that moment he looked grandly handsome. I forgot my enmity, I forgot the physical defects which I had so heartlessly mocked, in my great admiration of his plied, looking at me with that vailed glance | courage and the sense of safety and protecand expressionless composure which always | tion his presence afforded me. I had never known him before. Only now. in the face

"Shame!" he said, in a lew, deep voice, 'Do you call yourselves men?—a hundred of you against one weak, helpless girl. open his lips or lift a finger to oppose us,

he will never see the light of another day."

It was not until we had ridden some distance, and were entirely clear of the mob, that I recovered my presence of mind sufficiently te attempt to express my gratitude.

"You have been kinder to me than I deserved, Mr. Wild," I said, hesitatingly. "Do not speak of it," he interrupted. You are safe, and that is sufficient.'

His face had recovered its habitual calm, occurred, and that the old icy restraint had come between us again.

"You do not reproach me for my dis-obedience," I spoke, timidly, "for which, but for your interposition, I should have been punished by losing my life."

I paused in surprise, for with a smothered exclamation he jerked his bridle so sharply tracted with a strange expression of pain. The next moment he was riding quietly at my side, as coldly collected as ever; nor

I saw nothing of my guardian for nearly week after this event, for he secluded himself more closely than ever. But night He bowed, and turning away, slowly after night I heard the muffled sound of his footsteps pacing restlessly to and fro in his upon my guardian with a diabolical ex-room, which was immediately over mine pression of mingled hatred and triumph. My pride arose at the words. Every in- upon the floor above. As I lay half awake stinct of my ungoverned nature revolted listening, I wondered what it could be against the restraint so offensively put which thus disturbed his peace, and robbed

of deadly peril. Exactly what the change was I did not comprehend. I knew that burst asunder; a thousand lights flashed the old enmity and dislike had faded out of before my sight, and with the landscape I had often heard my father speak of ill-favored and ill-natured tyrant who had and knew no more. angry mob, arose before me with a sense of gratitude in which there was a strange sweetness. I loved to dwell upon his mansake he had risked his own life.

I took no more rides alone, but contented myself with rambling about the grounds and the extensive park beyond. crashing through the brambles on the furmy adventure. The livid scar upon his fore-I rarely saw him, for he spent most of head where the blow had fallen, his gigantic stature and forocious aspect made him alto-gether a terrifying object. Crouching be-

Pausing for a moment, he gazed toward suggestion of restraint was an insult which | the house with an evil scowl, then shaking | guardian?" I asked. the heavy bludgeon which he carried with a My dislike of him was seasoned with no menacing gesture, he muttered a curse and thought of it is worse than death to me."

His presence there boded no good, and I resolved to relate what I had seen to my guardian at the first opportunity. But he remained in his own room all day, and I shrank from intruding upon him.

That night, however, after I had retired, I lay pondering this event until my anxiety became unbearable. A presentiment of evil took possession of me, and I felt that I warn you about the man, and I heard you 200 UNION STREET. The workingmen at the extensive foundries in the neighborhood had been out upon a strike for several weeks, but hitherto had remained quiet and orderly. When I his room. I arose, and putting on a wrap-

per, stole quietly up-stairs.

Reaching the landing before his door, I hesitated, half resolving to return, when I many voices and tramping feet caused me to draw rein and listen in alarm. In another moment a crowd of rough-looking fancied I heard my own name pronounced within. Leaning forward, I listened intently. Yes, my guardian was speaking

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here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."— W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio. Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

aloud, but evidently to himself. I caught the words, "Ugly, old and deformed!" I drew back with a quickly beating heart. He was repeating my own cruel words in a voice choked and labored as if with intense

suffering! There was a moment's silence, then he spoke again. "Ugly, old and deformed! God help

me, she is right, and I-miserable, heavenfarsaken wretch that I am!-I love her!" There was a sound of weeping-such bitter, bitter sobs, torn from the very depths of this wounded soul, as I hope I may never hear again while I live. A man's tears are always terrible, but such grief as this seemed almost superhuman in its intensity of despair. And I, unhappy girl!

had caused it by my own heedless malice. I paused to hear no more. With both hands pressed convulsively to my bosom, and the tears streaming from my eyes, I fled down stairs to my own room, and throwing myself upon the bed, cried until I was exhausted.

Yet, strange to say, there was something almost like happiness mingled with my sorrow and remorse. I could not then understand the contradiction; but as I sank into a restless slumber, near morning, there was an unaccustomed warmth at my heart,

When I awoke late on the following day, I learned that my guardian had gone out alone early and had not yet returned. Full of anxiety, and with a nameless foreshadowing of danger weighing heavily upon me, I wandered nervously about the garden, pausing at intervals to gaze down the road by which he had gone.

As the hours went by my terror increased until it became intolerable, and I would and his voice, its cold, indifferent tone. It have given all I possessed to hear the sound "Thank Heaven, there are limits to your seemed as if he had forgotten what had just of his tread upon the gravel of the path. It was near twilight when, at last, I saw him approaching with a slow and languid

As anxious as I had been for his return, I shrank from meeting him now with an unaccountable timidity. I drew back into the shadow of the shubbery, hoping that he would pass without observing me. As he went slowly by, with bowed head and weary air, my heart smote me at the sight of his pale face and hollow eyes. But the next moment a thrill of horror froze the blood in

A few paces behind him crept the man whom I had seen in the garden on the previous day. He carried in his hand the same murderous-looking bludgeon which I had noticed before, and his eyes were fixed

For a moment I stood spellbound and motionless with terror, while the assassin stole nearer and nearer to his unconscious upon me. I did not believe in the danger him of his natural rest, and if my willful- victim. The next instant, even as the he had pointed out. It seemed to me only ness and rebellion had anything to do with weapon was raised to strike, obeying a My feelings toward my guardian had between the two men. I saw the blow undergone a marked change since that day coming, and closed my eyes. There was a sound in my ears as if the heavens had my heart. I no longer regarded him as the reeling dizzily around, I fell to the ground

A long period seemed to have elapsed when I returned to consciousness, in my about me, I saw a figure seated near my bedside, with head bowed in an attitude of deep dejection. As my sight slowly cleared, I recognized the figure, with a vague feeling of quiet happiness that it should be

"Guardian," I whispered. He raised his head and looked at me doubtfully for a moment. Then the ex-One morning, as I was returning toward pression of despair on his haggard features "Thank God!" I heard him murmur,

'she will live." the room, when I feebly stretched out my cognize in the intruder the man whom my hand to detain him. He caught it in his guardian had struck down on the day of own and pressed his lips to it. Then he dropped it and drew back with a deprecat-

"Forgive me," he said; "it was thought you would die, and I --- ' He turned away and covered his face

with his hand. "Would you have been very unhappy, "Unhappy?" he repeated. "The very

"Guardian," I said, after a pause, "have you forgiven me those cruel, unmeaning words which I spoke when I neither knew you nor my own heart?" "I have not even remembered them," he

answered. "It is not true," I interrupted, "for I heard you repeat them on the night before

"No, no!" he exclaimed, in a low voice; "that is not possible." "Is it not true, Walter?" I murmured. "Did I not hear aright?"
"Yes," he replied; "but I cannot credit

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what you tell me. I, so much older than you, so ugly—"
"Hush!" I cried; "unless you would

break my heart with my own ignorance and folly. Say what you then said again." "With my whole heart, soul and being I

love you. Since I first saw you I have loved you, and have been mad with the hopelessness of it I strove to hide it beneath an air of cold reserve, but it was too strong for me. And even now, as I speak, the old despair comes back upon me, for I feel that I am dreaming, as I have often dreamed, and that I shall soon awake to my daily misery again."

I stretched out my arms and took his head upon my breast.

"Sleeping or waking, in dreams or reality until death and after, I am yours, dear," I said, softly. "And now draw back the curtains, Walter, and let in the blessed sunlight, which shall be the symbol of that bright future which is store for us."-Pleasant Hours.

A CUP OF TEA.

How to Make It Properly and How to Spoil It. It seems a simple thing enough; yet of

the millions who use this refreshing and agreeable beverage a very small proportion understand how to prepare it. But if not properly made, tea is deprived of a great deal of its value, and sometimes rendered absolutely injurious. The water to be used should boil, and it should be poured on the tea immediately it boils; if allowed to overboil, the peculiar property Steamer "BELLISLE" of boiling water which acts upon tea evaporates and eventually disappears. Tea should not be a decoction, but an infusion. is overdrawn is hurtful to the nerves and 11.30 p.m. to the digestion. As to the precise number of minutes which should be devoted to the process of drawing, some people will say five minutes, some seven, some will perhaps go as far as ten, but our experience is in favor of six; this suffices to bring out the flavor, quality and strength. Just as much tea as is wanted should be made-no more. Make fresh tea as often as it is required. The replenishing of the teapot with fresh hot water is very objectionable. As the thorough heating of the receptacle is of the first importance, the teapot should be made thoroughly hot before the tea is put in it. The earthenware teapot is preferred to all other by many

the motice, the S, S. CITY OF MONTICELLO will leave Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, N, B., at 7.45 A. M., local time, on the above days for connoisseurs, and it is superfluous to say that whatever utensil is used for this purpose should be immaculately clean.

Tea is an extremely delicate article. Its susceptibility to the odors of commodities near it is a source of danger and deterioration, as it readily takes up the smell of coffee, cocoa, spices, cheese, bacon or other articles of pronounced odor. The complaints sometimes made about tea would probably not arise if always kept in places free from such contagion. Tea should be stored in a warm, dry place; unnecessary exposure to the air should be avoided. Even when securely packed in the leaded chests in which it arrives in England, the change from the glowing heat of eastern skies to the damp and humid atmosphere of this climate deprives tea of much of its beautiful fragrance. Tea of much better quality than is generally dispensed at our railway stations and refreshment rooms can be bought at 2s per pound. A pound of tea would make 128 cups. This is considerably less than a farthing per cup. You may well ask why is it that we should be still charged 4d. and 6d. "for a little hot milk and water slightly flavored with undesirable tannin."-London Telegraph.

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Steamer OSCAR WILDE will leave Indiantown for Oromocto every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 1 p. m.; returning leaves Oromocto MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7.30 a. m., calling at beautiful Gagetown both ways and all intermediate landings. Runs on west side Long Island. J. E. PORTER, Manager.

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Commencing October 7, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. †8.45 a.m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, for St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. †4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

‡8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heulton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, \$1.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. †12.20, 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at #1.15, 10.55 a. m.; †12.10, †5.15 p. m. Woodstock at †6.00, †11.00 a. m.; †1.30, †8.20

.m. Houlton at †6.00, †10.55 a. m.; †12.15, †8.36 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.30 a. m.; †3.15, †10.20 p. m. Fredericton at †6.20, †11.20 a. m.; †3.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †9.05 a. m.; †2.10,

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.00 a. m.-Connecting with 8.45 a. m. train from †.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O^N and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.;

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p.m., St. John

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 fbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at

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W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889. Intercolonial Railway.

1889---Summer Arrangement---1889

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00
 Fast Express for Halifax
 14.30

 Express for Sussex
 16.35

 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal
 16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex. 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec. 11.50
Fast Express from Halifax. 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton. 20.10
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave. 23.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated

by steam from the locomotive.

All traine : re by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888.

Notre Dame 18 00

C. F. HANINGTON,

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY. ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows:—

No. 1. Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 7 30 Lv. MONCTON....16 45 MONCTON ... 16 45 Lewisville ... 16 49 Humphreys ... 16 53 Irishtown ... 17 15 Cape Breton ... 17 25 Scotch Sett ... 17 33 McDougall's ... 17 45 St. Anthony 8 04 Cocagne 8 20 Notre Dame.... 8 22 McDougall's ... 8 38 Scotch Sett 8 50 Cape Breton.... 8 58

Cocagne......18 03 St. Anthony....18 19 Little River....18 35 Humphreys 9 30 Lewisville..... 9 34 Little River....18 35 Ar. MONCTON... 9 38 Ar. BUCTOUCHE. 18 53 Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

Moncton, June 9, 1889. Shoo Fly! Don't Bother Me. I get FLY SCREENS from BEVERLY,

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