When lilacs bloom the winds grow still, The velvet deepens on the hill; The bee turns giddy as he greets, With long-drawn happy kiss, the sweets The lavish, love-flushed blossoms spill.

The daisy dons her whitest frill, The oriole his gladsome trill Sings loud, and oft his joy repeats, When lilacs bloom.

Then lives with careless rapture fill, Then hearts with joy of living thrill, And fancy weaves her golden cheats. Ah! who would doubt the fair deceits? No room for reason, thought or will, When lilacs bloom.

-Jessie F. O'Donnell, in Once a Week.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SWAN

he would give me a penny a word if I would | pale gentleman's cheek. write out the story as I know it, and as the poor dear told it to me before she died. Nothing would induce me to do it if I was as able as I am willing to provide for the dear boy she left in my care. He never saw her. Well, I've tried my best.

I remember the night well. It is nearly fourteen years ago now. Cranford and if I might request any gentleman here Douglas (and a wilder gentleman Virginia never produced) was in here with a crowd of his friends almost as wild as himself. Ah! that was the generous crowd! I was younger then, and was considered rather rosy, and plump and pleasing. You mightn't believe it, but I really used to flirt a good deal with my customers—of the first I believe that the choice is mine. Here, water, then. Why, it was business. I woman," to me, "get two of those little loved my husband; but if I had been balls in the billiard room—a white and a straight, severe and prim, or sour, where black. If you draw the black ball from would the Swan be? Dick, goood fellow this mug," reaching over, and taking one that he was, didn't mind. He wasn't an of my silver mugs from the hook where it,

for many miles around as being the best and oldest inn in Henderson county. It draw the black ball, you can dispose of me. had the brownest ale, the choicest rarebits, I do this, because I fancy you are not a the finest golden bucks, the largest and juciest chops, the tenderest hares, and everyone said that our potatoes were masterpieces in oil. And I, myself, looked after the service. Nobody could be better for I am considered, rightly or wrongly, served than were my gentlemen.

No, I cannot forget that night. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Cram Fennell, Mr. Jarvis McVey, and Colonel Ralph Forrest sat at "As you please." "Very well; you draw." the largest table in the room out there. They were none the better for the liquor they had drunk. They were very wild, "it is midnight. One year from tonight, and very boastful, I must say, much as I at one minute after twelve o'clock, you dislike to; for brave men shouldn't boast, must not be in this world. You must send and every one of them was as brave as a me word that you are dead. Here is my

a tavern; it is too delicate a subject. never saw him any more. Women should never be spoken of there. Something is sure to be said by some one one of England's wicked kings. Colonel war. a "serpent" of some river-all but Colonel | "I have kept my word. I have just Forest; they couldn't get him to say one died." single unkind thing about any of my sex, lotte was just as good as Joan;" and Mr.

ought to be. could I do? And besides, I knew Mr. Douglas didn't mean one half he said. I was sure that he wasn't talking, but that the liquor was. Well, they went from one great woman to another, and at last came down to that day-that is, that time-and they spoke of the women then in the public's

Mr. Douglas gave it as his opinion that there wasn't a decent woman on the stage, God bless us! But here Mr. Cram Fennell begged to differ with him, and named one the world like the cavaliers I used to see whom even I—shut out from the world, as I was, all my life, you might say—had heard of as being one of the sweetest, loveliest resolutions of the loveliest resolutions. I was a little girl, long before the war came. He had on a soft, broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; he was well loveliest resolutions. loveliest, purest, and best of women and made; he had on a great cloak, and high, actresses. Not that I care much for that strong boots, that came over his knees, and sort, and not that I don't. I have no know-ledge of actors, because I have never been large gloves that came over his wrists. He drew off one, very slowly, and warmed his over yonder) and told her just what had ledge of actors, because I have never been inside a theatre in my life. After that actress was spoken of as being all that a glancing round with his big, gray eyes, in inside a theatre in my life. After that actress was spoken of as being all that a good woman should be, Mr. Cranford Dougles have that a company that the great open fire, actress was spoken of as being all that a glancing round with his big, gray eyes, in every corner of the room, and on every with him, but it was of no use. Then they Douglas burst into the maddest and most face, at once, it seemed. insulting laugh it has ever been my ill-for-tune to listen to; and when he was asked in deep, rich tones. what the laugh meant, he shouted (so that the horses of the gentlemen were disturbed out there under the shed, and neighed loudly): "Why, she is the worst of the

And then a gentleman-the very handsomest gentleman I have ever seen, who had been eating a chop and quietly reading a paper at a little table by himself—got up, came over to Mr. Douglas's party, and, with a very white face, which showed that his heart must have been going up and down at a dreadful rate, he told Mr. Crandown at a dreadful rate, he told Mr.

So Mr. Cranford says, as cool as pie, without getting up: "And whom have I the honor of listening

And the other says: "You wouldn't recognize me, because

my father happened to be a gentleman."
"But how do I know that?" says Mr. Douglas.

"True, how should you?" replies the pale gentleman. "A gentleman always resents an insult offered to himself or friends, be the latter absent-or, present, unable to resent it themselves. You have slandered to-night one of the truest women God ever kissed ere He sent out of paradise.
I do not allude to Joan of Arc, or Charlotte
Corday, but to a woman of today; and I tell you that you are a liar and a rowdywell-dressed and educated, but still a

rowdy." BTE 32 33TE

I never saw anything in life done so quickly. Mr. Cranford leaped from his chair, and, before he touched the ground, The gentleman from the North said that his open hand struck with great force the

The latter never moved. They both glared at each other. The pale gentleman

"That means-" "It certainly does!" savagely, from Mr. Cranford Douglas.

"Well, I am a stranger in these parts,

And then Colonel Forrest put his card

into the pale gentleman's had. "That's all right, Forrest." said Mr. Cranford; "just what I would have asked you to do, if I intended that your services should be required. But they won't be. uncommon man, you see. Besides, he could trust me. Poor Dick, you were a good, kind husband, always.

Of my siver mugs from the flow in th Well, in those days the Swan was famous drowning, poison, or by stabbing, at any

A faint smile played under the pale gentleman's silky mustache at that.

"And I wish to take no unfair advantage, the best in Virginia. You may be a good

The pale gentleman drew the black ball. "Now, sir," said Mr. Cranford Douglas, card. Ah, thanks;" and after exchanging Well, as the night grew older, my gen- cards, they separated, and the pale gentletlemen grew wilder, and finally they got man went out, after paying me twice over talking about women. Now, that is some- for the little he had eaten, with the saddest thing I always dislike to hear discussed in smile and the sweetest I have ever seen. I

The months flew by after that as I have never in my long life known them to fly of an offensive nature, and some one is, before. My sympathies were all with the nine times in a dozen, ready to flare up pale gentleman, I must say; for I am not and take offense at what is said. It was one of those that like to hear men run the way that night. First, they spoke of down their mothers' sex. But Mr. Cranthe great women of the world; of the young girl who left her home, over four hundred He spent money as if he didn't know what years ago, in man's clothes, with her long it was to ever want for a dollar; and, in hair cut off, and the courage of a god in truth, he didn't, for he was of a very wealthy her soul, to save her beloved country from family-wealthy in spite of all it lost in the

Forest did stoutly maintain that she was an inspired and simple virgin, and Mr. Cranford Douglas did as strongly assert waiting for a message from the pale gentlethat she was an artful hussy and a lewd man. Mr. Cranford said, quietly, that minx, God bless us! They called her he would wager his horse that "Joan the Rip"-that is, Mr Cranford no message would come; and Mr. Douglas did; Colonel Forest and Mr. Cram Fennell said that he thought the Jarvis McVey did call her "the sweet maid | message would come, as the pale gentleof Orleans." Then they spoke of a woman man seemed to be thoroughbred. The for whom "a thousand ships" were hours went on until twelve struck. At launched, and ever so many battles fought, in some far-away country called Troy, I think it was. Then they tore a poor woman all to pieces—who had been dead, sneers about man's honor being on a par I guess, over two thousand years—for loving more than one man. They called her man was heard to say:

We all looked toward the door. No one not even when they brought up a woman had entered. The wind wailed outside, who killed a very brutal man in a bath- and that was all we heard after. The party tub early one fine morning. He said that looked at each other mutely, as people do "it served the cuss right," and that "Charlook when something is said that cannot be grasped all at at once; and then, with a big, round oath, Mr. Cranford Douglas Cranford Douglas, with a great big oath, and a thump on the table that broke six did accuse some one in the party of being glasses and a finger-bowl, said that "she a "ventriloquist;" but they all swore in was no better than she ought to be, or than their beards that they were guilty of no the majority of women." Colonel Forest said that only angels were better than they believed that which they said. In a little while they left the Swan, and Dick and I It pained me to hear them talk, but what locked up and went to bed, wondering and whispering until we fell asleep.

About a month after that, one snowy, blowy night in the wild December weather, two days before Christmas, I think it was, at about eleven o'clock, when Mr. Douglas, and Colonel Forest, and the rest of the gentry were laughing and chattering, and telling wild stories of wilder times, the door of the Swan was thrown violently open, and there entered, in a whirl of snowflakes, a gentleman that looked for all

something for you to eat and drink, sir?" "Not just yet," he answered, kindly; "I came here to your tavern on business

When he said, "I came on business always do love their husbands, when they only," it sounded just like the farrier's know that their husband's characters are ford Douglas that he thought that Mr. CranCranford was a blackguard and a vile liar.

I thought that I should faint. I couldn't do anything, and my Dick couldn't interfere with gentlemen. If they were everyday people, now, something might have done; but these gentlemen were of the best blood in Virginia.

The party, as if he were trying to me, party, as if he were trying to me, loud encyfakes out of his whiskers, by a peculiar movement of his mouth, as if he were trying to blow specks off his shirt front, stamped his feet, and then said to me, loud enough to be heard by all in the room:

"You are pretty well acquainted in these blood in Virginia.

Parts, dame I take in the were trying to blow specks off his feet, and I would have had the didn't sort of look up to me.

It is all so sad. I can't write any more. It would be sorry I wrote this, only for my boy must have things by Christmas; and I would have had the didn't sort of look up to me.

It would be sorry I wrote this, only for my boy must have things by am not rich enough now to do things that I would like to do, since Dick died and the Swan lost its good customers.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many prepa-rations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says:
"I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago." life some years ago.

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

"I ought to be, sir," I says, with pardonable pride, I hope; "seeing I was born here in the Swan, which my father and his kept before me.'

'Perhaps you know one Mr. Crantord Douglas, then ?"

no earthly reason for: "I do not think that she knows two Mr. Cranford Douglases, sir. What is your

business with me?" "So you are Mr. Cranford Douglas?" Well I have a message for you, which I have brought over 3,000 miles. You should have had it a month ago, sir; but was fairly industrious, and so we had no ex-England is far away, and I have just come cuse to drive him out, although his lies

Mr. Douglas' face. "Fennell, will you oblige me by reading aloud the contents of that envelope?" said Mr. Cranford, quite calmly; but the devil death would have brought a change of sen-was in his eyes, all the same. And then timent, but it did not. Lying there with Mr. Cram Fennell read:

"The year is gone. In two minutes I shall be dead.

"Signed, WALTER MARLOWE. "You," to the stranger, ' were evidently nis friend?" said Mr. Douglas.

"His dearest," was the measured reply. "And you wish to take up his quarrel?" A nod from the stranger.

"Very well. My friend, Col. Forrest, vill wait upon any friend of yours in the

"Dame!" cried the stranger, "those little balls—the white and black—from the billiard room !"

Mr. Douglas shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: "As you will!" Well, the conditions were the same as those of a year and a month before, when

the pale gentleman drew the black ball. "Stay," said Mr. Cranford Douglas, as he was about to draw; "tell me, have you a friend to avenge you, after you follow your friend? I ask out of mere curiosity." "I shall need no avenger. You are bound to draw the black ball."

His tones were like ice. Mr. Cranford Douglas did draw the plack ball!

With a reckless laugh, he shouted: "Well, that's hard luck! Just to think, in one year I must die! But what a year I'll live!"

through your heart. It's all one to me, so you are out of the world." "Well, if I do," roared Mr. Cranford,

may I be everlastingly roasted!" Walter Marlowe kept faith with such a thing as you!"

Oh, the words were bitter-bitter. I understood, after. I don't know how they arranged it, but they met next morning, off there in the clearing, near the lake, and Mr. Cranford wounded the country. We have never heard of Mr. learned that he was in the silver mines of South America. Yes, now I do remember, that some one said that he went down in a diving-bell, on a wager, to a wreck, off the South American coast, and that some of his drunken companions cut the air tube

while he was down, and flung it overboard. The poor, dear wounded thing was carried in here by Col. Forrest and Jarvis McVey, bleeding awfully, and up to my chamber. That day, along toward night, my boy was born. I didn't think that he would live, but the doctor said that he wished he was sure of the mother's life as he was of her boy's. She lingered on for a few days-five, I think-and then she passed away. I learned, by shreds and patches, her story, partly from her ravings and partly from what she told me.

The pale gentleman was her husband. She was the actress Mr. Cranford had said was "the worst of the lot" that night. Her husband was an English gentleman, and a very fine actor. After Mr. Marlowe went away that night, he went to his out that they had been married sor some time, and went to England, his home, "It is, indeed, sir," says I. "Can I get where his great relations lived. She thought on the way over that he had forgotten all about it, but they were only one day there when he shot himself. It nearly killed her. She loved him so. Women

IT IS NOT TRUE! That FAIRALL & SMITH smuggle their GLOVES---without paying duty---to enable them to sell them at the price they do. Such implications are decidely unpleasant and ridiculous, yet not detrimental to the steady stream of customers passing in and out of our store for these gloves.

6,000 pairs of Kid Gloves is certainly a large stock for a shop so far down the street, yet this was our spring importation. But they are fast dwindling away, and when they are gone we shall have as many more, as we are the DIRECT and only SELLING AGENTS in the Dominion for the Grenoble and Bohemian Kid Glove Company's Goods. They are made in Blacks, assorted Browns and Tans, and for 64c. in Stamps we will send them, post free, to any address. Special Quotations to Wholesale Dealers for quantities.

FAIRALL &

would be alive today. My boy has eyes. God bless him! — here he comes!—J. Ernest M'Cann, in Once a Week.

Mamma (to her little boy). "Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.—

TRUTH IN DEATH.

But He Regretted It, and Added a Falsehood at Last.

We had a man named Burrows in our mining camp, and he was without doubt the most notorious liar Nevada will ever shel-Before I could reply, Mr. Douglas arose and said, rather stiffly, which I could see dred miles around, and men used to stop at him, but he was a natural born liar. He lied about his father, his mother, his wife, brothers, sisters, and everybody else, and from there to New York, from New York to you. There is your message, sir!"

Saying which, he flung a letter right into injuries, and a number of us knocked off work to be with him in his last moments. You would have thought the shadow of only an hour of life left to him, he told us that he had been a pirate on the Pacific and where he had buried a large amount of plunder. We all knew that he was from This "Old Favorite" EXCURSION STEAMER

> "Burrows, you have only a short time to live. You had best spend that in preparing for eternity."

"I've allus been good," he quietly re-

his duty to say:

"Yes, but you are an awful liar, you "Yes, I suppose so. I've told a million

of them, haven't I?" "No doubt of it." "And every one has been laid up agin

"Very likely."

"And my chance is rather slim?"

"Well, boys, it's my way, and I can't change at this late day. Just as that cavein came I struck a nugget as big as my head. It would value up a clean \$15,000. If you'll be kind enough to pull it out and sell it and send the cash to my wife I'll die

He went off soon after that, and we said to each other that he had given us the greatest yarn of all. No one took his claim, which was accounted a poor one, and it lay for three months before one of "Nay, sir, you must blow your brains and it lay for three months before one of out here in five minutes, or put a bullet the boys dug into it one day for the pickaxe buried and forgotten. He hadn't got the pick when he came across a lump of gold which balanced \$13,280 in coin, and every shilling of the money was sent on to "You cur!" said the stranger, with a the widow, as directed. It got there to contemptuous sneer. "And to think that find there was no widow, but six months later went to a sister. In his dying hour Burrows told the truth about his find, but, alas! he repented of it, and lied about having a wife.-N. Y. Sun.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords stranger so badly that he had to fly the no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the Cranford since-except once; and then we disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.—Advt.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Oh, Jennie, dear, and did you hear The news that's going round? One color must, by fashion's law, In our fair land abound. It is not meant to call to arms,
Save maidens' arms, I ween,
But every living olive branch
Is wearing of the green.

I met with cousin Katy, and
I took her by the hand,
And said, "I hardly knew you,
You look so fine and grand."
"Oh, it's all the fashion now, my dear,"

She answered quite serene;
"And every girl and woman here
Is wearing of the green." Oh, there's lizard green, and serpent green, There's bottle green and sage; There's beetle green, and apple green,

The color's all the rage.

It's well 'the a free country here.

'Twould make a dreadful scene If anybody should forbid The wearing of the green. -Detroit Free Press.

A. P. BARNHILL, Attorney, Solicitor, Notary, etc. OFFICES:

COR. PRINCESS AND PRINCE WM. STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best AT AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK,

Opposite Market Building. THE LATEST

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19 Germain Street,

New York City.



FOR WASHADEMOAK LAKE.

THE above first-class, staunch, swift and commodious Steamer having been rebuilt and re-furnished, will leave her wharf, at INDIANTOWN, for the Lake, every

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

CALLING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE LANDINGS. our camp to get a look at him. He wasn't a wicked man, and he had no malice about at 1 p. m., on alternate days. J. E. PORTER, Manager.

> SEASON. 1889. ST. JOHN, Grand Lake and Salmon River. And all Intermediate Stopping Places.

STEAMER "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN,
Master, will, during the present season, run
between the above-named places, leaving her wharf,
Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNING, at EIGHT o'clock, local time.
RETURNING, will leave Salmon River on Monday
and Thursday mornings, touching at Gagetown
wharf each way. Will run on the West side of
Long Island.
The owners of this reliable steamer having put her

The owners of this reliable steamer having put her in the best repair during the past winter, and are now running her strictly under Dominion Govern-Ohio and had never seen any ocean; but he stuck to it. One of the men finally felt it his duty to say:

Can be chartered on reasonable terms for Picnics, etc., on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

All UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. A careful person in attendance to receive freight.
Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.
C. BABBIT, Manager.
WM. McMULKIN, Agent at Indiantown.

STEAMER "CLIFTON WILL LEAVE

HAMPTON for INDIANTOWN

Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATUR-DAY mornings, at 5.30. Returning, same day, leaves wharf at Indiantown, at 4 p. m. R. EARL, Manager.

Steamer "BELLISLE"

WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE,"
every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. DAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown every Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 12.30 p. m.

G. MABEE,
Manager.

THE S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," FLEM-

ST. JOHN

DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS until further notice, on

Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, t 7.45 A. M. RETURNING SAME DAY. Co

mencing WEDNESDAY, 27th instant. TROOP & SON, Managers. St. John, N. B., March 23, 1889.

Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO.,

Trunks, Bags \ Valises,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fishing Tackle. 83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS. I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

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S. R. FOSTER & SON, IRON-CUT NAILS, STEEL and

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc. ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. & J. HAY, 76 King Street. Spectacles, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine. T. J. McPHERSON,

181 UNION STREET, GROCER.

†.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. †Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

St. John and St. Stephen.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing April 29, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

†6.10 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 BANGOR.

points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

18.55 a. m .- For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and

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.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BUSTON.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Bangor at †6.20 a.m., Parlor Car attached; †7.25 p.

Woodstock at †6.00, †11.40 a. m.; †8.20 p. m. Houlton at †6.00, †11.40 a. m.; †8.20 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.40 a. m.; †10.20 p. m.

St. Andrews at †6.30 a. m.; †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †6.30 a. m.; †3.25 p. m. Fredericton at †6.00, †11.30 a. m.; †3.25 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †8.40 a. m.; †2.30, †7.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

18.10 a. m.-Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from

m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 noon.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, Trains will LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a.m.;

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George, 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.57 p. m., St. John at 1.12 p. m.

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, Carle-

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will W. A. LAMB, Manager-F. W. HOLT, Supt. St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888---Winter Arrangement---1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

 Day Express.
 7 30

 Accommodation.
 11 20

 Express for Sussex.
 16 35

 Express for Halifax and Quebec.
 18 00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.
On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, 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...... 7 00

D. POTTINGER,

Express from Sussex...... 8 85

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888. Time Table—Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 8 00 Lv. MONCTON....16 00 Lewisville16 04 Humphreys16 08 Little River.... 8 18 St. Anthony.... 8 34 Cocaigne 8 50 Notre Dame... 8 52 Cape Breton....16 40 Scotch Sett....16 48 McDougall's...17 00 McDougall's ... 9 08 Scotch Sett 9 20 Notre Dame 17 16 Cocaigne 17 18 Cape Breton.... 9 28

Irishtown... 9 38 Cocaigne.... 17 18
Humphreys... 10 00 St. Anthony... 17 34
Lewisville.... 10 04 Little River... 17 50
AR.MONCTON... 10 08 AR.BUCTOUCHE. 18 08 Return Tickets, good for THREE DAYS, are issued between Moncton and Buctouche at \$1.50.

April 15, 1889. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

CAFE ROYAL. Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY

Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors,

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