AUTUMN DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson, And the sassafras to gold; When the gentian's in the meadow And the astor in the wold; When the moon is lapped in vapor, And the night is frosty cold.

When the chestnut burs are opened, And the acorns drop like hail, And the drowsy air is startled With the thumping of the flail-With the drumming of the partridge, And the whistle of the quail.

Through the rustling woods I wander, Through the jewels of the year, From the yellow upland calling, Seeking her who still is dear; She is near me in the Autumn, She, the beautiful, is near,

Through the smoke of burning Summer, When the weary wings are still, I can see her in the valley, I can hear her on the hill, In the splendor of the woodlands, In the whisper of the rill;

For the shores of earth and heaven Meet, and mingle in the biue; She can wander down the glory To the places that she knew, Where the happy lovers wandered In the days when life was true.'

So I think when days are sweetest, And the world is wholly fair, She may sometimes steal upon me, Through the dimness of the air, With the cross upon her bosom, And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her, And to hold her gently fast, Till I blessed her, till she blessed me-That was happiness at last, That were bliss beyond our meetings In the Autumn of the past.

-Bayard Taylor.

NUMBER NINETY-SIX.

"Well, Ninety-six," said the warden, as he followed the ex-convict out into the

Ninety-six glanced at the bright autumn landscape, the clear, calm sky, and the complacent looking sun that he had not seen for years, except through the grim bars of the penitentiary.

"What yer goin' to do now, Ninetysix?" queried the warden.

"Do! Oh, ves!" Ninety the world "Do?" The delight of being free-free once more-had stilled all thoughts of the future. But now they confronted him. What could he do? The world, society, everything was arrayed against him, and the record of crime his imprisonment bore witness to. He had nothing with which to do battle against the stern world-nothing, not even a name. The number Ninety-six was all he could claim, and now as he passed out of the prison enclosure, that slipped away from

"I do not know," he said, slowly. Then he raised his head with a brave, proud gesture, and clenched his hands with a determined air.

"I will fight my way," he said, "though the whole world oppose me."

"Hit's sumpin' we don't often do," he said, "but me an' the boys 'lowed we'd help ye out a leetle. So I sez, What yer goin' ter do fer Ninety-six?' Never said much, the boys didn't, but every last one of 'em div' down inter his pocket and he could forgive Dal Thorn for anything. fished out what he could spare. Y'ere it

The warden extended a sealed envelopewhich Ninety-six took and glanced at mechanically. It bore an inscription which

"To number Ninety-six, from the warden, guards, etc., of --- Penitentiary, to help him to get a new start in the

There were tears in Ninety-six's eyes as he glanced at the contents of the envelope and noted that they were bank bills. He extended his hand, and the warden grasped

"Thank you and the boys, Hanks," he "Yer welcome, Ninety-six," answered

the warden, awkwardly. Then the ex-convict dropped the hard

hand of the other, and turned away. "Good-bye, Hanks," he said; and there

was a suspicious tremor to his voice. "Good-bye, Ninety-six," said the other.

Ninety-six, as he trudged citywards, saw his past life come up before his mental vision, a panorama of thought. He had been a wild youth, but had renounced his sowing of wild oats when he had wooed and won a sweet, pure girl's love. They were a thoughtful and handsome couple, people had said, and Ninety-six had been a man among men then. A daughter had been born to them, a perfect likeness in miniature of her beautiful flower-like mother she was. When five years had passed over the sunny head of the child, the sweet wife sickened and died. Her gentle spirit fled one stormy night on the wings of the tempest, and the young husband was never the same again. The child was taken by her grandparents, and Ninety-six went his wild way, striving ever to drown the spectre sorrow that was always with him.

At last the grandparents-stern, but just -forbade him to even see his child, the miniature of her fair-faced mother, again, and then he disappeared. He went on his downward way in the West, whither he had drifted. Then came the crime that landed him within the grim walls of the prison. Horse stealing on the border is a crime that is not dealt with leniently, and thus his career ended. There had been extenuatcareer ended. There had been extenuating circumstances proven, or his term would | night before, and left half severed, when have been longer. It was shown that but for the drink that fired him the original owner would still have been in possession of his animal. Ninety-six might have been acquitted but for the almost superhuman effort of young Dallas Thorn, the prosecuting lawyer. This was young Thorn's first effort, and he strove so long and hard in the legal arena the prisoner at the bar speedily became Ninety-six and nothing

Then Ninety-six resumed his onward way. As he entered the city and stepped into a little shop to purchase some fruit, the boy, who was attending to the wants of another boy, remarked in a stage whisper to the young customer:

"Jail bird look at his hair." "Yes." answered the other. "See them hands? Poundin' rock done it."

grin of delight at his acuteness. "Orter help him get a new start in the world." chain up the stove while he's round. Might steal it, ye know."

They burst into a shout of laughter, and Ninety-six passed out into the street. He had overheard them, and the words rankled | returned a verdict of accidental death. bitterly in his heart. A portion of the to give him a favorable appearance. Then ger train, and sped away from the old life to enter a new one. He would return to Thorn, and his blushing, dainty bride. the little village where dwelt his child with her grandparents, and he would for her sake strive to be a new and honest man. He thought of her still as a little child, but the years that had flown had made her a one .- Selected. young girl, almost a woman. They (the child and her grandparents) had not known his disgrace, but had thought him dead long ago.

A day or two later, in a dainty, vinecovered cottage. at the end of the elmshaded street of a quiet little village, a sweet girl-woman sat in a quiet little parlor, where the dim gleam of the twilight cast a soft shade about her. There were tears of tender joy. Her face was irradiated with sweet lovelight. By her side, bent over her, a noble looking man several years her senior, but still in the pride and strength of his manhood. His arm was about her, and her sweetly blushing face was pillowed on his breast.

It was after dark by the time the train that bore Ninety-six came to a stop, and the brakeman uttered in an unintelligible shout the name of the little station that the ex-convict knew so well. He made his humorist. One day, several weeks ago, he making itself felt. She will be fortunate if he met his son in the street. "Ayres, I if her autumn of beauty brings with it the way with as little difficulty up the dark street as if it had been yesterday instead of ling house the other night." years ago, that he trod it before. There was a warm glow about his heart. He would enter his new life. He would see his daughter and, buoyed up by her love and trust, would win for himself a place in the world. For she would love him, he told himself, for he was not such an illlooking man, after all; and coming to her as one from the dead, she would be sure to welcome him with the love and kindness of a fond daughter.

Softly he parted the vines and peered sunshine, "this is a change fer ye, hain't into the lighted room before him With a quick glance he started back clutching wildly at his heart. One of the figures before him seemed that of his dead wife. So like was she to the woman that he loved and lost that for an instant he contemplated at home. I will get a faro outfit and put rushing in and clasping her to his heart. it in the back parlor and will deal for Then the thought came to him like a flash. you." It was his daughter, his dead wife's child, upon whom he had gazed. He looked me." again. The faae of the man who bent so caressingly over her was turned towards please.' him, and Ninety-six started back again, with a half-uttered exclamation, that almost betrayed his presence. The face before him was that of Dallas Thorn, who, as a young prosecuting lawyer, had sent him to prison. Dal Thorn, it was, older now, but still handsome and stalwart.

After success had followed success, Dal Thorn had during a season of vacation drifted eastward. He had met and loved the daughter of the ex-convict, who now stood just outside the window, and peered, almost glared, through the window at them. Ninety-six gnashed his teeth; but why should he cherish bitter enmity against Dal Thorn? The prosecuting lawyer had but done his duty in weaving about him the chain of evidence that had placed him within those prison walls for all those long years. Ninety-six in the joy of his new found liberty, and the happiness of the speedy meeting with his daughter, felt that

Hark! What were they saying in the bright room just beyond the fragrant vines?

Dallas Thorn was telling her of the proud old family of which he was the last, and of the stainless name they bore. Something urged him on, and he told her that much as he loved her, if he knew her to be with but a little cloud on her history he would leave her and never see her again, even though it would break his heart. The girl clasped him convulsively.

"I think I should die then," she said

The man at the window turned away. He was the cloud on her fair name, he thought bitterly. The bright dream had vanished. Only the space of a swift drawn breath he wavered undecided. Then he slowly made his way out of the little gate, that seemed to give a mournful squeak, almost like a little moan of pain, and staggered slowly down the street. The heart that before sounded so joyfully in his bosom seemed lifeless.

A great wave of agony came over him. His decision had been made. He was dead to the dear ones, and dead he would remain. It would only be the fit continuation of a wasted life. Those happy dreams seemed not of him or his, but to have come to some one else. On and on through the darkness, bowed down by his weight of woe, he staggered. "She will be happy," he said, half aloud.

And then his voice died away. He left the village and in the darkness entered the forest and staggered along through the dark shadows. Finally he sank down, half exhausted. The wind rose and moaned through the tree tops, and steadily increased till it was almost a tempest. It roared through the boughs but Ninety-six, stretched on the earth heeded

"Little Alice-little Alice," he whispered. 'She will be happy, and I-

"There was a crash as if of riven tree trunks—a dull thud that made the very earth tremble-and Ninety-six lay dead.

Morning. Silas and Ben Toptod, woodthe darkness compelled them to desist. The monarch of the forest lay prone where the force of the tempest had levelled him. "Wind finished our work for us."

"Don't know as I keer much," answered "I wasn't anxious to chop this mornin' nohow."

As they neared, a crow flew from the tree trunk with a discordant "caw!" and a rascally flirt of his disreputable tail. Something half buried by the fallen trunk caught Silas's eye. He proceeded to investigate. "It's a man!" he cried.

When aid was obtained they drew the poor mangled form from beneath the great trunk. It was Number Ninety-six. "We found this in one of his pockets,"

said Ben, at the coroner's inquest. It was the envelope bearing the legend: "To Number Ninety-six, from the ward- ment, even that of suffering, is a necessity

There was money in the package, and it

buried him decently. After much solemn investigation, all of which came to naught, the coroner's jury

As the little funeral, with the corpse in money given him by the warden purchased the black hearse, slowly wended its way a neat suit of clothes, and otherwise served | towards the weed-grown graveyard, there passed a gay little party in festal attire he seated himself in an east-bound passen- bound to the train that would bear them away on their bridal tour. It was Dal

The groom, at the bride's request, leaned from the carriage and asked who was being carried to the grave.

"Number Ninety-six." answered some

HE DEALT FOR THE BOYS.

How Judge McClure Taught His Young

Friends the Evils of Gambling. Judge John McClure was the ablest exponent of the principles of "carpetbaggery." He went from Ohio to Little Rock. Ark., during the days of reconstruction, and soon became a political leader. He was elected to the supreme bench, and drew up the decision that ousted a governor ness of pleasure generally inspires a feeling and brought about the Brooks-Baxter war. of languor and depression. The woman During the past few years the judge has of 35 is not vet bidden to step out of the been a quiet observer of politics, rather arena and range herself among the spectatthan a participant in the fight; he has de- ors, but Nature has a disagreeable way of voted himself to his profession, and is now reminding her that the hour is approaching. regarded as one of the foremost lawyers It is though the first chill breath of autumn of the South. Judge McClure is a quaint which heralds the Indian summer were understand that you were seen in a gam'- ripe graces, the tender associations and

"I was there," the boy answered. "Why did you go?"

"To gamble."

"What was your game?" "Faro."

"Like the game, do you?" "Yes, sir.

"Why do you like it?"

"Because it is fun." "Now let me tell you something. It is very bad for a boy as young as you are to visit such places, and yet at the same time I can appreciate your fondness for gaming, for all intellectually sound human beings are natural gamblers. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you are determined to play, I will fit you up a room

"But I can't bring any of the boys with

"Yes, you may bring as many as you "But we can't have a supper at mid-

"Yes, I will have a supper served at mid-

"When can you get the layout?" "Immediately.

"Well, get it and we'll open up to-night." That night the back parlor of the Mc-Clure residence had the appearance of a well appointed gambling room. The son and several companions soon arrived. The judge, as solemn as a "bookmaker," took his place and began to deal. The boys laughed heartily and recklessly put down their money. At midnight an excellent supper was served.

How much nicer it is to play here than it is in a regular gambling-house," young McClure remarked. "How long will you let us play here?" "The present arrangements shall be per-

manent, if you are pleased." "Oh, we are delighted," one of the boys

exclaimed. "You are such a good man, "Don't speak of it," the judge answered. "Oh, I must," the boy persisted. "You

are giving us all the fun we could get any-After supper the game was resumed.

Just before day young McClure remarked that it was about time to go to bed. "All right," said the judge. "We'll play again tomorrow night," the

boys declared. "The room is at your disposal."

The next night the boys met again. The judge took his place. Young McClure, approaching his father, said:
"Let me have ten dollars of my money."

"Of your money?"

"Yes." "I haven't any of your money."

"Oh, that money of mine you won last

"Yes, but the money I won last night

"What!" the boy exclaimed, "ain't you going to give it back to me?" "No; why should I? Do you think

that I can afford to run a gambling-house The boy began to whine. "You aint going to take the boys' money, are you?"

"I don't take anybody's money but "Oh, you know what I mean. The boys

lost all their money last night. Are you going to give it back?" "Gentlemen," said the Judge, "if you have no money I shall be compelled to

close the house. Good night." The Judge had won nearly two hundred dollars, money which the boy had been saving for years. He did not return a cent of his winnings, and he did not have occasion to reopen the establishment. - Arkansaw Traveller.

THE WOMAN OF THIRTY-FIVE.

Thoughts for the Consideration of Herself

There is a class of woman, the woman who enters the thirties, upon whose drama be, she revels in the part of heroine and in the disturbances and agitations of which she is the cause. She will go on indefatigably playing her part and enjoying it, while the lights grow dim and the audience drops off and jeune premier becomes wooden and indifferent. This kind of a woman must, as Landor puts it, "warm both hands at the fire of life." Her keenly strung temperament, alert sensibility, and magnetic power of attraction make her the centre of a perfect vortex of emotions. She takes intense pleasure in the storm and tumult of feeling that gathers round her. It gives a zest to existence which without it she would find insupportably tame. She does not mean to be cruel; she is not unprin-

cipled. In many cases she herself suffers

almost as much as her victims. But excite-

"That's it," said the shop boy, with a ers, guards, etc., of --- Penitentiary, to of her being, and she takes comfort in the thought that she, too, can exclaim like Egmont, when the end comes, "I cease to live; but I have lived." And to this woman, thirty-five is the beginning of the

> To the ordinary woman of poetic tendencies, but no definite inclination toward the dramatic side of life, 35 is an age which cannot fail to bring with it a feeling of melancholy and dissatisfaction. It is an uncomfortable point of transition when the mind cannot dwell with any complacency upon past, present, or future. The illusions have gone, and the solid realities have not yet quite taken their place. In dress, demeanor, and mental outlook a gradual and subtle readjustment has to be considered. It is felt necessary to practise a certain sedateness and dignity of bearing, which must not, however, and a floral bell of the same blossoms hung be overdone, so as to appear affectation. Attentions which only the other day might have been attributed to the influence of personal beauty and fascination are to-day open at least to suspicion of interested motives. Partners at balls are less persistent and fewer in number. The delicate aroma of flattery, once breathed, as a matter of course, has become sensibly fainter. Amusement seems to drag, and the busipoetic suggestions, which gives to the season of decay its mellow charm .- London Society.

> > The Berlin-A Dance

Among the newer dances none has struck the popular fancy as the "berlin." It is bright and vivacious, easy in tempo and movement, and simple in execution. It is unique in character, having more varied forms or changes in its promenade, reverse, and waltz than any of its rivals for public favor. It was approved last winter by the older, and is now the special favorite of the younger dancers in the ballroom, while during the summer season just closed it was the pride of the lawn party. The "berlin" is, strictly speaking, a polka step, displaying an easy toe movement.

The dancers start side by side, the gentleman holding the lady's left hand in his right, polka forward, and then reversing positions, polka back and turn. Then, while in a waltz position the couple execute two glides, polka and repeat. It is a very graceful dance among society people, but when copied by many young persons who are prone to flounder through everything in the dance order, it becomes a sort of impromptu ballet for the onlooker.

At most of the summer resorts the berin was the choice of dances during the past season, while at Long Branch, Saratoga, Lake Mahopac, and other consorting places for the rich in the East it became as much of a craze as the society waltz did a few years ago. At all the garden parties at the Great Union Hotel at Saratoga the berlin took the place of german. But this was because the berlin is more adapted to the lawn than its formidable rival for public favor. The german will continue the coming winter, as it has been for several seasons past, the leading dance, because the American society professors of dancing claim it is more adapted to society.—Neb. State Journal.

Detected in Church.

There is no moral in this story, but it is aid that the Saco woman who had written everal hundred scandalous anonymous letters was finally detected by her writing on an envelope dropped into the church contribution box.—Lewiston Journal.

A distressing cough or cold not only de-prives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develope more serious trouble in the way of congestion or laryngitis, or perhaps consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

Question in Grammar.

Tramp-Will you please give me some reakfast ?

Bilious-Do you see that wood? Tramp—Yes, I see that wood. Bilious-Well, you'll say I saw that wood before you get anything to eat here. -N. Y. Sun.

Boils, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Readily Took the Bait.

Miss Leonora Younger-What a lovely evening! In fact, it is too lovely to remain indoors. What would you propose? Mr. Winters (twining an arm around her waist)-Marriage, Leonora, dear, marriage,-Time.

The Lady Godiva must have had exceptionally long hair since it completely concealed her lovely person. Since Ayer's Hair Vigor came into use such examples are not so rare as formerly. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but gives it a rich, silken texture.—Advt.

Somebody Might Try. "He was a good, kind, excellent husband," observed the sympathic caller, "and

I am sure nobody can ever take his place." "N-not entirely," replied the bereaved oung widow."—Chicago Tribune.

VALLEY OF THE WINDING WATER.

The valley of the winding water Wears the same light it wore of old. Still o'er the purple peaks the portals Of distance and desire unfold.

Still break the fields of opening June To emerald, in their ancient way. The sapphire of the summer heaven Is infinite, as yesterday.

My eyes are on the greening earth,

And yet, of all this kindly gladness My heart beholds not anything. But in a still room far away, With mourners round her silent head, Blind to the quenehless tears, the anguish,

The exultant bobolink's wild a-wing;

I see, today, a woman dead. -Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Century. A BOWER OF FLOWERS.

How a House Was Beautifully Decorated for a Wedding Recently.

The house in New York in which one of the fashionable autumn weddings took place recently was a bower of flowers. Pots of chrysanthemums were ranged about the pretty reception hall on four sides. Upon the bannisters were tied at close intervals bunches of chrysanthemums fastened with ribbons. The doorways of the parlors were arched with ferns and white chrysanthemums, garlands of the same were festooned about the walls, white roses. white geraniums and chrysanthemums filled the fireplaces and canopied the mantels. A gigantic horseshoe of terns and white flowers marked out the floor space where the bride and groom took their positions, above their heads. White rose garlands of the Louis XIV. period lay on every table, and were presented to the guests in attendance. The bride carried white orchids and the bridesmaids white roses .-N. Y. Mail and Express

Life in a Flat

Mrs. Brown-When you send the vegetables home I wish you would'nt always put the big ones on top.

Grocer-I-er-Mrs. Brown-Oh, I don't blame you -in the least. I just spoke of it because the janitor of our flat always scrapes off the top of the basket for his own use before he sends it up the elevator.—Life.

Yes, in Either Case. Young Widow-Mr. Preachly, will you

marry me Mr. Preachly-Well. really, Mrs. Buckner, this is so sudden, and -

Young Widow-Oh, well, take your time to think it over. Mr. Harkins and I thought we'd like to have you perform the ceremony for us.—Harper's Bazar.

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured.

—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas. Be sure and ask for

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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



STEAMERS.



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

For Washademoak Lake 🛢 Oromocto. UNTIL further notice the above favorite steamer will leave her wharf, Indiantown, every TUES-DAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 a.m.,

Afternoon Service. 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. The Steamer "Clifton'

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE SEASON, will make her regular trips on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays,

leaving HAMPTON at 5 o'clock, a.m., and INDIAN-Steamer "BELLISLE"

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

G. MABEE,
Manager. Accommodation Line! ST. JOHN TO COLES' ISLAND.

THE staunch steamer "SOULANGES," for the remainder of the season, will leave INDIANTOWN for COLES' ISLAND, every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY at 9 a.m. Returning will leave Coles' Island on alternate days at 7 a.m.

G. L. ESTABROOKS, Manager.

RAILWAYS.

BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE "TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

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.

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

†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, 18,30 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

Houlton at †6.00, †10.55 a. m.; †12.15, †8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.30 a. m.; †3.15, †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †6.45 a. 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, †7.10, †10.20 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

†.430 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.

†8.00 a. m. for Fairville.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.
A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent. SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON 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.; St. Stephen, 6 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

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 MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will

W. A. LAMB, Manager.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 ths .- not large in bulk-

St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889. Intercolonial Railway.

be in attendance.

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 commodation for Point du Chene......11.10 Fast Express for Halifax......14.30

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 trains aton by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888. BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows:-Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 7 30 Lv. MONCTON....16 45 Lewisville ... 16249 Humphreys ... 16 53 Irishtown ... 17215 Cape Breton ... 17 25 Scotch Sett ... 1723 McDougall's ... 17 45 Little River.... 7 48 St. Anthony 8 04 Cocagne 8 20 McDougall's ... 8 38 Scotch Sett.... 8 50 Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Return-

Moncton, June 9, 1889. HOTELS.

ing will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND,

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ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

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