PROGRESS SATURDAY MAY

Somewhere under the great white throne, Under the radiant, odorous zone Of heaven's blossoming sod; Somewhere out of the mist and moan, The mighty despair we call our own, Is the beautiful rest of God.

Out of the bitter hate and strife, Out of the madness we call life, The hard paths all have trod; Out of the being where cares are rife, Sleep father and mother and husband and wife, In the beautiful rest of God.

After the longing and last despair, After the burial hymn and prayer, After the coffin's clod; Up in the breath of a purer air, With gladder music and flowers more fair, In the beautiful rest of God.

Theirs are the eyes undimmed by tears, Theirs are the hearts that know no fears; Where flowers of Paradise nod, They sleep to the song of the million spheres, And like blossoms of snow fall the endless years On the beautiful rest of God.

-W. W. Campbell.

## A BORN INVENTOR.

Nanky Gunner replaced her rapidly cooling iron before the coals in the great fireplace of her log cabin, took up a fresh one, spit upon its smooth surface, and, satisfied that the abrupt "teest" that saluted her ear indicated the right temperature, faced her visitor across the ironing-board.

says as how he es er borned inwenter,whatever thet may be, wich mebbe you there with negro cabins. After freedom, knows, I don't—an' ter let him sperriment | the slaves, when permitted, rebuilt their all he wants ter. Er man named Franklelin, he says, wouldn't er nev'r diskivered Ermeriky 'ceptin' thet he war er sperri-menter, an' ef Collumbus hadn't er sperri-Cis'ly Toomer's sentence was a fearful mented, folks wouldn't er known to this day | cloud that swept out of the woods in the what chain lightnin' 's made outer. Let distance and seemed to write upon the plain 'im sperriment, says he, an' sperriment he with its long flexible finger. As it passed

handy 'bout the house with tools," said Cis'ly Toomer. Dipping her althea mop in the tiny tin box of snuff and restoring it to her mouth, she returned the box to the pocket of her faded calico gown, that was innocent of hoop, underskirt or bustle, and drooped her shoulders forward comfortably as she lifted her yellow, pinched face. "Sim says as how he made er the says as he had a says as he had a face. "Sim says as how he made er wooden leg fur Jedge Loomus' mule wa't cane; but the cyclone had passed. When ther railroad runned over."

"Fact, Cis'ly. Jedge war erbout ter kill ther critter w'en Bill walks up an' lif's his han', so. 'Et God hed er wanted thet mule killed,' says he, 'he'd er let ther train kill it dead.' With thet ther Jedge he laughed. 'Mebbe yer kin mek 'im er wooden leg,' says 'e. 'I kin,' says Bill; an' right thar Jedge 'lowed he might have ther critter an' welcome. Well, sho 'nough, Bill tended thet mule, an' while he war erleg; an' bimeby he got ther critter propped up, an' ther thingermajig stropped onter im. Well, I never seed sech er sight en all my born days. Ef 't had n' be'n fur sorryin' fur ther critter, I'd er busted wide open. Ther inwention had er rest fur that critter's stump, an' er crutch thet caught it somers unner ther shoulder, an' ther strops run all over hit."

"Nanky Gunner, I mus' see thet mule

'fo' I git back ter Putnum-" "Lor' bless ye, chile, hit's done dead too long ter talk erbout." Nanky set her iron with a clang upon its ring and began to sprinkle another cotton shirt. "Ye see, Franklelin-thet's w'at Bill called 'im-Franklelin war used ter wade ther crik down yonder ter ther pastyer; an' once ther crik riz powerful, an' Franklelin he tried ter swim across like he used ter 'fo' ther railroad runned over 'im, an' thet's why he's dead-'cause somehow he couldn't work thet ar peg leg edzaetly right, an' they do say as how 'e rolled over an' over, tell bimeby he war drowned an' lef' er-lyin' on 'is back 'ith nuthin' er-showin' but thet ar peg leg er-p'intin' up at ther sky. Our Bill war mighty sorryful, but 'e allus 'lowed ef 'e hed er shod thet wooden foot hit would er be'n diffunt."

One of those silences common to country conversations followed the description of poor Franklin's death, and then Nanky Gunner's thoughts rose to the surface.

"I wouldn't begin ter name ther things our Bill have inwented. Ther yard an' bouse es mighty nigh full av 'em. Some uv 'em won't work, ter be sho', but Bill allus knows w'at ails 'em, an' sets 'em by ter fix up w'en 'e gits time. He's er-inter fix up w'en 'e gits time. He's er-inwentin' er spring-bucket now thet'll slide Burning with the fever of the scheme, he down hill an' fetch 'er full an' back ther

"Es 'e inwentin' hit right now?" Cis'ly Toomer's voice was lifted in an impressive whisper.

"Right now." "Lor', how I'u'd like ter see 'im er-doin'

Nanky Gunner replaced her iron upon the hearth and waddled out from behind her board. She touched her guest upon the shoulder. "Sh-h-h-h!" she whispered, and motioned her to follow. They passed out across the doorless hall into the other room, the boards groaning under Nanky's tiptoe gait, until they reached the wall by the fireplace. There Nanky placed her eye to a crack and peeped through into the tiny shed-room adjoining, then made way for Mrs. Toomer. A barefooted boy sat on a rough workbench, his elbows on his trousers, cotton shirt, and one knit sus- the idea was hot upon them. At this an' ther first one come erlong thet night an' was a framework of strings, with two little work extended from the workbench down to a far corner of the room. The boy as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expectation as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expectation. The boy as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expectation and an end of the room. The boy as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expectation. The boy as es gittin' erway f'om er cycleone ain't expectation and the room and the seemed to be a carved statue, so still was pected ter move erbout in style like they he, and so fixed his gaze.

"Ef ye hed er so much as sneezed," said thet 'u'd keep 'im f'om suckin' whilst I war er-milkin' an' at ther same time keep ther flies off er ole Brindle too, w'en en warks Tom an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet disapprinted by likely the grant of the call the comes ter be er-movin jes get en an' scoot down ter ther bottom. Hit ain't gwine ter be much used, an' I reckon we kin stan' hit."

Bill surveyed him admiringly. "Tom," war gone. I got 'm back uv 'is shoulders an' unner 'is legs an' run 'cross ther room an' shoved 'im foot foremost inter ther inwention. Pa he hollered, 'Heigh! ho! Nank! Tom!' an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet dissiply the stan' hit." Tom an' spoilt hit all. Bill war thet disapp'inted he liked ter cried, but 'e tried ter patch up suthin' anyhow thet 'u'd work; but bless yo' soul, he tied hit on ther calf an' ther first hunch he made at ole Brindle ther thing tickled her en ther ribs an' she is an an and greased the floorway to the is an an an and shook with laughter over the recollection. "I orter hed mo'

kicked me an' ther bucket erway yonder! Sech er terdo ye never did see. Him, not er-knowin' w'at en ther worl' war ailin' uv ther cow,'u'd trot up ter suck, an' as soon as ther inwention 'u'd tech 'er en ther ribs, she'd carry on redickelus, er-runnin' an' jumpin' like ther hornets hed 'er. I like ter laugh myse'f ter death w'en I got my win' f'om th' lick she gin me."

"Es Tom er inwenter too?"
"Tom? Lor', no! Tom an' Bill es twins,
but ye wouldn't know they war blood kin. Tom runs ter huntin an' ther likes, but 'e 'lows Bill 's got more sense en er day than ther w'ole Hepzibah settlemunt got en er ye'r. Hyah comes Pa."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a barefooted man who, walking with the aid of a staff, slowly made his way into the room. He was old and feeble. His bent form was half clad in rough homespun, and he wore no coat. He paid no attention to either woman, but pulled a chair into the hallway and sat down to chew his quid of tobacco.

"Pa es sorter wand'rin' en 'is min'," said Nanky, simply. "an' 'e can't hyah ther bes' en ther worl', nuther. Bill says es how some these days he's goin' ter inwent er thing thet er man kin hyah with ef 'e ain't even got er ye'r on 's head." Nanky set her iron aside and walked to the win-

"Cis'ly Toomer," she said, "did ye ever en all vo' borned life hyah th' win' blow

"Onest," said her visitor, joining her and scanning the heavens anxiously; "an' I hope ter God I'll never see sech another "No, I don't reck'n as how it's posserbul thet airy anuther sech boy do live on the face of the yarth as our Bill. The parson are the parson the little valley below them stretched the little valley below them stretched the little valley below them stretched a plain two miles wide, dotted here and cabins near the particular pieces of land they cultivated; and so it was with the great plantation before them. What broke along it gathered up trees, fences, cabins, "I've hearn tell as how Bill's powerful handy bout the house with tools," said strewed them over its track. A sudden

After some days Bill resumed work upon his spring-bucket idea. He finally succeeded in getting the model to work by putting a rock in the down bucket; but, for obvious reasons, this was not satisfactory. Then he planned a plank-way from the window 40 yards down the hill to the tendin' uv 'im he war all time inwentin' er spring, and a car on wheels. At this stage of the evolution of the idea he was interrupted by something new, which consigned the self-acting, labor-saving travelingbuckets to the companionship of his other unfinished contrivances. The cyclone had caused intense excitement. The destruction to life and property and hair-breadth escapes were absorbing topics, and the reports of other cyclones, gathered from newspapers, were eagerly discussed and magnified. People began to think of cyclone retreats as refuges in stormy times. One day Tom offered to bet the seed cotton in his patch that Bill could fix up something that would puzzle any cyclone in the world; and thus the train was fired in the brain of the family genius. Something was needed that could be reached quickly without exposure to the elements. In the recent storm a negro had taken refuge in a cellar; but the house had fallen in and taken fire, and the negro had lost his life. So the refuge must be apart from the house to insure complete safety. Thus Bill in the solitude of his workshop reasoned.

The rough plan of his water-railroad caught his eye, and an old dairy near the bottom of the hill flashed into his recollection. Then the true plan was perfected

The Gunner dwelling was on the sight of one of the great ante-bellum homes that disappeared when Sherman marched through Georgia, and the spacious dairy dug out of the hillside and fronting upon the little ravine that ran down to the spring was a monument to the old family which had dwelt there. Bill's idea was a covered communicated his plans to Tom and secured at once a powerful ally. The two boys picked cotton at forty cents per hundred for a neighboring planter and secured money enough to buy the necessary lumber, and Bill went to work upon the structure. The diameter of the shute was determined by measuring Nanky Gunner's chair seat, and a week's hard work completed the structure. It was three feet wide and three entered the old subterranean dairy, the rest of the opening there being closed with stout boards and dirt. For a long time run down the passage he had constructed, but the idea involved new difficulties such as pulleys, wheels and ropes, and consequently a considerable outlay of money -something not obtainable, for the boys had bankrupted their resources in the pur-

were er-gwine ter er quiltin'. All they wants ter do es ter git up an' git till the things blows over. Now hit do seem ter Nanky Gunner to her companion when they reentered the first room, "hit 'u'd er me thet ther way ter fix thet ar thing es ter

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bottom of the hill, until a squirrel would have found it difficult to navigate it. Then they restored the planks and waited. But hearn er mile. Tom an' Bill like ter not no cyclone came. Nanky Gunner surveyed the structure many a day curiously, but she asked no questions. To a neighbor she said once, "I cain't say thet I see edzactly as how ther thing es gwine terwork; but Bill es en inwenter, an' he knows He says thar ain't no use en gittin' skeered uy not true that the boys prayed for a storm, but | an' Pa er-settin' over en ther corner hollerevery wind raised hopes in their bosoms, and not a cloud passed but brought sug-

"Bill," said Tom one night as they lay

Bill was silent, trying to catch the line of Tom's thought. It was beneath the

Tom continued: "W'en we war over ter gasped. Macon, las' ye'r, 'ith the cotton, ye ricolleck how they used ter ring ther bells an'

But Tom's judgment was cooler. win', an' Ma 'u'd never let us practiz on 'er 'lessen she war pow'ful skeered. Wait tell

er big win' comes.' Fortune favored the inventors. There came a week of heavy rain, and finally one night a terrific wind.

"Nankee-e-e-e, Nank Gunner-r-r-r!" The tones were feminine and rang out shrilly in the morning quiet.

Mistress Gunner came to the door of the bed-room, late the haunt of the born inven- extended hand. "One uv them es ther

"Howdy, Cis'ly Toomer, howdy. 'Light,' she answered back. Cis'ly Toomer guided her thin plow-horse under a tree and slid er day then ten niggers. I reckon time to the ground. The breeze was swaying ther cotton es all en I'll hev ter move them some garments hanging on the clothes- tubs out ther shed-room ergin, Boys got lines that she had to stoop to avoid as she approached. Nanky wiped her hand upon her apron and welcomed her.

"Come in, come in," she said. "Hearn ye war done gone back ter Putnam. Lemme wring out these hyah shirts an' I'll be done." She resumed her position at the tub, and from time to time turned her head as the conversation went on. Cis'ly looket about her as she took her seat, and got out her snuff-cup and mop. "La, Nanky, w'at ye done 'ith Bill's

"Bill," said the woman at the tub, shak-

ing her fat sides a little, "ain't er-inwentin much these days." "How come?"

"Well, Cis'ly Toomer, hit's er long story. Hit all come uv ther cyclone erwhile back an' Bill tryin' ter inwent suthin ter beat

"La sakes, an' wouldn't it work?" "Work?" Nanky Gunner rested her hands on her tub and looked around quickly. "I reckon ye never seen nuthin' work like hit. Hit mighty nigh worked me an' Pa ter death." "Nanky, hush!"

"Fact. Hit's piled up thar behin' ther house now, but hit ain't nuthin' like hit war w'en hit war fixed up an' ready fur cy-

She described the invention as it had existed, and as she became conscious of the rapt attention of her visitor she exerted her full powers.

"Now," she continued, "hain't nobody high, inside measurement. The upper end on yarth skeereder 'n me uv win'. One rested in the window and the lower night atter hit hed be'n er-rainin' fur er week an' the win' was blowin' pow'ful' I war settin up, an' Pa he war in bed er-tryin' stout boards and dirt. For a long time ter git ter sleep, w'en I hearn er boomin' Bill debated upon a travelling railway to en the a'r outside." She laughed at the recollection, and as she wrung the last drop of moisture from a shirt, faced her visitor. "Ever hyar one uv 'em thar injines w'at burn coal stidder wood-boom-m-m?" She imitated the sound as best she could. "Well, they done got ter runnin' 'em on was freckled, his hair tousled, and his chasing of lumber. Besides, the fever of ther railroad out thar back uv ther house, pender rather dilapidated. Before him juncture Tom offered a suggestion. It was ther boomin' started 'bout ther time hit got the nearest approach to an invention he en ther big cut. I never war skeered as bad since ther Lor' made me. I run 'cross Tom come er-runnin' en too, yellin' out, 'Cycleone, cycleone!' loud as they could. I war mighty ready ter drop. 'Save Pa, save Pa!' I hollered. Pa he half knowed w'at war gwine on, an' he hollered, 'Help, be'n gone. Bill war oncest on ther p'int uv inwentin' er thing ter tie on ther calf ther time comes ter be er-movin' jes get en got 'im back uv 'is shoulders an' unner 'is

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sense: but la, w'en er woman git's skeered bad she ain' got no sense 't all. Ther injine then war right back uv ther house an' ev'ythin' war jes trimblin'. Bill he yelled oat, 'Git en, Ma, git en; hit 's er-comin'!' I did n't wait er minute, but clum up en er cher an' got en. Ther boys gimme er shove, an' down I went 'ith ther candle en my han' berhin' an' me fiat er back. I reckon I mighty nigh fill ther w'ole inwention, fur I war techin' ev'ywhar. Skeered? The cycleone warn't nuthin'. Time I got ter ther ben' I war full uv splinters, fur Pa lef' some, an' w'en I slid roun' like er gourd over ther mill-dam an' hit en two foot uv water down thar, I war screamin' ter be says thar ain't no use en gittin' skeered uv rain hed soaked down. Ther place war cycleones an' ther like." It is probably dark as pitch, an' w'at 'ith me er-screamin' in', 'Don't shoot, don't shoot!' hit like ter 1889. skeered ther life outer Bill; an' erbout thet time it come ter 'im thet he hadn' inwented no way ter git outer ther thing. I awake, "I reckon hit's all right, but 'pears ter me we hedn't oughter take no chances; we cughter know."

we cughter know."

wented no way ter gir outer the hyah, an' open ther do'! an', 'Oh, Lordy, my back!' till ther boy war mighty nigh crazy."

Cis'ly Toomer had been rolling around in her chair convulsed with laughter. "Nank, dignity of an inventor to ask suggestions. how en ther worl' did ye git out?" she

"Tom clum back up ther spout after mighty hard work an' took er ax an' busted face. "Sim says as how he made er wooden leg fur Jedge Loomus' mule wa't her railroad runned over."

Nanky Gunner laughed until her three faces they made their way to the hall. Nanky Gunner laughed until her three figorously.

"Fact, Cis'ly. Jedge war erbout ter ill ther critter we'en Bill walks me on the sunds and the sounds. The wien there sounds. The wien there are not of the sund about the cabin increased to a hurri-know part to get er shot wind about the cabin increased to a hurri-know jes' w'at ter do ef er shot wind about the cabin increased to a hurri-know jes' w'at ter do ef er shot wind about the cyclone had passed. When this fact became apparent, with blanched their way to the hall. Looks like we oughter practiz fer cycleones. Ye know Grandpa es contrairy, an' Ma es pow'ful helty—" Bill was all excitement in an instant, and sitting up.

"Fact, Cis'ly. Jedge war erbout ter ill ther critter we'en Bill walks me on the stail trembling of the sum of the past winter, and are practizin' ter sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We into the dairy open. Me an' him pulled Pa out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We in the cyclone had passed. When the cabin increased to a hurri-know repractizin' ter sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We is gift the yo' life like Pa's back. We are sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We are sight en yo' life like Pa's back we are practizin' ter sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We are sight en yo' life war ter come erlong. Looks like we oughter practiz fer shot which case it can be sufficiently under Dominion Government inspection, which, combined with qualities for out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back. We are sight en yo' life like Pa's back hed er heap er little winder non out an' put 'im en bed. Ye never seed sech er sight en yo' life like Pa's back hed er heap er little whoit scars on hit, an' I reckolleck hearin' and with the cabin increased to a hurri-know je ther fence. I reckon ther splinters sorter "Hit won't do ternight. Thar ain't no brought hit all back ter 'im. He 's mighty wand'rin' en 'is min' nowadays." She took an armful of clothes and went out to the line, where she continued, elevating her voice: "Me an' Bill hed it out en ther shed-room thar, an' w'en I got done 'ith 'im I kicked all ther inwentions ter pieces. 'No more inwentin' en this house,' says I; 'hit 's as much as my life es wuth.' An' I put 'im ter work nex' day. See them too boys over yonder en the cotton by the p'int uv woods?" Cis'ly stood up and shaded her Steamer "BELLISLE eyes in the direction indicated by Nanky's tor. She had been washing clothes, and her sleeves were rolled up, exhibiting short, fat, red arms.

Carteful de land.

Cartefu im, an' Tom let out yestiddy thet Bill done inwented er thing thet 'll pick mo' cotton en ter hev ther day, yer know, an' Bill es ther baby."-Harry Stillwell Edwards, in The Century.

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hollered, 'Heigh! ho! Nank! Tolli. and war gone. I got thar jes en time ter see 'is white head go roun' ther ben', an' then I hearn er kerchunk an' Pa holler, 'Hoo-oohearn er kerchunk an' Pa holler, 'Hoo-oo

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PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BESTON.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Bangor at †6.20 a.m., Parlor Car attached; †7.25 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.10 noon. 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. 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, LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. t8.10 a. m.—Connecting with 8.55 a. 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.

1.430 p. m .- Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from

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

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O'N and after MONDAY, DEC. 31, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at

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

mediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a.m.;

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—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, Camleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. 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 excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

 

 Accommodation.
 11 20

 Express for Sussex.
 16 35

 Express for Halifax and Quebec.
 18 00

 A Sleeping Car will run daily on th 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Ex-press, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 7 00 

D. POTTINGER, RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Time Table—Buctouche and Moncton Ry. No. 1.

Lv.BUCTOUCHE 8 00 Lv. MONCTON ... 16 00
Little River. 8 18 Lewisville ... 16 04
St. Anthony 8 34 Humphreys ... 16 08
Cocaigne 8 50 Irishtown ... 16 30
Notre Dame 8 52 Cape Breton ... 16 40
McDougall's 9 08 Scotch Sett. ... 16 49 Irishtown ... 16 30 Cape Breton ... 16 40 Scotch Sett ... 16 48 McDougall's ... 17 00 Notre Dame ... 17 18 McDougall's ... 9 08 Scotch Sett .... 9 20 Cape Breton .... 9 28 

issued between Moncton and Buctouche at \$1.50.
April 15, 1889. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. A NICE LOT OF

Return Tickets, good for THREE DAYS, are

In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT T. A. CROCKETTS,

162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street. 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, Notaries Public, Etc.

Pugsley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.