Gentle south wind! Auster, whose perfumed robes Bear Asphodel and languid poppy-bloom To antidote the noises of the world; Feeling thy tender touch about my hair, Somehow the dear reality of life Slips from my being, and on sudden wings I soar, I float, a tiny, unseen speck, Out through the unknown spaces of the earth, To nothing sentient save the Beautiful-The Beautiful, and Mournful, which are one.

Sweet-scented Auster! fairest of the gods! For one swift moment 'neath thy subtle spell The heat, the passion of our work-day life, The clamor of a thousand tongues, go by. For one swift moment I can dimly see Only the swaying of a million leaves In some vast forest's sombre solitudes; Only the sparkle of a dying sun Upon some Alpine height; a silent stretch Of waters; and a little child, who from The oratory of his mother's knee Slowly uplifts two earnest eyes, to ask In wond'ring baby-ignorance of God. VIVIEN.

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton: I am 28 years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of traveling, and have only one care in the world-I am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from

my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides
myself have my secret: my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago my nervous dread of the nights I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Arthur Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether anything ever occurred in very early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now. My cate-

chism over, he said: that I can do nothing for you. The symp- before." toms you have described are distressing, they originate, or suggest any way of alle- He and I were in ordinary evening dress, viating them. I have a friend, however, but Sir George was arrayed as for some who is a profound believer in magnetism, and, although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the eleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly He had brought his chef down with him, sympathize with you, if he can do nothing and we sat down to a dinner fit for the else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call

upon him at 3 o'clock tomorrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large, luxuriously furnished room crowded with pictures, curios and "pretty things"-a handsome through a milestone, looked as if they

through. After a little indifferent conversation I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled woefully, and interspersed my narrative with idiotic gig-

could pierce a human being through and

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a little dinner party became quite a rollick-glass of wine from a side table; "you are ing affair. Among the subjects we dismy patient, you know, and must drink be-

fore beginning a long story."

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and impas-sively as if I was speaking to some other

I told him how, if I had lett my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play puss in the corner as I moved about, until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unnerved and trembling to wait through long hours for daylight.

I told him (as I went on Mr. Pallatti's face grew eagerly attentive) how, when I was a boy of 16, my mother had described to me the circumstances of my elder brother's drowning when I was an infant; how the same night my light went out, and I saw through a luminous haze a room with ladies and a gentleman in it, a servant coming in at the door, followed by a boatman carrying a boy in his arms with a dead paper, the flowers on the chimney piece— rose from the table and walked toward the billiard rotte identical scene as it occurred on that door. As we followed, Pallatti whispered evening there."

terrible morning at Brighton.

"Any other experience like that?" to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret!" deeply you have interested me, Mr. Houghton."

"Only one other," I replied, "and that occurred at Gillingham Towers, where I fore us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed the body and wander up and down the lived for five years as private tutor to Sir ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up spirit world like a dog in a fair prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those by hundreds of wax candles in great chande-telling me, one evening, a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the life and be grazing at the black-coated in

was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled up before me, and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lower sash of which was thrown up—a lower sash of the history which yo "That night a great storm of wind and lower sash of which was thrown up-a years a widower, married a young and lumber room, apparently, with one bare beautiful girl and brought her to the Towtable in the centre, a few broken chairs, ers. There are his portrait and hers,"

Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, lastpage.

"Gentlemen, I am not going to detain

piled up in the corners, some dirty-looking Dyspepsia prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches. and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed the shadowy forms of a Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion.

bound, and catching up a light some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to

my room to find everything as usual. I

told Sir George, and we thoroughly ex-plored the deserted wing of the Towers,

but could find no room in the least resem-

As I concluded, a page boy brought in coffee, and when I had drunk mine the

curious feeling of constraint under which

I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfully, "There. Mr. Pallatti, I have made a clean breast of it, and now

"No, to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second

sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But

prevention is better than cure, so buy a

little dog and let him lie at the foot of

your bed, and you will not be troubled

with your visions again, even if your light

We parted with mutual promises to meet

soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and

it was six months before I saw him again.

sounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portico. He looked so worn and har-

assed that I could not help whispering:

"Good heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question of the title deeds crop-

"Yes, it has, with a vengeance," said Sir

George, "but go and dress now and meet

us in the dining room. There are no ladies

great State function. He wore dark knee

and he wore half a dozen orders as well.

gods. The wine he gave us was scarcely

ever brought out except when some royal

prince accepted the hospitality of the Tow-

merry, for to-morrow-well, to-morrow,

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a

good dinner. Without seeming to mono-

polize the conversation, he always had

something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were

so keen and spontaneous that our solemn

solve the riddle in a dozen words.

served composedly. "Quite so," replied Pallatti dryly.

"And now, gentlemen," said Sir George,

"Most extraordinary," exclaimed Sir

"Yes," returned Pallatti, "the very first

George. "Do you mean to say you found

turning it off with a laugh.

vor to find it out.

it out yourself?"

ped up again after all?

I had just returned to London and was

bling the one of my vision."

what do you prescribe?"
"A dog," said Mr. Pallatti.
"What, to eat?" I laughed.

does go out."

One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never man and a woman appeared dimly, and I fails to give relief in the worst cases, could see that their outlines agreed with and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But hap-Pills are unequaled. pening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a

James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead, Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlargement of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dedham, Mass., for several months troubled with Indigestion, was cured before he used half a box of these Pills.

Ayer's Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

pointing to them. "Go up to them and

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, son of a man who had squandered his birthright and willingly intending to look him up, when I received parted with all the great estates of Gilling-ham to his younger brother and his heirs a letter from Sir George Gillingham, beg-ging me to go at once to the Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost forever. There is the man's portrait in that not a minute in obeying the summons, and, full of anxiety and misgiving that some-both of you. The year 1745 brought ruin thing was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gong for dinner was Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, it is a fact that that | not have borne much more, when there was poor scarecrow, the Pretender, once sat in the travesty of a throne, while well-born, virtuous ladies crowded round to kiss his (Pallatti's) exclaimed: "Good heavens! virtuous ladies crowded round to kiss his false hand," and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of have had the nightmare and look quite exgold and crimson.

expected, and walking hastily up stairs, the potion was, it was so strong that it nearly "Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly —only Pallatti, who says he has met you first thing he heard was the voice of his wife took my breath away, but its effect was inin conversation with a stranger in one of the stantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly, I entered the dining room with the soup and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. In conversation with a stranger in one of the conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. In conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. but I cannot tell you as a physician how and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. and by the time he had burst it open, a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after half a dozen passes drove his sword through the breeches and silk stockings and great dia- body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning mond buckles in his shoes, the broad rib- through the window, he found his wife bon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat senseless on the floor, and putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot, he passed on to his bedchamber, where the first thing that met his eye was a great iron chest with the lid open, while a very short examination showed that his precious title deeds had ers for a night and was almost priceless, I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it out to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the old-fashioned way and said: "I am making a little feast to-night, my young him and his blood-stained hands, but her young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see the old stery—let us eat, drink and be never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a mad-

we'll do the same, let us hepe," he said, house. "He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

"There was a State trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune and of loathing for the subject cussed was the last new trick of the last of his vengeance.

new conjurer, which was puzzling all Lon-don and giving learned judges and doctors me months of labor in reading through old and parsons sleepless nights in the endea- diaries and letters in the muniment room, for I have never felt sure whether some day "Why, don't you know how that is or other I or some of my descendents done?" said Mr. Pallatti, as he proceed to might not be challenged to produce the might not be challenged to produce the title deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any time I went. There has never been and rate, there are agents busily at work maknever will be a trick of any kind that I am | ing all manner of inquiries, searching unable to to unravel. I suppose that it is registers and so on, and my lawyers have a kind of gift, but I have never made any told me point blank that I may be called the wall on one side of the door-nine use of it, except sometimes to have a little fun among the spiritualists." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his dark eyes.

Gillingham Towers may be in serious which "Exposing all their rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table-turning, and such small knaveries, I suppose," I observed composedly.

"Quite so," replied Pallatti dryly.

"Quite so," replied Pallatti dryly.

"Gillingiam Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young triends, with your keen wits and ready invention, can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and ran the bell, and then leaned his head upon his hand, his elbow

on the mantelpiece. A servant entered, as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and looking up he said quite naturally: and we were ashamed even to look as if "Put out all these lights and close the face and water dripping from his long hair; and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, "if you please, seen, she said that I had described to the seen, she said that I had described to the minutest detail—the pattern of the wall room, as there are no ladies there," and he occasion—and take the cigars and things in rose from the table and walked toward the the billiard room. We will finish the

Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to entered a perfect blaze of splendor was be- soul can, in certain rare instances, leave

were abstracted in the confusion at the life and be gazing at the black-coated in- was in a whirl, and I should have been glad time, and Sir George said that his inability truders into their gay assembly. Two enor- to exchange nerves with a cat. The unto produce them, if ever called up to do mous fires were burning, one at each end of usual quantity of wine I had drank, the dazmous fires were burning, one at each end of the state drawing room, and before one of these Sir course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might be thickened to a cord.

The danger, one at each end of the state drawing room, the room, and before one of these Sir deorge stood and motioned us to be seated. He looked so grand and stately and the brilliancy of the scene was so overpowering that Pallatti and I listened to his words with a kind of awe.

The produce them, if ever called up to do the scane and before one of these Sir the room, and before one of these Sir the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the lifelike portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of brilliancy of the scene was so overpowering that Pallatti and I listened to his words with a kind of awe.

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The produce them are the dark the dark in the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of but Pallatti stayed my hand.

The produce them are the dark in the dar soon "as fast as a church." How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke stuffed birds, and the figures of my former | smoke.

Ladies, Washington's Ice Cream Parlors are elegant and his ice cream par excellence.

KID GLOVES!

TANT-MIEUX 4 Button French Kid Glove.

E have been appointed Agents for this CELEBRATED GLOVE. It is placed upon our counters direct from the manufacturing tables of the Makers in Grenoble, France. All middle and between profits are dropped, and we offer you the Glove at First-Hands on a Simple Commission Profit, hence the secret of their VALUE.

Although little known in this market, their extreme low price, softness and remarkable elasticity has gained for them an unparalleled hold, both in Europe and America. Our statement may be questioned, yet we write fearlessly the fact - they are in point of actual wearing value equal to any Josephine Kid Glove ever made, whilst our price is only 64 cents a pair, every pair guaranteed, made in Tans, assorted Browns and Blacks, and are cut upon a scale of measurement slightly smaller than Josephine. We will send them, postage paid, to any address. Write for a pair and try them upon the reputation we have at stake, and you will find them all we represent.

FAIRALL & SMITH, St. John, N. B.

vision developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now-a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots, with great silver spurs. a woman in a long white wrapper, with fair hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table, reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them by the light of a single candle in a tall, silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces toward me with an anxious expression as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped | he told me to assure you on his honor that Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless "the man rushed to the window and reaped to the window and re room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment, and she failed; but she put them over the flame of the candle, but one corner only began to shrivel and they would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints, which opened at a touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and, reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could hausted." He took a tiny vial from his "One night," continued Sir George, "Sir pocket, and pouring the contents into a Hugo returned home earlier than he was teaspoon, put it to my lips. Whatever the

> after Sir George's entertainment that I NEW GUUDS IN NEW DESIGNO. St. John and St. Stephen. couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and worse I thought I would see if you were in the same plight. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision, like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, oh Joseph. There may be nothing in it or everything, who knows?" The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George and Pallatti

and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance,

caused us to stop.
"Eureka! Eureka!" he almost screamed; 'I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back, both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes."

The usual calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our

Without hesitation he went straight into the room called the best bedchamber, in one corner of which still stood the great for any walk in life, from the "CLAW iron chest from which the fatal title deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot rule from his pocket carefully measured

Then he came out into the corridor, which was paneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measuring off nine teet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room, known as the Blue Bedchamber, he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for.

"There is a carpenter at work close by," panted Pallatti; "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools."

I was off like a shot, and soon returned with the astounded carpenter, who had in a hundred dozen of that claret!"

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing room, and as we let the state drawing room, by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatt, had already sounded the wainscoat; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints-all were there, and on the little table in the centre stood a tall and tarnished silver candle, long since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we

utes," he said quietly.

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone. "Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I

asked. "Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed."

"What on earth should I do that for?" wondered. "Because he played you a trick-went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in a cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences as you call them, but

Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle.

"My father, at about the age of 50, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."-P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs,

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations, Get McLean's, the original and only genu-

"Rich E Rare were the Gems She Wore."

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ready to accommodate you. His line of GOODS is one of the very best, being selected with care and judgment. Should you wish a READY-MADE SUIT, No. 5 is also the place to go. Workmen can buy PANTS away down at Rock Bottom Prices.

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OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co.

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CHAS. J. TOMNEY, A. C. FAIRWEATHER, Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MISS M. HANCOCK, who has spent some time in Boston studying vocal and instrumental music under competent professors, is now ready to give a few pupils instruction in

INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC. For further particulars applicants should call or address, MISS HANCOCK, 76 QUEEN STREET.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 4, 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. †8.55 a. m.—For Bangor, Portland, Bostou, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "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-

18.30 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 BCSTON.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, \$3.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-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.; †8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.20, †11.40 a. m.; †10.20 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.; †2.20, †7.00 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

†8.10 a. m.—Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from St. John. †.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. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON and after TUESDAY, APRIL 9, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: 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

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, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered a MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman wil W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. Stephen, N. B., April 9, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889---Summer Arrangement---1889

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

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.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are rer by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888.

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 Little River.... 7 48 St. Anthony.... 8 04 Cocagne ... 8 20
Notre Dame ... 8 22
McDougall's ... 8 38
Scotch Sett ... 8 50 Scotch Sett.....17 33 McDougall's ...17 45 Notre Dame 18 00 Cape Breton.... 8 58 Cocagne......18 03 | Humphreys ... 9 30 | St. Anthony ... 18 19 | 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. C.F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, June 9, 1889.

DR. SCOTT'S

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