THE PENSIONERS.

We are the pensioners of Spring, And take the largess of her hand When vassal warder winds unbar The seaward portals of her land.

Then all year through with starveling care We go on some fool's idle quest, And eat her bread and wine in thrall To a fool's shame with blind unrest.

Until her April train goes by, And then because we are the kin Of every hill flower on the hill We must arise and walk therein.

Because her heart as our own heart, Knowing the same wild upward stir, Beats joyward by eternal laws, We must arise and go with her;

Forget we are not where old joys Return when dawns and dreams retire; Make time a phantom of regret, And fate the henchman of desire;

Divorce unreason from delight; Learn how despair is uncontrol, Failure the shadow of remorse, And death a shudder of the soul,

Yea must we triumph when she leads. A little rain before the sun. A breath of wind on the road's dust The sound of trammeled brooks undone,

Along red glinting willow stems The year's white prime, on bank and stream The haunting cadence of no song And vivid wanderings of dream,

A range of low blue hills, the far First whitethroat's ecstasy unfurled: And we are overlords of change, In the glad morning of the world,

Though we should fare as they whose life Time takes within his hands to wring Between the winter and the sea, The weary pensioners of spring.

-Bliss Carman, in the Harvard Monthly.

THE SURVIVOR'S STORY.

[Manuscript extract from diary of Dr. M. A. Asterly, of Furnas, San Miguel, Azores, September 17, 1873.]

Called Sept. 15 by Lorenzo Fidalgo to visit unknewn castaway; found patient delirous in hut by Usor Creek; quieted down 16th. Grew worse toward evening, and died unconscious about midnight. Malarial fever and utter prostration. Yesterday afternoon, knowing his end to be near, the man told me a very curious story, which I set down here as I remember it. His mind may still have been wandering, though I am inclined to doubt it, notwithstanding the improbability of his tale.

It was about Nov. 25 that matters began to go wrong. Up to that day nothing of the slightest importance had happened during the voyage. The captain was a good man, and as we were a good crew, we liked him all the better for making us do our work up ship-shape. All told, we were nine on board; the captain, his wife and child, myself (mate) and five seamen.

Cargo, spirits for Genoa. It had gone three bells of the first watch when I heard the capiain shouting to me excitedly, and I tumbled up on deck in a hurry. He was walking up and down bareheaded, in his shirt-sleeves, and in the moonlight his face looked so drawn and naggard that I could not help asking what was the matter. When he saw me, which I don't think he did at once, he ordered me to get the jolly-boat out and pipe up all hands; then he ran into the cabin, and a moment later jumped into the boat with two men. "Lower away! and you, sir," he called out to me, "bring the ship round and keep near us."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, taking the wheel, and shoving her hard a-lee. While we were in stays one of the seamen, named Mehlen, came aft, and I asked him what had happened.

"D____ if I know sir!" he answered, in a curiously unsteady voice. "It was this way. I had a hold of the wheel, and was kind o' lookin' up at the stars, 'n' the missus she was settin' about ten foot for-'ard o' me, and to port, holdin' on to the little 'un; 'n' the next thing I hear war a kind of a snap an' a cry an' a sharp splash, like as if some 'un had flipped a big hawser across the top of the water; 'n' when I looked down they was gone, chair 'n' all; 'n' the devil of anything in the water but bubbles in the ship's wake. When I come round a bit I made for the cabin and tol' him. You seen the rest. She war goin' jus' 's steady's she be now, and I reckon 'twern't nothin' 's we know of yanked 'em to the bottom quicker'n Jersey lightnin'. Cap'n," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that war the ole man hisself, and you 'n' me 'n' the rest of us 'd better be stowin' our chest for 'ternal darnation."

At first I thought the man might have been drinking, but there was no grog to get at, and he was as steady a man as we had on board. Moreover, I saw that he was really frightened; and then there were the facts. I felt shaky myself, for there is nothing that unhinges a man like a thing he can't understand, and I didn't understand how the chair had gone overboard. The lady might have had a fit, or gone mad, or jumped, or something; but the chair? And then, again, things don't disappear in that way in a perfectly calm sea. There was something more than I could account for, and I did not like it any more than I could neath some huge weight. Without a than Mehlen did.

By this time we had worn round, and, the wind having suddenly slackened, were slowly working our way back. The other two men had come aft, and all four of us the squeak of a squeegee; then all was quiet again. We were certainly much terstrained our eyes to catch a glimpse of the rified still, but our terror was no longer the boat; but though we were just about where she should be, not a sign of her was to be should be, not a sign of her was to be seen. We hailed through the trumpet, whistled, fired our revolvers, and hailed again; but not a sound came back in answer; and after leave to be a highest complete that our pursuer that our pursuer was a material being, not an intangible supernatural power. It was no more than a highest complete that our pursuer that our pursuer and after leave to do it." answer; and after laying to for about an hour we gradually became convinced that the boat had disappeared as suddenly and power, and capable of extraordinary the boat had disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as the captain's wife.

For a long time we stood together in silence by the wheel, feeling a nameless horror creep over us like a damp cold, and spread slowly through our veins. We were threatened by some terrible, unknown, unseen danger, some appalling power that struck suddenly, silently, fatally, and without warning. We did not know what it was, whence it came, or how, and the next

two of the men to turn in; Mehlen and I kept watch. We reloaded our arms and paced the deck silently, while the slightest noise made us jump with alarm and tremble violently. Half an hour later the other men came up again. It had occurred to them that they might no longer find us when it was their turn to come on watch, and they preferred to be near us. I sent one of them aloft, but he merely staid a few minutes, and came back to report that you could see no more from the cross-trees than you could from the deck. I knew that he was frightened, and feeling as I did myself. I had not the heart to send him

up again. So that interminable night passed, as it seemed to us, second by second, and when dawn came we presented a pitiable appearance indeed. But with the warm sunshine matters began to look different, and we even chaffed one another feebly at our tears of the night before. At the same time there was no denying the facts, and we could offer no better suggestion than Mehlen's, who stoutly maintained that it was the "ole man hisself" who had kid-

napped our shipmates. All day long we cruised around the same spot, but saw nothing; and as the moon rose the superstitious terror which we had been able to fight off during the daytime once more took possession of us. No fortune, however great, could have tempted us to spend another night in this neighborhood, and we determined to pursue our course. As yet we had not thought of the future, nor of what explanation it would be possible for us to make on reaching port; for my part, if I thought of the future at all, it was of my future spent entirely on dry land, and I fancy my men were much

of the same mind.

Though we had neglected to have them struck, I judge it must have been about five bells when I began to feel nervous and apprehensive. Mehlen was again at the wheel, and I was standing beside him, looking ahead in a vague way and thinking about the mystery. The moon was on our port bow, and invisible from where I stood in the shadow of the mainsail; to starboard the sea was one glimmering sheet of silver, slightly tinged with yellow. We were going about five knots, rather less than more, and instinctively I turned a moment to look back at the spot we were leaving and wish we were making better time. As I turned round again a tall dark column rose suddenmoments I could neither move nor speak; ing, but it was rather a sensation than a my limbs was beginning to creep over my whose name, I think, was Burt, were lying did not dare ask one another what had be-

rum within reach. I knew that it would be rather than of a fish, and shone with a imprudent to trust the men in their present | species of dull iridescence, changing in state with a full bottle, so I opened my locker in the dark, half emptied the flask outlined by a black, glistening burr of island where we could live unknown and an to my clothes, and brought out the remainder. Under its influence we rallied feet long, and from the fork at the rear somewhat, lighted a lantern, and after end glutnous fluid oozed out on to the swallowing a few mouthfuls of biscuit, sat | deck, emitting a sickening, powerful, alkadown again to talk over the situation. The men were naturally superstitious, as seamen are, and would be satisfied only with the hypothesis that the mysterious power that was hunting us down could be but the devil himself. Not having been raised be fore the mast (in fact, I only took to seafaring late in life), I held a different view, which, as subsequent events proved, was a shot had been useless. A slight tremor correct one; but I saw that it would be ran along the folds of the skin, across useless to argue with them in their present state of mind, and so I renamed silent, bullet had passed without penetrating; the

in speculations of horrors to come. Sleep of course was out of the question, and to us the night seemed interminable, but eventually wore away, and when day- dor of that living jewel-a moving moonlight came I began to prepare for the next evening's probable visitation. I sent Burt persuading, and so gentle that I could have to the wheel, and assisted by Mehlen, I gazed forever at its changing tints of the unshipped the smoke-pipe of the galley stove, replacing it by a hollow east-iron pupil was neither round like that of a fish, cylinder, in the walls of which we bored a nor oblong like that of a cat, but more number of peep-holes. The lower flange nearly resembled a moving funnel, into we screwed securely to the deck, collected | which the colors of the iris, concentrated a number of tools, and after cleaning our and deeper, flowed with a spiral motion, revolvers and a rifle which I had found in now slower, now faster, then stopping to the captain's cabin, we lay down for a nap flow outward again and dissolved in the

We might have been asleep an hour or so when the brig gave a suddn quick lurch to port, and as she slowly righted herself thought of our companion, we rushed to the hatch and secured the bar. Above us we could hear a slow rubbing noise, like quiet again. We were certainly much ter- fully colored fiery circles stared at me from rapidity of motion. But to these qualities, I reflected consolingly, we could oppose human ingenuity and intelligent courage.

The danger was no less than before, but, thank God! it was a real danger we could

look in the face. second it might be our turn to be seized. the cast-iron box. At first I could not It is to our credit that during this agony of fear not one of us for an instant thought of flying from this fatal spot and abandoning our comrades without some further effort to save them. By daylight we might be able to distinguish what was invisible even in the bright moonlight, and so I advised the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that so ur revolvers would only fit in that our revolvers would only fit in the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that we were surrounded on three sides by a dark slimy wall about four inches high that slowly expanded and contracted an interval of a few minutes. Looking down the bright moonlight, and so I advised in the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that we were surrounded on three sides by a dark slimy wall about four inches high that slowly expanded and contracted an interval of a few minutes. Looking down the deck, I made out two long lines, the one decreasing in size, the other growing in the cast-iron box. At first I could not make out anything clearly, but soon saw that our revolvers would only fit in the centre. So we resolved to wait, and the centre. Toward even time; and in return the monster watched us, immovable and silent. Toward even ing it opened its colossal jaws to yawn, and the centre. So we resolved to wait, and the centre. So we resolved to wait,

Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine." - G. C. Brock, Druggist, Lowell, Mass.

"My wife was for a long time a suf-ferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure."—W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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

larger, and running the whole length of the ship. Just in front of the mainmast and on the starboard side, the ridge curved inward, and from a short thick coil behind the foremast rose a column about ten feet high, stemmed on the deck by what appeared to be short fins or wings spread out like a fan. This column, owing to the interference of the mast, I could only partially see. Save for the slow heave of its breathing the huge animal lay perfectly motionless, and I was wondering what its object might be, when, looking upward, I descried Burt in the cross-trees, gazing down with a terrified, fascinated expression; he was evidently on the point of failing, and it seemed to me that his movements were no longer under his control. Even as I was looking, his body moved slowly forward until I could not understand how he retained the darkness I could see nothing. My his equilibrium: and a moment later he

I stumbled down from the platform and pulled Burt off the mast, as a cat or a free again. Twenty fathoms away the sea the strength had gone out of me as water snake draws a bird off a tree branch, by was as calm as a pond, and we only were flows from an overturned bucket, and I the mere fascination of his eye. A minute tossing, not the waves. For the first time leaned against the rail more like a wet rag later the rubbing noise began again, in many years I prayed, thanking God for than like a man. I was vaguely concious stopped for a second, as though the animal of wondering whether I was awake or dream- were hesitating; then having found the His power. But this excitement did not scent, had lain down to wait. It was some thought, and the numbness which prevaded time before either of us dared to move; our situation was a solemn one, and might senses also, when I was startled from my even have been calle hopeless, if ever there lethargy by a gasping shriek from Mehlen. is such a one below heaven. But as we "Oh my God! look!" The top of the became more familiar with the presence of column suddenly shot out at right angles | the danger, curiosity finally prevailed over | ing the deck to get rid of the horrible odor over the deck. It seemed to me that I our fears, and with infinite precautions I which the monster had left behind, and heard a stifled cry, followed by a sort of whistling plunge, and the next moment I and looked out. Within two feet of me lay at the foot of the ladder on the fore-castle floor. Mehlen and another man, now closed, was nearly abreast of the peephole. The head, six feet long, more or beside me, panting; but the fourth? We less, was of a rich dark bluish green color, shaped somewhat like a cobra's, and come of him, but resolutely and in silence | rimmed with a broad band of bright yellow we fastened the hatch, and sat down hand | that glowed in the sunlight like gold; bein hand to listen, while the blood throbbed in our temples and we trembled hysterically. hind the bulge of the occiput the rugged skin was ruffled into swollen fat ridges, and About an hour passed thus, when Mehlen as far as I could see (eight feet or more) was not entirely devoid of fear as to what asked, in a faint voice, if there was any it seemed scaley, like that of an alligator an inquiry into his past might bring to color as the light struck it. The mouth, horn-like substance, must have been five undisturbed. It was essential that our dis-It was impossible, of course, to insert

the rifle into the observation box, so I instructed Mehlen to bore a hole through the upright rim of the hatch, and fire a shot, to see what effect a bullet would make upon the monster's carapace. When the smoke had cleared away I realized that the which a metalic streak showed where the while they forgot the horror of the moment | eye slowly opened, and then I fully understood how poor Burt had been drawn from his refuge in the cross-trees. It would be impossible to describe the wonderful splenluminous outer ring. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could draw my eyes away, and had it not been that the fate of my shipmate constantly warned me of the danger of that beautiful gem, I could have gazed into its liquid depths until the control of my senses had been lured away away from me. But with a great effort I broke the spell and jumped down into the darkness of the forecastle, where wonder-

Mehlen staid but a short time in the box; when he came down, dazed and enthusi-

"It's a tarnation pity, but I guess we'll

"Why, spike his port fire, cap'n," he answered. "We may reach his brain, but that seems nearly too much to hope for; 'tany rate, if we can put a dead light on that glim of hisn, he'll prob'ly steer straight for home, wherever that may."

"Yes, and lash the brig to pieces in in heaving anchor," I objected.

TLOVES are going wonderfully well. We know what is doing it. Five out of six will say---Their prices are doing it. Anyhow, we can't help seeing they're going say---Their prices are doing it. Anyhow, we can't help, seeing they're going uncommonly. Suppose you can get a better Glove than you thought for 64, and you can't

get over seeing that the Glove is really better than you expected, is it the price that makes you buy or the better Glove? Are you going to hide your good fortune from everybody? In truth, the Glove is, in fit, style and durability, equal to any high-class Glove. Made in Button, Foster Lace Fastening, and Stud Clasp, with Plain and Stitched Bucks.

GLOVE AGENCY, - - - St. John, N. B.

followed nearly sickened us. But after a pull at the brandy bottle we resumed our weary task. All through that night we gazed into the phosphorescent well of light, and hour by hour through the following day, and again all that night, until once more the same superstitious feeling of awe crept into our souls; for instinctively we felt the colossal, incredible age of this seasaurian witness of preandreonic epochs, to whom the building of the pyramids was as an occurrence of yesterday. Mechanically, like dream-walkers, we stepped up and down from our station; and of all these hours I remember but one feeling, one thought, or rather perception-that "It" had not moved.

On the morning of the second day as I went on watch I noticed that the expression of the eye had changed. It was no longer gentle; it had become malicious, and a low, leering cunning characterized its purpose. I called out to Mehlen to look out; the next moment a quick flash passed before my eyes; I pressed the trigger, and with the crash of the report fell forward on the floor, as the ship shot ahead with a sudden 1889.

When I regained consciousness the brig was pitching as in a heavy sea, though there was no sound of wind whistling in the shrouds. I raised myself slowly, for I was badly bruised, and looked around, but in memory was still a blank, and obeying a natural instinct, I took down the bar and pushed back the hatch. With the fresh air sank on to the floor, faint and sick. Mehlen the recollection of the past few days reour wonderful delivery, and recognizing last. Mehlen soon joined me on deck, and now that the sense of danger was gone, we looked at the immediate future calmly. We were yet too unstrung to reach any satisfactory conclusion; immediate action was not necessary, so we set to work washwhich emanated from a dark slimy substance which emanated from a dark slimy substance that marked his position on the

white planking. Toward evening, after our supper, we talked the situation over. If we went into port we should have a long story to tell, and who would believe it? We should be arrainged, without a doubt, and cross-examined in dock. My past history I did not wish to have investigated, and Mehlen light. So we determined to abandon the ship, take the remaining boat, which was sound and well fitted, and steer for some appearance should be complete, and so all the next day we labored to replace everything as it was before disaster had overtaken us. Toward night, having taken the instruments and ship's papers, and having carefully surveyed the ship we were about to leave, we put off, and after the usual hardships that beset castaways in a small boat, we eventually landed here. It is not more than a month since I buried my comrade, and now, doctor, you tell me it is my

turn. Well-Amen! JOHN HEARD, JUN.

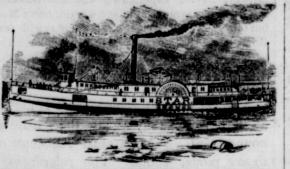
What a-Story!

For Neuralgia, a novel cure—which we hardly believe if true, will ever become popular-is vouched for, it is said, by a correspondent of the New York Snn. An Irish girl in Paterson, N. J., had suffered with Neuralgia of the head and face until atmost frantic with pain; actually beating the wall with her head to cause insensibility. Her employer having heard that a Dr. Tere had cured rheumatism by the sting of a wasp, asked the girl if she would try it. With courage born of despair, she exclaimed "Any other torture would be a pleasure beside this." A yellow wasp was obtained, and vexed into stinging her face. Within a few moments the pain ceased, the girl fell asleep, and strange to say, never again had an attack of neuralgia. Well, we don't blame her. The remedy was probably too heroic for a second dose. A learned specialist when told this yarn re-marked, "The pain may have stopped temporarily, but it could only have been temporary." Continued he, "it is a fact that a sudden shock to inflamed and painful nerves will stop pain," but the remedy is worse than the disease, as many unthinking people in after years find out, who apply fiery and dangerous compounds externally to stop Neuralgia and Rheumatism. They only continue to shock their nervous system, ignorant of the fact that, as in the morphine or alcohol habit their mental and moral nature is thus gradually being destroyed. "Make haste slowly, if you expect to cure any nerve disease" was the advice to a lady by a friend who had been cured of chronic Neuralgia by using for some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for home, wherever that may."

"Yes, and lash the brig to pieces in in heaving anchor," I objected.

"That's so, cap'n," Mehlen answered; "but I don't see as we have any choice."

In his present position however, we could not aim at the monster's eye through any of the poop-holes, for the box was so small that our revolvers would only fit in the centre. So we resolved to wait, and by turns we watched a few minutes at a some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment inhaled, taken internally, and applied externally, as advised in the wrapper around every bottle. Neuralgia is a fever or inflammation of the nerves, and only by degrees can any inflammation be cured; and then only by an anodyne treatment. Old Dr. Johnson had this in mind when he devised his Anodyne Liniment; a remedy now known to nearly every one, as it deserves to be. Surely, a medicine without real merit could not have survived for



FOR WASHADEMOAK LAKE.

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

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

CALLING AT ALL INTERMEDIATE LANDINGS. RETURNING, is due at INDIANTOWN 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 Government inspection, which, combined with qualities for speed and comfort, make her one of the best boats ly from the bright surface of the water on our beam; neither noise nor apparent motion accompanied it, yet there it remained in the same relative position as we advanced, in the same relative position as we advanced. I told him that we had the sea-serpent on the same relative position as we advanced. I told him that we had the sea-serpent on the same relative position as we advanced and saked what I had seen to turned to me, and wondering, doubting, turned to me, and wondering doubting, turned to me, and wondering doubting, turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, and the best repair during the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting, and the best repair during the past winter, and are turned to me, and wondering doubting turned to me, and wondering do neither gaining nor losing. For a few board, and that he had, before my eyes, had happened, and that at last we were 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. G. EARLE, Manager.

"BELLISLE Steamer

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

SUMMER SAILINGS.

ON and after 1st June, the CITY OF MONTI-CELLO will sail from the Company's wharf,

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

7.45 a. m., local, for

DIGBY AND ANNAPOLIS

Returning same days and due here at 7.45 p. m.

H. D. TROOP, Manager.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

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

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water street

S. R. FOSTER & SON.

IRON-CUT NAILS

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

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

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

OFFICES:

CARPET WHIPS for a Quarter

AND NOTHING BUT THE

BEST AMERICAN WRINGERS,

BEVERLY'S. No Canadian.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK. ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

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. 18.55 a. m .- For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

†4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-†8.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Henl ton, 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. 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. 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. 18.10 a. m.-Connecting with 8.55 a. m. train from †.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. 1Daily except Saturday. "Daily except Monday. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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

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—vill 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. St. Stephen, N. B., April 9, 1889.

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.

ommodation......11 20 A Sleeping Car will run daily on th 18.00 train to 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

All trains are iv: by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

Lv. BUCTOUCHE. 8 00 Lv. MONCTON....16 00 Little River.... 8 18 St. Anthony.... 8 34 Lewisville16 04 Humphreys16 08 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 St. Anthony. . . 17 34 Little River. . . 17 50 Cape Breton.... 9 28 Humphreys ... 10 00 St. Anthony ... 17 34
Lewisville ... 10 04 Little River ... 17 50
AR .MONCTON ... 10 08 AR .BUCTOUCHE . 18 08

OPENING

ssued between Moncton and Buctouche at \$1.

-OF THE -

Return Tickets, good for THREE DAYS, are

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

NEW SHORT LINE!

COMMENCING JUNE 4, 1889.

ST. JOHN TO MONTREAL.

FAST EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAIN will leave ST. JOHN at

3 P. M., Standard Time, Daily, except

for MONTREAL, etc., arriving next morning, in season to connect with trains for Ontario and the

For further particulars, Passenger and Freight Rates, enquire of New Brunswick Railway Agents. A. J. HEATH, General Passenger Agents.

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