PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 15.

NEIGHBORS.

Your name is Helen : are you dark or fair? Deep blue your eyes, or black as shadows are That lie in woods at midnight? Tell me, sweet, What form you wear-large, medium, or petite? I never saw you, nor you me, I ween, And yet our verses on the self-same sheet Are printed in the last new magazine.

I fain would know, fair neighbor, if your song Came from the woodlands, or the city's throng, From mountain fastness, or beside the sea? Breathed it in chambered solitude, or free As birds on wing, amidst some sylvan scene? I pray you grow acquaint, and let us be Neighbors in thought as in the magazine.

So may I ask if you are deeply blue (As to the hose, I mean), or just a true, Bright little woman-nothing Bostonese-Whose song is sung without a thought to please Aught but the singer? May I read between The lines, and ask such things as these, Hoping they'll print them in the magazine?

Did hope deferred-that is the weary time Betwixt acceptance and the printed rhyme-Make your sweet heart, like my old battered soul, Endure long agonies, and curse the whole Confounded tribe of editors whose keen. Cool, business sense would not at once enroll Our burning thoughts in their next magazine?

And did you anxiously each month e'er track, From leading articles to Bric-a-Brac, Each page, lest haply they had hid your verse Between some dreary kind of prose ?---or, worse, Lopped off a line to pad a page, and then Misspelt your name, the tender poet's curse? Alas, for poets in a magazine !

I question idly. Chance, and chance alone, Upon one page my verse and yours has thrown. But, let whisper e'er I drop my pen, I am the steadiest of all married men, And write these lines-oh, may they yet be seen By your bright eyes !-- in hopes they'll bring me ter Or twenty dollars from some magazine. -R. T. W. Duke, jr., in The Century Bric-a-Brac.

UNDER THE FLAG.

The case was only one of many. After the war they were so common that even the romance of the thing failed to appeal very strongly to the imagination. A young Southern girl visiting relatives in the North, had become engaged to a young Northerner, and, in the first flush of their happiness in each other, war was declared; the girl was summoned home by her parents, and the young man went into the Northern army. Of course, to the both it ifeld of battle and both were wounded, the the tall figure which she knew was seated but, later on, in one of the last battles of the war, Col. Lea-the father of Gracewas killed, and the men who led the charge on the Northern side was a gallant young captain named Forrest, the elder brother her moment of fiercest suffering over the them. It made him seem not the same. mutilated body of a father she adored-she yet loved with the strongest passion of her heart. Capt. Forrest was killed, too, in that engagement, and for the second time families, fate had issued her sternest fiat peace was declared, the lovers thought pen! This forced calm was stifling her. each of the other ; but it would have seemed like sacrilege to them both if there could have been word or sign between them. There was no human soul to whom the young man could speak and put in words the faithfulness of his hopeless love; but grace was a woman, and her need of selfonly comfort in declaring that that the love of her life had been given to one man, to whose memory the years to come should be sacred. Youth and its passionate romance was long since past to Mrs. Lea, and she tried to reason with the girl, and even persuade her that her lover had, by this time, quite forgotten her. It was absurd, almost certain, that Albert Forrest was, by would have of him would tell them of his marriage. This was the last conversation mother and daughter ever had upon this subject, but Grace kept all these sayings and meditated on them in her heart. The war had been over several years, and Grace Lea, who at its beginning had been a blooming girl of 17, was now a woman of 25, mature and thoughtful even beyond her age, and handsomer than ever. by some friend for her admirable repose of mind and heart, put her hands on Grace's shoulders, and looking into her eyes, said quietly: "I know the secret of this deep repose." soothe min now, and in a few minutes he was aboard the great monster, talking to the engineer and watching his manipulation of the mighty mechanism, which he under-stood himself as well as if he had been quietly: "I know the secret of this deep repose. I can quote you a line that describes it trained to such service. utterly: 'And in my heart, if calm at allif any calm, a calm despair."

whose side he had fought and died, and so there had been no thought of bringing his body home. So this summer, the fourth after his death, she made up her mind to accomplish her sacred duty of seeing the last resting-place of her beloved father, and assuring herself that it was respected and assuring herself that it was respected and protected. She felt a great longing, too, to be near his precious body. Her father's had been a more comprehending love than that of her mother, and his death had left an utterly unfilled void in her heart.

It was quite a long journey which Miss Lea had before her, and she had watched so many entrances and exits in the cars, that her gaze was rather listless as, at some important junction, it wandered idly over the men and women who came into the

train. Suddenly her eye was caught, and her heart quickened its beating, at a resemblance which she saw in the person of a tall man standing on the platform speaking to an official. His back was turned, but the shoulders, the height, the set of the head, the very bend of the arms, all were marvelously like. It wrenched her heart with a bitter pain to notice all this-but she was not unused to this. Often some outline or feature in another man-some attitude or tone of voice had set her consciousness vibrating in this cruel-sweet way-but this was the strongest likeness she had ever seen. It was startling, and she had to look hard at the unfamiliar iron-gray of the thick, short curls, to convince herself that with no word by way of preliminary, bent it was only a resemblance.

Suddenly the man turned, and her heart seemed to turn over with the violence of the great leap it took. It was Albert Forrest-older, graver, thinner-wonderfully changed, but himself. It was the same befrom recognizing her; but the basis of this maniac turned loose among them.

seemed that there never had been sorrow of her presence, and without even a glance will. He gave a shuddering groan and like unto theirs. "To the old, sorrow is toward her. He took his seat some mechanically whistled "down brakes," and sorrow; to the young, sorrow is despair," distance ahead of her, and opening it has been truly said, and in the breasts of a newspaper, began to read. For the felt what child's play it was, with that these two lovers hope was almost dead. some miles Grace kept her eyes fixed whirling train of cars rushing at them with As time went on, the spark grew feebler on the landscape outside; the whirling blue a look of frantic fury. His knees shook and dimmer, and when Albert Forrest and was as meaningless to her as absolute dark- under him and he dropped to the floor helpthe brother of Grace Lea met on the same ness. She was afraid even to look toward less. horrible possibility which this fact sug- before her. At last she shot one frightened, gested widened the distance further yet agitated glance toward it, and its serene "You're a dead man it you don't !" at the gested widened the distance further yet agrated glance toward it, and its service is a measure. between those two hearts which had loved tranquility composed her in a measure. each other so truly and tenderly. Both men recovered and went back to the field; but, later on, in one of the last battles of familiar was its every line and contour? Hund its service is a measure. She could see only his back and one hand that held the paper. That hand! how familiar was its every line and contour? Hund its service is a measure. Same time, with a gleam of splendid triumph in his eye, he turned on a full head of steam and the engine, which had begun to slacken the least bit, shot forward again. The The sight thrilled her like a touch. And, oh, those dear, dear curls, with which her fingers used to play—what had turned them gray before their time? It was unnatural fident trust that put new strength into her. of the man whom Grace Lea felt-even in that his bonny curls should have silver in And yet in the big, true sense, how abso- saved."



that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suf-fered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most pow-erful blood-purifier." - J. E. Coeke, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: "I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten."

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood." – G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W.T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

over her and said in a low, excited whisper : "We are in great danger. Come with

me, Grace—instantly and without noise." And he laid his hand upon her arm. She had been the slave of that touch and

voice in times long past, and she obeyed it loved face—the face of him who was to her the man of men! When he entered the citement calmed her, with his own forced car in which she was seated, Grace turned calm, and she followed him through the to the window with an instinct to keep him from recognizing her; but the basis of this passed on swiftly, looking neither to left instinct was a longing desire to put her hand in his and tell him, now at last that the engine. The engineer was leaning out, they were face to face, that her heart had never faltered one instant from its loving road had obstructed the view for a little allegiance to him. He passed by—so near way; but now, suddenly, a straight, up-she might have touched him—her blood ran ward-slanting road-bed was ahead of them, hot and quick at the sense of his nearness, and down the track was coming a train of and it seemed strange to her that no one freight cars, loose. They had no engine, looked at her oddly. How could people and every moment of their downward course fail to realize the tumult within her that added to their velocity. The engineer, was making her as unlike to themselves, completely demoralized, turned ghastly in their tranquil state, as if she had been a white and began to shake so that his hands could scarcely find their places among the

"KNOCKED SKY HIGH!"

VES, just a little vulgar, but expressive. We have upset all the former old-time notions about KID GLOVES. There was a day when no one was supposed to possess a pair of decent Kid Gloves unless some one called them "Josephine," and charged you \$1.50 a pair for them; hence the poor, hard-working shop girl who, by her right, should always have the first claim to the best article for the least money, was of necessity invited (and often compelled) to decorate her hands with a pair of Cotton "Bags." This day has gone -----.

Under our DIRECT AGENGY SYSTEM, we can positively give you a perfect fitting 4-Button Kid Glove, soft and elastic in finish, and in every respect RELIABLE, for 64 CENTS, and with THE NEW FOSTER LACED FASTENING, 13c. extra, in Blacks and all colors.

POSTAGE PAID TO ANY ADDRESS. REMIT IN STAMPS.

FAIRALL & SMITH, Kid Glove Agency, St. John, N. B.

too weak to do anything but answer feebly the questions put to her by some of the ladies, who were her traveling companions, and who eagerly constituted themselves

her nurses and guardians for the rest of the journey. A feeling ot delicacy kept Forrest away from her, and could not have stood. In a sort of lethargy she reached her destination, where she had been recommended to the keeper of a quiet boarding-house. Here she was taken in charge by kind and efficient hands and, after the awful strain of this memorable day, she fell into a profound sleep from which she did not wake until the morrow's take a calm survey of the exciting events she had passed through. Of two things she was certain—that she loved her girlhood's lover with all the matured strength of her womanhood, and that he loved her. These were the blessed, beautiful, joy-giving facts, but, in spite of them, there rose the vision of two graves. It was awful. The very thought of it made her shudder. How could she tell that these two menher father and her lover's brother-who had died in the same engagement, might price." not one have killed the other? It was At la

close veil around her face inquired her way to the Confederate Cemetery. It was per-fectly plain, she was told. She had only she would be at the entrance to the two cemeteries—the one on the right was the Federal, and that on the left was the Confederate.

It was an exquisite summer morning, meet in a sweet promise of love and peace. The quiet streets of this little town were almost empty, and as she neared the two cemeteries there was not a human being in sight. Feeling the need of fresh air she took off her yeil. and just as she did so she caught sight of the figure of a man seated on an abutment of the stone wall, surrounding the Federal Cemetery. As he saw and recognized her, he rose and came forward. It was Albert Forrest

Outside the gates, she would have paused, but he urged her gently onward. "No," he said, "our mission is not over vet. There is another spot that we must

kneel beside together." Impelled by a force against which she was powerless, she followed where he she was thankful to him that he did not put her strength and self-control to a test it could not have stood. In a sort of lethargy where the long lines of graves were marked by solid marble stones, with heavily carved lettering, and where the walks were accurately drained and graveled and the various lots defined by solid stone curbings.

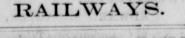
Here a few figures were moving about, early as it was, for this was Decoration Day, and in the afternoon there was to be a sun was rising in the heavens. She telt celebration of it, with flowers and speeches rested and refreshed, and was able now to and music; but no one heeded the quiet pair as they passed along and found their way, at last, to the grave of the young officer whose life had been so untimely ended. Beside it they knelt together, and Grace, whose tears were already very near her eyes, reading the record of his early death, felt them overflow and fall upon the fresh

green grass. "God bless you for those tears. my tender-hearted," Forrest said, his own voice faltering; "they are jewels beyond

At last, when they had risen from beside quite within the range of things possible. She could not bear the contemplation of this idea, conflicting as it did with the feel-great necessity for decision and action that ing in her heart, and so she got up and dressed quickly, ordering breakfast to be heart for strength, she paused and firmly served to her in her room. After the meal drew her hand from his arm. They were was over, she put on her hat. and tying a just inside the entrance gates, and the place was private and protected. She had chosen it to say her farewell in.

"It is so strange and wonderful our havto follow that street out to the end, when ing met in this way that we can never ex-

"Grace, Grace, Grace, we are not going to part! We have been united in this and earth and air and sky seemed all to strange and solemn way, because God means us for each other. What is the use of fighting our plain destinies? We have been tested, Heaven knows, and we are made for one another-else why has life been loveless for us both, in all these years of separation? Do you think that I will let you go again? It is right for us to love and marry. I call the dead to witness that it is! Where are now the issues and dissensions once so sharp between them? Buried in these graves and in the mind of God, who will judge both sides one day. Each fought for home and friends and native land-and each served God in doing so. With motives pure and loyal such as theirs, they could not have been greatly in error, and let us believe that each, according to his lights, did well. Dearest, it is over now-war and strife and all its agonies-and I would rather have you give yourself to me anew, here, between these two dear graves, than in any spot on earth. Beyond the blue sky yonder, the High God sees and judges, and our dear and lost ones. if they see us, too, will be taught of Him that all is right. You do not need to tell me that you love me, Grace. Your eyes already have done that, but I will not even take your hand in mine until you freely give it to me." For a moment there was silence, and then, as Grace glanced swiftly upward, as if in mute appeal to God for help, her eyes rested upon the banner of the Stars and Stripes, which floated in the summer air against the blue of Heaven. It seemed to her that God had sent her His answer; reaching out her hand, she drew her lover onward a few paces, until they stood directly underneath the colors.



BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing June 4, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at t6.10 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.

t8.55 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. 14.45 p. m .- Express for Fredericton and inter-

18.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Hend ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 16.20 a.m., Parlor Car attached; 17.25 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.; †2.20, 7.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

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

1.430 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.



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lutely the same he was ! Mile after mile they sped along, the ebb and flow in Grace's heart agitating her it was made clear that, between these two cruelly. She wished he would turn and recognize her-but she dreaded it while she For a moment their own momentum urged of separation. When the war ended and wished it. If only something would hap- them steadily forward, but the engine, with

familiar jesture, and passed once or twice, in a meditative way, across the close-cropped curls. Grace felt her heart begin to throb more suffocatingly still, as the man had just come to a high trestle-work, and rose to his feet, and with the paper still in it was upon this that the collision came. expression was greater, and therefore, to his hand, turned and came down the aisle The engine, like a living monster mad with her mother she spoke freely, and found her of the car toward her. She felt suddenly a fury, dashed forward, and meeting the wild wish that she might not be recognized, opposing force of the heavy freight cars, and she turned her face back to the window. leaped from the track, tottered in air, and He passed. A moment more the door of tell downward, as the cars in collision with the car had shut behind him, and he was gone. Had he seen her? And now all her great timbers of the trestle-work shivered gone. Had he seen her? And now all her feeling was a great fear that he had not, and would go away without having known? hurled into the gulch below with a crashing Forrest stepped from one car to the of woodwork and a hissing of steam ming-other, and threw himself into a seat. He ling in horrible confusion. But in it all a man's constancy by a woman's; and, in had come here to finish his paper and a ci- there was no human voice in agony or disher opinion, it was not only probable, but gar, but the hand that held the paper fell tress. The engineer's signal had been listlessly on his knee, and he didn't rememthis time, engaged to some one else, and ber to smoke. No one noticed him, and she predicted that the next news they he noticed no one, as his eyes were turned upon the prospect outside. He had both seen and recognized Grace Lea, and he was fighting his longing to go to her. leisurely manner; and when the train Even above that arose the imperative be- stopped out in the open country, a few hest, that came from mind and conscience people had the curiosity to look out to see alike, that he was bound in honor not to why it was. But soon the tidings spread take advantage of her unprotected position through the train. The engineer, himself the Confederate cemetery, and down the to force upon her a presence that must be unwelcome and distasteful to her. It was or was due, and men, women and children, still plain to his mind, as well as to hers, in wild excitement, rushed toward Forrest that the sacred graves that stood between to throw themselves at his feet as their demoulded in the beautiful completeness of womanhood, had a repose and dignity that length he could bear this physical insertia dream. His consciousness was vibrating contradicted any idea of the restlessness no longer. He rose to his feet and walked to one precious thought. As he had that comes from emotional feeling. She forward, not knowing whither, when sud-sprung to Grace's side and uncoupled was more and more reserved and self-con- denly it occurred to him that he would like the engine, they were still shooting on so was more and more reserved and sen-con-tained to every one. No one got near to her, and she never made the least effort to with the sense of power and active force looked absolutely inevitable, and in the the girl would have drawn away her hand, be understood by any one. Once only a that it always gave him. He had had, warm glow of passionate gratitude had since childhood, a turn for machinery and needs speak to heart. They turned to each caught and held it. come into her face, when an older woman was very fond of making friends with the other, the man and woman, and their eyes engineers and watching the working of the told the story of their unchanging, unan almost casual way, hearing her envied by some friend for her admirable repose of

And Grace had answered nothing, but of tremendous vigor to see the huge engine arms grew heavier, and he found that she she had thrown her arms about her and grandly rushing on its way, with a steep had fainted.

"Get up, you idiot, and do as I tell you !" said Forrest, dragging him to his feet. loose cars were coming nearer. There was not a second to lose.

"step back to the other car and take him with you; I am coming, too. We shall be

Then, as they obeyed him, the girl fairly dragging the trembling man, Forrest leaped across to their side and quickly uncoupled the engine from the train of cars behind it. full steam on, loosed from the burden of Presently the paper was lowered, the the heavy train of cars, plunged forward strong, slim hand was lifted with an acutely with lightning-like speed to meet the enemy. with lightning-like speed to meet the enemy. It came, looking like a great, headless brown serpent rushing down the track.

It seemed an act of Providence that they to splinters, and both antagonists were now the train slowed up and stopped. The passengers were sitting calmly inside, reading papers, smoking cigars, eating lunches, taking naps, and otherwise killing time in a crash came, Grace shut her eyes, and a her cold little hand lie still in his, which long shudder ran through her; but her was warm and strong and comfort-giving.

He took in both his own her two little hands, which were cold and trembling, and looked deep into her eyes.

"The years have changed, and vet not changed you," he said. "You are like yourself, and also like some one not yourself. Some softened, ripened, deepened woman, such as my young love promised to become."

"Oh, how can you say such words to me?" she broke forth, in a troubled, appealing voice. "Oh, do you know what I have traveled this long distance for? I have come to see my father's grave."

"And I," he said, "to see my brother's." She looked at him in wondering, disturbed confusion. "How mysterious! How marvelous!"

she said. "A stranger coincidence I never heard of. To think we should meet so!" "A Providence, rather than a coinci-

dence," he said. "It is too wonderful a thing to have come by accident. Surely it was meant to be."

His hands still held her own, in that firm clasp, and still his eyes drank deep of hers. But suddenly she drew her hands away.

"Oh, you must not keep me." she said. You must let me go. and afterward, we will meet again-and part."

At her last word a look of fixed resolve came into his face.

"No," he said, "I will not keep you. will go with you.'

And drawing her hand within his arm, with that old imperiousness she had once loved so to obey, he led her gently, but with determined force, through the gate of paths among the quiet graves.

The grass was smooth and green, and scrupulously kept, but the graves were marked with common, little wooden headstones, painted white, with black lettering. The soldier-dead, from various states, were laid in separate lots, and without a word they walked along until they reached the spot made sacred to the dear state that she

he said; "you need me. You never could intend to thrust me from you in this hour of pain and distress. Oh, Grace, believe me, I can help you."

She felt too weak to struggle, so she let trained to such service. They were going up-grade with a strong force of steam on, and it gave him a sense of tremendous vigor to see the huge engine brightened; and, as the girl's heart gave a

"I used to think," she said, "that I would never pass beneath that flag-but the old things are passed away, and all is new.

And it was beneath that floating banner that he took her in his arms and kissed her. It was a kiss that sealed them to each other, for this world and the next.-Once a Week.

A box of Ayer's pills has saved many a RAILWAY OFFICE, fit of sickness. When a remedy does happen to be within reach, people are li to neglect slight ailments and, of cour serious illness follows they have to s the consequences. "A stitch in time nine."-Advt.

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

LEAVE St. John at 7.24 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.21 a.m.; St. Stephen, 12.25 p. m.

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

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 fbs .- not large in bulk-will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered a MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. 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.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.00

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 Que-bec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex. 8.20 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 are 107 by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888.

a a · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	Monetony 11 24 State of State
fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments and, of course, if serious illness follows they have to suffer the consequences. "A stitch in time saves nine."—Advt.	BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY. O ^N and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows :- No. 1. Ly. BUCTOUCHE. 7 30 Ly. MONCTON 16 45 10
NUMBER 5!	Little River 7 48 Lewisville16 49 St. Anthony 8 04 Humphreys16 53 Cocagne 8 20 Irishtown17 15 Notre Dame 8 22 Cape Breton17 25 McDougall's 8 38 Scotch Sett17 33
MARKET SQUARE.	Scotch Sett 8 50 McDougall's17 45 Cape Breton 8 58 Notre Dame18 00 Irishtown
IF YOU WANT A "BANG-UP"	Lewisville 9 34 Little River
Suit of Clothes!	ing will leave Molecon aller and a root root root and a from St. John and Halifax. C. F. HANINGTON, Moneton, June 9, 1889. Manager.
for any walk in life, from the "CLAW HAMMER" to the NOBBIE SUIT worn by the young man who is always in	A NICE LOT OF
the height of fashion, call at the above number. and there you will find	PERFUMES,
JAMES KELLY	In Bulk,

