SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat The day dies out far in the darkening west; Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete, To muse an hour away, then sink to rest; Dark earth-the heavens yet touched with sunse Brightness above, and hushed, submissive calm

Hushed is the world of toil. In every place A wealth of healing silentness doth lie, Or sounds more still than silence fill the space Beneath that far infinity of sky; And softly shines the evening star on one Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things undone

below.

Even regret, in this calm air and mild, Bears little of its wonted anguish deep: One long drawn breath of sorrow, as the child Preludes a sad, sweet sinking into sleep, Then peace. Night registers defeat again; But what was I that I should struggle and attain? -The Atlantic.

#### A FIVE DOLLAR BILL

The reason for the publication of the following unpretending story will be found in the letter which accompanies the manuscript. It is hard for a "good-natured" editor to resist such a plea.—ED. Progress.]

To the Editor of Progress: I do not know whether you will think this story worthy of publication or not. The incident of the lost money is true. It happened to a little girl, a dear friend of mine. She was telling me of it, and I suggested writing a story about it. My friend was delighted with the idea, so I commenced the story at once. Of course I embellished it a little, and when it was near finished, we consulted about what paper to send it to, and we both decided on Progress-my friend, be cause she said the editor was good natured, and I, because I always thought PROGRESS encouraged new writers.

The week before Christmas my friend took a rather severe cold, but nothing serious was apprehended. On Friday I had been to see her, and she was recovering rapidly; so I decided not to send in the story until she was thoroughly well, but on the following day, Saturday, I was unexpressibly shocked to hear that she had died quite suddenly and unexpectedly. She was a dear little girl, and just completed her sixteenth year. The suddenness of her death so shocked me that for awhile I could not bear to look at the story, but my poor little friend had her heart so set on its publication that I feel as if it were almost a duty for me to send it. THE AUTHOR.

Olivia Greville was hastening to her work one wet, muddy morning in November. It had rained all night and at every crossing was a little pool of water, but Olivia could not take time to pick her footsteps, for Miss Atkins expected her girls at eight o'clock sharp, and the chimes had already sounded the quarter past. "O dear," she sighed, as she hastened along. "It is so hard to be poor-dressmaking is such tiresome work, and Miss Atkins scolds so steadily, and the pay is so small-I know I shall get scolded for being late."

Miss Atkins' dressmaking establishment was reached by three flights of stairs. Up these Olly ran hastily, removed her wet waterproof and entered the workroom. Her timid "Good Morning, Miss Atkins," was met with a frigid stare.

"So you have come, Miss Greville. I did not think you were coming today. It is twenty-two minutes past eight."

Olivia faltered out some excuse which Miss Atkins did not deign to notice.

"You will please bear in mind Miss Greville," she went on in her harsh disagreeable voice, "that if this happens again you will be dismissed."

Olivia forced back the indignant words that were to her lips, for poor as her position was, the trifle she got weekly helped her mother, and it would be difficult to

obtain another situation so late in the fall. The morning passed slowly with Miss Atkins constantly fault-finding. She was especially hard on Olivia, objecting to every piece of work she did.

It was nearly dinner hour when Miss Atkins discovered that she needed some silk of a peculiar colour matched. "You can get it on your way back from dinner, Miss Greville," she said. "I have nothing smaller than a five dollar bill, so be very careful of it and do not lose your change. Olivia took the money and placed it in the deep pocket of her waterproof. When the dinner hour came she hastened to the large store of Brown & Co., matched the silk and placed her hand in her pocket. The money was gone!

Yes, gone! In vain did Olivia turn her pocket inside out, and look on the floor. In vain did Mr. Brown, and old friend of the family, join in the search and lift everything off the counter. The money could not be found; Olivia was in despair. She could never face Miss Atkins without the money, and she knew that her mother could not give her enough to make up the

"I must have dropped it on my way here," she gasped, as she left the shop and began to retrace her steps, looking carefully about

Her agitation had attracted the attention of a young man who had been standing in another part of the store. As she left he went up to Mr. Brown and asked him what had happened. "Poor little thing," he exclaimed, commisseratingly, when Mr. Brown had told him. Pray give me an introduction and I will help her to look for it. He followed Mr. Brown out of the store and they were soon standing beside Olivia. "Olivia, my dear, let me introduce Mr. Eugene Sherwood. He has heard of your accident, and wishes to assist you. Eugene this is Miss Greville.

Poor Olivia could only bow confusedly, she seemed so agitated and nerveless, for it money in that busy street. She walked on hastily. "Oh, what shall I do," she cried, | - Advt.

with difficulty restraining her tears. She had torgotten all about Mr. Sherwood until she suddenly heard him exclaim aloud. She turned hastily, and O, happy sight! he was holding up a bill.

"You passed it unnoticed," he said smiling, as she ran back.

"O, I am so glad," she cried, as he placed the five dollar bill in her hand, "and so grateful to you," she added im-

"O, you have nothing to be thankful for, Miss Greville," Sherwood said earnestly. "I assure you it has given me great pleasure to help;" and he certainly did look pleased as he gazed into her bright little face, to which the pretty color had returned. "And now, Miss Greville, will you permit me to walk home with you. You have no umbrella and it may rain again." Now the rain had ceased and the sun was breaking out from behind the clouds, and it must have taken a very downcast mind to imagine it would rain again that day, though Mr. Sherwood was not usually of a gloomy nature. However, Olivia did not gainsay him-probably she had not noticed the sun-se they walked home together.

Olivia and Mr. Sherwood met several times after that. Somehow or other it seemed to Olivia that Mr. Sherwood always happened to be passing Miss Atkins' at the hour that she left to go home. After a while when he had become a regular visitor at her little home she grew to expect him and to feel disappointed if she did not see him; though without stopping to analyze her feelings.

One day about two months after their first meeting, Olivia was buttoning on her water-proof. It happened that this was the first rainy day since the memorable one on which she had lost the money, so the sight of her waterproof reminded her of the circumstance. "It was odd," she reflected, "to drop it out of such a deep pocket." Mechanically, she pulled the pocket inside out and noticed at the bottom there was a pleat laid over in it. To smooth this out it was necessary to pull it rather hard. To her utter surprise and astonishment she tound folded up tightly, a five dollar bill! Olivia dropped into a chair and sat gazing at the note. What could it mean? She had found what she supposed was her money and yet there it had been in her pocket all the time. "It is most extraordinary," she exclaimed at length. "Some one must have dropped a five dollar bill at the same time that I thought I had lost mine, what a strange coincidence."

On examining the pocket it was evident that the rubber had melted-she remembered that the gossamer had been hanging near the stove, so the crease had been fixed in it and she had not noticed it at the time.

"I must tell Mr. Sherwood and ask him what I shall do about it," she told her mother, before she left. "Indeed," she added laughing, "it belongs to him, for it was he who found it."

It was after six when she saw Mr. Sherwood, he was waiting for her as usual and as he came up and offered his arm, she took it with a little confident gesture, and after a few greetings told him the wonderful story of the bill. "Don't you think it was the strangest thing you ever heard of,

Mr. Sherwood," she concluded.

He did not answer her directly, and as she looked up, surprised at his silence, he said hurriedly. "Miss Greville, I have to ask your pardon for a little deception I practised on you, Olivia! dear little Olly forgive me, but you looked so distressed and I pitied you so much that I only pretended to pick up that bill. Yes," he went on in answer to her look of astonishment, "I thought it would be hopeless to look for it in the street, so I made believe to find it when I really had taken it from my pocket. You will forgive me Olivia? "Oh, Mr. Sherwood," she murmured in slightly trem-

ulous tones, "there is nothing to forgive." They were walking through the square now with no one in sight. Sherwood bent down and said earnestly, "Olivia, I said I pitied you, I know I loved you from the moment I first saw your face. I have loved you ever since. Tell, me, dear, may I have the privilege of loving and caring for you

For all answers she placed her hands in his as she raised her eyes to her face, and Eugeue Sherwood drew her to his heart PAULINE GRIFFITHS.

An Unpleasant Piece of Jewelry.

The latest odd thing in jewelry is a bracelet of gold wire with a toad from an inch to an inch and a half long in the attitude of hopping along one side of it. The gold of the toad is treated so as to have a greenish cast, and the effect is very startling for Francois' peace of mind, a crow had and unpleasant, but the bracelet sells rapidly .- New York Sun.

He Had Waited a Long Time.

Young Bride (pouting)—Here we have only been married two days, Clarence, and you are scolding me already.

chance !—Ex.

He Accepted the Proxy. Husband-Where is my wife, Anna? Maid-She's just gone up stairs, sir.

Husband-Well, just give her this kiss, dear-I have to catch a train in five minutes, and can't wait .- Ex.

Leading physicians recommend Ayer's flowers Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with head! perfect safety. It cleanses the blood. seemed impossible that she could find the strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system. Popular experience has long placed this medicine at the head of tonic alteratives.

## ANNUAL

# Linen and Cotton Sale.

A SHAS BEEN OUR CUSTOM IN PREVIOUS years (after Stock Taking) to offer great inducements in our Linen and Cotton Departments, we now intend placing on our several counters in the Back Store an immense variety of Goods from the above mentioned Departments, viz:

Bleached Linen Damask, Cream Damask Tabling, Bleached Damask Cloths, Turkey Damask Tabling, Bleached Damask Napkins, Bleached Linen Sheeting, Bleached Damask D'Oyleys, Bleached Pillow Linen.

Hemming free of charge.

#### TOWELS.

Our Towels are selected personally from the Largest Manufacturing Houses in Belfast; therefore we guar- . antee satisfaction.

### WHITE COTTONS

Bleached Cotton Sheetings, 54 to 100 inches in width; Bleached Pillow Cottons, 38 to 54 inches in widths; Tray Cloths, Sideboard Strips, Sideboard Damask Genoese Damask Cloths, Fancy Damask

Bleached Damask Sets, with open work border and fringed; Pillow Shams, Sheet Shams, with open work border, Honey Comb and Marsella Quilts, Linen Crumb Cloths, Stair Linen.

N. B.—Sheets, Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Pillow Slips,

Hemmed Free of Charge for One Month.

# Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

"CAW-CAW" CROAKED THE CROW

It was the 20th of May in the environs of Quebec, and the flowers had come. Dog tooth, violets and columbines were growing by the roadside and merigolds were blooming in the marshes, while the Gomin bogs were studded with trillums, twisted stems, and many rose-colored flowers that should give berries in the fall. Ladies' slippers fringed the margins of the swamps and far into the forest the breath of spring had started graceful ferns, velvety mosses, and white wax like lilies into life again. The trees had commenced to bud as if to look at the first gifts from nature's cornucopia at their feet, while pinnacles of pine, spruce and hemlock nodded as if in salutation at the bridal offerings which the sun had scattered about them. The tyranny of the long winter was over, and the lakes and rivers and woods had uncovered their faces, and the waters were kissed by the south winds and little ripples rose as if in Sala, Dilke, Henry Ward Beecher and many laughter. It was the time when the crows followed the ploughman in the fields, and picked up the grubs and worms which had been turned over by the sheers, and when heard from twilight to darkness:

"Caw-caw" croaked the crows. And on this 20th of May, old Francois Lapointe, the Sexton of the church at Sillery, was gathering wild flowers along the edges of the graveyard. He wanted to make a wreath to place on the wooden cross on which were inscribed the names of all his kith and kin, for his wife and four children were buried there, and "as for relatives," he used to say, "I have none."

And as Francois was bending to his task, the cure was passing, and turning to Francois he said: "Good morning, Francois."

"Good morning, mon pere," the Sexton replied. "For your own plot, I suppose," the cure asked, looking at the flower Francois held

"Yes, mon pere," Francois answered.
"Then add a little cypres; it means death and mourning," the cure said. "I will, mon pere," the Sexton answered,

and "caw-caw" croaked a crow. And then the cure passed on, and Francois looked at the shining plumage of a bird that was strutting about the graveyard, and that had croaked as he was speaking.

"It looks like the same one," thought Francois, "and I wonder who it wants this time? Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" "Caw-caw" croaked the crow.

Now, Francois was not as superstitious

as the average French-Canadian of his class. The cure had laughed and reasoned him out of the most of his ghostly follies. If he saw a "Will-o'-the Wisp" he would

not place two sticks across each other on the road to prevent the "tormentor" from following him, because Francois knew, or as if it wished to tear him. supposed he knew, all about "Will" and his meanderings. Nor did he believe much in ghosts, for, as he often said, "If there are any ghosts they should be around graveyards, and I should have seen them." But there was one superstition that defied all the cure's power to destroy in Francois' mind, and that was the loup-garou or "were wolf," and that had as much an aweinspiring effect on the old Sexton as it ever had on any of his more youthful neighbors. Practical and prosaic as the old man was in his general character, yet he never could not an evil spirit abroad, and that that the bird was mad. spirit did not assume different shapes, but generally that of a wolf. He would tell "he was" of his own! And unfortunately perched on the wooden cross he called his own, just one month preceding the death of his wife and each of his children, and Francois saw it, and, as drops of water wear the stone, so did this re-appearance of sweat stood upon his forehead when the bird perched on one of the arms of the

cross, and then looking at the agitated Sexton, croaked "caw-caw" again. be brave. There was a short, sharp struggle between superstition and decaying manliness, and then manliness triumphed

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," the Sexton myths of his childhood were gaining a foot piteously prayed, stepping back to the railing. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu," he repeated, ing. "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, holding up his hands half in supplication

and half in fear. And then his lips moved as if in prayer, his old frame trembled, his hands shook, and then flinging his tuque upon the ground he knelt and begged for

"Caw-caw" croaked the crow. And just then the cure was passing again and he found François in a faint.

"Mon Dieu," the Sexton groaned again when he came to his senses. "What has happened, Francois?" the

"It has come again, mon pere; it has come again," the old man said.

"What has come?" asked the cure. "The loup-garon—the crow—mon Dieu,

"Nonsense," said the cure. "No, no, mon pere: look at the cross; it has picked another mark on the board cure smiled and looked, and sure enough painted the words :there were six marks, five old ones and one just newly made, and about two inches long and made as if with a rough nail and "tallied" on the cross. And late into the night the cure reasoned and quoted scripture and smiled, but all to no avail, the old man was satisfied that he had seen "it" again, and it was time for him to attend to those duties which all good Catholics, when

when possible, for the peace of their souls. Of course the incident became the talk of the neighborhood, and the cure found it necessary, on Sunday, to preach a sermon on "Superstitions," and it had its effect in allaying uneasiness in many weak minds, while the strong ones always laughed them to ridicule. But yet there were people who refused to agree even with the cure, as they said the question was not one of faith or morals, and they declined to believe that the cloudlets could not be made to skip playfully, on a calm evening, by repeating an air or song out of doors; and they were "sure" that there was danger in enjoying oneself when the celestial spirits were dressing the fair tresses of the Aurora Borealis; that they "knew" the loup garou to be an historical and living fact; that it was certain that birds had carried trees into the clouds, and so on through a long list of many of the myths which have been known to tradition through all the ages, and when old Francois left the church that day, and saw the violets and the columbines along the roadside he thought of the graveyard, and looking at the wooden cross under which his family lay, he once more saw a crow perched upon one of its arms, and he heard it creak-"Caw-caw; caw-caw," and he again took it as a signal of his

- The citadel in Quebec has been described by many pens. Lever, Dickens, Trollope, others have written of its geometrical lines which in the distance, look clear cut against the sky. But, perhaps the finest description ever given of the lofty eminence on which it stands was when the pilot of Jacques-Cartier exclaimed, as he saw it first time, "Que bec!" ("What a peak!") That tells the situation almost in a word-"What a peak !" For historical interest and scenic beauty combined there is no spot on this continent to compare with the views from "Queen's Bastion," and on this bastion, one day about the middle of June, a young soldier, dressed in the blue uniform of the Canadian Regiment of Artillery, was on duty. He was a French-Canadian, as were about half the men of the battery to which he belonged, and on the muster roll he answered to the name of Jean Beauchamp. He had been in the service some time, for the medal he wore was given to him for the campaign he passed through in the Canadian North-West, against Riel and his followers, in 1885. He evidently liked soldiering too, for he had the swagger, gait and bearing of a man who took pride in his uniform, and that is one of the best tests of the soldierly spirit in any land. He stood well with the officers of his battery, but for some reason he would never accept promotion. And this day in June he had again been offered the stripes, and as he paced his beat on the bastion he thought-"shall I accept it"

"Caw-caw" croaked a crow, And looking towards the flag staff he saw the black plumage the bird perched upon its truck. And Jean Beauchamp thought he had never seen so owlish looking a crow before. Feathers like horns protruded above its eyes, and its body appeared bloated. And then it opened its beak and flapped its wings and peered at the staring soldier beneath it. Again it gave little bounds from its perch, and moved its feet

"It's mad," said Jean. "Caw-caw," croaked the crow, with unnatural rapidity and anger, as Jean thought. "It would make a good shot," thought

"Caw-caw," croaked the crow, but this time it almost spat its croaking from its swollen throat.

And then Jean fancied he could see froth dripping from its bill and its feathers assuming the appearance of bristles, as, with its beak, it fiercely struck the stump of the flag staff six strong and rapid strokes. be reasoned out of the belief that there was | And then Jean Beauchamp was sure that

"A mad crow," he said, and he almost laughed. Then down it came with a you that he had seen it himself, and that swoop, the feathers on its neck ruffled, and thousands of others had seen it, and that the bird looking mad indeed. Jean's sidehe was sure of its existence, just as sure as arms were out in an instant, and the flashing sheen of his sword-bayonet glittered for a few seconds in the sun, when stepping back he fell, and the last thing he remembered was hearing, "Caw-caw-caw-caw," uttered with mocking regularity, as the

crow flew lazily away.

The next day when Jean opened his only been married two days, Clarence, and of the crow wear away whatever shadow of doubt existed in his mind about the loup found the doctor bending over him, and he garou. And now he was here in the flesh felt a dull, blinding pain in his head, and think how long I've been waiting for the once more, but again as a crow, and beads when he was strong enough to hear the news he was told that his skull had been fractured by the fall, and that he might recover. And as he lay there, the minor misery of the existence of the crow would He was a weak old man, but he tried to crowd from his mind the more important question of his recovery. Man is constituted so, and, do what he may, small troubles will, like the blue devils in Don when, stepping forward, Francois flung the flowers he held in his hand at the bird's then the superstitions of his youth forced themselves back on the sick soldier's memory. He lived it all over again, and the

on his fears, when-he died.

Sillery again. The dreaded month had passed and he was still alive and for his years hearty. And once again he was gathering wild flowers from the edges of the graveyard and this time there was a carnival of flora to choose from. There "ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. were pigeon berries, rosette bells, ragwort, pitcher plants, forgetmenots, and many sweet scented flowers that gave a subtle influence to the air and induced soft langour to the old man's senses. Trellised vines and gracefully trained creepers wound through the latticed fence which surrounded The "God's acre" in which he labored, and all about him the oaks, maples, elms, beeches, spruce and hemlock, nodded under the pressure of the summer breeze, while festoons hung from their branches and many of their trunks were mantled with Canadian ivy. The waters of the first one for my wife, then one for each of St. Lawrence were rippling on the shore a my children, and now one for myself," the few yards away and the crows "caw-caw'd" Sexton replied, betraying all the fear of a over the fields. And the old sexton worked man who is suddenly called on to meet his on until he had finished his task when he doom. "Go and look," he added, and the hung on the arm of a cross on which were

Jean Beauchamp Died June 20th, 1887, Aged 26 years.

"Yes," said the Sexton, as he placed the wreath on its resting place. "Yes, poor Jean, I had forgotten you. But we all thought you were dead. You left us, and we heard ho more about you until we were told the story about your encounter with the loup garou and your fall. That time on the point of death, believe essential, it came for you, my brother's child, and the next will be for me-peace to your

"Caw-caw," croaked a crow.-M. W.

# The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

B. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."

Mrs. S. A. Rock, of Anderson, Texas, writes: "At the age of 34, in Monroe, La., I had a severe attack of swamp, or malarial, fever. After I got well my hair commenced coming out, and so continued until it had well nigh all gone. I used several kinds of hair restorers, but they did no good. A friend gave me a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before finishing the first bottle my hair began to grow, and by the time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

#### Ayer's Hair Vigor, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Loweli, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



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#### RAILWAYS.

#### BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †9.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland Beson, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. †11.20 a. m .- Express for Fredericton and inter-

4.10 p. m.—Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

‡8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heul ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, \$7.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at-

Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, †10.20, †10.45 a.m.; †12.25

Woodstock at †6.15, †10.35 a.m.; †8.00 p. m. Houlton at †10.25 a. m.; †8.00 p. m. St. Stephen at †8.50 a. m.; †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †8.05 a. m. Fredericton at †7.00, †10.00 a. m.; †2.55 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †10.00 a. m.; †1.30,

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.30 a. m. for Fairville and West.

†3.15 p. m.-Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from 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! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

O<sup>N</sup> and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p.m.;

St. Stephen, 6 p. m. LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p.m., St. John

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 reight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

## Intercolonial Railway. 1889---Winter Arrangement---1890

O<sup>N</sup> and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton ..... 7.30 

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take

Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex. 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec. 11.10
Fast Express from Halifax. 14.50
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton. 19.25 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 run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER,

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

Buctouche and Moncton Railway On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows:

Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton....10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30 C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889. Manager.

### TICKETS

### MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

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