#### SHADOWS.

I cannot tell! I cannot tell! How came such freaks of light and shade; 'Twas but last night, in yonder dell, Two figures in the moonlight strayed.

The light before I never knew; I almost think of it with dread. For oft the shadows that they threw Had, who'd b'lieve it? but one head!

To me the case was passing strange; For well I know, doubt it who will, That simultaneous with each change Both figures suddenly stood still.

I wonder now, and wondered then, If e'er such things took place before; \* For when the two moved on again Each shadow had a head once more.

To Lubin I have told the tale, And he appears to have no doubt That if we try the moonlit vale We soon shall find the secret out.

#### A WILFUL WOMAN.

There was a sensation in Slowboro'-a profound sensation. Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had society (such as it was) in Slowboro' been afforded so much food for agreeable speculation before. Since the memorable day upon which the box of gunpowder exploded at the general store in the High street, and blew the head clean off the small messageboy, there had been no such thrill of excitement as that caused by the announcement that the rich Miss Claverhouse was coming back from India, with her name unchanged. The astonishment of Slowboro' at this very astonishing fact was profound indeed. The departure of the young lady from her native place was somewhat remarkable. Like nearly all rich young women, Miss Madge Claverhouse had her temper, her caprices and her whimsical ways. Other young ladies, not so rich, not so good-looking, and, consequently, not so much sought after by the male portion of the creation, said meanly "Madge Claverhouse is full of airs and uppishness." But this was not true; it was a gentle slander. Madge Claverhouse was neither airy nor uppish. She was a handsome woman, rich and a good deal spoiled by the world and consequently she had a wilful habit of demanding her own way in everything. She displayed at the same time a degree of indifference to what other people thought of her conduct | said: quite astonishing at times. The reason why Miss Claverhouse left home for the. Central Provinces of India, was not a very strong one. She was tired of English society at home, and would like, she said, to look at it from a fresh standpoint. Besides her constant flirtations were a source of constant friction with her staid maiden aunt, with whom she shared her beautiful she replied, as if she wished to impress the home. So Miss Claverhouse one morning | tact on his mind. startled the household at Brankmere by "As what?" Luke asked, looking at her, announcing that it was her intention to go she afterwards said, as if he had four pairs The club gave what they called a joint stock out to India on a visit to her sister whose of eyes. husband was colonel in a regiment out

"Let me implore you, my dear," were the old lady's last words to her departing niece "not to flirt."

didn't spare the men.

"It is positively shocking, my dears!" Miss Gordon said to her bosom friends. "The way that girl treats young fellowsjust as if they hadn't a scrap of heart."

And the old lady was quite right. The

fair Madge's Indian experiences quite outdid her home record. Alas! what sad havor the beautiful girl made amongst the ful fiance. men—young and old—in the gay social circle at Heekiwokiykiwum. They were all her willing slaves, and their rivalry amongst themselves was at times quite em- lesque. barrassing. No one seemed able to withstand the charms of the fascinating girl whose lure of wealth was even the least of

the reasons why she was sought. Madge Claverhouse was very handsome. She was no languishing beauty of the fadeaway type whose complexion would not bear a glare of gaslight. She was a splendid type of woman. A fine figure that owed far more to nature than to the dressmaker, fine brown eyes, glossy auburn hair and a complexion such as only perfect health can give. She had all that lithe grace of deportment so perfectly indicative of a total absence of the half-imaginary ills that most female flesh is heir to. There was no secret in the cause. She was a country-bred girl, but in her case physical and mental cultivation had gone together with the happiest have only to say that if you appear in pubresult. There was a charm about her lic in such a dress as that you can never be which no one could resist. It was true that | my wife " wherever she went she drew the men around her like a magnet, but then she really couldn't help it and it was unfair for other girls to say that she was "flirty," or that she had "designs."

"I wish those stupid men wouldn't bother me!" Madge sometimes said, halt in anger. "Such stupid nonsense as they

In India she was more bothered by the toolish fond moths of society than ever she had been before in the whole course of her life. All the officers in her brother's regiment fell at her feet, all proposed in turn, rudely. and each and all were rejected with a hypocritical, "Oh, I'm sorry, but I didn't mean to be serious, don't you know."
Then a tear would sparkle on the long lashes of the downcast eye, a little sigh would flutter up, and there the matter ended. Five minutes after the wretched young man had left her, vowing that he

was broken-hearted, the coquette would say, with a gay laugh to her sister:

"It was too bad, poor fellow! But really it wasn't my fault, and it was such fun!"

They couldn't be cross with her-they couldn't hate her, so they hated each other instead. Nice sort of fun, indeed, a lot of men getting at loggerheads with each other and treating each other with the merest

civility, all on account of a wilful woman.

One would think that after all her experience Miss Madge would not care to settle down at home. But here she was, coming back again a little time of the mind wilful woman.

Softly till her feelings overcome her, when she ended the symphony in a crash, that fully illustrated the state of her mind.

"It was very silly," her Aunt Gordon conquests, it is true, but quite as wilful as such a thing." ever. It was quite an eventful time that bright May morning when Madge arrived people. Miss Claverhouse did go as Ariel, at the station and found a high trap wait- but no one was scandalized. The body

sooner have this than the carriage," the coachman exclaimed.

very much inclined to have his own way. little put out. A remarkable thing happened. The horse got very troublesome, and seemed very much inclined to take to would have been bad e in a deep ditch, or knock their brains out against some stone wall. Nasty thought. Enter on the scene: A man, young, goodlooking, and well dressed. Going up to the horse (now standing on its hinds legs) he caught it by the head.

"I think you had better get down, Miss Claverhouse," he said, kindly; "this animal is vicious and untrustworthy, and may upset you. The man can bring the car- of course, offered to take it back, was must be got in first. riage back for you."

"Oh, we are not so far from home," the lady said graciously, "I think I'll walk." So she got down and walked home, peculiar manner of her niece's arrival, and she declared Luke Fosbrooke was the most

singular man in the world for adventures. The acquaintance so singularly brought about between Madge Claverhouse and Luke Fosbrooke soon ripened into warm friendship and later to what was a more

able age said, "Here are we in the place for Teething Infants, with a request that souls to depart in unity. But Luke cast for ever-so-long, and none of us yet 'Mrs. Fosbrooke,' and here is this girl picking up the best match in the place the very hour of her arrival!" But such life and matrimonial chances thereof. It is the very perversity of fortune out, and then the that the rich girl get the rich man over the matter. and the poor girls don't. It generally is because they are rich girls, some ill-natured people say, that the men with lots of money "The heartless creature," he said, "I'll people say, that the men with lots of money

Time passed and it came to be looked here, though, that old saying of "many a slip, etc.," comes in. This is how the slip he declared that he would spend any money entertainment that it should be a fancy man might have bought.

On a certain afternoon Luke Fosbrooke was at Brankmere, and with the lover's paronable interest in such trifling affairs, he

"Madge, what are you getting for the ball? Don't you know it is on the 5th?"

This was the 1st. "Oh, not very much." Madge laughed, with a queer look. "It's rather novel than

"What are you going as?" he asked. "Ariel-The Tempest, don't you know,"

"A-riel," she said, with irritable emphasis, "short skirt, tights and my hair hanging about me."

And she struck what she considered a picturesque attitude before the astonished But in spite of her aunt's exhortation young man. Luke Fosbrooke was not Madge Claverhouse resolved to make no what may be called a Shaksperian scholar, vows. And when she went to India she but he knew enough to know that Ariel was a young person of semi-seraphic origin who wore very little clothes, that her gar-ments were deficient in length both ways, and that she made a display of legs and arms which would in real life be considered

worse than wicked. Luke sat up from the couch where he had been lounging and glared at his beauti-

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you are going to appear at that ball like a half-dressed actress in a low bur-

"Oh, dear, no," she said stiffly, "not at all—but like a first-class actress in a firstclass burlesque, if you make such an odious comparison at all. What, may not I wear what I please?"

Visions of a horrid scandal flashed across

the brain of the excited young man.
"You can't deny," Madge declared,
"that you told me once the prettiest thing you ever saw was Lydia Thompson, the actress, in that dress of white tights and feather body."

"But, good heavens!" he said angrily, 'that was a burlesque, and she is a well known actress.'

"Well, this is a fancy ball," she said, decidedly, "and I mean to go as Ariel."
"Well," he said, flaring up in anger, "I

"Oh, dear!" she retorted, with affected contempt; "what an awful loss!" He was stung to the quick.

"I would not permit such an exhibition,"

"And do you suppose, Capt. Fosbrooke," she said, turning an angry face to him, "that you are the only man who wants me to marry him, because if you do you are quite wrong, and it is only your absurd vanity makes you think so."

"Your present exhibition of temper would not tempt them much," Luke said

"You have no right to dictate to me." Madge said. "Nor ever will have, I think," he re-

Madge was in a towering passion; she

moved towards the bell. "Don't trouble to ring, Miss Claver-house," Luke Fosbrooke said, "I can find

Bowing ceremoniously, he left, feeling wroth at her behavior. From the window Madge saw him go, watching the retreating figure till hid from view. There was a mist before her eyes, and the plot of scarlet geraniums, bright though it was, looked dim and blurred. But she kept back the tears and sat down to the piano, playing

coming back again, a little tired of all her told her, "for engaged people to fight over

The ball was not a success for some was not different, in point of cut, from that "Miss Gordon said she thought you'd of any other evening dress, and the skirt first person Madge met at the saloon door came to Miss Claverhouse's knees. Indeed, on the Mervia, two days after they left it was nothing more or less than a sort of Queenstown, was Luke Fosbrooke? His

would have been bad enough. But worse occurred at midnight. No one could say his heels. In such a case he would, in all remained behind. This quarrel and the how it happened, but from the moment it probability, land the occupants of the trap business of the fancy skip happened within occurred it was apparent to everyone on a few days of the date intended for the board the leviathan steamer that they stood bridal morn, and all preparations had been | face to face with death. A scene of wild made. Everything had to be put off. The trousseau, of course, "could be kept for some future occasion," Madge said with a men and frantic women. "To save the poor attempt at merriment. The difficult | women" was the one thought of the capquestion then arose, what to do with the wedding cake? It had already been sent ably go down—they would not hold long; home, and there it was. The confectioner, the boat would do much, but the women sympathetically sorry that it was not to be used, and declared it would be quite easy everywhere till at last he discovered Madge to dispose of it.

"Oh, dear, no, don't take it," Madge chatting agreeably to her companion. Miss Gordon's amazement was immense at the absurdly nuptial ornaments off it and leave strong arm supporting her. One look told

it; I'll find some use for it."

Luke Fosbrooke was furious, but of buy every ticket I can get."

The Hospital for Teething Infants and upon as a settled thing that Captain Luke | the afflicted parents of the patients blessed Fostbrooke would in due course become that peculiar cake. Captain Fosbrooke the husband of Madge Claverhouse. It is bought up every ticket he came across. He happened. The annual hunt ball was to so as to let no one have the much-talkedcome off in Slowboro' and it had been de- of cake. Only that the bazaar intervened cided by the organizers of that exciting it is incalculable how many tickets the poor

He won the cake. "No wonder he should," people said he had hundreds of tickets. Madge was disconcerted. She had not calculated upon this.

"I suppose he'll do something especially contemptuous with the poor cake," she said. "Feed his fox-terriers with it, or give it to the prize brahmas, that won at the last show.

He did nothing of the sort. He waited a while and found a very effectual way of punishing Miss Claverhouse after her own

Now there was a certain club of a social character, called The Rangers, of which Luke Fosbrooke was a vice-president. picnic a few times every summer, that is, each member contributed a certain proportion of the refreshments and named a few people for invitation from the general club.

A picnic was arranged in a favorite wood, Madge Claverhouse was amongst the invited guests. She was warned that Luke Fosbrooke would be there, but she defiantly determined to go, and to "let Capt. Fos-brooke see that she did not care." All the same she was looking wretched ever since the broken engagement, and her aunt was beginning to be seriously alarmed for her

It was a magnificent day, and the spread at the picnic was splendid. But what on earth was that round box

Captain Fosbrooke was bringing up to where the party sat? A shout of laughter greeted the captain as he produced from the box a splendid frosted cake. It was the top of the wedding cake, and no one noticed how horribly ill Madge Claverhouse looked. The captain was in great spirits apparently.

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen," he said laughing, and imitating the gestures of an auctioneer. "Who'll bid. It is warranted of finest quality, and quite digesti-ble. It is a beautiful black-and-tan with a dash of white."

In this strictly accurate, but "doggy" phraseology, Luke Fosbrooke invited people to take some cake.

"I think it is rather warm here," Madge said to the gentleman who sat beside her. 'I think I shall go to the shade."

They were a good bit away from the captain and his cake, but they could hear every word he said, and as they moved away Madge telt her heart heavy at the sound of the laughter that rang out at the captain's witty sallies.

Would she never see the end of that wretched cake? It was all her own fault. Later in the day, when Luke Fosbrooke passed a shady nook, and saw Madge Claverhouse sitting there alone, her head bent, and her hands over her face, weeping as if her heart would break, his first impulse was to go to her, but he checked it. "It is ner own fault," he said sternly. 'If she suffers it is her own punishment."

But very soon rumors of another marriage were on foot. Miss Claverhouse had accepted a very eligible person, who had offered his hand and what did duty for a heart, and Madge gave him her hand. She no longer knew what "love" was, but she "hoped to be happy."

The bridal morn arrived; the dismal day upon which Madge Claverhouse, the rich and heartiful girl

and beautiful girl, was to promise at the altar that she would love, honor and obey that wretched looking personage, the Hon.

Algernon Hallmark. The wedding break-

fast was a most dreary ceremony. "Dear me, what a peculiar choice!" quoth the eldest Miss Spyly, grinning at the bridegroom through her gold-rimmed pincenez from the other side of the table. "I'm not good-looking, and I haven't much money, but positively I wouldn't marry a creature like that."

"Nor I," agreed the eldest Miss Upper-crust, who was fat, fair and fifty-two. "It would be positively wicked."

Then the "happy pair" started for the continent. After a few weeks there they were to take a trip to the United States, where the Hon. Algy had some property he wished to look after.

What direction of fate was it, that the Madge would much sooner have it, so when her baggage was stowed in the station she started for home. Now, when him with a cold recognition, and he went to be traveled to hers, but only the coldest and faintest recognition betrayed the fact that they were action betrayed the fact that they were action. Madge had started on her way she discovered that the horse was very fresh and People wondered what was the matter, palace they had very little difficulty in

but they were not left long in doubt, for it keeping far apart. But before long the The trap was very high and a fall would be an ugly thing, therefore Madge felt a "all off" between Capt. Luke Fosbrooke destined to be broken down. It was an awful reconciliation. Within a few days' And if the matter had rested there it sail of their destination a terrible collision

standing alone. The wretched husband was fainting with terror in his cabin. In t; I'll find some use for it." them that they had forgiven each other, So the little church and bridal party and that they loved each other still. Suremade of frosting sugar had to come off, to- ly this was no time for holding aloof when gether with a neighboring forest of orange blossoms. She would, at least, let Capt.
Luke Frosbrooke know that she was not they stood in the jaws of death. There was no word spoken, and at length the time came for Madge to take chance for breaking her heart. Then she sent the life in the boats. It wrung their hearts to cake to a neighboring town where a bazaar part, and they would willingly have died was about to be held in aid of the Hospital together, for it were a sweet pain for their tickets might be issued for the raffle of the her from him, knowing that it was her only cake, in aid of the hospital funds. No one chance. It was a wild farewell. The last was supposed of course to know what the sight that met the eyes of Madge before cake had been originally intended for, but they closed in unconsciousness was the as is usual in such cases everyone found figure of Luke Fostbrooke waving a fareout, and then there was a nice sensation | well from the sloping deck of the doomed

The boats were picked up in the course of next day, and everyone landed in safety. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Hallmark were amongst those of the saved, and amongst those who undoubtly went down with the Mervia was Captain Fosbrooke.

It was Christmas! More than a year atterwards. It was within a few days of the great Christmas festival, and the holly and ivy were in great request. It was snowing, too-a genuine hard Christmas.

The blaze of the wood-log on the hearth at Brankmere lighted a pale and wistful eyes that looked into the depths of the roaring fire. The tall, fine figure of the lady sitting wearily at the fire was draped in deepest black. One could scarcely recognize in this constant mourner the gay, light-hearted Madge Claverhouse. Let us go through a little scene.

"Madge, my dear," she says softly, coming over to where her niece sits, and placing her cool hands on the hot brow, 'do you feel very well tonight?" "Pretty well, auntie," Madge answered;

'why do you ask?" "Then you are fretting," the old lady says, "my dear, it is nonsense. What does Longtellow say somewhere: 'Let the dead past bury its dead.' You should be a bit

cheerful at Xmas." "Cheerful," the other echoes, "well, I

"Do you remember," the old lady says, 'what poor dear Algy said to you the night he died, in New York, five days after you were picked up in the boat of that horrid colliding steamer?" "Oh, hush, Auntie, let the poor fellow's

memory rest," the younger woman says. "I did wrong in marrying him."
But my dear, the old lad ysays, "I have torgotten the words, and I want to recall

"If ever a good man wants you to marry him, consent," Madge says, recalling the words of her poor wretched little husband on his death-bed.

There is silence for a few minutes. "I often wonder says the old lady returning to the charge, "whether Luke Fosbrooke was drowned off that steamer people often have been thought drowned who were not so."

"Oh auntie, don't speak that way," Madge entreats, starting up and looking

"But, my qear, people have come back from their supposed watery grave and have spent their lives with people they were originally intended for."

Madge grows as pale as death. The old lady has absolutely chuckled, and there she sits smilling and nodding her head like a dear old imbecile. Madge grows sick with fright. She

knows something strange was about to "What, in Heaven's name, do you

mean?" she cries staring in amazement. "I mean, my dear, that I have heard this evening," the old lady says, "a most surprising story of the sea. A person who was thought to have been drowned has come back to Slowboro', alive and well." "Who is it?" demands the niece in a ter-

"The gentleman was wrecked off a big steamer," Miss Gordon goes on. "His sole possession was a life-belt; he stuck to it, and was eventually picked up half dead

by a passing steamer.'
'Where is he?"

"In the next room." "My God it can't be Luke Fosbrooke?" Madge also shrieks, pushing the tangled hair back from her face as she stares at her aunt in bewilderment.

"Come in!" the old lady calls. The door opens; with a cry of joy, Madge rushes to the door and finds himself in Luke Fosbrooke's outstretched arms. Tableau!-Curtain.-T. W. Flynn in Toronto Saturday Night.

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'THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c. Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-

†9.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland Boston, 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. 18.45 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland,

Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heulton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, \$7.30 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. 13.15 p. m.—Connecting with 4.00 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.;

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 freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleten before 6 or 600 fbs.—

St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

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

W. A. LAMB, Manager. 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

 Accommodation for Point du Chene.
 11.10

 Fast Express for Halifax.
 14.30

 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal.
 16.20

 Express for Sussex.
 16.35

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,

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

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

Leave Buctouche, 8.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton.....10.30 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30 Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889.

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