TWO BIRDS.

I saw two birds perched on the wire Where messages in silence run, Their feathers gleaming as on fire, Their breast as golden as the sun.

I watched them for a while as they Sat drowsing in the sunlight there, Content to dream throughout the day, And cheat of song the tranquil air.

But suddenly I saw one bird Spread out his shining wings to fly, And ere he passed from sight I heard A joyous carol in the sky.

The other followed in his wake, And gave the air a grievous song, As though his tiny heart would break. And as I listened came the thought-Why are their songs so different?

Then fearing solitude too long,

Is it that each a message caught As o'er the singing wire it went? For he who first went seemed to sing-

"Sweetheart, to wed! Sweetheart, to wed!"
The other's voice seemed quavering Thy love is dead! Thy love is dead!" -The Cosmopolitun.

HIS FIRST BATTLE.

Presently, he roused himself abruptly, threw himself into the saddle, and looked

gin. Directly in front of the advancing army rose the menacing front of the Turkish fortress; in the distance, on the side toward the east, the snowy summits of Alaguez and Ararat sparkled under the fires of the coming sun like two great em-

"How beautiful," began Aliochine, but the smile on his lips quickly vanished at sight of the ambulance corps in the wake of the batteries, with its litters swinging

The dazzling spectacle of the morning was gone for him in a moment, his lips trembled, his heart contracted with bitter

"I, too, shall soon be dead!" came anew the haunting thought; "those same litters, those silent bearers, will carry me, as pale, as motionless as the others!" and he felt a great pity for himself, for his youth, for the brief happiness allotted him on the

"It will be finished today," thought he, "everything-today!" but he instantly thrust from him the cowardly thought upon him.

gone to war? He had hurried even to be in time for the taking of Kars, and now-Aliochine turned his eyes from the train of litters to the left of the hill and the black mass of the advancing army.

Before his battery marched the gallant regiment of Radolfski. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly. The faces of the men were pale and lined with fatigue, but tranquil. Two young officers at the head of the regiment were talking together; one of them seemed to laugh.

Aliochine rubbed his eyes and looked again at these officers. Were they laughing! Yes-laughing joyously. A wave of fiery courage flowed instantly to his heart. What, after all, was there so frightful in war and battle? See! how clear and blue the heavens, how brilliant the sun, how gay these young officers, and how tranquilly marched that intrepid army corps, now blackening the road, now shining in the gathering light!

At this instant, a courier—an adjutant by his dress, begrimed with smoke and powder, his horse covered with foamdashed up to the battery. He panted for breath; he was soaking with sweat, and his restless eyes literally protruded with excitement. In a second he was surrounded—questions rained upon him. Zaitzef and Litvinof, the captains of the battery, caught him by the arms.
"The battle! the battle!" they cried;

"tell us how goes the battle." "Badly," stammered the courier; "Kisil-

Tapa taken by the enemy, the Illitski regiment cut down, Generals Karovich and Golinski killed, Colonels Tetraloff and Varinski and Prince Dabenoff wounded, and God knows how many more made prisoners!"

And, having delivered this encouraging information, the courier set spurs to his horse, and they saw him in the distance in the grasp of the second regiment, shaking and waving his arms with despairing gestures. He was giving them the same particulars.

A feeling of anger and shame swept like a flame through all the battery.

"Forward march!" sharply commanded Litvinof to the line, which had instinctively halted, his habitually grave and measured tones bitter and irritated.

"Forward, march!" repeated Zaitzef atter him, with still more irritation. Aliochine said not a word; but his heart

throbbed wildly under a weight of emotion, and he himself, like all the others: "My God! what is going to happen

And, as if in answer to the question, a horrible spectacle at the moment unrolled before his eyes, a grizzled dragoon, urging fore him, war and battle as charted on the on, with difficulty, his jaded horse, spurred beside the battery, carrying on the crupper of his steed the still warm but headless body of a comrade. The bleeding neck, the blood-stained uniform, the hanging hands-would Aliochine ever be able to forget them!

"It begins," he thought, "it begins; the moment approaches!"

By the side of the battery a wounded horse now struggled painfully, dragging a human blood. of the intelligent animal turned upon them so piteous and appealing a glance, that Aliochine was amazed to see that, no one save himself even noticed the patient creature, silent and abandoned.

"Trot!" commanded Livitnof, and the bulance surmounted by the Geneva Cross, sions, gesticulating with anger. surrounded by a groaning, formless heap | Until then, Aliochine had not seen how family, should have come from the conflict

alone in the midst of the fields and the

waving grass. Forward still!" and on through a deep and rocky ravine, a battalion of sharp-shooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies, into a thick cloud of smoke that curtained the hideous picture of war. They saw nothing, but the earth resounded with the moans and cries of a furious battle.

Aliochine had been in camp only two days. An orphan from infancy, brought up in the military school of St. Petersburg, he took his vacations at the house of his grandmother on the Isle of Vassili. He was a good scholar, marched well, would soon have been able to take his place in the Imperial Guard, his heart's desire at first. But war had come; he had wished to go to the front, and they had attached him at his own request to the artillery of the Caucasus.

"Battery, halt!" rose the voice of Litvinof. They stopped with a dull rumble, a heavy shock. "What is it now?" demanded Aliochine

of a soldier near him, with a vague presentiment of something terrible. "It is the wounded, lieutenant; they are

bringing them in." Rising in his stirrups, he saw them, black spots in the distance, growing larger and larger, till the lugubrious procession began to pass the battery; the cortege, The stars had gone out; dawn reddened headed by an old man, a sabre-cut in his neck, his shirt unbuttoned, around his the horizon; the air was warm, perfumed; neck the red circle of a gaping wound. the birds chirped in the grasses. A fresh His eyes were staring; a low groaning breeze fanned eyelids of Aliochine as he came from his laboring lungs. Behind lay disturbed and restless in a half sleep. him was a handsome conscript, shot in the breast, a red wave spreading across his bosom, his young face of a mortal pallor, the blood leaping like a fountain with every To the right a foggy curtain concealed step. On a litter lay a young sub-officer; the spectacle, the fresh killing about to bein place of an arm he had but a bleeding remnant of flesh and cloth.

"God!" thought Aliochine, "a few minutes more, and I may be thus!"

And he moved aside to give room to

something carried in a bloody cloak.
"The major!" cried a voice from the

"What battalion?"

"The third." His own battalion, his own major, who had received him so cordially on his arrival could answer, and though his voice was in camp! Could that be the major's face? | clear and unhurried as when he left the —that distorted countenance, bluish, camp, the battery knew that the concovered with spots of coagulated blood, the dant was preparing a decisive move. mustaches stained red, the kind eyes wide and staring, and seeming to say to him reproachfully: "Ah! it was you who wished to know war! Very well, you have seen it -do you admire it?"

glances, dismembered bodies-but Aliochine saw only those two glaring eyes which had battery thundering at his heels, obedient, Soon his face became pale, thin, and hagsmiled on him but yesterday, which looked | courageous, heroic. at him today with mute reproach.

Second battery! where is the second which all at once seemed to have seized battery?" cried at his ear a despairing

voice. Was it not by his own desire he had Roused from his lethargy, Aliochine turned and saw an orderly, whom dust and leaped to the ground, tossed his reins to a numbered among the many whom oversweat had made black, hurriedly talking to soldier, and sprang for position. A gren-Commandant Litvinof. He caught but the ade from the enemy whistled shrilly by his ness, has brought to death or insanity. closing words, "---to the death-hold it!" and the orderly, like the courier, was gone. straight at the hill into the flying shells, to lose himself in a cloud of smoke.

> At the same instant a shell burst behind the battery, and the neighbor to the right of Aliochine was numbered with the dead. "Advance!" cried the voice of the com-

"Advance! Advance!" the officers re-

"Advance!" cried Aliochine, his soul suddenly fired with a desire for vengeance -the bestial instinct of destruction-his step unfaltering, as he, too, mounted the

At first he saw nothing; he was stunned by the thunder of the battery, intoxicated by the odor of blood and powder which filled the air. But gradually the vision cleared, the smoke on the plain had scattered-before him was the black front outstretched hands. of the Kisil-Tapa belching flame.

The Turks maintained their advantage with stubborn heroism; the Russians battled to regain it with furious courage, while be-hind the one and in front of the other the Russian artillery toiled to position—indomitable, formidable, and guarding with menacing mouths the daring madman who sought to climb those inaccessible rocksin a hymn of merciless devastation.

tacking columns. One of the lines crawled faster than the others; echo repeated a faraway hurrah; a white cloud rose above the crest of the rock - and the black line, broken into little particles, glided rapidly down the flank of the hill to vanish in the smoke of the plain.

Soon the smoke died away; another line replaced the routed one; another discharge, new losses, and yet without a pause and with singular constancy, more human be-

On the other side of the hill, from the smokey plain, more lines and broader ones crawled as steadily toward the Kisil-Tapa had asked, lay groping on the ground, his —cavalry lines closing in to the attack, breast plowed by a shell. and beyond them, further still, to the right cloudless heaven.

"And this was war! This was battle!" and like a flash there came before Aliochine's memory, regarding the picture be- side him with orders to retreat. blackboards of the military school; platoons of soldiers in symmetrical squares, the infantry exactly aligned, the cavalry aligned beside them; the artillery aligned behind the cavalry, everything correct, exact and neat as a new pin. Only the professor forgot to mention in his daily and eloquent and daily explanations that his well-shaped squares were made up of human lives, and that interesting battles poured out rivers of of danger—he had done his duty—he still

symmetry across that bloody plain.

"Halt!" The command ran through the battery.

Aliochine reined in his horse and looked about him. They had stopped abruptly. again; "but Litvinof and those poor battery, obeying, swept with the roar of thunder across the field and meadow, past the awful spectacle of the provisional am-

"Forward, faster!" leaving behind them and scanned the faces of his soldiers. had gone out like candles.

"Economic" White-wear for Ladies.

For this month we are making a SPECIAL SALE at REDUCED PRICES of the "Economic" (nntrimmed) White Cotton Underwear, consisting of NIGHT GOWNS,

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this had come so soon—he did not know the name of even one man in his company. taken. At his elbow stood a handsome stripling. Aliochine bent toward him.

"Your name?" he asked. "Attention, men! To the carriages!" rang the voice of Litvinof, before the lad camp, the battery knew that the comman-

A prayer, ardent though mute, rose from Litvinof, waving his sword above his head like a battle-flag. "Advance, men! Then headaches, poor sleep, dizziness, The major passed; new corpses and new March!" repeated the young voices behind palpitation of the heart, and tired feeling, wounded followed him, pale visages, fading him, for now the commandant on his bay warned him that disease was stealing away horse was far ahead of them, the swaying his life. But he disregarded the warning.

"God is merciful; it missed me!" he murmured, instinctively.

But the first was followed by a second grenade, then a third, a fourth, a dozen, too many and too fast to count them-a hail-storm of balls, a veritable rain of fire the battery was crushed, scattered, pulver-

Pale, trembling, but keeping his self-command, Aliochine gave his orders, always by the side of the cannon, around which the Turkish balls hummed and sang. "How goes it with you now, my lad?" cried a voice at his side—the voice of Lit-

vinof, gentle and caressing in tone, to his brave young officer; "how goes it But Litvinof did not finish his sentence;

he had fallen forward, face downward, with in the mouth." Aliochine sprang to lift him, but in place

of Litvinof he saw before him a mutilated trunk, some tatters of flesh, clothing and blood. "Second captain in command take charge!" cried Avalof, who had seen the

tragedy, and thus called Zaitzef to Litvinot's And all this while the enemy continued who did climb them to the infernal music of the carnage; three of the pieces were enthe cannons and guns, and a ceaseless tirely dismounted and reduced to uselesschorus of cries and human groans uniting ness. Men and horses fell like flies, and the battery, with half of its gunners gone,

To the left of the hill long black lines its ammunition exhausted, and helpless crept patiently and courageously—the at- under the shots of the victorious enemy, was extingushed like a taper. Three men only of the battery's complement remained by the eighth cannon. "Fire!" began Aliochine, but stopped

suddenly; the gunner had thrown himself on the ground, writhing and twisting like a

His right hand had gone with the last No matter-the gunner of the Seventh

was at his post, on his knees by the wheel, ings crept upward to encounter the same but when Aliochine approached him, he death. peaceful was his dead face.

Behind him again the lad whose name he

It too much; Aliochine's nerves began of those emerald summits, crowned now to give way; he moved as a machine would with smoke clouds, the tender blue of a move; his strength was going; exhaustion and a dull indifference weighed him down and did not leave him even when an orderly, sent by the artillery chief, arrived be-

"Retreat! Retreat, battery!" cried the orderly, with frantic gestures; "to the

rear!" Aliochine found himself now in a ravine, but not that wide ravine where the battery had awaited the convoy of wounded; no, it was a smaller gorge, narrower, walled

in, and as yet unoccupied. He listened; shots still resounded heavily, but in the distance. He was out

lived! mutilated leg, and leaving in a dew-wet grass a trail of smoking blood. The eyes infantry aligned in the scene before Aliowardly, with the indescribable sensation of chine's eyes, and they moved without a man in whom suddenly extinguished life revives and quickens his being. He gazed about him; the battery had stopped, and

the men prepared for action.
"I am alive! I live!" he murmured soldiers who climbed that murderous hill

And a thrill of shame, mingled with his gladness, that he, so young and without a his platoon was formed. He turned about safe and sound, while useful, mature lives

a pallid foot-soldier, sleeping solitary and Young men, all of them, and mostly Here and there in the ravine groups of

soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay stretched on the ground. Beside them a jaded horse cropped wearily the sun-

browned grass. Poor beast! how tired it looked, and how tired Aliochine felt, and how suffocatingly warm! Oh, for a drop-a single drop of water!
He staggered, his eyes closed, his

strength, he fell on the burning earth. How long had he lain there? He did not know.

"Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!" the voice was at his ear. He opened his eyes; a hand held out to him a brimming pannikin of muddy water

and two hard biscuits. The face of a soldier smiled at him, the face of a boy. He turned to thank him-the boy had disappeared.
Stretched on his back, his hand under

his head, Aliochine sought to sleep; but sleep fled from him; his excited brain saw naught but horrible visions-a bleeding neck, a mutilated, dismembered trunk, and fading, sunken eyes. Killing men was truly a wicked act; was unworthy of humanity.

"Boom-boom-boom!" The cannonade, which had ceased for a moment, had begun anew. Aliochine anxiously regarded Zaitzef and his poor soldiers, in each tortured heart but a single prayer: "My God, when will all this end?" Meanwhile, the shots grew louder, the heat more insupportable; the sun, which had reached its zenith, hung like an incandescent spot in the midst of a dazzling

firmament. The killing had begun anew.-Selected.

BURGLARS.

There is nothing that makes the householder so nervous as the report that there are burglars in town. Every noise frightens. Darkness is full of fears. Mystery lurks recruits like himself. He regretted that all in every corner. Bolts and bars are examined and tested. Every precaution is

> And when at last some brave woman finds the burglar in her closet, and holds him until the police arrive, what a sense of relief fills every heart. Security, peace and happiness are once more at the fireside. Yet with all this fear and dread that the

burglar causes, he is not half as dangerous as disease, which so often comes like a thief in the night. Probably most of the readers of this article remember Mr. K----. He was strong, vigorous, and "Advance, men! March!" again cried healthy. He did not fear sickness. But his nerves began to weaken from overwork. gard; his eyes sunken and heavy; his skin The fort of the Kisil-Tapa had disap- dry and sallow. His friends spoke of his peared, and before them smoked the murchanged appearance. That memory of derous rock of Alagi. "To place, first piece!" roared the voice and had it not been that he used Paine's of Avalof, the platoon's captain. Aliochine | Celery Compound, he would soon have been

This unequaled remedy for nerve and brain tire restored elasticity to his step, sparkle to his eyes, color to his cheeks, strengthened the heart's action, and gave him good sleep, healthy digestion, and vigor of mind and body. Paine's Celery Compound did this for him and for others -and, sooner even than he had thought, of your friends. It will do the same for you. It is a providential discovery of an eminent physician. It is a pure scientific, health-giving medicine. - Advt.

Can't Be Too Careful.

"Farewell, dearest," she sighed, as she lay against the lapel of his double-breasted coat; "and, George, you may kiss me once, on my forehead, ere you go.'

"Thanks, Angelina," thoughtfully murmured the young man; "but the last time I kissed a girl on the forehead I got a bang

A moment later he left the house, looking as if he had been eating marshmallows. -Harvard Lampoon.

A distressing cough or cold not only deprives one of rest and sleep, but, if allowed to continue, is liable to develop more serious trouble in the way of Congestion or Laryngitis, or perhaps Consumption. Use Baird's Balsam of Horehound.—Advt.

Told by Marshall Wilder.

A cockney went into a cheap restaurant on the Bowery, one of those places that have been aptly called beaneries. He sat down and adjusted his monocle and beckoned to a waiter, who came forward. He was in his shirt sleeves and a dirty towel was slung across his arm. He scowled at the stranger.

"Aw, waitah, dontcherno, I want a brace of chops, an' a poached egg, an' some buttered toast, an' a mug of 'alf an' 'alf an', aw waitah, I want a napkin, also.

The man with the dirty towel over his arm moved back a step or two, put his hand to his mouth, and yelled to the cook in the kitchen:

"Soy, Chimmie, tell der band to play God Save der Queen; der Prince of Wales is come."

AVOID APPEARANCES .- A worthy gentleman, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla .- Advt.



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Commencing December 30, 1889. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †9.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland Beston, 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.

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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 St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday.

F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent. SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

O^N 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.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 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, Carle-

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will W. A. LAMB, Manager.

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

St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 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.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Moneton, 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,

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