THE PLANETS IN SEPTEMBER.

'Mid flashing gems that deck the dome on high, As stars of morn, the lovely planets see, Of Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mercury-And Regulus, last chance, the naked eye With unassisted vision may descry; There Jupiter steps forth triumphantly, The brightest of the heavenly galaxy O evening lamps that deck September's sky. Now is the time to sing of autumn days And autumn nights; for leaves, grass, flowers so Shall be laid low by meadow, wood and fen; Since sunset, white the meads and pasture-ways, While over earth shines down the harvest moon, To gladden all the hearts of husbandmen.

Upon the morning of the twentieth day Of this fair month, and at the hour of three, Saturn and Mars, in close proximity, You may'st behold with fond eyes far away. Northwestward, where th' Aurora beams did play Last midnight, one wide, rolling, crimson sea: Look out in time, and thy reward shall be A vision such as words cannot convey; Near by the gleaming orb of Regulus Those twin morn stars shall be in union there, Close-blending as the mixing eyes of Love; While royal Venus flashes glorious, Yet as the reigning beauty past compare, Till daybreak quenches every lamp above.

This harvest month doth still inspire my song, As at its close I see as morning stars The planets Venus, Saturn, Neptune, Mars! And lamps of eve, amid the twinkling throng Of lesser starlights, rolling swift along The slopes of blue (awhile th' Aurora scars The north sky with its red electric bars), Jupiter, Merc'ry and Uranus strong. Beneath this splendid galaxy of lights, Immortal and divine, who lives shall dare Deny Him who made and directs the whole, And 'round the world grants equal days and nights; And Heaven's gift of sunlight, all may share, Rains kindly down on all, from pole to pole!

-A. H. Chandler, in Boston Transcript.

BRUIN AND THE COOK.

Maine, New Brunswick or Quebec, the life led by the loggers is likely to seem ally agree in giving a wide berth to a neighpopulous and noisy.

In chopping and hauling logs the lumber- of an earthquake. men are at work unremittingly from dawn beasts may creep near enough to smell the tation from the sleepers within.

remind the careless woodsmen that, though in the wilderness, indeed, they are yet not truly of it. They are made suddenly aware of those shy but savage forces which, regarding them ever as trespassers, have been keeping them under an angry and eager surveillance. The spirit of the violated forest makes a swift and sometimes effectual, but always unexpected,

stroke for revenge. A yoke of oxen are strained at their load. A great branch reaching down catches the nearest ox by the horn, and the poor brute falls in its track with its neck broken. A stout sapling is bent to the ground by a weight of ice and snow. Some leases it, and by the fierce recoil a horse's leg is shattered.

A lumberman has strayed off into the woods by himself, perchance, to gather had gone a hundred yards, and would have spruce gum for his friends in the settlements, and he is found, days afterwards, half-eaten by bears and foxes. A solitary chopper throws down his axe and leans against a tree to rest and dream, and a panther drops from the branches above and tears him.

Yet such vengeance is accomplished but seldom, and makes no permanent impression on the heedless woodsman. His onward march is inexorable.

The cook, it must be borne in mind, is a most important personage in the lumber camp. This I say of camp cooks in general, and I assert it in particular of the cook who figures as one of the heroes in the story about to be related. The other hero is the bear.

It was a bright March morning at Nicholson's camp on Salmon River, in northern New Brunswick. There had been a heavy thaw for some days, and the about the door, the trampled straw and bunk. fodder around the stable, were steaming and soaking under the steady sun. Such winds as were stirring abroad that day were quite shut off from the camp by the dark surrounding woods.

From the protruding stovepipe, which did duty as a chimney, a faint blue wreath of smoke curled lazily. The cook had the away, and the "cookee," as the cook's assistant is called, had betaken himself to a neighboring pond to fish for trout through

The dishes were washed, the camp was in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The inevitable pork and beans were slowly boiling, and an appetizing fragrance was abroad on the quiet air. The cook decided to snatch a wink of sleep in his bunk beneath the eaves. He had a spare half-hour before him, and under his present circumstances he knew no better way of spending it

The weather being mild, he left the camp thundering to the floor. door wide open, and, swinging up to his berth, soon had himself luxuriously bedded As cook gazed down through the hole in blankets-his own and as many other fellows' blankets as he liked. He began to doze and dream. He dreamed of summer fields, and then of a lively Sunday school picnic, and at last of the music of a band which he heard crashing in his ears. Then the cymbals and the big drum grew he remembered where he was, and thrust spairingly at him. his head in astonishment over the edge of

filled him with alarm and indignation.

been waked up too soon, they were prowling through the forest in unusual numbers. Food was scarce; in fact, times were very hard with them, and they were not only bad-humored, but lean and hungry

To one particularly hungry bear the smell of our cook's simmering pork had come that morning like the invitation to a INFANTS', 7 inch. feast. The supposed invitation had been accepted with a rapturous alacrity. Bruin CHILD'S, had found the door open, the coast clear, the quarters very inviting. With the utmost good faith he had entered upon his good fortune. To find the source of that entrancing fragrance had been to his trained

nose a simple matter. While cook slept sweetly Bruin had rooted off the cover of the pot, and this was the beginning of cook's dream.

But the pot was hot, and the first mouthful of the savory mess made him yell with rage and pain. At this point the trumpets and clarions grew shrill in cook's dreaming

Then an angry sweep of the great paw had dashed pot and kettle off the stove in a thunder of crashing iron and clattering tins. This was the point at which the cook's dream had attained overwhelming reality.

What met his round-eved gaze, as he sat up in his blankets, was an angry bear, dancing about in a confusion of steam and smoke and beans and kettles, making ineffectual snatches at a lump of scalding pork upon the floor.

After a moment of suspense, cook rose soitly and crept to the other end of the bunks, where a gun was kept. To his disgust the weapon was unloaded. But the click of the lock had caught the bear's at tention. Glancing up at the bunk above him, the brute's eye detected the shrinking cook, and straightway he overflowed with wrath. Here, evidently, was the author of his discomfort.

he made a dash for the bunk. Its edge was nearly seven feet from the floor, so To one who visits the lumbermen's Bruin had to do some clambering. As his winter camps, deep in the backwoods of head appeared over the edge, and his great paws took firm hold upon the clapboard rim of the bunk, cook, now desperate. teams and choppers emerged into the little monotonous after the strangeness of it has struck at him wildly with the heavy butt of worn off. The sounds of the chopping, the gun; but Bruin is always a skilful the shouting, the clanking of the teams, boxer. With an upward stroke he warded give an ample warning to all the wild crea- off the blow, and sent the weapon spinning tures of the woods, who thereupon gener- across the camp. At the same time, however, his weight proved too much for the borhood which has suddenly grown so frail clapboard to which he was holding, and back he fell on the floor with a shock

This repulse - which, of course, he until sundown, and at night they have little credited to the cook—only filled him with reared, and fell over backward in a tangle energy to expend on the hunting of bears tenfold greater fury, and at once he sprang of sleds and traces and lashing heels. or panthers. The bunks and the blankets back to the assault; but the delay, however exert an overwhelming attraction, and by brief, had given poor cook time to grasp an their senses. Axe in hand, they closed in the time the men have concluded their idea, which he proceed to act upon with upon the bear, who rose on his hind-quarafter-supper smoke, and the sound of a eagerness. He saw that the hole in the ters to meet them. The first few blows few rough songs has died away, the wild root through which the stove-pipe protruded that were delivered at him, with all the "parlor," pure and simple, but a "blue was large enough to give his body passage. force of practised arms and vindicitive pork and beans, and may prowl about the Snatching at a light rafter above his head, camp until dawn, with small fears of moles- he swung himself out of the bunk, and many feathers; but he could not guard kicked the stove-pipe from its place. The himself on all sides at once. A well dir-At intervals, however, the monotony of sections fell with loud clatter upon the ected blow from the rear sank the axe-head camp life is broken. Something occurs to stove and the bear, for a moment discondeep between his fore-shoulders, severing to day if it had not been for them. They certing Bruin's plans. From the rafter it the spinal column, and Bruin collapsed, a was an easy reach to the opening in the furry heap, upon the crimsoned snow. roof, and as Bruin gained the empty bunk and stretched his paw eagerly up toward his intended victim on the rafter, the intended victim slipped with the greatest

promptitude through the hole. At this point the cook drew a long breath, and persuaded his heart to go down out of his throat, where it had been since he waked, and resume its proper functions.

roof and run for help, but fortunately he changed his mind. The bear was no fool. panion. No sooner had the cook got safely out upon the roof than Bruin rushed forth from thaw or the shock of a passing team re- the camp door, expecting to catch him as came down.

> Had cook acted upon his first impulse, he would have been overtaken before he perished hideously in the snow. As it was, however-evidently to Bruin's deep chagrin -he stuck close to the chimney hole, like a prairie-dog sitting by his burrow, ready at a moment's notice to plunge within, while the bear stalked deliberately twice around the camp, eying him and evidently laying plans, as it were, for his capture.

At last the bear appeared to make up his mind. At one corner of the shanty, piled up nearly to the eaves, was a store of firewood which "cookee" had gathered in. Upon this pile Bruin mounted, and then

made a dash up the creaking roof. give way beneath the great weight of the bear, and to see if it would do so he waited and there is not a man in my factory who almost too long; but it did not. As he scurried, belated, through the hole, the bear's paw reached its edge, and the huge | done or too fatigued, I take some of Paine's claws tore nearly all the flesh from the back of the poor fellow's hand. Bleeding and and in the morning I am fit for business. snow banks under the eaves of the camp trembling he crouched upon the friendly were shrinking rapidly. The bright chips rafter, not daring to swing down into the

The agility of that great animal was marvellous. Scarcely had cook got under shelter when Bruin rushed in again at the door, and was up on the bunk again in a twinkling, and again cook vanished by the chimney-place. A moment later the bear was again on the roof, while cook once more crouched back faintly on his rafter. camp all to himself for a while, for the This performance was repeated several teams and choppers were at work a mile times, till for cook it had quite ceased to be interesting.

> to the indefatigable Brum, who then resolved upon a change of tactics. After driving cook out through the chimney, he decided to try the same mode of exit for himself, or at least to thrust his head through the opening, and see what it was like. Embracing the woodwork with his powerful fore-paws, he swung himself up on the rafter, as he had seen cook do so gracefully. The attempt was quite succesful, but the rafter was not prepared for the strain, and Bruin and beam came

and marked what had happened, his heart sank utterly within him. His one safe retreat was gone. But Bruin did not perceive his advantage, or else was in no hurry to follow it up. The shock had greatly dampened his zeal. He sat on his haunches by the stove and gazed up sulunbearably loud, and, waking with a start, lenly at cook, while cook gazed back de-

Then the bear noticed that the precious the bunk. The sight that met his eyes pork had got deliciously cool, and in the charms of that rare morsel cook was soon The prolonged thaw had brought out the | quite forgotten. All cook had to do was bears from their snug winter quarters, and to lie on the roof, nursing his lacerated now, in a very bad humor from having hand and watching Bruin as he made away - Time.

CHILDREN'S Corded Waists!

NMO GIRLS', MISSES', 12

The above are made in our factory, and we can recommend them as FIRST-CLASS MODERATE PRICED WAISTS.

P. N. PATENT WAIST.

Style A, for Child 4 to 8 years. This is a splendid medium priced Waist.

STYLE 229, for Infants' 1 to 4 years. 212, Child 4 to 6 " " 216, Girls' 7 to 12 " 217, Misses' 13 to 17 " 218, Ladies' Medium Form; " 400, Patent Shoulder Brace, for School Girls and Ladies.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

with the lumbermen's dinner-a labor of With smarting jaws and vengeful paws love in which he lost no time.

At this juncture a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to cook's heart. The men were returning for dinner. Bruin heard it, too, and made haste to gulp down the remnant of the beans. Just as cleared space in front of the camp, Bruin, having swallowed his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp door, to the breathless and immeasurable amazement of the lumbermen.

Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Bruin paused a moment irresolutely. Then charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cuff, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the horses plunged,

energy, he warded off as if they were so

hand, their comrade's broken arm, andperhaps most aggravating of all-their thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen undertook to make a meal of Bruin; but in this attempt Bruin found a measure of revenge, for in death he. proved to be even tougher than he had been in life, and the famous luxury of a fat bear-steak was His first thought was to drop from the nowhere to be had from his carcass .-Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Youth's Com-

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

In An Autograph Collection In Montreal, We Found The Following Letter, Which We Think Will Interest Our Readers.

Montreal, October 30, 1889. I have suffered over twenty years with a kind of nervous debility brought on by over-work and too little rest; the least excitement would completely upset me and make me unfit for my business. I have been under treatment by four good doctors, but they did not do me much good. I have tried all the proprietary medicines in creation, I think, which cost me hundreds of dollars and never done me one bit of good. Being induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, I got a bottle and was surprised at the effects it had upon me. I have now taken eight bottles, and have Cook prayed most fervently that it might | not felt better for years. I was never as stout as I am now. I am a man over sixty, will get through more work or stand more fatigue than I do. If I feel a little over-Yours gratefully, H. GOODRICK,

205 Fortification Lane.

In the same collection we saw many names that are well known throughout Canada. All these letters testified to the unequaled curative power of Paine's Celery Compound in nervous diseases. As a result of the many testimonials that have been published, and the perfect satisfaction this medicine always gives. more of it is sold in the Dominion than of all medicines com bined. Try it yourself, and see how soon it will strengthen your nerves, and give At last the chase grew monotonous even that perfect health which makes life pleasant.—Advt.

Had a Dock Scheme.

"Who is that man over there?" said one travelling man to another, directing his attention to a gentleman who devotes his energies principally to booming expositions

"He is a promoter." "What does he promote."

"His own interests principally."-Merchant Traveller.

Many diseases of the skin are not only annoying but are difficult to cure. You will not be disappointed if you try Baird's French Ointment. It also cures insect stings, piles, chapped hands, etc. Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

Not Quite the Earth.

Prospective Builder—Did you make an estimate for the cellar wall? Mason-Vell, I dink I can do dat chob

for twelf hundret tollers. "Good heavens, man, do you want the

earth ?" "No, but I dink I can udelize de stone."

THE BELLE'S VOCABULARY.

as They Do in England, You Know.

What She Says When She Wants to Talk

Accent and intonation are two prominent factors in the curriculum of the four hundred. There are really two voices in use in fashionable society today, either of which is considered quite proper. One swell girl speaks rapidly and without much inflection, and while her voice is not loud there is a penetrating timber to it which makes it very distinct and easily heard. It is a pleasant voice when it is not too manifestly and artificial one. Some girls overdo the matter and acquire a nasal tone that is objectionable. The other equally swell girl has, or thinks she has, the English drawl. She pitches her tones in a considerably lower key than her fashionable sister, and it would seem that in crossing the water this production imbibed the wave motion of the sea, for it undulates gently

but regularly as its Anglo-American pos-

sessor lets it glide sinuously from her

p: etty lips. In her speech the fashionable young lady has her vocabulary as she has her code. Latterly she has permitted herself the use of a good may English expressions. She says "fancy" always for "suppose," and never says "guess;" she says "chemist" for "druggist, "stop attome" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she "takes a morning bath." "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence, which she applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; "an awfully fetching frock or gown" is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever" too; when she sees a fine painting she says: "That's a clever bit of canvas." She thinks Marshall Wilder is an "awfully clever fellow," and if you ask her does she bowl she replies modestly: "Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls."

Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and 'such a pleasure" alike to hear Patti and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance.

She has, too, and index expurgatorius which she is very careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops;" "servants" also have ceased to exist as such, they are "men servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid or butler; "gentleman" she avoids; "a man I know," she says, refering to a male acquaintance; or "there were lots of delightful men out last night," she confides to some sister belle who missed the opera; This episode brought the woodsmen to "all right" she never says, making "very well" do much better service, nor does she add "party" to dinner, speaking of such an entertainment. Her home no longer has a room," a "red room," a "Japanese room, or possibly an "east parlor."-N. Y. Press.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed."-T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa. In their indignation over the cook's torn | Ayer's Pills are sold by all druggists .-

He Had a Pull.

Drummer (to fellow traveller whom he mistakes for commercial tourist)—How do you find business?

Traveller—Never better.

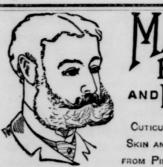
ing about the dull times and the numerous bankruptcies. You must have a pull. What is your line?"

"Foreclosing mortgages and closing out merchants."-Time.

The world-wide reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the natural result of its surpassing remedy aa a blood medicine. Nothing, in the whole pharmacopæia, effects more astonishing results, in scrofula, rheumatism, general debility, and all forms of blood disease, than this remedy.—Advt.

Joe and His Jokes. "I saw Joe laughing at one of his own okes this morning.

"Oh, well, you must remember that 90 per cent. of Joe's jokes aren't his own."— Harper's Bazar.



SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new

t, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing plaster.

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crimination, and you ill make money You can buy and sell amounts of grain and petroleum, on one per cent. (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest

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Is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequaled.

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Lucius Alexander, of Marblehead. Mass., was long a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, complicated with enlarge-ment of the Liver, most of the time being unable to retain any food in his stomach. Three boxes of Ayer's Pills

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"Strange! All the other boys are kick- The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

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ture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce in digestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists. WHOLESALE AGENTS:

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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, Heulton, 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-

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p. m. 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^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.

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 reight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carle-

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

Intercolonial Railway. 1889---Winter Arrangement---1896

and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, ON and after MONDAY, total Adversariant daily 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 Saturlay 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 xpress 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, Chief Superintendent.

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.

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MONTREAL and All Points West

BY SHORTEST ROUTES. Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON,

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