AUTOCTHON.

I am the spirit astir To swell the grain, When fruitful suns confer

I am the shout;

With laboring rain. I am the life that thrills In branch and bloom; I am the patience of abiding hills,

The promise masked in doom. When the sombre lands are wrung, And storms are out. And giant woods give tongue,

And when the earth would sleep, Wrapt in her snows, I am the infinite gleam of eyes that keep The post of her repose.

I am the hush of calm, I am the speed,

The flood-tide's triumphing psalm, The mash-pool's heed. I work in the rocking roar

Where cataracts fall; I flash in the prismy fire that dances o'er The dew's ephemeral ball.

I am the voice of wind And wave, and tree, Of stern desires and blind, Of strength to be; I am the cry by night,

At point of dawn; The summoning bugle from the unseen height, In clouds and doubt withdrawn.

I am the strife that shapes The stature of man, The pang no hero escapes, The blessing, the ban; I am the hammer that moulds

The iron of our race; The omen of God in our blood that a people beholds, The foreknowledge veiled in our face.

-Charles G. D. Roberts, in University Quarterly

THE LUCKY-BONE.

Robert Ellis walked slowly beneath the drooping orchard boughs, absently plucking the heads of the tail field daisies, and apparently paying small attention to the chat of his companion, Miss Harriet Redford, albeit she was the acknowledged belle of Broad Oakes.

He knew that in the gossip of the neighborhood he and Harriet had long since been allotted to each other as a "suitable match"; and it was only a few months past that he had come to seriously consider the situation, and tried hard to persuade himselt into a warmer feeling for the handsome, clever, confident girl, whose liking for himself was sufficiently manifest to be flattering to his vanity, had he been possessed of any.

The attempt, however was suddenly cut short, by the discovery that he had, without an effort and almost unknown to himself, tallen in love with Gracie King, the saucy, coquettish and altogether charming maiden who had come to spend the summer with his Aunt Ellen, on the farm adjoining his own.

Then Robert had felt the conviction that his fate was already fixed for him, and from that time had done his best to ingratiate himself in Gracie's favor.

But he was a quiet and rather shy young man, with but little confidence in his own ability of bearing off the prize for which others besides himself were striving.

And she was such a flirt! How could he trust her when he saw how she "carried on" with Dick Lowrey, whom he knew that she did not like? or how hope to succeed where rich Squire Willis' handsome and dashing son had met with small favor?

Still he was constantly in Gracie's society; and there were times when something in her look and tone, or in the blush with which she greeted him, would stir in his heart a wild hope and almost conviction that she really cared for him.

Of course she knew that he loved her; for, though he had never had the courage to tell her in so many words, he could see it at times in a certain consciousness which

he could not but recognize. And yet she gave him no encouragement, and was often capricious and sarcastic, and

even cold toward him; so that now Robert felt as though he could give half of his estate to know whether she did really care for him.

It was to Gracie's gay voice and light laughter, and not to Harriet's that he was now listening, as they came floating across the garden hedge, and presently he came in sight of her, as, with uplifted arm and airy pose, and she strove to catch a gorgeous butterfly, while Dick Lowrey, with his straw hat, was making awkward attempts to assist her.

In her transparent pink dress and fluttering ribbons, and with her fleecy golden curls waving beneath the brim of her light garden hat, she reminded Robert Ellis of the little porcelain Wateau figures which he had seen in the city store windows—only that her face had in it so much more of character and expression.

"Oh, don't hurt him!" she cried, as Dick made a sudden swoop with the last. "I only want to look at him a while, and then let him go. There! I have him at

Harriet King laughed, and said in a tone which Robert did not quite like:

"How characteristic that is of Gracie! To catch him and let him go! And she looks just like a butterfly herself. I won-

der if she really has a heart!" Gracie's next words seemed an answer

to this question: "Poor little thing! how his wings tremble! Don't be afraid, my little beauty. I would not hurt a hair of your little head-I mean a feather of your downy wing-for

the world. There, fly away and enjoy your little life while you may!' And with a light, soft motion of her hand, she wafted the insect into air.

"Do you treat men as you do butterflies?" inquired Robert, as he stood beside

"How?" with an expression of innocent

"Why, make captives of them, amuse yourself with them for a while, and then send them off as you did that poor insect."

"This one came fluttering around me.

If men and butterflies hold themselves aloot, I don't trouble myself to catch them."

What did she mean? for her cheek flushed slightly, and she gave a queer little toss of her head.

Harriet glanced sharply at her, and a flush arose to her cheek also. It was clear

Painting and Glazing in all their branches arc done in First-class style, by Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.

no affection for each other.

that, for some reason, these two girls had Dick led Harriet aside to look at Uncle

Ambrose's beehive. Gracie stood on the garden walk, slowly plucking the petals from a growing rose. "Are you going to the picnic next Thursday?" she asked, looking up at Robert with a half shy, appealing look, as if in apology for her late sharp speech.

"I have not thought about it. Shall you

"I don't know. They say it will be pleasant."

Should he ask her to go with him? But why should he, when she would no doubt prefer Dick Lowrey's more agreeable and entertaining society?

He did not wish to force her into an unwilling acceptance of his company.

And while he stood hesitating, the girl suddenly tore away the whole of the rose leaves and tossed them impatiently into the air.

What a changeable, incomprehensible creature she was! Robert thought.

As the two approached the house they found the family on the wide piazza enjoying the pleasant evening air. Little Flossie, seated on the top step, was busily polishing something on her white apron.

What have you there, pet?" said Robert. with whom she was a special favorite.
She held up a little horseshoe shaped chicken bone, white and shining as ivory "I got it at supper. It's a lucky-bone, and I mean to let you pull it with me, Cousin Robert, because you brought me the big pear today. You know, if get the shortest piece and stick it over the parlor door you'll marry the first pretty lady that

stops under it." "What nonsense!" laughed Gracie. "You don't believe in that do you, Flossie?" "Nancy says it's true, and she knows! returned Flossie, with a sublime faith in

the kitchen girl. "Nancy isn't the only one who believes in the charm of the lucky-bone in bringing about marriages," said Aunt Ellen, smiling.

"Ask Cousin Rebecca, here?" "To be sure," replied Miss Rebecca, promptly. "Why, I know of at least two matches that were brought about by my lucky-bones. One of the parties was Sophy Jones, that I was bridesmaid tolet me see-more than thirty years gone, and she's dead now, poor creetur. I recollec' as if 'twas yesterday when she put that bone over the parlor door, and Billy Jones bow, and they was married less than six

"I dare say he knew about the bone being there," said Flossie's grown sister, Lucy, laughing.

"Well, he always gave out as he didn't, and I know 'twasn't so with the other Uncle Jeems, that she'd never set eyes on more frequent."-- Selected. before. Then she whispered to me that her lot was fixed, and she'd have to marry him; and she did."

"I dare say she'd have married him all the same if there'd been no lucky-bone in the case," laughed Aunt Ellen. "But you can try your fortune in the same way, Robert, and see what it has for you."

Flossie eagerly held out her prize, and he took one end in his strong fingers, while she held on to the other with both

as if for life and death, but the bone snapped in Robert's fingers.

"I'm sorry, Flossie—" he commenced; but she interrupted him.

steps under it." He laughed at the prophecy, and carelessly slipped the homely charm into his vest pocket as Harriet and Dick Lowrey

came up the steps. Then he forgot about it until an hour later. The party was breaking up then. Dick Lowrey, who was to drive Harriet home, had gone out to see about his buggy, and Harriet was up stairs with Lucy, having a few moments, confidential chat before

Robert Ellis and Gracie were alone in the parlor. He drew out his watch, and with it came the lucky-bone.

"Ah, I had forgotten my promise to Flossie," he said; and reacning up, placed the charm above the door. "I wonder how that foolish notion came

to be so popular?" said Gracie, with a little half scornful smile. "Probably from the resemblance in

place over the house door, for 'luck,'" he and proven.-Advt. And just then light footsteps were heard coming down the stairs and approaching

the parlor door. The eyes of both turned thither, and Robert did not see how his companion's cheek changed color, and she seemed to be

unconsciously holding her breath. Lucy passed the door, and Harriet followed, paused, and seemed about to enter, when Aunt Ellen's voice was heard, calling

to her, and she passed on.
"There! you have just missed your fate!" said Gracie laughing. "Perhaps it is only postponed," he answered, lightly. "But will you excuse me

swered, lightly. "But will you excuse me declining years, "Yes, I've got about while I step out and deliver a message to everything a man expects to have on this Dick for Squire Willis? It will save the squire a long ride in the morning."

The buggy was coming round to the gate, and Robert stood on the porch and Involuntarily his eyes turned to the parlor window, through which, himself, in-

visible, he could see Gracie seated at the window he had left her.

How pretty she was, with her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed with a changing color!

He saw her rise and stand looking for an instant, hesitating and looking half fear-

fully around. Of what was she afraid? But while he watched she glided swiftly across the room to the door almost on tip-

toe, looked up, and deliberately placed herself-exactly under the lucky bone. At first Robert could hardly believe his own eyes. But then, with a shock of joy came the sudden impulse to take advantage of this fortunate moment—to surprise

her before she could escape him. You can place your orders for all kinds of Painting, with Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street. Telephone connexion.

Now Showing in € Cloth Department

MORE THAN NEW DESIGNS, COLORS, Etc.,

Ladies' Cloths

-FOR-

SPRING, 1890.

terns from London, Berlin and Paris.

Prices reasonable consistent with Firstclass work and style.

Patterns of cloths and measurement forms for SELF-MEASUREMENT sent to Ladies FREE on application.

MANCHESTER. ROBERTSON. and ALLISON.

With a step as light and noiseless as her own he stood before her, face to face. "Gracie!" he said, in a low voice that trembled in its earnestness, "do you know | the stranger. I am glad to see you!" where you are standing? Do you know that it is you whom fate has sent to me? Tell me, dear, that I may claim you?"

What could she say or do? He had seized both her hands and held them firmly, while his eyes sought hers, and with crimson blushes and a sudden gush of tears she vielded to her fate.

secure the heart happiness of each. hall, could both see enough to convince door. 'Now, see here, Tommy,' she says,

came walking in and stopped right under them that there own hopes were at an end; with her sweetest smile, 'I ain't goin' to let it a minnit to take off his hat and make a and perhaps this was the beginning of a you go back till after dinner. The idea sympathtic tie between them, for their of coming way up here and not coming into marriage took place about the time of the house. You ought to be ashamed of Robert's wedding.

wedding present, "I always did hold and John coming through the gate. Then I maintain that there's virtue in lucky bones. got glum again, but, Lordy, it wasn't any match. That was your Aunt 'Liza's own. A body can't exactly tell how it comes good, for he was just as hearty as she was, We was spending the day at the Wither's, about; but this is the third match that I've and they piled it on so thick that I didn't and she got the lucky-bone at dinner, and known to be brought on by a luckybone. get a chance to say what I came up to say. who should walk right under it but your The wonder is that the folks don't try it They were so blamed glad to see me, and

IN A VERY TIGHT PLACE.

Fearful Experience of a General while Hunting in a Jungle.

A gentleman who has travelled much in India, relates the following story of his experience while hunting in an Indian jungle.

"I was hurrying along when I fell into a concealed pit-trap. The weary hours A struggle ensued, seeming on her part Gragged along; soon it began to rain.

From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of the pit the rain water began to trickle down. I soon felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought do it, you know, after them being so good, and as I was going away they walked to "Well, I'm glad, 'cause I'm not old that it was all up with me. I can hardly the gate with me and gave me a good send enough to get married, and you are. Now describe to you my thoughts. I reviewed off, telling me to be sure and come up you'll put it right over the parlor door, and | my past life. I made desperate struggles you'll be sure to marry the first one that again and again to free myself. I shouted and screamed for help.

Finally, when I felt that I was doomed to die, I thought that I heard the sound of a human voice. With all the agony of despair I raised a cry for help. There was an awful pause, and then I heard my faithful servant crying in response."

In this there is a most striking resemblance to an experience a prominent member of Parliament went through. In place of a trap he fell into the depths of nervous prostration. Each night's poor sleep seemed to make his case more desperate. He grew hollow-eyed and permaturely old. At last, in despair, he tried a new method of treatment. That was his salvation, for today he is as strong and vigorous as any man in Canada. Paine's Celery Compound was the medicine he used, and to that alone does he ascribe his restoration to health.

If you feel exhausted, or have any neryous symptom, do not delay the use of this shape to a horseshoe, with the superstitious remedy. Its great value has been tested

Modest.

The heroism of our western pioneers was like all true heroism, wholly unconscious. Once in a while, however, a man may be found who over-estimates the struggles he went through in his youth.

One such man lives in Chicago. He once owned a large tract of land on the city's site, and his sales of real estate long ago made him extremely rich.

"Yes," said he one day to a friend who had known him in his boyhood of poverty, and who was congratulating him on the luxurious home in which he was spending his poor earth of ours.

"But I've often thought what a struggle I had sometimes to get my price for building lots, back in the early times. Sometimes I feel pretty sure that if I'd hung on to my price in two or three trades, instead of giving in, why, it's more'n likely Chicago'd never have been built at all .-

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds Get McLean's, the original and only of these pests. Look out for imitations. genuine.—Advt.

Dear Little Charlie. Dear little Charlie was so mild God saw him and he sweetly smiled And called him from a world of care To be a pretty angel there.

Dear little Charlie, lovely babe, Is free from pain and earthly care,

Union street.

Oh! what a pretty angel bright
Is our sweet babe robed in spotless white.

- Woodstock Sentinel Obituary. To get Paper Hanging done quickly and reasonably apply to Wilkins & Sands, 266

A WOMAN'S WINNING WAYS.

Magruder Starts Out to Collect \$40, and Carries Home a Bottle of Catsup. "Say, boys, am I soft?" said Tommy Magruder, as he sat down in Seven's engine

house on Tuesday night. "Well, there ain't anybody around these corners that would dare to tell you so, me a pint of porther, I'll tell ye how I'm Tommy," said the driver. "Why, what's afther chatin' the railway." eatin' you now? You look as if you wasn't feeling a bit happy, but you don't look soft."

"Well, I was beginnin' to think I was gettin' soft, and you'll say I am after I tell you about my trip today. I've been collecting, or tryin' to collect today, and I don't me the porther I'll tell ye how I'm af batin' the biggest railway in Ireland."

Teahan hesitated for a time, but his think I'm any good at the business. John Stinson borrowed \$40 of me two years ago he placed a brimming glass of porter beand I've been gettin' it back in promises | fore the thirsty painter. The latter drained ever since. He pays installments of wind his glass in two gulps and wiped his mouth TO ORDER, in the Latest Style, all kinds of Coats, Mantles, Jackets, or Coachhim about them scads, and the more I road thought of it the madder I got. On Mon-Ladies have an immense variety of ma- day night I went to bed mad about it, and terials and colors, or designs, to select swore I'd go up to his house and nail him wantin' to get to Tralee. So fwhat does from, and we copy any late Foreign novel- for the amount in the morning. I was I do, but I goes an' I buys a ticket for ties in made-up garments imported as pat- afraid I wouldn't stay mad enough over Killarney." my clothes on and slept on a hair-cloth did you get home then? lounge, and got up madder than I was when I went to bed. I went without my coffee to keep mad and left my tobacco at home. I was afraid to go up on the train the price o' the fare from Killarney to for fear of losin' my mad, so I walked out Tralee?"—Ex. to his place, two miles over the same mountain, and I didn't take a single nip on the way. Oh! I was bound to stay mad clean through, and I was biling when I reached his farm and knocked at his door. Mrs. Stinson came to the door, and the moment she opened it she begun to smile, and, puttin' out both hands, she said: "Why, Mr. Magruder! Well, this is a surprise, and a pleasant one. You're quite

"'Where's your old man?' says I, as gruff as I could, seein's I was talkin' to a

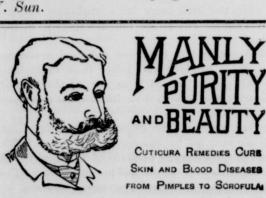
"'Oh, John,' she says. 'He's gone down to the store and will be back soon. Why don't you come in? You surely ain't goin' away without comin' in.'

"Well, I felt my mad goin' then; but I It was scarcely a moment in which they stood thus; but that brief time sufficed to secure the heart happiness of each.

wouldn't let any of it go, and I answered her savage-like. 'I come up to talk turkey to John,' says I, and that's as far as I got Harriet and Dick as they entered the when she pulled me in and slammed the yourself'; and then she talked about the "I always said," remarked Cousin Re- folks and acted so sweet and pleasant that becca, as she knitted a toilet tidy for a I forgot all about being mad until I saw so pressin' that I didn't have the heart to kick, and the consequence was I sat down

> "They had country sausages, and I couldn't help saying that they was good. With that Mrs. Stinson said: 'Oh, do you like them? Well, I've just made a lot, and I will give you some to take home with you. Don't say no. You've got to take them. No, you ain't robbing me; I made too many of them, and I want you to take a bottle of my catsup, too,' and blamed if that woman didn't wheedle me into taking a big package of sausages and a bottle of catsup, and going out of the house without asking for that money. I couldn't again soon. I walked down the street about half a mile, getting madder and madder at every step, and looked at the

package of sausage and catsup. . 'Forty dollars,' says I to the package and then I chucked it as far as I could, and heard the bottle smash against a rock in the field. That's how mad I was at myself then, and I ain't got over it yet. I don't care what you fellows say, but I am soft, and there is no wiping it out."-N.



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, humilia-ting, 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 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.

DYSPEPTICURE the Specific for Dyspepsia.

Thousands of bottles of DYSPEP-TICURE have been sold during the past few years without any advertisement whatever. It is now well known in nearly every part of the Maritime Provinces, and many orders have been filled for Quebec, Mass., and Maine. DYSPEPTICURE not only aids Digestion, but positively cures Indigestion and Chronic Dyspepsia; this quality of CURING the disease explains its large and spreading sale without having been brought to the notice of the

DYSPEPTICURE may now be obtained from all Druggists. Price per bottle, 35 cents and \$1.00 (the latter four times size of former). An important pamphlet on DYS-PEPTICURE promptly mailed, free,

to any address. CHARLES K. SHORT, St. John, New Brunswick, He Cheated the Railway.

An illustrious house and sign painter in the town of Tralee in Kerry is a noted character, and is an inveterate practical joker. Not long ago he entered the liquor store of a well known publican in Tralee. He was very thirsty.

"Misther Teahan," said he, "if ye'll give

"Go along," replied Teahan, "ye're at some more of ye're jokes."

"Indade I'm not, sir; and if ye'll give me the porther I'll tell ye how I'm afther Teahan hesitated for a time, but his curiosity at last overcame his judgement and

"Well," said the painter, "ye musht know that I'm afther bein' in Cork an' "Why, man," interrupted Teahan, "how

"Faith I walked." "But how did ye chate the railway?" "Usha, man; didn't I chate thim out o'

PHOSPHORIZED

Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion is parstates of the system that manifest themselves in so many of the ailments peculiar to their sex. Always ask for Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion,

The GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR

and be sure you get it. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. All Druggists sell it.

OVER 120 YEARS, IS

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 tor-pid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:

EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED.

MONTREAL.

THE BIG

ter results than in any other line of money employ-ment. The popular method of dealing in stocks is that of buying and selling on margin. "A operator, who buys and sells often, makes the biggest profits, and generally speculates on 1 per cent., but those who think this too

vative and com

non sense princi-

We also buy and sell all speculative articles and commodities for cash. On 1 per cent. margin \$100 controls 100 shares, and you can buy and sell through us from 10 shares up to 1000 in same way. \$500 invested in stocks often returns profits equalling the interest on \$100,000 in one year. We have many customers who draw splendid returns from capital of \$250, \$100, \$50 and \$25. We deal in all the active New York stocks, in grain, provisions and petroleum. Ten shares (or equivalent) up to 1000, or any amount between, can

ittle protection can deposit as much margin as they

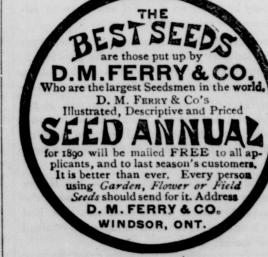
We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest market news, and give customers the benefit of our private wires to New York and Chicago. Write or telegraph your orders. If you are not posted, write or call for our market pamphlet, free by mail. References to leading banks, bank-

Special attention to Orders by Mail.

rs and business men of Boston. No discretionary orders received.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO... 28 CONGRESS STREET, 26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street,

> and Quincy House, **BOSTON**, Mass,



ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

RAILWAYS

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing April 7, 1890. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at †6.15 a. m .- Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points North. BUFFET PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON

†8.55 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Beston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock. 4.10 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

†4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-18.45 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, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.35 p.

m, Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, †10.20, †10.45 a. m.; †12.10 Woodstock at †6.00, †11.40 a.m.; †8.30 p.m. Houlton at †6.00, †11.40 a.m.; †8.30 p.m. St. Stephen at †7.05, †9.00, †11.55 a.m.; †10.20 p.m. St. Andrews at †6.30 a.m. Fredericton at †6.05, †11.20 a.m.; †3.20 p.m. Arriving in St. John at #5.45, †8.45 a.m.; †1.15,

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †8.10 a. m. for Fairville and West. 14.30 p. m.-Connecting with 4.45 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.

Short Line Railway. ST. STEPHEN AND ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON 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 at 12.45 p. m. FRANK J. McPEAKE,

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

1889---Winter Arrangement---1896

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN 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 The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

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

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after 8th APRIL, Trains will run as follows: ples, observed in the fields of specu-lation, produce bet-Leave Buctouche, 7.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton....10,00 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30

C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 5th April, 1889. Manager.

TICKETS MONTREAL and All Points West

BY SHORTEST ROUTES. Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale.

HOTELS.

FRED. E. HANINGTON,

TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor

L'LLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

LIOTEL DUFFERIN,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op-

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor. RELMONT HOUSE,

posite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day.

J. SIME, Proprietor

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

TICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, Proprletor.