WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. A. H. CHANDLER'S "SONGS OF IMMORTALITY."

O, thou who singest sweet the gliding years, And paint'st the seasons that so swiftly fly-Thus linking Time with Immortality-Winning the rhythm and music of our tears Wherewith to chrism thy sacramental verse!-Take my poor thanks for some harmonious gift Shed on my meditative hour, to lift My thought through the unwithering Universe, To where He sits upon His circle high, Presiding, who our narrow bound invades With light and life and beauty; still engirt By songful, radiant hosts, that never die: There see I, 'mid the whitely-luminous shades, Thee, beauteous soul-inspiring Poesy! All lovely, and all lonely, as thou wert! -Arthur John Lockhart, in Portland Transcript.

THE DEVIL'S CARD.

It was midnight. Fernand de Roquefeuil was seated in a cafe on the boulevard among six of his intimate companions, all young men of the world like himself. In accordance with an ancient Paris custom, he wished to bring his life of single blessedness to an end by giving a merry entertainment to his former comrades. He was to be married in three days at Saint Phillippe du Roule. The intended bride was Mme. de Lucay, a charming young widow, who had many ardent suitors. As the wine went round, his friends heartily congratulated him on his triumph. During the repast his good fortune was the chief topic of conversation, until, at dessert, many already had begun to envy him.

"Wetl, Fernand," remarked one of the guests, "I must say that when you came into the world you drew a lucky ticket in the lottery of fortune."

"Yes, indeed, between ourselves. I must admit I have very little to complain of,"

answered Fernand. Just as he had finished speaking the first | nand was about to rise, a servant entered bottle of champagne was opened. The foam his room and handed him three letters and sparkled in the crystal cups. The young a card. This last was a duplicate of the men, wholly intent on enjoyment, scarce | card of the evening before. lent an ear to the expiring din and noise of Paris when the great city is about to sink tered Fernand. "It seems Satan does not into slumber. But just at this moment one intend to give me much respite." of the waiters entered and handed Fernard a dainty little card.

"A visit at this hour, and in a public "Tell the gentleman he may present himto-morrow. If I be at home I shall be very

happy to receive him." "But sir," one of the guests aptly remarked, "you have not even taken the charming young widow whom he was to

who send in his card. queer visiting hours."

the name. He had to give it up.

"There is some name scawled on it," he remarked, iu a puzzled way, "but for the life of me, I can't make it out. Perhaps letter. some of you may succeed in deciphering it," he continued, handing it in turn to each of his friends seated around the table. and finally gave it up in despair.

excite the curiosity of a less inquiring mind than Fernand's. A moment before he was about to dimiss the stranger uncerimoniously, now he had the keenest desire

"Tell the gentleman to come in," he said, addressing a waiter.

ant tone of voice. He was dressed in the card." most approved fashion, with white cravat and gloves, and wore a dainty little eyeglass. His face was extremely handsome -a trifle too effeminate for a young man, perhaps, but it bore the expression of a quiet resolution that seemed to compensate for the absence of beard or mustache.

"Sir," said Fernand, addressing him, you have been considerate enough to send in your card, and I should therefore know your name, but, truth to tell, I have not been able to read it-not even to spell it." "Very well, sir, I shall have the honor

of telling it to you in an instant," replied the stranger, with a pleasant smile. "But, in the meantime, you will please

inform me in what capacity you have come to speak to me?" "In that of creditor. Perhaps we had better retire to a private seat for a mo-

"It is not necessary. A creditor! Ah! do not be at all embarrassed, sir; speak will not be at all surprised to learn that I have a few outstanding debts in Paris. And now may I inquire what it is about?"

"Monsieur de Roquefeuil, some ten years ago, as you doubtless remember, you sacrificed your entire fortune to save the honor of the Viscount de Brevames, an old friend of your father's boyhood. After having paid a debt of 300,000 francs you found that your excessive generosity left you entirely dependent. What could a young man like you, brought up amid wealth and luxury, do on finding himself suddenly deprived of all his means? In your apartment on Louis-le-Grand street you took one evening a sheet of note paper, and wrote in large letters the following words: I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to deliver up

my soul to Satan provided he bestow on me ten years' riches. FERNAND DE ROQUEFEUIL. "The window chanced to be open at that moment. There came a sudden gust of air. The wind snapped up the sheet of paper, swept it through the window and self included, if you think me worthy of the life. Therefore have we presented this carried it to the devil-I mean to his ad- love of so generous a heart."

"How did you come the knowledge of all these things, sir?"

"Allow me to finish my story, if you please. From the tollowing morning your life was a run of good luck. Fortune flew to you. In rummaging one day under an old piece of furniture you discovered a large roll of money, without knowing how it came there—10,000 francs in coin. Having gone to Baden-Baden, you risked the entire sum three successive times on the wheel of fortune and won each time. With this capital you then engaged in rail-road speculation. Before a week had passed you found yourself a rich man."

"All that is very true, sir, but—"
"Just wait awhile! Let me finish. I need hardly tell you that your sudden acquisition of wealth was the result of your

letter to the mysterious and powerful being whom you invoked in your hour of distress." Now Showing in \(\tilde{\text{Cloth Department}} \)

"Well, sir, what about it?"
"Just this, M. de Roquefeuil. In fortyeight hours hence your tenth year will have

"Well, and what then?" "In forty-eight hours you will belong to me. I am the devil!"

One would naturally imagine that Fernand and his six friends would only burst into a fit of laughter at this strange declaration from this unexpected visitor. To-day we may be sure he would be told to carry his transparent joke elsewhere. But this happened some time ago, when his Satanic majesty figured prominently in romantic literature. In the first place the fantastic writings of that day had a great number of readers on account of the stories of Theodore Hoffman, then largely scattered throughout France. Again, Frederic Soulin, still living, had made his sable majesty quite fashionable by the recent publication of the "Memoirs of the Devil."

Nevertheless, Fernand and his comrades laughed in chorus, one of them re-

"Mons. Satan, as this is the first time we have had the pleasure of your distinguished presence, you will do us the honor of accepting a glass of champagne?"

"My ordinary beverage is human tears," replied the king of terrors, "but I suppose I may make one exception. Pour out the

He emptied his glass with apparent zest, bowed gracefully and retired, saying, as he withdrew, to Fernand: "Monsieur Roquefeuil, I expect to have

the honor of calling on you tomorrow." With that not very encouraging remark he withdrew. So soon as he had gone the young men

laughed heartily, but the supper came to an end, and at about three o'clock in the morning all retired to their homes. At noon the following day, just as Fer-

"Ah, indeed! The devil's card!" mut-

As for the three letters, they were anything but pleasant reading.

The first announced that the banker, cafe," exclaimed the jolly host, refusing to Isaac H-, with whom Fernand had deaccept the card with an air of lofty disdain. posited the greater part of her fortune. was suddenly ruined by a fall in stocks, and self at my rooms on Louis-le-Grand street having secured all the money he could, had fled to America on a Havre packet.

The second letter—anonymous, of course -informed him that Mme. de Lucay, the such lavish magnificence. trouble to look at the name of the visitor marry in a day or two, had given him the dwelling of the estates of Kotsuke-no-Suke O Man, Sogoro's wife, turning to her husslip, and was about to wed one of his most assembled together to devise measures for band, said in a cheerful voice: "Why, that's so," replied Fernand. "Let | intimate friends—one of those six gallants | their relief. That year the taxes had been us see who is this fellow who chooses such who were seated at the table with him the heavier than ever before, and scores of fam- first you had made up your mind to this evening before. Of course, a man of honor he held up the card and tried to decipher tained in an anonymous letter, always them were filled with despair at the appar- the promises of the gods before us; thereshould not be annoyed at anything conwritten by a coward; nevertheless, he found such precise details of things that he could not help give credence to the whole

The third letter contained a stenographic account of a conversation that recently occurred in a club, of which Fernand de The six of them struggled with it in turn, Roquefeuil was a prominent member. It was a sort of a running commentary of the The circumstance alone was enough to principal members of the club on the merits and character of Fernand himself. braidings and his own wounded pride might | would die 500 times to redress the wrongs The latter was by no means flattered; on shame him into mercy. Sogoro's plan was of our people." the contrary, he was regarded as the most adopted, and he was one of the number insignificant of men.

dences," exclaimed the undeceived Fer- dangers that attended his mission, Sogoro, nand, as he proceeded with a sad air to In a moment the seven gay youths saw complete his toilet. "Just think of it! approach a young man, hat in hand, rather below medium height, who saluted all sone! Not a thing left me. Oh, yes,

> The idea then struck him to look at the card again, and to scan it more closely tenants. Let us therefore drink a cup of than he did the evening before.

The signature was still illegible, but a tew words traced with a pencil in first rate French told plainly enough that Satan was a man about town.

This is what Fernand read under the redoubtable scratch: FERNAND: "The Devil's Part" will be played this evening at the Opera Comique.

box. You will be sure to find me there. Your oldest friend, THE DEVIL.

there would be childish," he mused. "And not to go there will give the idea that I am afraid.

He decided to go. About nine o'clock in the evening he entered the theatre, and, come what might, walked straight for the third box, as dirout without the least reserve. These six ected. To his unspeakable amazement, he gentlemen are very intimate friends. They found himself in the presence of a lovely young girl. Seated in front of the box, she was dressed with the most exquisite good taste, and gracefully toyed with a fan in her hand. Strangest of all, the face was the same as that of the devil who appeared to the six young men in the cafe of the boulevard the evening before. But why should Satan present himself this time under the semblance of a daughter of Eve? There was some new mystery here. On seeing him enter the young lady rose

with a sort of unconscious eagerness, and as soon as the door was closed she began: "Monsieur de Roquefeuil, you see me today under my real form. My name is Ophelie de Brevames. I ame the only daughter of ship's forbearance, for ill will it fare with that friend of your father's for whom you you. were generous enough to sacrifice your

entire fortune. Do not be surprised, then, at seeing me offer you a restitution. I am rich, and wish to repay the losses you suffered for my father's sake in the hour of untold hardships, until now we and our "Ma, foi," exclaimed the young man,

half dazed with astonishment, "but if you live. Our gratitude to you shall know no are the devil he is the most charming being | bounds." I ever met in my life!" He offered her his hand and sat down

beside her. Three days after they were spending their honeymoon at the watering-place of Bagnere-de-Bigorre. - From the French of

Philibert Audebran, in New York World.

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.

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class work and style. Patterns of cloths and measurement forms for self-measurement sent to Ladies free

on application. MANCHESTER.

ROBERTSON. and ALLISON.

A TALE OF OLD JAPAN.

tury Kotsuke-no-Suke was the lord of even the princes of the surrounding coun-Soma, a rich agricultural district contain- try, besought the lord of Soma to be merciing 136 villages. Kotsuke-no-Suke was a ful; the bloody tyrant was inexorable. hard, grasping landlord, who oppressed Sogoro and his wife were condemned to be his peasants by heavy taxes until they crucified, and their three sons, aged 7, 10 were reduced to the last extremity of poverty. Year after year the wretched beheaded in the presence of their parents. farmers petitioned their lord, through the village mayors, to have their burdens what means the lord of Soma procured the

the mayor of one of the villages, and himtrodden peasants. He now advised them good of our people."

to draw up a petition to the shogun's cabi
"Well said, wife," responded Sogoro, to draw up a petition to the shogun's cabichosen to go to Yeddo to present the "Well, these are odd series of coinci- memorial to the cabinet. Knowing the on the eve of his departure, called his family together and said :

"I am going to Yeddo, and it may be that I shall never return, for it is hard to present with a graceful bow and in a pleas- I had forgotten. I have still got the devil's say how I shall be treated by those in life for the good of our suffering fellowwine together, for it may be that you shall spirit, and you shall be canonized as a see my face no more. If I die, mourn not saint; you shall become a tutelar deity over my fate-weep not for me."

Sogoro and his companions went to Yeddo, and there they soon learned of the riotous living of their spendthrift lord, and they wept when they reflected that all his wanton luxury was bought with the life blood of their famishing friends at Soma. | ized as a Buddhist saint. - W. C. Kitchin in Come there at 9 o'clock; knock at the third In a few days they had an opportunity of New York Ledger. presenting their petition to Lord Kuze, a member of the cabinet, and they all felt Was this a mystery or was it a freak? elated that the great nobleman had con-Fernand reflected a moment. "To go descended to listen to their grievances and to accept their memorial.

The action of Kotsuke-no-Suke's tenants created no little stir in Yeddo, and many observations upon that nobleman and his style of living were made that could scarcely be called complimentary. But it does not do for people living in glass house to throw stones. All the members of the shogun's cabinet had at one time or another been guilty of oppressing their own peasants, and it would be extremely awkward for them now to sit in judgment upon Kotsuke no-Suke. So it was decided to return the petition to the complainants. Accordingly Sogoro received a summons to appear at the residence of Lord Kuze. There he was met by two councilors, who handed him the ill-starred memorial, say-

"A short time ago you had the audacity to thrust this petition into the hands of Lord Kuze. By his extraordinary clemency he forgives your offense, but beware that

"His lordship's censure is just," humbly responded Sogoro. "But, oh, my lords? this action of ours is not hasty or ill considered. Year after year have we suffered friends are without even the necessaries of petition. I pray you, lords, consider our case-vouchsafe to help us that we may

"Your request is a just one," replied the councilors, when they had heard the words of Sogoro, "but your memorial cannot be received,"

Disheartened beyond measure Sogoro sought out his companions and acquainted them with the result of their efforts. It was a gloomy evening which the Soma men spent together, discussing with tearful voices the desperate extremity to which the failure of their plans had reduced themselves and their friends. At last Sogoro

"There is still one thing left for us to: we can appeal to our lord's master, the shogun. I know it is a capital offense for a commoner to approach his majesty, yet,

for the sake of my suffering brethren, I shall sacrifice myself that their wrongs may be made known and happily righted. On the morrow, therefore, do you all, except six men, return to Soma and tell our poor friends to have stout hearts, for there is yet hope for them."

Sogoro had from the first been recog-nized as the leading spirit of the enterprise, and his companions now made haste to follow out his suggestions. The intrepid farmer and his six associates drew up a new memorial setting forth their grievance in a plain, straightforward manner, and earnest- out the Dominion, has reason to bless Frily appealing for redress.

We are prepared TO MAKE UP retainers that were escorting his majesty, TO ORDER, in the Latest Style, all kinds and thrust the petition into the hands of of COATS, MANTLES, JACKETS, or COACH- the shogun. The daring farmer was seized and hurried off to prison. Iyemitsu was a just ruler, and gave the peasants' memorial his careful attention. The result of it all was that Kotsuke-no-Suke was ordered to reduce his tenants' taxes to a proper he had wrongfully deprived them of.

The lord of Soma was a very angry man, but, though he might rage and vow venge-

But, alas for poor Sogoro, the irrevoc- ed in his own words, "I am a new man." able law of the nation pronounced his offence deserving of death, and he was of life and death over their peasant vassals, treatment .- Advt. and now the cruel Kotsuke-no-Suke, thirsting for vengeance, determined to destroy the whole family of Sogoro. In vain his In the first half of the seventeenth cen- tenants, his samurai, his councilors, and and 13, respectively, were ordered to be

On the day of the execution all the inhabitants of the 136 villages of Soma aslightened, but without avail. Being a sembled to bid Sogoro and his wife faremember of the shogun's cabinet, Kotsuke- well and to encourage them with their no-Suke spent a greater part of the year presence and prayers. There was not one in Yeddo, where he maintained a private palace and a host of retainers. His exthat did not call down the blessing of travagance gave rise to much comment in heaven upon the martyrs, while curses, the capital, but few of the haughty nobles deep and bitter, were hurled against the who frequented his entertainments knew by hated Kotsuke-no-Suke. After the parents were made fast to the crosses the three vast sums of money necessary to support boys were led forth and beheaded in their sight. Friends received the bodies and In the fall of the year 1643 the farmers | bore them away to prepare them for burial.

"Remember, my husband, that from the ilies were threatened with starvation during | fate. What though our bodies be digracethe winter. The stoutest-hearted among fully exposed on these crosses, we have ent hopelessness of their situation. Sogoro, fore, mourn not. Let us fix our minds upon death; we are drawing near to paraself a farmer, had been throughout all their dise and shall soon be with the saints. Let vicissitudes the stanch friend of the down- us cheerfully lay down our lives for the

net, and then to select a committee to go gayly. "I am happy because I have atup to Yeddo and present it to that body. tained my heart's desire. Our petition was When the evil doings of their lord were successful; had I 500 lives, and could I known to his fellow-councilors their up- 500 times assume this shape of mine, I

Then the executionor, taking his spear, thrust it into the side of O Man and into the side of her husband, and both died there in the sight of the sorrowing peasants. And Kotsuke-no-Suke's chief councillor, when all was over, came and knelt down before the dead body of the farmer and

"Although you were but a peasant you saved your brethren. You bruised your bones and crushed your heart for their sakes. Honors shall yet be paid to your among the people of Soma."

And so it came to pass. The farmers of Soma made the grave of Sogoro a place of prayer, and gradually came to look upon him as divine. Finally, a temple arose in his honor, and he was at length duly canon-



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TOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, 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, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50; SOAP, 35c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily of skin prevented by Cuticura Soap. Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN Plaster, the only pain-killing plaster, 30c.

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DYSPEPTICURE may now be obtained from all Druggists. Price 26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street, 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. Not Such a Bad Day, After All.

Poor Friday has been sadly abused. Let Friday.

And so we might go through our chrono-logical tables and find that hundreds of events, which have hastened the progress of our race happened on Friday. Mr. D. S. Davidson, of Montreal, a gentleman who is day. For years he suffered from dyspepsia. Shortly after, while the shogun, Iyemitsu, was on his way to Uyeno to worship at the tombs of his ancestors, Sogoro connausea, gnawing at the pit of the stomach, trived to break through the troop of armed | gulping up of wind, heartburn, loss of retainers that were escorting his majesty, flesh, sallow skin, dizziness, failing sight. furred tongue, foul breath, constipation, heart troubles. Sleeplessness added to the sufferings of Mr. Davidson. He also had severe pains in his back, and when he took any solid food was in agony for hours.

He tried several doctors, but with no relief. One Friday he heard of a medicine amount, and to return to them the money that was advertised as a cure for dyspepsia and all nervous diseases. He tried it that same day, and it did more for him than all the doctors. This medicine, which he comance upon the heads of his tenants, he had menced using on that fortunate Friday, was to obey the orders of his chief. And thus Paine's Celery Compound. He was soon relief came at last to the long suffering able to sleep well, and his food did not hurt him. His present condition is best express-

Building up and strengthening the nervous system, Paine's Celery Compound has turned over to his legal lord for execution. great curative powder in dyspepsia. It is In feudal Japan the nobility held the power a very easy, safe and reliable method of

No Dock Contracts in Ohio.

They should go slow on that Ohio Alderman arrested while attempting to crack a safe. His town wasn't digging any sewers, laying out any parks, voting any franchises to street railroads or building any city buildings, and he had to do something to make the position pay. Burglary was the only thing left to him.—Ex.

Long on Clothes; Short on Cash.

Travers (totailor)-You'll have to measure me over this time. I guess I've grown

Tailor-You must be mistaken, sir. The last time I called on you you were shorter than ever-Clothier and Furnisher.

Misleading Politeness.

"She his wife? She can't be!" "But she is." "Well, that beats me."

-Chicago Times.

"He lifted his hat to her when they met."

Consumption Cured. An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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'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.

18.55 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, Houlton

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, Heulton, 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. Woodstoo 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. †4.30 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, 9.30 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

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1888, 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 dation for Point du Chene......11.10

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 Satur-

day 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, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moneton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889. Buctonche and Moncton Railway.

On and after 8th APRIL, Trains will run as follows:

Leave Buctouche, 7.30 | Leave Moncton, 15.30 Arr. Moncton....10.00 | Arr. Buctouche, 17.30 C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 5th April, 1889.

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination.

Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND,

Proprietor

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of

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