In order not to mislead the reader I will say at once our hero has nothing but the name in common with the conqueror of Pharsalia. The Cæsar whose death I am going to sing was, in life, an honest creature devoid of ambition, who never would have wept with jealousy on seeing the statue of Alexander. He led a pure and tranquil existence, fulfilled the modest duties confided to him and practiced in silence all the virtues compatible with his social

From father to son the ancestors of Cæsar had faithfully served the house of Aubainville that held in the colony of Louisiana a position like that of the proud seigneurs of Brittany before the Revolution. Like his ancestors Cæsar was loving, devoted, faithful. It would have been difficult to find a handsomer dog than Cæsar, for Cæsar was a dog. If he had been a man his eminent qualities must have won recognition long since and there would be no need for me to write his biography thus tardily.

His full-length portrait which adorns the dining-room of Aubainville plantation shows that he was tall, with a proudly-arched head set on massive shoulders; that he had a finely molded body and slender loins as became a strong but beautiful and graceful dog. His coat was white with brindle stripes like a tiger's; his muzzle was short, but his ears were long and silky, and without being an expert in canine physiology any one looking at this portrait may trace the noble breeds of bull-dog and greyhound which produced Cæsar.

In the winter of 1814 Cæsar was three years old. On his neck he wore a simple copper ring, polished till it shone like fine gold, and on this ring hung a little medal-Lon indicating that Cæsar belonged to Mlle. Henriette Aubainville.

At this epoch the plantation of Aubainville no longer wore the aspect of life and well-being that formerly impressed its guests in the good times when Louisiana still belonged to France. Situated three miles from New Orleans and accessible by the plantation served for a pleasure house to the noble Creoles of the city and the neighboring planters. There was perpetual carnival, the stream of guests constantly arriving twice outnumbered the rivulet of those who felt reluctantly compelled to take their leave. Then the gentry when they boasted of the profuse Southern hosby a reference to our dear Monsieur Aubainville and his "Chateau."

Nature and man had united their efforts to change this sort of things and to rob submerging vast rich fields now flowed within a stone's throw of the house. Men in the city and on the plantation now frowned when they heard the name of their former host pronounced. For M. Aubainville had chosen to take what the Creoles called the wrong side of a burning question. While the purchase of Louisiana by the United States was still under consideration, his arguments in its favor were heard with resignation because his auditors were persuaded that it never would be carried

But when the project became an accomplished fact, a storm of indignation broke over M. Aubainville's head that could scarcely have been more bitter had he been the sole agent of the sale. Old; stories were dressed up to defame him; it was remembered that he had corresponded with Jefferson, that he had sent two of his sons against Tripoli and that his third and last son, instead of remaining at home to add his cry to Louisiana's indignant protest, was at the North, enrolled in the ranks of an army of merchants.

It was true, indeed, that M. Aubainville the younger was not at home by the side of his daughter and his father. The old man and Henriette lived quite alone in the ruinous old house protected only by Lapierre, a faithful servant who had refused to leave his master, and by Cæsar that was the little girl's constant companion.

Henriette was a pretty child of thirteen years, whose sweet face, because of the misfortunes of her race, wore an expression of gentle melancholy. She tended her grandfather with loving care. In the morning when Aubainville awoke, the first face he saw was Henriette's, and she even learned of the colored aunty who cooked for this little family how to make some dainties, for which the old man had once expressed a liking, with her own childish hands. She read aloud to distract him, and when sad thoughts sent a cloud over her grandfather's forehead Henriette put herself at his knee and sang a gay chanson. M. Aubainville listened and the sadness of order to persuade his father to retreat his heart dissipated little by little at the sound of the child's voice. He placed his to a place of safety he had procured for through a window of the gallery and saw two hands on Henriette's forehead and him. lifted with an absent gesture the shining bands of her blonde hair.

Later in the day M. Aubainville taught Henriette her English lesson. He liked to have her speak in that tougue to him, and he impressed upon her mind the fact of flight. Too old to resist he wished at that America, wherein she had been born, least to face danger in the home of his anas well as her tather before her, was her native country. At other times the old man and his grandchild knelt side by side on a beautiful ebony Pre-Dieu. grandsire prayed for the souls of his two boys slain in the holy cause of liberty and for the third who, perhaps, was awaiting God give you happier days." the same fate. The child prayed for her tather. And when this man who had given fortune, slaves, and family to God and his country had ended what he owed to God, he cried: Vive la liberte! and the young girl's treble voice would repeat the loyal cry which was perhaps issuing from the dying lips of the last Aubainville after a reflecting the fire, fixed lovingly on his glance tell on him he would half rise, extend two paws and beat the carpet joyously with his tail. He never lost sight of her by day and at night he slept across her threshold after the custom of the gentlemen of the bed chamber of the ancient

kings of Portugal.

ized Henriette. At a gesture from her he mitage was Cæsar's proudest duty. As direction his countenance changed. A valued; that firm jaw, piercing eye and those long cruel teeth might well trighten All at once he rose off an assault of wolves.

One day Lapierre, the faithful servant of Aubainville, returned from New Orleans, fright painted on his face. It was said there that the lawless element of the city reinforced by renegade Spaniards and some of the hot-blooded French who preferred to consort with criminals rather than seem by silence to acquiesce in the annexation, had begun a series of depredations on the peace of law-abiding citizens which had as many It was answered by the voice of a bloodvaried explanations as there were elements | hound in the boat. Cæsar listened inin the band. These men performed their | tently and seemed uncertain whether or deeds of terror at night, and no one knew exactly who or what they were, or where they would burn and intimidate next. Moreover, the approach of the British under Packenham had aroused them to a frenzy of mistaken patriotism, to speak only of the best affected portion of the terrorists, whose ranks had been swollen by light-headed Creoles, who declared they would prefer the domination of even "perfidious Albion" to that of the Yankees. The city lay trembling like a man who has taken poison and who yet has not the courage to die. There were riots in every courage to die. There were riots in every from Tripoli, in case they discovered his street of the French quarter nightly and retreat. This remnant of the old regime water from the lower levee as well as by a these seldom terminated otherwise than in would not like to die en neglige. As soon and died. fine road through a thickly wooded country the letting of blood or the burning of as he had seen the door made fast upon a building. Several of the conservative them, Casar lay down in front of the leaders of the popular sentiment in favor of | threshold. annexation had been harried by the rioters, their goods destroyed, their dwellings put to the torch, and themselves carried to the gates. But more than this Lapierre had to relate; not content with carrying on their internal practices within the town, the pitality never failed to point their remarks | leaders were said to advocate a descent | warned, opened it and was immediately upon the outlying plantations, and Aubainville, which lay so near, could hardly escape receiving a visit from them. M. Aubainville heard this news like a Christian and Aubainville of its wealth and popularity. an old soldier. But when he looked at vant. The group made ugly grimaces, but The river had swept away the levee that Henriette his eyes suddenly filled with they perceived the carriage around the cortormerly terminated the garden and after tears. She was so young, so beautiful, so ner of the house. good! At her birth a smiling future had seemed to open before her. Beside her cradle a tender mother and a noble father had sat hand in hand, mapping out for the search." their darling a brilliant and happy life.

> "The will of God be done!" said M.Aubainville, furtively wiping his cheek, "and Vive la Liberte!"

more than probable that of all her family

only one, and he only an old man, re-

"Vive la Liberte!" cried Henriette. "Vive la Liberte!" repeated a third voice

in a deep, grave tone. Frantically barking, Cæsar leaped on the new-comer and licked his hand. He was a tall man wearing a broad brimmed hat that shaded his face, while a military cloak draped around his form hid the rest to battle and die in the navy of the States of his costume. He stood on the thres-

> man. The stranger gave Cæsar a caress as if to thank him for his recognition, threw his mantle over a chair and revealed himself. "Father!"-"My son!" at the same instant cried Henriette and M. Au-

> The officer pressed them in turn to his heart, repeating in a stifled tone, "My father! my child!"

He was the last heir of Aubainville. He came from the environs of New Orleans, where he had left the division he commanded in the American army under General and his spurs bloody. When his first emo- the stair. tion was calmed he took his father aside and explained the motive of his visit. The depredations of the lawless and fanatical classes were deepening in horror with every day that an engagement between the British and American forces became more down motionless. imminent. Even in the event of a victory for the latter the state of the country would remain dangerous to those who had openly espoused the American cause. Profiting by a moment of respite he had taken horse in out of danger and ascend the Mississippi

"I demand it, not solely for you, my father, but for this poor child, for Henriette, our joy, our hope. Can you refuse to

save her life?" M. Aubainville at first rejected all idea cestors, but his son was eloquent. The face of Henriette, also, which begged per-

mission for her to approach, did the rest. "Come, my daughter, come," said the old man tenderly. "Once in my life I will turn my back, but you shall live and may

M. Aubainville the younger had taken man who started to sound the wall drew his measures in advance. As it was more back like a terrified child. Cæsar lay than likely the marauders would approach by boat, he had determined to draw off his family by skirting the city, and embarking them at a point above. This circuit they would make escorted by his own suite back and M. Aubainville showed himself composed of six tried soldiers. He rode battle which repelled the British invaders. | back to the city to bring them off and it | All this time Cæsar would lie at full length was resolved that they should quit the to face the danger. In this supreme moin the corner of the salon, his gray eyes, plantation that night. Meanwhile Lament his tall figure was proudly drawn up, pierre was charged to put in order one of his lofty countenance, around which waved mistress. And if by chance Henriette's the carriages which had stood idle for years, under the coach house, and to prepare the horses.

However courageous they may be by nature, children of Henriette's age cannot face death without flinching. But she had are you not?" hardly comprehended the danger which "I am," rep menaced her before it was offset by the When Henriette went out of doors protection of her father and she felt almost Cæsar bounded in front of her. He ran gay. But it was not without a secret grief wildly the length of the great walks, that she saw herself about to bid adieu to leaped and rolled, but his first paroxysm the old mansion where she had spent her over he soon returned to put his muzzle in infancy. Sorrow and care beyond her

THE DEATH OF CESAR, Casar loved M. Aubainville, but he idol- feeling, and she went here and there, into every room of the old house, giving a sad the other with a rude laugh. "We want would abandon a bone and if she had or- look to everything and contemplating her your sword. Come on! Give us your old dered it, he would, no doubt, have signed | home for what was, perhaps, the last time. a treaty of peace with a certain cat, en- Cæsar followed her everywhere and looktrenched on the ridges of the mansion, ing up into her face he seemed to compreagainst which he carried on a hereditary hend and to sympathize with her regret. vendetta. At the end of the old park of At last Henriette descended to the garden Aubainville, sadly ruined by the flood, for she wished to visit once more the goal there stood a little hermitage, where Henof her daily walk, the hermitage. She riette was accustomed to spend the hours | traversed the neglected park under the while her grandfather was sleeping or read- escort of Cæsar, and halted on a mound at ing. To escort her to and from this her- the entrance to the hermitage, casting as she did so an inquiring look over the soon as he saw her turn her steps in that | bayou into the tangled cypress glade which concealed the river. Then she sat down moment before he might have been racing on the threshold of the familiar building widely through the long, untrimmed grass, and gave up her spirit to revery. Cæsar but he would moderate his excitement in- lay down at her feet, his head resting on stantly and assume a grave manner, as if he his paws with his eyes half closed to avoid felt the responsibility of his office. In a ray of the setting sun which played fact, his protection was not to be under- among his reddish eye lashes. The dog

All at once he rose and uttered a deep growl. With head erect and neck stretched forward he darted a fierce glance in the direction of the river. Henriette tollowed his eyes and saw a pirogue laden with men come stealing slowly around the bend.

She stood upon her trembling limbs, but fear at length gave her strength and she ran like the wind back to the house. Cæsar stopped an instant on the mound to launch a menacing growl across the water. not to respond. Then he turned and with

At Aubainville, as in most old Southern houses built during the Spanish domination, there were concealed chambers and secret doors. Henriette preceded the marauders by a quarter of an hour, which gave her time to conquer her grandfather's scruples. The old hero finally consented to hide himself in a secret chamber, after having taken his sword and hung around his neck a medal sent home by his son

Some minutes after, three desperadoes, a mulatto servant, and a man well known in the gambling houses of New Orleans, who was reputed to be a retired smuggler, presented themselves at the front door of the house. Lapierre, who had not been made prisoner.

"Where is your master?" demanded the smuggler.

"At Nashville," replied the faithful ser-

"Miserable traitor!" cried one. "You have lied to Louisiana. To earth with him, comrades. Bind him and let us commence

They bound Lapierre to an iron ring in Alas, her mother was dead, her father's front of the stable. That done the leader fate wrapped in uncertainty, and it was run ahead his bloodhound. "Set on!" he cried, "set on!"

The blood-hound gave an ominous bay and bounded up the stair-case. The four men followed encouraging him.

No sooner had they gone than Lapierre tried to break his bonds, but the enemies had knotted them tight and the poor fellow made little progress.

"If I were free," he thought, "I would go to meet my young master and hurry his men forward. Then—ah!"

Meanwhile the band had lost sight of the bloodhound in the interminable corridors of the first floor, but they followed, guided by the sound of his bay and they urged him forward with the terms of venery "Who are you, sir?" demanded the old hideously applied to this abominable

"He'll find 'em," said the leader, "he don't lose the scent. They can't get away."

As he spoke a death-like stillness fell upon the house. The bloodhound's bays were no longer heard. He had caught sight of Cœsar who now rose stealthily on his four feet. The two beasts glared for a moment face to face. Both were robust animals, full of ardor, strength and suppleness. The bloodhound showed his double row of white and pointed teeth. "Set on! Jackson. His boots were white with dust | Set on! My beauty!" cried a voice from

The hound bounded forward. Cæsar sprang and caught him by the throat. The bloodhound shook himself convulsively for a second, then he uttered a smothered growl, leaped high pawing the air and fell

Cæsar without another glance at his fallen enemy went and lay down again in his old place. The bloodhound was dead. "Where is my dog?" cried the man in the corridor. "Set on! Set on!"

There came no answering bay. And to increase their rage the invaders looked Lapierre, who had finally succeeded in getting free, gallop madly down the road.

The group advanced blindly. They were not long in discovering the chamber where lay the dead body of the bloodhound. Next they distinguished in a shadowy corner the flaming eyes of Cæsar.

"Here we are, boys!" cried one, "this monster has killed our dog. We'll avenge him. Sound the wall; the rogue's hole is not far off."

The men advanced. Cæsar with his body trembling, his hair erect, fiercely snuffed the air. His belly touched the floor. His eyes darted fire. The first down again.

"Fire!" some one cried, and three muskets were leveled at the devoted animal. At this moment the hidden door rolled on the threshold. He had heard all, and seeing discovery certain he had come forth a fringe of white hair, shone with resolve. The men drew back, but one of them

summoned his audacity. "There you are!" said he, "I guess you are our man. You are old Aubainville

"I am," replied the old man in a measured tone, "Raoul, Amadee, Yves d' Aubainville, descended from a father of the same name. What is your will with me?" "The old Aubainville who ten years ago helped give Louisiana to the Yankees?"

over he soon returned to put his muzzle in infancy. Sorrow and care beyond her the gravel at the foot of his suzeraine. | infancy. Sorrow and care beyond her the same," said M. Aubainville without gravel at the foot of his suzeraine. | wears had made her almost a woman in out flinching, "What do you wish?"

"Your sword, old fellow," responded rapier."

"Come and take it," replied M. Aubainville who put himself resolutely on guard. The spokesman of the marauders, pleased at the prospect of an easy victory, drew and aimed a thrust at the old man, who parried feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself before him to turn the second thrust, but Cosar planted himself in front of Henriette. It was Cæsar who received the sword in his breast.

"Pity!" cried the young girl, falling on her knees. The man replied with a laugh and brandished his bloody sword. "Shout for the British and I'll let you off," he said to the old man.

"Vive la Republique!" cried M. Aubain-ville, putting himself on guard. "Vive la Republique!" cried another

voice from the threshold. The assassin's sword which was already threatening the old man's breast, fell. He turned in fear. M. Aubainville's son and six of his troop entered the chamber. In a

turn of the hand the marauders were disarmed, bound and thrown into a corner. Henriette, laughing and crying, embraced her father, kissed her grandfather, and ran to the window to wave her thanks to La-

"Now let us set out," said her father. The carriage stood ready at the end of the gravel walk. M. Aubainville mounted first. When Henriette stepped up she felt herself held back by her dress and looking little bounds he soon overtook his panting around she saw Cæsar whose tading eyes piteously implored a farewell caress. A trail of blood on the gravel marked his

"Oh, my Cæsar! my Cæsar!" Henriette knelt down and held to her breast the head of the faithful creature. Cæsar moved his tail joyously and tried to give a bark of happiness. "We have time to dress his wound and take him with us. Oh, say yes! Papa, grandfather!"

Cæsar licked her hands, looked gratefully in her face as if he understood, then he stretched his full length on the gravel

Two years after, Henriette and her father returned to their old home and went at once to work to restore its ancient walls. But before any other thing was done for either comfort or adornment, Henriette caused to be painted from a sketch she

For freight or passage, apply to Jas. F. Phelan & Son, R. B. Gardener, Man'g. Phelan's Wharf, Lewis Wharf (East side) Boston. Halifax, N. S. caused to be painted from a sketch she drew, the portrait which hangs in the dining-room at Aubainville, the portrait of Cæsar. - Willis Steell.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Look to the seaside resorts for true democracy. There every one is in the swim. -Baltimore American.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.—Washington Star

She: They say Mrs. Veriplane can hypnotize; do you suppose it is true? He: Shouldn't wonder; she got Veriplane

De Poker—That stranger is an English lord in disguise. De Club-How do you know? De Poker-I caught him cheating at cards .- New York Weekly. Landladies' ways are smooth as silk;

They're not the truthful souls they seem. Note how they pass the thrice-skimmed milk And ask us: "Won't you have some cream?"

Amy-Is it true that your engagement with Mr. Hunker is broken off? Mabel (holding up her left hand)-No; you can see for yourself that I am still in the ring. -Puck

Immigrant—"At last I am in free America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?" Native
-- "Y-e-s, unless he's married."—New York Weekly.

Miss Pearl White-I wish you to paint my portrait. Dobbins-I'm sorry, madam; but I can't do it. Miss Pearl White-Why not? Dobbins-I never copy other paintings .- Puck.

Mrs. Homebody-"See here! do you call this good measure? This can isn't half full." Milkman - "That's all right, mum, It's condensed milk, you know, mum."-Boston Transcript. "Great heavens!" exclaimed the world

the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American continent with a point lace cloud. "Did anyone ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"-"I wish I were like champagne," he

sighed. "Ah," she queried. "Yes," he continued. "It sparkles so." "And it pops sometimes," she mused softly, but he was too stupid for any use.—Detroit Free

Friend—The gossips have formulated a regular indictment against your character. They say you were a terrible flirt while abroad. Do you plead guilty? American girl-Ye-e-es; to three counts .- New York Weekly.

Mrs. Gadby-Mrs. Henry Peck has her husband in complete subjection. Mrs. Clatter-From what do you judge? Mrs. Gadby-I asked him a question the other night, and he turned to her and said: "Let me think."-Puck.

"Well, this is Act 1st," said the summer youth as he put his arm around her and drew her tenderly to him. "And it is also scene 1st," replied the summer girl as she pointed to her frowning chaperon standing not ten feet away .- Lite.

Cadby-Why do you always go away when you see me coming, as if you wanted to shake me? When a girl's engaged to a fellow- Maud-Oh, but Algernon, you know what the doctors say-"Shake well before taking."-Boston Post.

"What are you crying about, my little man?" "Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."-Life. "But are you sure. Madeline, that there

are not times when you regret our engagement?" "Haven't I had proposals from many men-handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men-and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you, dear?"-Life. Mr. Watts--Mrs. Briggs and her hus-

band seem to be such a happy pair. Mrs. Potts—Yes, they are so considerate of each other. She tells me that they had been married three years before either one knew that they were both fond of onions .- Indianapolist Journal.

Large assortment Picnic Prizes, at whole-sale prices at McArthur's Book Store King street.

STEAMERS.

ON TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Hampton at half-past 3 o'clock p. m. same days. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way. Fare for the round trip, fifty cents. No excursion

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. "CITY OF MONTICELLO."

ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. ILL, on and after 22nd June, and until 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the company's pier, St. John, at 7.30 a. m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; connecting at the former with the Western Counties railway for Yarmouth, and points west; and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning, due at St. John 6.30 p.m.

SPECIAL NOTICE. At the request of those who wish to spend Sunday in Nova Scotia, excursion tickets will be issued by the above steamer on Saturday, good to return Monday, at one and a third fare, during the months of July and August. Howard D. Troop, Manager, St. John, N. B.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY

BOSTON for \$3.00

THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a asant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capipleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia capital to Boston. Leaving Phelan's wharf, Halifax at 4 ocl'ock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern bound trains, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe and of returning home in good season to Universe, and of returning home in good season to get back to business duties Monday morning.

The palatial ocean greyhound,

STATE OF INDIANA, 2,500 tons, commanded by Capt. Doane, is the largest, handsomest fitted, and best sea-going boat

largest, handsomest fitted, and best sea-going boat on the route. She has first-class passenger accommodation for 500, and cabin room for as many more. The old reliable and popular CARROL,

1,400 tons, commanded by Capt. Brown, is, without doubt, the most widely-known passenger carrying steamship plying between New England and the provinces.

These steamers make the through trip from Boston to Charlottetown, P. E. I., calling at Halifax and Port Hawkesbury each way.

The marvellously low rate (\$3) from Halifax to Boston is the cheapest of any of the lines running out of Boston, and the accommodation by the B. H. and P. E. I. steamers is unexcelled.



On the Rhine of America. STAR LINE.

FOR FREDERICTON, ETC.

A North End, every morning (Sunday excepted) for the Celestial city at 9 a.m. Returning, will leave Fredericton at 8 a.m. Fare, \$1. Steamers of this line connect with steamer Florenceville and railways for up river counties. Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c.; Hampstead, 50c. A steamer will leave St. John, North End, every Saturday night at 6 00 p.m. for Hampstead and all way landings. Returning, due at St. John at 8.30 a.m., Monday.

On the Romantic Blue,

Belisle Bay steamer, Springfield, will leave St. John, North End, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m., calling at all way landings; returning on alternate days.

For the fair Washdemoak Lake, the peoples old time favorite and right protector Steamer, Soulanges, will leave her wharf, St. John, N. End, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m., for the Narrows. Washdemoak: returning due on for the Narrows, Washdemoak; returning due on alternate days at 1.30 p.m. Freight and Fare at the usual low rates.

G. F. BAIRD, J. E. PORTER.

International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

DAILY LINE (Sunday) FOR BOSTON



OMMENCING June 22, Sept. 12th, the Steamers of sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, as follows: MONDAY, WEDNES-DAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY mornings, at 7.25 standard for Eastport

FRIDAY Morning for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a.m. FARES.—St. John to Boston, \$4.50; Portland, \$4.00. Return Tickets at reduced rates. Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen.

For further information apply to

C. E. LAECHLER,

Reed's Point Wharf.

New York, Maine, and New Brunswick STEAMSHIP CO.

ST. JOHN AND NEW YORK.

I'HE S. S. "WINTHROP," of this line will re-

sume Weekly Service between St. John and New York as follows: Leave New York, Pier 49, E.R., on SATURDAYS, at 5.00 p.m., for Eastport and St. John; and

Leave St. John (New York Pier, North End), on TUESDAYS, at 3.00 p. m., for Eastport and The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation

for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents.

Gen'l Freight and Pass. Ag'nt. F. H. SMITH & CO., Gen. Manager, 17 and 19 William Street, New York.

Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End. St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

ANDREW PAULEY, For ONE MONTH Only.

FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUT-TER with JAS. S. MAY & SON, begs leave to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his

No 70 Prince Wm. Street.

with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic makes. Suitable for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed First-class, at

70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.



RAILWAYS.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.

EXPRESS TRAIN will leave every SUNDAY MORNING for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate stations, West Side at 8 a. m., cona. m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 5 p. m.. arriving at St. John at 8.15 p. m. Standard time.

TICKETS ONE FARE, good to return Monday. F. J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. HARVEST EXCURSIONS

NORTH-WEST.

From all Stations on C. P. R. in New Brunswick, METHVEN,

HARTNEY,
DELORAINE,
MOOSOMIN,
BINSCARTH, \$33.00 \$35.00

To leave all points in New Brunswick, on AUGUST 10th. AUGUST 17th. Return until AUGUST 31st. Return until Oct. 11th, 1891.

\$40.00

Rates from all points on Intercolonial, Windsor & Annapolis, and Prince Edward Island Railways. \$5,00 More than Rates named above.

Apply to any Ticket Agent Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Prince Edward Island, and Annapolis Railways. & Annapolis Railways. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't. St. John, N. B

Shore Line Ry.

ST. JOHN AND ST. STEPHEN.

Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen. ONLY 3 HOURS and 15 MINUTES.

Elegant Passenger Car, Luxurious Smoking Car.

The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridges replaced by new ones.

FINE SCENERY.—The scenery of mountain and valley along this road cannot be surpassed.

PICNICS.Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Excur-

SATURDAY EXCURSIONS. Return Tickets at ONE FARE, good to return on Monday. Special lowrates to parties of five or more.

The company has hired for the season the

Grounds of Dr. Reynolds, Lepreaux.

The beauty and advantages of these grounds for Picnics cannot be surpassed. The Company have provided and fitted up on these grounds, Tables, Swings, Stoves, abundant shelter in case of rain, and other conveniences. EXPRESS TRAIN leaves St. John (West side) daily, at 7.34 a. m., connecting with Ferry leaving East side at 7.14 a. m., arrives St. Stephen at 10.45

a. m. Returning, leaves St. Stephen at 2.45 p. m. arriving at St. John, at 6 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves St. John (West) at 1.34 p.m. (Ferry leaves East side at 1.04 p.m.) for St. Stephen, arriving at St. Stephen at 6.05 p.m. Returning, leaves St. Stephen at 7.30 a.m., arriving at St. John at 12.15 p.m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. No charge for Commercial travellers' excess Baggage received and delivered at Moulson's Water Street.

Company's office, No. 3 Pugsley's Building. Tele-phone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Philps, 97 Prince William street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, FRANK J. McPEAKE,

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.60

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 16.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 16.10

ast Express from Chicago, Montreal and

The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heater by steam from the locomotive.

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

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 17th June, 1891.



HAIR STORE 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS