

## ALL AT HAZELDEAN.

Three School Mistresses Whose Lives Were Tinged with Romance.

## MY PARENTS' QUARREL.

I was well aware that my father, who was a man of considerable literary ability, and mother had very early in their married life had a serious quarrel. However, the reconciliation that brought them together again must have been complete, for though they are both dead now, yet during the years I knew what it was to have them no days could have been happier or brighter than theirs. My father was possessed of independent means; my mother, I believe, was poor and an orphan. The marriage, I learnt in after years, was strongly against the wishes of my father's father; indeed, for some considerable period he refused either to see him or his wife, my mother. But the quarrel which cast a cloud over a happy life was never told to me during their lifetime.

It was only a few weeks ago that I found in the corner of a box a parcel which I am convinced now must have contained the story of their one great quarrel. Untying the string I found a copy of *A Love that Lasts for Ever*, a novel which had brought my father into prominence. My mother's diary was there, too, some odd letters, torn and faded, and in the pocket of the diary an advertisement cut out of a newspaper. A few words in the diary gave me the clue, and after several evenings' labor I had fitted the dates together, and the whole thing lay before me, piece by piece, which told the story. They lie on the table before me now. First there is a note evidently hurriedly penned by my mother to my father. It reads:

"You have deceived me. I found the letter lying under your blotting-pad on your desk this morning. Oh, Harry, Harry! But I am going away—away where neither you nor anyone can find me. Good-bye.—Your broken-hearted wife, ADDIE."

An advertisement follows this:

**WANTED A SCHOOLMISTRESS.**—A lady is required to take charge of a village school. Age not more than 25.—References to and full particulars from Rev. Joseph W. Mackie, The Vicarage, Hazeldean, Kent.

The next link in the story seems to be provided from some pages out of my mother's diary:

"May 13th, 1847.—My sorrow is great, but everybody is so kind to me. I know he has cruelly deceived me. Who is this Agnes he wrote to? Oh to think that he should have used almost the same words of love to her as he often used towards me! I wish I could forget him, but I cannot. I see his face everywhere, and it is always looking at me. In the school-room when I am teaching the children; I cannot walk along the village street or cross the meadows without seeing him there. But, oh! at night, when I am alone in my little room and looking over the children's copy-books, then he comes and speaks to me. 'I am weary tonight.'"

"June 10th, 1847.—I have been here a month—a long, long month. The summer is here, but all my sunshine is gone. I think the children are learning to love me, and the villagers have all a kind word for me. I write their letters for them sometimes."

The other pages ran on in a similar strain, until August 3rd, when my mother writes: "I am going to the vicarage to tea tomorrow afternoon. This makes my third tea there since I have been at Hazeldean."

By August 4th the story has grown considerably. The writing is rapid, and some of it is scarcely discernible. There are spots on the paper as though my mother had cried whilst writing it. She says:

"I have just returned from the vicarage. I can scarcely write, my hand is trembling, my poor heart is breaking. What does it all mean? His father—Harry's father—my father. He was there. He lives here alone in the same spot that I do, but he does not know me; they do not know my real name here. I spoke to him—he spoke to me so kindly. Harry's father! Harry's father! He asked me to go and see him—a widower, he said, and without a dear one in the world. I saw the tears in his eyes when he said that. His right hand is paralyzed, he cannot use it, but he pressed my hand with the other. What shall I do? Let me think a moment! Shall I tell him who I am, or shall I try to win his love first? What would be the good, for Harry is not with me now? I can't write any more to-night."

"August 5th.—Mr. Oliver was passing by the school-house today just when I came out. He talked with me. If he only knew I was his daughter, would he speak to me then, I wonder? He wants me to go to his house tomorrow night to write a letter for him; his hand is quite powerless. His face looked paler than last night, and his voice trembled when he asked me. I said I would, and he seemed so relieved. How peaceful all seems tonight."

"August 6th.—Harry, Harry! I have written to him—to my husband—written to him for his father. He wants to see him, he was his favorite boy; he wants to see his wife, for the woman his dear boy chose must have been good and loving. He told me all that I already knew, but I did not say a word. Will Harry answer? Will he reply by coming himself? He must, for it is an invitation from his father to 'Come home again,' the father who refused him and me. He must, he must, for it is written with his wife's own hand—the wife who is wondering if there has been some great mistake, and who is longing to go home to him once more. How my father cried! He said, 'God bless you!' when I had finished writing to Harry, but he did not hear me say, 'God bless you,' too, for I said it in my heart. Can I wait? I want the days to be but moments now."

Then my mother's diary contains nothing more except two words written against the date—August 8th—but they tell everything: "Happy again." It was left to my father to finish the story, and he did so in that jolly and genial way of which I often think over as I sit by the fire here, and in the clouds of smoke from my pipe look at the pictures of the past once again.

It was on a slip of paper torn from his note-book, and it reads as follows:

"August 9th, 1847.—Plot for my next story. A young married author. He is busily engaged on a novel he is about to bring out, entitled, 'A Love that Lasts for Ever.' He has drafted out on a slip of paper a love-letter which the hero writes to Agnes, the heroine. The letter is very tender and passionate. The young married author leaves this letter on his desk. His wife finds it, and the foolish girl, without asking for an explanation, leaves him. She

goes as teacher to a village school. Hero's father there. Hero's father has refused to see his son for marrying against his wishes. He suffers from paralysis in his right hand. He wants to see his boy again. Gets pretty young teacher—no other than his son's wife—to write. She does. Husband answers by coming down himself. His father seizes him by the hand, his wife anxiously and timidly waiting with tears in her eyes. Young author takes from his pocket a copy of his latest success—'A Love that Lasts for Ever.' He bids his wife turn to page 267. She, with trembling hands, does so. It is the letter, the very letter, the letter to 'Agnes.' Finale—Husband, wife and father united together once again."

I think that I am not far wrong in regarding this as the true story of my parents' separation and subsequent reconciliation.

## TWO SCHOOLMISTRESSES.

On April 16th—and I have only just this moment remembered that this was the date of my mother's birthday—I told the foregoing story of 'My Parents' Quarrel.' This little story caught the eye of the vicar of Hazeldean, and recently I received the following letter from him:

"The Vicarage, Hazeldean, Kent.  
"DEAR SIR,—I have read your story, and I thought perhaps it might interest you to hear another little anecdote connected with the village school at which your mother was for a brief period the mistress. That was in 1847, and some of her old scholars here are now getting on in life, with children of their own; but, from inquiries I have made, many of them remember her well, and one of them showed me the book your mother gave to each of the school children when she went away, all of which she inscribed with her own hand. The story I want to tell you is of our late and present schoolmistresses, I shall be in town on Friday, when, if that day is quite convenient to you, I will call upon you and relate one of the happiest and homeliest stories of real life I have met with for some time."

"Yours very truly,  
"E. LESLIE MACKIE."

Accordingly I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Mackie, and he has only just bidden me good-bye, and I will now tell what I heard from the minister's lips.

The present vicar of Hazeldean is a young man of thirty, and has succeeded his father, who died some two years ago, and who had held the living for twenty-three years. Mr. Mackie could just remember the late schoolmistress coming. His father was a most peculiar man, and when he advertised, twenty-three years ago, for a new schoolmistress, he stated that the applicant must be without encumbrances, as he considered that a woman either married or with children would not be able to give that care and attention to the scholars which she should, had she any important domestic and family duties to occupy her mind.

The applicant was a Miss Bunting. She came to see the vicar, dressed in black and craped with conspicuous on her dress. She was very pretty, and remarkably intelligent, and easily got the post. She soon won her way to the hearts of the people of Hazeldean, and, indeed, her refined ways and striking face played havoc with the heart of a wealthy young gentleman farmer, and it was an open secret that he was in love with her. But she never encouraged his advances, gave up her whole thoughts to the school children, and it was noticeable that as year succeeded year, and the time of mourning must have long ceased with her, still she always dressed in black, very neat and very becoming, though after five years had passed away she allowed the crape to disappear. And the years flew by, ten, twenty years, and although nearing her fiftieth year at the time of the vicar's death, she still held the post.

"Now, sir," said the genial clergyman, "as you know, educational requirements progress by leaps and bounds. It was a worry to me in one way. The methods of teaching today are not what they were twenty years ago. You must not think me hard-hearted, but the fact of it is I determined in some way, and as kindly as possible, to replace Miss Bunting by a younger woman. I had made up my mind to provide her with a room and allow her a trifle a week out of my own pocket, though the living of Hazeldean is not a particularly wealthy one. I assure you. I broke the news as quietly as possible to Miss Bunting, and tried to instill into her mind that I was acting from purely conscientious motives. She cried very much and left the vicarage for her home. I put an advertisement in the papers. I met her a few days afterwards, and what a change! Whereas I thought it would almost break her heart to leave the children—I never saw her brighter or happier. She had actually cast off her black dress for one of a more happy color. Why, I could not understand."

"I had selected two of the applicants. One of them did not suit at all—her face did not suggest a love for children, and I soon bade her 'Good-day.' I saw the second one—a Miss Monckton. She walked into my study, and really she must have thought me quite rude. I stared at her for some moments, I could not help it."

"Are you not a friend of Miss Bunting's?" I asked. "Did I not see you here a month or two ago?"

"Oh, yes?" she replied; "I know her very well indeed."

"And would you not feel very uncomfortable, would it not interfere with your friendship, if you were to take her place?" I asked again.

"She knew you had written to me," was the reply, "and was very happy about it. She will now have her only friend in the world with her should I obtain the post, and—well, I am so fond of children, and Miss Bunting was anxious about that!"

"This settled it. Further inquiries revealed that Miss Monckton was a very capable young person, her manner was gentle and pleasant, and I engaged her, and she said she was prepared to commence duties as soon as I liked. When she left my study I sat wondering. Where had I seen that same face before; those kind blue eyes and wavy nut-brown hair? It seemed to be some recollection of my early childhood, of somebody who used to play with me, and give me little presents, but, who—who I could not remember."

"That same evening I was quietly sitting in my study preparing my sermon for the following Sunday. The verandah doors—leading on to the lawn—were open, for the weather was much warmer, and the last rays of the setting sun came full into my room, and seemed to light up the place. In the light of the sunshine over the lawn I saw a figure coming towards the vicarage. It was the new teacher, Miss Monckton. I rose and beckoned her to come in through the casement door, and she saw me. I stood waiting to receive her. I knew the face now well, and of whom it reminded

## A. E. Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St. Philadelphia, Pa.  
I have taken great deal of medicine, in my life, but no remedy ever helped me so much as Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.  
E. W. W.

## CURES OTHERS, Will CURE YOU.

It was the very image of Miss Bunting when she first came to Hazeldean.

"She had come on a strange, though happy, errand. She had heard of my offer of a room to the late schoolmistress, but they had decided to live together. I was not to think it unkind, but they loved one another very fondly, and they did not want to be parted now. I told her I thought it most kind of her."

"It is not kindness at all, Mr. Mackie," she said, "and would you like to know why?"

"Indeed I should."

"Then," she answered, "listen. Many years ago two happy sweethearts married. After two years of a life that was always song and sunshine, a little girl was born. And the songs were more tuneful, and the sunshine became brighter still. Two more years passed away, and then, the music ceased and the sunshine went away. The father of the little one died, and a widow was left penniless. The mother knew not which way to turn, until at last she saw an advertisement for a schoolmistress, but the application of those with children could not be entertained. But she determined to apply, and, as she looked so young, would go as one without 'encumbrances,' and place her child in care of a sister in London. She got the situation. Whenever she had the time and the money to spare she would go to London and see her little girl, Marie. Little Marie was never brought to her, for the widowed mother was afraid. But when the child became a woman she would often go and see her mother; but the secret was still kept, and no one knew."

"The mother longed to be relieved of her secret and to ask forgiveness for deceiving the one who gave her the situation, but she died about two years ago, and now she needs to make no reparation. The mother, as atonement for her act, said she would spend all her days with the school children—but she saw her own child very often, and still none knew. Mother and daughter longed to live together again. Then what looked like a great trouble came, but in reality it was a release—it was the return of perfect happiness after all. Oh! such happiness—far, far greater than you can know, for I was the little girl left to be cared for by the widow, and she was—"

"Just then a servant entered my study, and almost before she had time to tell me that 'Miss Bunting' wanted to see me, our late schoolmistress was in the room. The new teacher put her arms around her neck, and with smiles and tears said two words that told me everything. Those words were, 'My mother!'"

## To Keep Off Mosquitoes.

Lovers of Morphines and others in want of a few hours of that nature's sweet restorer, "balm sleep," will be glad to learn that the use of certain medicine has been found to effectually keep off mosquitoes. The idea was given me by a layman, and I experimented with it the same night. I had hardly got into bed when I heard the musical notes of my friends, the mosquitoes, buzzing around me. I quietly poured three or four drops of oil of cloves on my pillow which had the effect of instantaneously dispersing the blood-thirsty gang who ceased their trouble for the night. I tried this for several successive nights with equally felicitous results, and enjoyed perfect, undisturbed rest. The same means were resorted to by my family and friends with similar gratifying results.—*Indian Medical Record.*

A writer in the *M. B. Druggist* tells us how to laugh at the mosquito. He takes a piece of camphor tully an inch square and half an inch thick. This he lays on a bureau—always exposed—in daytime, and on or near the pillow at night; has two windows and draft of the room. This is the only remedy he ever tried that afforded thorough relief.

## Drinking Ice Water.

That cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is undeniable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be replaced, or great injury is being done to the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why? someone will exclaim, "It is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! so long as the water drunk is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passages to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration no danger can occur, by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder; because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body, instead of remaining in it. Literally they are washed out of the body, by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known solvents), same as a series of pipes are 'flushed' with water to clean them."

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water, a little lemon juice will improve its effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent. It is from drinking too much ice-water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the practice of taking daily just before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information, about treating those summer troubles, with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is marvelous how many complaints this old-fashioned remedy will prevent or cure.

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The Original and Genuine!

It makes a delicious Dessert or Dish for Supper in 5 minutes, and at a cost of a few cents.

This is the strongest preparation of Rennet ever made.

Thirty drops will coagulate one Imperial pint of Milk.

**BEWARE** of Imitations and Substitutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

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An infallible characteristic of meanness is cruelty.—Johnson.

Dyspeptics lack strength. K. D. C. restores the stomach to healthy action, and gives the Dyspeptic strength.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.—Shakespeare.

K. D. C. taken immediately after eating starts the process of digestion at once, and prevents all unpleasant symptoms of Dyspepsia.

Whenever luxury ceases to be innocent, it also ceases to be beneficial.—Hume.

The best recommendation for K. D. C. is the cure it makes. It has cured sufferers from every stage of Dyspepsia. It will cure you too.

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Other Cough Medicines have had their stay, but Putner's Emulsion has come to stay, because it is so nice and so good.

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A liar tells a hundred truths to one lie; he has to, to make the lie good for anything.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. L. E. Snow, matron, Infants' Home, Halifax, writes: "Putner's Emulsion has proved valuable in all cases of Pulmonary Complaints, for building up the system of our little ones. They often ask for it."

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

Edward Linell, of St. Peters, C. B., says: "That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. (One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

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PELEE ISLAND CO.'S Grape Juice is invaluable for sickness and as a tonic is unequalled. It is recommended by Physicians, being pure and unadulterated juice of the grape. Our agent, E. G. Scott, Tea Importer and liquor merchant, No. 62 Union street, can supply our Brands of Grape Juice by the case of one dozen, or on draught.

It is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit.—Macauley.

K. D. C. Co.—Dear Sirs,—I suffered from dyspepsia for five years, and during that time was hardly ever free from pains, depression of spirits, despondency, fretfulness, aversion for exertion of any kind, gradual loss of flesh, good appetite, but unable to satisfy it owing to the pain caused by so doing, these were some of the symptoms. About two months ago I was induced to try your remedy, K. D. C., and was surprised at the results. After the second dose I felt greatly relieved and am now cured. I had tried several remedies previous to this without effect and felt when taking K. D. C. that it was only an experiment, and would prove useless, like the rest, but am more than pleased with the results.

Yours sincerely, A. ROWLEY, Tobacconist, Kingston, Ont.

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The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.O.S.; T. H. BROWN, F.I.C., F.O.S.; A. J. DE HAAN, F.I.C., F.O.S.

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The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL. JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.O.S.; T. H. BROWN, F.I.C., F.O.S.; A. J. DE HAAN, F.I.C., F.O.S.

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## Extracts from Letters:

One says:—"I would not be without your Wine of Rennet in the house for double its price. I can make a delicious dessert for my husband, which he enjoys after dinner, and which I believe has at the same time cured his dyspepsia."

Another says:—"Nothing makes one's dinner pass off more pleasantly than to have nice little dishes which are easily digested. Eagar's Wine of Rennet has enabled my cook to put three extra dishes on the table with which I puzzle my friends."

Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give your Rennet the credit for it, and I must say for it that it is simply GORGEOUS as a dessert!"

Another says:—"I have used your Wine of Rennet for my children and find it to be the only preparation which will keep them in health. I have also sent it to friends in Baltimore, and they say that it enables their children to digest their food, and save them from those summer stomach troubles so prevalent and fatal in that climate."

Factory and Office 18 Sackville Street, Halifax, N. S.

## The Rattlesnake's Signal.

The rattlesnake's rattle is like the sound which would be produced by the rattling of a number of peas in a paper bag. This represents the slowness of the sound. We are accustomed to pictorial representations in which the reptile is made to look very angry and energetic, the tail erect in a manner to suggest a loud alarm. Accordingly, when one hears it for the first time one is surprised to find the noise so slight. The sound, instead of being a rattle, is rather a tingle, and perhaps it has rather more metallic character than the notion of the shaking of peas in a paper bag would represent. But, slight as the sound is, the person who has never met one of these reptiles before, and who, without seeing the snake, hears for the first time among mountain rocks or prairie grass its delicate, yet wonderfully distinct warning, knows instantly who and what his neighbor is.—*Quarterly Review.*

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