

LOSS OF THE "PARAGON."

Ralph Nutford was the fifth officer on board the steamer *Paragon*, one of the fastest boats of the Cable Line of steamers which plied between New York and Seringatam. The captain of the vessel, whose name was Clements Lane, entered heart and soul into his profession, and thought there was nothing like it. His fifth officer, however, didn't much care about it; he had been, as youngest of a large family, pitched into the employment of the Cable Line by a rich uncle, and being young, good-looking, and human, found his profession remarkably dull.

"You see," he remarked to a chance acquaintance who had introduced himself to him as they lunched at the same table in a restaurant one day, shortly before the *Paragon* was to start on the homeward journey, "you see, my junior officers don't have much fun on board. The seniors, if they care about it, can get up no end of amusement with the fairer section of the passengers; but what chance has a fifth officer?"

The genial stranger was properly sympathetic, and after making a few more inquiries concerning the arrangements and discipline on board the *Paragon*, he nodded "good-day," and disappeared.

On the evening before the departure of the *Paragon*, the new hands, who had been taken on in New York and most of the homeward-bound passengers were on board, when a gorgeous specimen of the wealthy Yankee, accompanied by a lovely creature of some nineteen summers and an equal number of winters, came on board, and, addressing Mr. Ralph Nutford, who was standing near the gangway, asked the worthy whether he was captain of the boat. On his replying that he was the fifth officer, the Yankee remarked:—

"Well, sir, I'd be obliged if you could take me to the captain, under whose charge I want to place this young lady, whom I may as well introduce to you—as you're one of the officers—right now. Miss Nellie Robertson, my niece; Mr. Nutford—thank you—fifth officer of this vessel."

Whilst the captain was being found, Miss Nellie Robertson was doing great execution with her great soft eyes, and by the time captain Clements Lane had duly identified the fair passenger in his list, and had undertaken to take charge of her during the voyage, the impressionable fifth officer was quite ready to put her up on a coil of rope—no pedestal being handy—and fall down and worship her. The well-dressed Yankee, with much ostentatious farewell pantomime, having returned to shore, the fair Nellie was left with the captain.

Next morning they were well out at sea, when the captain's portage came on deck. Gracious! how beautiful she was; and when she went up to Mr. Nutford, and, putting both her hands into his, captured his soul with a look, and requested to be shown the vessel, the fifth officer could have clasped her in his arms, and sprung overboard, like a new Charnides taking his Pallas with him. His joy, however, was short-lived, for in the midst of their pergrination the captain met them, and, telling off Mr. Nutford to go aft and see to something about which there was no earthly hurry, undertook to relieve him of his duties as showman. As they came up the companion, Nellie, stumbling against Ralph, squeezed his hand. The flirtation of these two young things for the rest of the day had to be pantomimic; it was, therefore, the more unrestrained.

Ralph didn't worship the sea, but he was a conscientious officer, and wouldn't let his love, which grew fiercer and fiercer, interfere with his duties. Besides, the captain took the greatest pains about his fair charge, and kept a sharp lookout upon his fifth officer, whose eloquent looks he considered to be in the worst possible taste. An opportunity occurred to them, however, just before the last meal, when they met under the shelter of a friendly state-room.

"I must go away," he whispered after they had been exchanging confidences for some time. "When can we meet again? shall be on watch tonight, and shall wander up and down thinking of nothing but you. Come on deck early tomorrow, and I shall be free."

"No," said she, "let me come on deck whilst you are on watch. It will be a very dark night and I'll wear a dark frock. There will be no moon—there was none last night. Do let me come."

"Impossible, darling! No one can let you come on deck save the captain. It would be ruin to me if you came without leave. You wouldn't like that, dear, would you?"

"Oh, very well." How maddening those lips were when they pouted. "I have no doubt the captain will let me come up during his watch, and I'll come then. How horrid you are. I don't believe you care for me one bit. There will be no one on this deck but the two men watching with you, and they couldn't see me. I came up last night and no one saw me. Well, shall I come during your watch or the captain's?"

Nothing more was said—in words. Ralph was madly tempted, as he went forward, to dance about and shout aloud. It was a pitch-dark night, though the air was clear of fog. The lovers sat beneath the bridge, and he told her in whispers all about himself, and how fatal it would be if it were discovered that he had yielded to her prayer and let her come to him on deck. But what did it matter whilst her soft, smooth fingers twined and knotted themselves in his, and her glory of golden hair was the only thing between her cheek and his shoulder?

Suddenly there was a great jar and a dull, crashing report. Nellie crouched in the shadow as Nutford sprang to his feet and learnt from the men on watch that the *Paragon* had been run into. In a moment all was confusion. The captain, cool as if he had been taking his seat at dinner, came on deck, and said, in a loud, calm voice, to the terrified passengers:—

"We have been run into, and the *Paragon* is sinking. There is no danger to us personally. The sea is calm, and the boat is in perfect order and preparation for such an accident. In an hour we shall be on board the ship that has run us down, which is waiting for us close by."

Then, under his calm and careful orders, the passengers embarked in the *Paragon's* boats, and in a very short time the little flotilla was pulling away from the disappearing liner. But the ship that had sunk there was nowhere to be found. Favored by the darkness, she had got away without stopping to learn what had become of the *Paragon* and her living freight. Nellie and Ralph Nutford were together in one of the

boats. No inquiry had yet been made into the disaster, but the two men on watch, who were in the same boat with them, said they had suddenly seen the lights of a steamer close to them, and as they sprang forward to hail her and give the alarm she had struck them, and when they had recovered from their momentary consternation she had disappeared.

"You hear," said Nellie to the terror-stricken officer, whose side she had never left, "they didn't see her till she struck us. You must support their statement, or you are a ruined man. Your certificate will be cancelled, and, oh, Ralph, if the truth should be known, think of my everlasting shame! For my sake, if you love me, save my good name and yours, and back up their story. You see they are both agreed, and you were further from where she struck than they were."

The men repeated their story again and again. Morning broke, and before any one had time to suffer much, a passing steamer, bound on the same journey, picked up the whole company. The captain interrogated the men on watch and Mr. Nutford as closely as possible. There was no doubt about the facts. The *Paragon* had been run down by a mysterious vessel, the name of which no one had observed, and which had taken advantage of the darkness to desert the ship she had run into.

The home voyage was satisfactorily accomplished, and Ralph and Nellie, the former no longer hampered by the duties of navigation, had ample opportunities of carrying on their love affair, which had been accompanied by such an overwhelming catastrophe. Nutford easily succumbed to Nellie's soft easiness, for to own his neglect of duty would be ruin to his career and hers, and would render their marriage, which was to him a foregone conclusion, an absolute impossibility.

A minute inquiry was naturally held at Seringatam, at the conclusion of which it was decided—though in official language—that there was some mystery somewhere, and a good deal more in the circumstances of the collision than met the eye or ear; but that there was no direct evidence reflecting upon the conduct of the fifth officer, who came home from the inquiry a man about whom nothing definite is said, but a good deal is implied, and in this unenviable state of mind he found waiting for him Nellie, his affianced bride, and a blue envelope.

This letter was from a firm of solicitors, announcing that his old uncle had died, leaving him his sole heir.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Poor old gentleman, he has done me a good turn at the moment I required it most. Nellie, sweetheart, I am a rich man. Tomorrow I throw up this profession, which I cared little about before, I loathe now. This day three weeks, darling, we will be married, and then we'll go abroad for six months. Does this suit your views?"

The answer of the young person addressed has been recorded; it is sufficient for us to know that two months later, Nellie—Mrs. Ralph Nutford—was installed in an exquisite little apartment looking out upon the Champs Elysees, and her husband, who had been down to the Riviera to look out for a permanent habitation for himself and bride, was hastening back to her in a first-class carriage on the Paris-Marseilles Railway.

In the corner opposite to him sat an American, who, with the affability of that free-born race, had entered into conversation with him, and the conversation had turned upon the shipping at Marseilles.

"You seem to know a thing or two about boats, stranger," observed the American.

"Well, I ought to, seeing that I was connected with an American line for some years."

"You were! Then you must have come across some funny yarns in connection with those same steamers. Why, bless you! I could tell you a story—but, there, it wouldn't interest you, perhaps."

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Nutford, "I should very much like to hear some of your experiences. We have the end of a long journey before us."

"Oh, they are not my experiences; but a friend of mine from Chicago told me a rum story about the cable line a few days ago. Remember the *Paragon*? Went down mysteriously, beginning of the year. Yes, you know. I'll tell you a story about that, if you like; shall I? Very well; we've got time for it. It happened like this; but, mind, you must promise on your British honor never to let this go any further."

"All right."

"Colonel Jedediah Spinks got planted last fall with a huge consignment of hides; got 'em as his share of a steal, or something of that kind, and all his pals laughed at him, because they said even he couldn't get a profit out of 'em. So what d'ye think he does? Ships 'em all aboard the *Paragon* as cargo, declares 'em as Indian bullion embroideries, and insures them against all risks at 500,000 dollars."

"He spotted the *Paragon* because there was a young fool of a fifth officer on board, named Mudford, or Redford, or something like that, who was just the kind of soft he wanted, and he had him sounded, to make sure, one day by a friend, who went and sat with him, and entered into conversation—just as you and I have done. And then the colonel got a girl, lovely and without relations, with plenty of cheek and pluck and beauty, and down on her luck and hard up for cash and excitement, and sent her on board as his 'niece, making the voyage to Seringatam under the care of the captain!'"

"She made love to the young spark, playing the captain off against him, and got him to herself on deck one dark night when there was no one else on deck but two men, sent on as part of the extra crew by the colonel himself, and instructed by him. Whilst she flirted with him well out of sight under the bridge, these two men let down over the side a dynamite machine, and blew the blessed old boat to pieces, and then cockered up a yarn about a mysterious vessel that had come upon them suddenly, run them down, and got clear away! I knew you'd laugh."

"This young fool, in no end of a funk about his certificate, supports their yarn, and, of course, never says a word about the girl. They come over; the loss is proved bona fide accidental, and Colonel Jedediah nets £100,000 sterling clear profit bang out of the insurance offices! But wait a minute. The end's the tragic part of it. That beautiful girl, with her marvellous talents, that would make her an empress if she wanted to be one, goes

and falls in love—the real thing—with the man, and won't touch a penny of the share of the plunder. Waste of genius, I call it. But all women are alike. And, egad, sir, she's married him! What d'ye think of that for a yarn?"

"Most startling and amusing. But here is Paris. Thank you so much for your delightful company. Your story has, indeed, interested me greatly."

A TRENTON MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE CURE IN A CASE PROFOUNDLY HOPELESS.

An Estimable Young Lady Raised From a Despairing and Hopeless Case by Several Doctors—A Simple Statement of Facts.

At intervals during the past year the proprietor of the *Courier* has been publishing newspaper reports of miraculous cures occurring in various parts of Canada and the United States. Perhaps among the most notable of these were the cases of Mr. John Marshall, of Hamilton, Ont., Mr. C. B. Northrop, of Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, N. Y. Mr. Marshall's case was more prominently fixed in the public mind by reason of the fact that after being pronounced incurable by a number of eminent physicians he was paid the \$1,000 disability claim allowed by the Royal Templars of Temperance, and some months afterward was announced his almost miraculous restoration to health and active life. The case of Mr. Northrop created equally as profound a sensation in Detroit, where he is one of the best known merchants in the city. Mr. Northrop was looked upon as a helpless invalid, and could only give the most desultory attention to his business on days when he could be wheeled to the store in an invalid's chair. In his case the same simple (yet wonderful) remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall restored Mr. Northrop to a life of usefulness. The case of Mr. Chas. Quant is perhaps the most marvellous of all, inasmuch as he was not only perfectly helpless, but had had treatment in one of New York's best hospitals under such eminent medical scientists as Prof. Ware and Dr. Starr, and in Albany by Prof. H. H. Hun, only to be sent out as incurable and looked upon as one who had but a few months before death would put an end to his sufferings. Again the same remedy which restored Mr. Marshall and Mr. Northrop was resorted to, with the same remarkable results, and to-day Mr. Quant, restored to health, anticipates a long life of usefulness. The remedy which has succeeded, where the best physicians have failed, is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—and a name that is now a familiar household word throughout the continent—and a remedy that apparently stands without a rival in the annals of medical science. Having published, among others, the cases above alluded to, the curiosity of the publisher of the *Courier* was aroused and he determined to ascertain if anyone around Trenton had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. In conversation with Mr. A. W. Hawley, druggist, he was told that the sale of Pink Pills was remarkable, and steadily increasing. And Mr. Hawley gave the names of a number within his own observation who had been benefited by the use of this remedy. Among others, Miss Emma Fleming, granddaughter of Mr. Robt. Fleming. It was stated that Miss Fleming, had been raised from what was supposed to be her death-bed, after all other remedies and physicians had failed, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so startling that the *Courier* determined to investigate it further, and it true set the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers. Mr. Robt. Young, grandfather of the young lady was first seen, and in a reply to an enquiry said it was a miracle the manner in which these pills had restored his granddaughter. As a last resort, and with a prayer in his heart, he had purchased a box of Pink Pills at Mr. Spaulsbury's drug store, and so much good resulted that the remedy was continued until his granddaughter was as well as ever she had been. Miss Fleming's aunt was next seen, and she corroborated what already had been told the *Courier*, giving as well some additional particulars. Miss Fleming was next seen, and we must confess to being surprised, and at first somewhat incredulous that this young lady in the bloom of womanhood and health was the person whom we wanted to interview. Miss Fleming, however, soon convinced us that it was she who was so miraculously saved from death, and cheerfully consented to give a statement of her case. Her father, she said, was for years miller under Mr. Spence, and afterwards at Gordon's Union. Three years ago Miss Fleming's mother died of consumption. Up to four years ago Miss Fleming stated that she had enjoyed good health, but taking a severe cold then she had not had a well day since, until she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last December. She was reduced in weight to 90 pounds, but now weighs 111 pounds; a gain of 21 pounds. She consulted a number of doctors and took their remedies, but never obtained more than temporary relief. A physician at Newmarket, whom she consulted, said she was going into a decline and that he could do nothing for her. Her Trenton physician said that a sudden cold would go to her lungs and he had no hope of her ever getting better. She felt very miserable, strength continually failing, suffered so much distress from food that she had no desire for it and lost all appetite. She kept continually growing worse until last fall she was not able to stand without support, and gave up all efforts to help herself. In December she was taken with inflammation of the bowels and Dr. Moran was called in. He gave her medicine that relieved her and cured the inflammation, but her strength was gone and she had to be lifted in and out of bed, and could not sit in a chair at all. She had taken her bed expecting never to rise again, and this was the opinion of all her friends. It was at this juncture that her grand-father, having read in the *Courier* of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort purchased a box, and urged his grand-daughter to take

Eagar's Wine of Rennet.

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.

Miss Fleming had been before this recommended by a friend in Toronto to try Pink Pills, but declared she had no faith in them. Now, however, to please her friends she consented to take the Pink Pills; on the seventh day after beginning the use of the Pink Pills, she was able to walk down stairs, and has not gone back to a sick bed since. The effect upon her system was truly marvelous. Her appetite was gone, strength gone, prostrate upon her supposed death bed, in seven days she was able to walk down stairs, feeling renewed strength, and a better appetite than ever before. Miss Fleming continued the use of Pink Pills, daily gaining health and strength, until she was able to take part in the household duties without the least injurious effect. Miss Fleming still continues to take one pill after each meal, and now feels as well as she ever did in her life. She feels truly grateful for what this great remedy has done for her, and only a sense of gratitude enables her to overcome her modest scruples in giving this testimony to the wonderful virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Miss Fleming has recommended Pink Pills to a number of lady friends who say they are doing them much good.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.—Trenton Courier.

The Best Exercise for Pugilists.

The young maidens who trip gaily with their skipping-ropes will probably be surprised to learn that, in the opinion of so excellent a judge as J. L. Sullivan, playing at skipping-ropes is the very best kind of exercise for pugilists. It keeps the arms and legs going, brings the chest into play, and it perspired in for any length of time by the people who are physically fitted for the profession, it will make every "bruise" more apparent, and it will find every "hero of the ring" equipped with a skipping rope.

Things are not Always what they seem.

A waterproof overcoat may be made of Worst, Whipcord, Melton, Venetian, or any other fabric commonly used for such garments, and no one is able to discover the fact that it is waterproof until a shower comes up, when the wearer can unconsciously defy the elements. This is a Rigby Coat.

It seems an ordinary stylishly-made overcoat, possessing no special virtue not held in common by other overcoats, but such is not the case, it is not only a thing of beauty, but a joy forever.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

TASTELESS—EFFECTUAL

FOR A DISORDERED LIVER

Taken as directed these famous Pills will prove marvellous restoratives to all enfeebled by the above or kindred diseases.

25 Cents a Box.

but generally recognized in England and, in fact, throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box" for the reason that they **WILL CURE a wide range of complaints**, and that they have saved thousands of sufferers not merely one but many guineas, in doctors' bills.

Covered with a **Tasteless & Soluble Coating**.

Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

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."

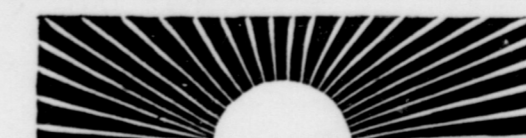
Another says:—"I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take muscular exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. — has been giving me a dish made from your Wine of Rennet over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, 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.

Bottom of a Sea Falling Out.

Scientists tell us that, counting from the sea level, the lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea. For centuries its surface has been gradually settling down, until now it is 85 feet lower than that of its near neighbor, the Black Sea, which also lies far below the level of oceans. The common conclusion all along has been that the Caspian was simply losing its waters by evaporation, but recent investigation shows that this is not the case. Soundings made and compared with records of soundings made over 100 years ago reveal the astounding fact that there is even a greater depth of water now than then. This leaves but one hypothesis that would seem at all tenable: That the bottom of the sea is actually sinking. There is much speculation in scientific circles as to what will be the final outcome.



IN ALL YOUR CETTINGS GET

SUNLIGHT SOAP

IT DOES AWAY WITH BOILING HARD RUBBING BACKACHES SORE HANDS

Don't LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT TRYING Sunlight

It will bring comfort and cleanliness to your home, and save your health, strength, time and money. See that you get "SUNLIGHT," and don't be put off with any other.

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HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Sick Headache
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For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Office for Agriculture, Fredericton.

Harry Wilkes,
1896.

THE Standard Bred Hambletonian Stallion HARRY WILKES, the property of the Government of New Brunswick, will make the

Season of 1892 at St. John.
TERMS—\$35.00 for the season, to be paid at time of first service.

Harry Wilkes, 1896, is by George Wilkes, 519, dam Belle Rice by Whitehall.

He will stand at Ward's One Mile House on the Marsh Road.

The intention is to send the stallion down about the first of May. Should he be required before that time, arrangements may be made to send him down earlier by applying at this office.

JULIUS L. INCHES.
March 30th, 1892.

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

4 CHEAP Excursions

TO THE **Canadian North West!**

FROM ALL POINTS IN THE **Maritime Provinces,**

TO LEAVE ON **JUNE 13th, 20th, 27th and JULY 18th, 1892.**

TICKETS GOOD TO RETURN UNTIL **July 24th, 31st, August 7th, 28th, 1892.**

For Rates of fare and other information enquire of your nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

Passengers are recommended by the *Canadian Pacific Ry.* to purchase their tickets via **ST. JOHN** and the **SHORELINE**, as Colonist Cars will be waiting in **St. John** for their conveyance.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt.,
MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N.B.

Intercolonial Railway.

After Oct. 19, Trains leave St. John, Standard Time, for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:55; for Point du Chene, 10:30; for Halifax, 14:00; for Sussex, 16:30; for Quebec and Montreal, 16:55.

Will arrive at St. John from Sussex, 8:30; from Quebec and Montreal (excepted Monday), 9:35; from Point du Chene, 12:55; from Halifax, 19:20; from Halifax, 22:30.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Summer Arrangement.

On and after Tuesday 7th June, 1892, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8:00 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11:20 a.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:30 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4:25 p.m.

LEAVE ANnapolis—Express daily at 12:55 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:50 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 10:55 a.m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passenger and Freight Friday at 8:30 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 10:50 a.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway; at Digby with Steamer City of Monticello for St. John Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; from St. John Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRUGGELL, General Superintendent
Yarmouth, N.S.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

THE above Steamer will make three trips a week during the season, leaving Hampton MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 5 o'clock; returning from Indiantown on the same days, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, stopping at the usual landings.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week **FOR BOSTON**

UNTIL further notice the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** mornings at 7:25 Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Wednesday Trip the Steamer will not call at Portland.

July 4 to September 5, Daily Service (except Sunday).

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO. (LTD.)

SEASON 1892.

The following is the proposed sailings of the **S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO**, ROBERT H. FLEMING, Commander.

MAY.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JUNE.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

JULY and AUGUST.—From St. John—Daily Trips, (Sundays excepted).

SEPTEMBER.—From St. John—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday; Annapolis and Digby—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Steamer sails from St. John at 7:25 a.m., local time, return trip, sails from Annapolis upon the arrival of the morning express from Halifax.

(Sgd) HOWARD D. TROUP, President.