

WON BY STRATEGY.

It was in the artist's room of a well-known provincial concert hall. Mabel Morris, the young American singer, who had carried by storm the heart of the musical Britisher, was listlessly sitting by the side of Mrs. Bishop, her aunt and legal guardian, quite indifferent to the buzz of conversation going on around her among four or five other ladies and gentlemen belonging to the "Mabel Morris Concert Company."

The next moment Ernest Riordan, the rising young baritone (as he is modestly described in small type on the bills), enters from the platform, where he has just acquitted himself very well in a song from Maritana. Mabel raises her eyes with a look of pleasure, for the audience are demanding an encore, and encores are rare enough to be luxuries to the young baritone.

"May I choose your song for you, Mr. Riordan?" Mabel exclaims as he turns to his music.

"Will you really be so kind?"

Mrs. Bishop bestows a severe look of displeasure upon her niece, but does not try to restrain the girl as she darts to Mr. Riordan's side. She quickly draws a piece of music from his case and handing it to him, whispers under her breath—

"Ernest, I've got something to tell you before you go tonight."

The young man looks significantly at Mrs. Bishop, but has no time to reply.

As soon as he returns, however, he makes some remark to his friend, Twemley, the violinist, and in a few moments that gentleman is engaged in an animated discussion on a business matter with Mrs. Bishop. Thus shielded from her lynx eyes, Mabel and Ernest can have one of their precious *tele-actes* while the orchestra in the hall is playing the *Tannhauser*.

"Can you imagine what happened today, Ernest?" exclaims Mabel, quivering with suppressed excitement. "The Comte d'Avignon!"

"The Comte d'Avignon?"

"Yes; who has so often presented me with bouquets, you know."

"Oh, I know—I know him only too well," said Ernest, as if foreboding what the pretty little *candide* had to tell him. "The Comte came to see us at the hotel. And she—" and with a gesture Mabel indicated her aunt, still loud in talk with the obstreperous violinist. "She told me afterwards that he—he—oh, Ernest, it sounds so absurd—wished to marry me."

The baritone muttered a word between his teeth which it may be as well not to repeat.

"And Mrs. Bishop wishes me to marry him." There was real distress in Mabel's voice, and the little creature, usually full of brightness and vivacity, turned a pitiful face to her lover. Yet he could not refrain from asking her—

"And what do you wish?"

"Ernest!"

"Ah, well, I didn't suppose my little girl would marry him for the sake of his title and estate. But your aunt—" and the young man shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"She has asked him to come and see us in London next Tuesday. But I am determined not to see him again. He must be quite fit, and every time I've seen him in the audience I've detested the sight of him."

Twemley's combative powers at length failed for a moment, and in that moment Mrs. Bishop shouted, in the most offensive of American accents—

"Mr. Riordan, I'd have you remember that my niece has yet another song on the programme, and if you tire her out with talking, she'll have no voice left to sing with."

"I beg your pardon, madam," murmured Ernest, submissively, as Mrs. Booth, a buxom, middle-aged woman, with very hard and somewhat coarse features, took possession of Mabel, under pretence of re-arranging the woollen wraps which protected the young girl's neck and throat from the draughts of the hall.

Mr. Riordan returned to his hotel that night in a very despairing frame of mind. Circumstances certainly seemed very much against him. For one thing, the long provincial tour, during which he had gained Mabel's love, came to an end on Saturday, and with it his engagement with the Concert Company and all opportunity of seeing its brilliant young "star." The Comte d'Avignon, on the other hand, long known to Riordan as one of the many admirers whom Mabel like all other *prima donnas* possessed, had now boldly advanced to the attack, and in his interview with Mrs. Bishop, had evidently impressed that lady as an ideal suitor for her niece's hand.

It was no use speaking to Mrs. Bishop, Riordan knew too well the sordid and mercenary motives by which that lady would be guided. "She is ruining that poor girl's voice, obliging her to sing so much," he muttered bitterly, "in order that she may reap the benefit; and she would sell her soul for a title and an estate. I wonder if Mabel would run away and marry me. I fancy she is getting tired of her aunt's selfishness. But then, if she would, how is it to be done when the old Gordon scarcely allows her out of her sight?"

He pondered the problem late into the night, having the painful conviction that to do nothing before taking leave of the Concert Company might be fatal to his hopes.

At last a plan came to him. All next day he turned it over in his mind.

In the evening, almost with fear and trembling, and as best he could, he told it to Mabel.

The Comte d'Avignon had appointed four o'clock for his call on Mrs. Bishop and her niece. But it was fully an hour and a half before that time when a carriage drew up at their lodgings in G— Street, Piccadilly, and the little boy in buttons announced him.

"I have come thus early," the visitor volunteered in explanation, "in the hope that you would allow me to ask your charming niece to accompany me for a drive in the park, and it is now dark so early."

"I have no objection," Mrs. Bishop replied graciously, "if my niece would like to go."

On coming into the room the young lady coldly returned the Comte's greeting. But then to Mrs. Bishop's surprise, she accepted his invitation, after showing a little reluctance. "The dear child has more sense than I thought," the lady exclaimed as she saw the carriage drive off.

Mrs. Bishop returned to her drawing-room to picture to herself a brilliant future provided by the wealth and social distinction of the Comte, little supposing that the vehicle which contained all her hopes, instead of turning to the right towards the park and reaching Piccadilly, turned to the left and made the best of its way to Charing Cross station. It arrived there five minutes before the three o'clock train for Paris started. Once ensconced in a reserved carriage, travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the conspirators breathed freely again.

"You acted the part splendidly, Ernest."

"Did I? Well, when I was in the Apollo opera company they always said I could act better than I could sing."

"And what a splendid make-up you have," added Mabel contemplating the false black wig and beard, the dapper eye-glass and gaiters which, with other incidentals, made Riordan a faithful copy of the Comte d'Avignon. "I was half afraid it might be the Comte after all," added Mabel laughing.

"Yes, thanks to that operative experience and a little ventriloquism. Poor Comte, I fancy I can see him now tearing his hair at the trick which has been played upon him."

"Ernest, dear," and the little figure by the young man's side nestled closer to him. "Do you really think all is fair in love and war?"

"Of course it is, sweet."

Then the two discussed their plans, which Ernest had carefully laid. Their friend, Mr. Karslake, was in the British Embassy, and through this friend's good offices the marriage could take place in a few days in Paris. The marriage over, they would of course at once return to London, and make a peace-offering to Mrs. Bishop. All difficulties had been cleared away; Karslake's wife had been won over to the conspiracy, and Mabel could stay with them.

Just as the train was leaving Calais a Frenchman looked into the carriage and peered keenly at the travellers.

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur," he said politely, withdrawing his eyes. "I fancied I recognised a friend."

"A friend of the Comte's, doubtless," observed Ernest a moment later. "I must get rid of this disguise the moment we arrive at Karslake's."

The inquisitive stranger hastened to the telegraph office and despatched a cipher telegram which, translated into English, read as follows:—

"Comte d'Avignon believed to be passenger to Paris by 10.47 train. Would be well to have warrant officers who could identify him at station."

This telegram duly arrived at the police office in Paris and as its sequel, when Ernest alighted from the train he was immediately accosted by three officers in plain clothes, one of whom quietly said—

"Monsieur le Comte d'Avignon, I arrest you on a charge of aiding and abetting a criminal conspiracy against the Government of the Republic."

Both Ernest and Mabel were too astonished for words. The offer of the police to allow the lady to accompany the prisoner to the police office, was tacitly accepted, and the officer was reached before Ernest realized the curious mischance which had befallen him.

"But I am not the Comte d'Avignon," he then asserted again and again. "I am a British subject."

"Well, that you must prove," the head functionary replied. "You have been twice identified as the Comte, and although we did not expect you at Calais it was well known you were residing in England."

Ernest of course at once sent a message to Karslake, conveyed by Mabel (much distressed at the strange turn their elopement had taken) in a *fiacre*.

As the result of Karslake's explanation the police reluctantly parted with their prisoner in the morning.

"We may net our bird yet," observed the head functionary to his confidential assistant, "if he doesn't know we are on the scent. Just send this telegram to the Comte d'Avignon, G— Hotel, London. 'Am at the Hotel C—, Paris. Please come to my help. I dare not communicate with my aunt, Mabel.'"

Twelve hours later the Comte d'Avignon in reality was arrested just as he was about to enter the Hotel C—, with Mrs. Bishop on his arm. The lady did not faint, but as soon as she could make herself intelligible to the courteous police officers she rushed off to the Karslake's *menage*. Ernest and his niece were out walking.

"They're to be married in the morning," he coolly observed Karslake, as soon as he had succeeded in restoring Mrs. Bishop's composure.

Her wrath broke out afresh at this, but against the attack, and in a few minutes Mrs. Bishop was quietly listening to his recital of the pains and penalties, such as confiscation of estate, which must inevitably fall upon a conspirator against the Republic interspersed with eulogiums of Riordan's personal character and artistic talent.

"A bird in the hand," reflected Mrs. Bishop, "is worth two in the bush. The Comte may lose his estate, and perhaps be imprisoned. Riordan will have no objection to Mabel continuing to sing, and they'll never be so unkind as to refuse me a proper allowance."

And the happiness of a Brittany honeymoon Mabel had one pang—the thought that she was the innocent cause of the Comte being lured into a French prison.

It was, therefore, with gladness that she heard he had been acquitted.

Have an Everlasting Jag On.

The Ainos—a race who were probably the first inhabitants of Japan, but who, reduced in numbers, now live chiefly in the islands of Yesso and Saghalien—very nearly it is not quite, come within the above description.

The whole population, old and young, are given to the immoderate use of their great drink, sake, which is excessively intoxicating and injurious. The entire race of natives in Brazil are said to be perpetually in a state of semi-intoxication on coffee; men, women, and children alike over-indulge, and to babies in arms it is given with a spoon. The effect is plainly apparent in shaking hands, twitching limbs, trembling eyelids, mummy-hued skins, and a chronic state of nervous excitability—worse than that produced by whisky.

A wealthy Scotch gentleman, who had intended to give each of his daughters a legacy of her weight in one-pound bank notes, had an official of the Bank of Scotland to figure out the matter for him. It was found that the larger would get as her share 55,844; the slimmer 51,200.

SOME CURIOUS PIPES.

Various Kinds Used in Far Distant Parts of the World.

A long and slender stemmed pipe was brought from Central Africa some years ago, from the neighbourhood of Albert Nyanza, by the Stanley expedition, and was obtained from the dwarf tribes inhabiting the Araweti and Ituri forests, near the Equator.

To make the pipe the little people take the mid-rib of the banana leaf, which is cellular, and by pushing a long hard reed through the rib they are enabled to get the bore required for the pipe stem.

They plug the lower end with clay, and, rolling up a section of the banana leaf into a tiny conical cup, cut a hole in the stem and insert it for a bowl, the sap in the greenleaf preventing its combustion as the tobacco burns.

This pipe recalls the bowl made from a potato, and the stem made out of a piece of twig, from which the pith had been driven, which was employed by many American soldiers during the great civil war.

A pipe having an appearance like an inverted clown's hat comes from the neighbourhood, of Fort Bodo, near the mouth of the Ituri river, and was brought from there by Sergeant T. Henzie Parke. It was formed of the peculiar white sticky clay which is taken from the house of the white ant of Equatorial Africa.

This clay is used by the native women to make a flooring for their wattle huts, and being spread over the surface of the ground when soft, dries out a hard white mass, something like Portland cement, and capable of receiving a very high polish. The pipe in question is polished equal to the finest meerschaum.

Another curious pipe is one made from a shell which comes from New Guinea. While the pipes used in the interior are more generally made from bamboo, those smoked in the neighbourhood of the coast, and especially in Savo and the Solomon Islands, are made of shells which are picked up on the seashore.

At present the principal pipe used in the southern portions of New Guinea and the adjacent island is the English clay, and a pipe of this description is generally accepted as a part of the payment for a day's labor in that district.

Quite recently some curious pipes were found in the vast guano deposits of Peru, the date of which is placed by scientists, to whom they have been submitted, as co-equal with the famous Peruvian pottery of the eleventh and twelfth century.

MRS. STOKES HAS A DREAM.

And in Consequence of It, Mr. Stokes Wants a Divorce.

Peter Stokes, who has been married only four weeks, has left his wife, says an English paper. Stokes is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Seth Thompson. About ten days after marriage Stokes was surprised, on waking in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed, crying as if her heart would break.

Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply, he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind which she withheld from him, and which was the cause of her anguish. He remarked to Mrs. S., that as they were married, she ought to tell him the cause of her grief, so that, if possible, he might lesson it. After considerable coaxing he elicited from her the following:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a shop where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and ranged along the walls on either side were men with prices affixed to them—such beautiful men—some for one thousand pounds, some five hundred, and so on to one hundred and fifty; and as I had not that amount, I couldn't buy."

"Thinking to console her, Stokes placed his arm lovingly around her, and asked: 'And did you see any men like me there?'"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches like asparagus, and sold for ten shillings a bunch."

Stokes got up that minute, and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient grounds for a divorce.

A Hard Man to Dodge.

A young clergyman once preached a strange temperance sermon. When he had finished, a deacon said to him: "I am a-raid you have made a mistake. Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew rent, is a distiller; he will be angry." The minister said: "Oh I am sorry; I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones, and remove any unfavourable impression, and tell him I did not mean him. Accordingly, he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and a good many amusements, and was not distinguished above other men as an ascetic. The pastor expressed his regret to Mr. Jones for anything in the sermon which hurt his feelings. He felt somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, Mr. Jones said: "Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't bit me somewhere."

But He Mustn't Wag His Head.

Anybody can measure, approximately, the breadth of a river without a surveyor's compass or any mechanical means whatever, if there is any reason why he should want to do such a thing. The man who desires to make the experiment should place himself at the edge of the stream, then stand perfectly still, face the opposite bank and lower the trim of his hat until it just cuts the opposite bank. Then let him put both his hands under his chin, to steady his head, and turn slowly round until the hat brim cuts some point on the level ground behind him. Mark the spot where the hat brim cuts the ground, then pace off the distance, and it will be found about the breadth of the river.

At a Country Inn.

Traveller—Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I have driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again and sits close up to my chair watching every mouthful I eat. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace.

Landlord—Please sir, my Karo is such a knowing brute: I expect you have got the plate he generally eats out of.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch COCOA

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

This Cocoa has been selected to be used exclusively in supplying visitors to the World's Fair with hot and cold Beverages, and no other Cocoa will be used in the Restaurants at this Great Exposition.

BENSNDORP'S COCOA

is acknowledged to be the finest flavored, purest, most economical and most easily prepared Cocoa in use, and every householder should keep it in their home.

For sale by all leading Grocers.

M. F. EACAR, Halifax, N. S., Agent.

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of Chas. F. Smith, a son.
Halifax, April 12, to the wife of J. P. Flavin, a son.
Windsor, March 5, to the wife of John Main, a son.
Parrsboro, April 6, to the wife of Wm. Duech, a son.
Moncton, April 14, to the wife of Philip Smith, a son.
Sydney, C. B., March 25, to the wife of F. Moseley, a son.
Halifax, April 12, to the wife of William Harcourt, a son.
Halifax, April 13, to the wife of John Baker, a daughter.
Amherst, April 8, to the wife of Russel Cooke, a daughter.
Halifax, April 17, to the wife of W. E. Liverman, a daughter.
Fredericton, April 8, to the wife of Robert Colwell, a daughter.
Halifax, April 11, to the wife of Sergeant Michael Ryan, a son.
Newville, N. S., April 11, to the wife of James Parrie, a son.
St. John, April 13, to the wife of Wyndham Humphrey, a son.
Salt Spring, N. B., April 14, to the wife of Abner Campbell, a son.
Grand Bay, N. B., April 10, to the wife of Douglas McArthur, a son.
Whitehall, N. S., April 5, to the wife of Martin Miller, a daughter.
New Glasgow, April 11, to the wife of Peter A. McGregor, a daughter.
Coil ge Bridge, N. B., April 9, to the wife of Ed. Dickie to Mary Melaney.
Middleton, N. S., April 9, to the wife of Eugene S. Dodge, a daughter.
East Mines Station, N. S., April 16, to the wife of H. N. Lynds, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, April 11, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Lewis Ocker to Dottie Snow.
Amherst, March 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Alex. Macdonald to Hattie West.
Truro, April 14, by Rev. T. Cumming, Daniel Robertson to Lizzie Cann.
Dartmouth, April 9, by Rev. T. C. Mellor, Arthur Shute to Lillian Beyer.
St. John, April 17, by Rev. T. Casey, Capt. Geo. Dickie to Mary Melaney.
Amherst, April 5, by Rev. W. H. Edyeau, Geo. Mason to Ruby Chapman.
Amherst, April 14, by Rev. James Strothard, Jessie Bridget to Susan Coleman.
Bridgetown, April 12, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Mary Murdoch to Horace Bailey.
Halifax, March 25, by Rev. James Sinclair, James Grant to Christie Cameron.
Blacksburg, N. B., April 11, by Rev. T. G. Johnson, John Aslie to Lavinia Wall.
Moncton, April 11, by Rev. A. J. Kempton, Saul L. Smith to M. Mand Brown.
Lower Stewiacke, N. S., April 5, by Rev. R. Smith, Brenton Miller, to Eva Smith.
Springhill, N. S., April 11, by Rev. H. B. Smith, John Carroll to Jessie Malloy.
Amherst, April 11, by Rev. W. H. Edyeau, Henry Chapman to Rebecca Chapman.
Auburn, N. S., March 29, by Rev. W. Brown, H. R. Pierce to Elizabeth M. Wilkins.
Truro, April 15, by Ven. Archdeacon Kaulbach, W. L. Ogile to Frances G. Hallet.
Halifax, N. B., April 5, by Rev. L. N. Parker, John MacQuinn to Maggie Elliot.
St. Stephen, April 10, by Rev. John Anderson, George Clegmont to Lizzie Swan.
Baddeck, N. S., April 6, by Rev. D. McDougall, Murdoch Macdonald to Jessie McDonald.
Woodstock, April 10, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney, Robert Kennedy to Lottie Olmstead.
South Rawdon, N. S., March 22, by Rev. T. A. Cooney, Thos. Crowe to Annie Joliffe.
Tatamagouche, N. S., April 5, by Rev. J. D. Nowlan, George C. Laker to Emma L. Spencey.
Halifax, N. S., March 28, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Borden Steele to Laura Bennett.
Springfield, N. S., April 8, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, David Pearson to Mrs. Elizabeth Whipple.
Musquodoboit River, N. S., April 4, by Rev. Jas. Macdonald, Leah Baker to Minnie Slade.
East Pubnico, N. S., April 5, by Rev. J. J. Sullivan, George D'Entremont to Monique Bellevue.
Wang's River, N. S., April 6, by Rev. D. MacLean, Allen McLanders to Jessie Cameron.

DIED.

Halifax, April 17, John Booth 70.
Alma, April 10, Fletcher Kinnie, 22.
Halifax, April 10, Elton Williams, 65.
Halifax, April 12, Mrs. F. Hope, 57.
Sea View, N. S., Rod. Nicholson, 80.
Chatham, April 11, Andrew Hay, 11.
Halifax, April 15, John Dunbrack, 70.
St. John, April 14, John Donnelly, 60.
St. John, April 18, James L. Dumb, 71.
Kars, N. B., April 2, Thomas Lake, 63.
St. John, April 17, Thomas Bagnell, 72.
St. Andrews, April 4, James Carroll, 37.
Princeton, April 3, Martha Greenman, 85.
Halifax, April 12, Alfred E. Lockdale, 13.
Belmont, N. S., April 11, James Stevens.
Rothbury, April 15, George Saunders, 68.
Bridgewater, April 12, Lewis E. Hall, 61.
West Bay, March 31, John McKenzie, 74.
Campobello, April 4, Angelina Moody, 11.
St. John, April 4, Joseph W. Johnston, 32.
Barlog, N. S., March 31, Aaron Jordan, 65.
St. John, April 18, George S. D'Forest, 68.
Rosedale, N. B., April 11, John Bennett, 85.
Cunard, N. S., April 6, Alfred S. Eaton, 41.
Perth, N. B., April 1, Richard Johnston, 48.
Carryville, N. B., April 4, John Leighton, 48.
Halifax, April 12, Elizabeth Agnes Kuhn, 90.
St. Margaret's Bay, April 14, Caleb Smith, 80.
Hill's Point, N. B., April 9, Henry H. Hill, 24.
Fox Creek, N. B., April 13, Mark LeBlanc, 40.
Bridgewater, N. S., April 12, Lewis E. Hall, 61.
Oak Hill, N. B., April 3, Andrew McKinnon, 63.
Belvedere, N. B., April 10, John B. Chalmers, 77.
Cunard, N. B., April 5, Thomas McHenry, 74.
Halifax, April 13, Eliza, wife of John W. Lawson.
Broad Cove, N. S., April 7, Peter Hand-spiker, 94.
Geary, N. B., April 5, Elizabeth Jane Smith, 59.
Halifax, April 14, of la grippe, Mrs. John Bayer, 51.
Halifax, April 9, Albert Joseph Colman, 9 months.

RAILWAYS.

WESTERN COUNTIES RY.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Thursday, Jan 6th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; 12.10 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p.m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.m.; 4.55 p.m.; Passenger and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.00 p.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montreal for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 124 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Intercolonial Railway

1892—WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

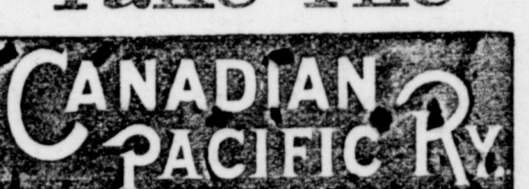
Express for Campbellton, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 10.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)	10.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.25
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.30

Take The



TO THE

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

at CHICAGO.

Excursion tickets will be on sale commencing April 25th, good for 30 days from date sold and for stop over at points in Canada or at Detroit Mich. Rate from St. John and all points on Atlantic Division

\$30.00 each.

Further particulars, time tables &c., at Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner or at Station.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent,
MONCTON, ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three Trips a Week.

For Boston.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 17th, and until further notice, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days, at 8.30 a.m.

For Eastport and St. John, on Wednesday trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

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

Freight received daily up to 6 p.m.

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RESERVE and CALEDONIA House Coal all screened before delivery. Prices low.

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