

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

The Rev. Edward Jenkins, of Tooting-on-the-Tyne, was a most estimable and near-sighted man. He was a curate in charge of a small parish, and he was thoroughly and tirelessly devoted to his work. He was not yet thirty years of age, and being unmarried, he was naturally extremely popular with his unmarried female parishioners. The younger ones were one and all in love with him; even those of them who were already married, and who were engaged to be married, unobtrusively protested that they were also in love, though of course in a strictly ecclesiastical way, with the Rev. Mr. Jenkins; while the elderly spinsters, who had almost abandoned the hope of marriage, took courage when they remembered how near-sighted Mr. Jenkins was, and said to themselves that to lose all hope was to distrust Providence, and was unworthy of a Christian woman living in a land where hair-dye and cosmetics were to be had.

Mr. Jenkins had been three years in Tooting when he was finally landed by a bold and persistent widow. Most people said Mrs. Carter was a bold faced thing who had actually asked Mr. Jenkins to marry her. Though this was only a malicious surmise, it is quite possible that it was true, for the curate was so excessively timid in the presence of women it is hardly conceivable that he should ever have found courage to ask any woman to marry him. From a worldly point of view his engagement to Mrs. Carter was a fortunate thing. The widow was, it is true, ten years his senior, but she was remarkably well preserved, and was still a decidedly handsome woman. Moreover, she had an income of nearly a thousand pounds, and held the Anglican views which Mr. Jenkins was secretly anxious to hold and avow, but which he lacked the courage to adopt unaided. With the support of a rich and determined wife, he felt sure he would find courage to place at least two candles on his altar, and perhaps even to intone a part of the service. In the first flush of his engagement he was a very happy man, and his near-sightedness prevented him from observing the looks of pain and disapproval with which most of his feminine parishioners met him.

Soon after his engagement Mr. Jenkins took his annual holiday. It was, as usual, a very brief one, for there was no one to take his place when he was absent, except now and then a casual clergyman out of employment, and Mr. Jenkins was too devoted a churchman to be willing to leave his parishioners to the mercy of the local dissenting preachers. This year, moreover, he was unwilling to be long away from his fiancée, and he therefore contented himself with a ten days' run down to Folkestone. On his way home he wrote to Mrs. Carter from Paris, mentioning the hour when he expected to arrive at Charing Cross, and faintly hinting that it would be a peculiarly blessed thing were she to meet him at the station, it so happening that the widow was in town at that time. Mr. Jenkins added that he was bringing her a little present from Paris, which he ventured to hope would be dear to her for his sake, although he should offer it with fear and hesitation. This was an allusion to some lace that he had picked up in Paris, and as to which the vendor had told him that it was formerly the property of the Empress Eugénie, and of great value. Being of a trustful nature, Mr. Jenkins believed this story, but as he knew that he was entirely ignorant of the merits of lace, he some times feared he had been cheated, and was bringing home to Mrs. Carter a present which she might regard as worthless and impertinent.

Gentle and unassuming as Mr. Jenkins habitually was, there was one respect in which he was unquestionably a proud, not to say self-righteous, man. He was never sea-sick while crossing the Channel, and on such occasions he could not help displaying his pride of stomach in a way that sea-sick people found offensive and cruel. It was his custom to walk about the deck gazing curiously at the sufferers, and apparently wondering what could be the nature of the malady which gave them such obtrusive misery. He was always offering to aid sea-sick men and women, and though he told himself that he did this as a Christian duty, it is to be feared that his real motive was to parade his own superiority to those who could not, like himself, eat cold boiled ham in the cabin in the very faces of prostrate and outraged men.

Mr. Jenkins was nearly half-way across the Channel on his way from Boulogne to Folkestone, and was with difficulty promending the deck, for the sea was rough, and the motion of the boat exceedingly lively, when he saw a baby crawling alone among a group of passengers who at that moment were one and all quite incapable of attending to the wants of any infant. "This," said the clergyman to himself, "is the child of some poor woman who is too sick to give it proper attention. I will take care of the poor little thing until its mother reappears." So he picked up the child, which was apparently about fifteen months old, and dandled it in his arms as he had so many times dandled the infants of parishioners when making his pastoral visits.

The baby was much pleased with the attention which it received, and wreathed its hands in Mr. Jenkins's whiskers, and cooed and chuckled in a way that the clergyman found both flattering and amusing. This unconscious tribute of confidence and affection from one so young added to the self-complacency with which he reflected that he was almost the only passenger on the boat who was not sea-sick. He resolved to take care of the child until the boat should reach Folkestone, when he would hand it over to its mother, and receive her heartfelt gratitude. Presently the baby went fast to sleep in the curate's arms, and he sat down in a sheltered corner, and mused peacefully on the bliss of married life and the admirable conduct of his stomach.

The boat reached Folkestone, but no signs of any claimant to the infant were to be seen. However, this did not disturb Mr. Jenkins. He resolved to place himself with the child in his arms close to the gangway, so that it would be impossible that the mother should not see him and receive back her darling. Passenger after passenger went ashore with the resigned air of people who have suffered too much ever to be happy again, and Mr. Jenkins watched eagerly for the expected mother. She did not appear, and when apparently the last passenger had left the boat he decided that she must have been very bad indeed, and had lingered a little longer than

the other passengers in the ladies' cabin. He sat down with his sleeping infant to wait a few moments longer, when an officer approached him and said:—

"Now, sir! I must ask you to step ashore. We are going to lay this boat up in the port."

"I am waiting for the child's mother," replied Mr. Jenkins.

"There ain't no mother aboard this boat," said the officer, rather gruffly.

"There ain't no woman of no kind. Not even the stewardess."

"Then I must have missed her," cried Mr. Jenkins, jumping up in a fright. "She must be on the pier now." So saying he rushed ashore, to find that the London train was on the point of starting, and that there was no time to search for a possible mother on the pier. To his frantic demand to know if any woman had lost a baby, the guard told him he had better get into his carriage at once. "You'll find the missus at London, I daresay," he soothingly remarked, as he pushed Mr. Jenkins into a second-class carriage and slammed the door. The train started, and the clergyman found himself alone with his sleeping charge.

By this time he was thoroughly frightened. He would probably, as the guard had said, find the child's mother at Charing Cross, or Cannon street; but suppose he was again to miss her, as he had evidently missed her at Folkestone! What on earth should he do with an unclaimed baby, and what would Mrs. Carter think if she came to meet him, as she undoubtedly would, and should find him with an unexplained infant in his arms? What if some woman had deliberately deserted the child? Would anyone believe his explanation of the way in which he came into possession of it? Just then the baby awoke and began to express in the strongest way its disapproval of railway travelling.

Mr. Jenkins tried every possible plan in which to soothe the crying child, but his efforts were in vain. The infantile dialect which he invented on the spur of the moment, and in which he tried to explain that the infant was "riding in a coachy-poochey," and would shortly have unlimited quantities of "dindin," failed to meet the baby's views. Mr. Jenkins came to the conclusion that it was either suffering from colic or from hunger, and that in neither case could he do anything for its relief until the train reached London. The prospects of being shut up an hour and a half with a baby yelling at the top of its lungs, and possibly undergoing real suffering, was an alarming one, but it was not so alarming as the conviction which gradually forced itself upon his mind that some wicked mother had deliberately deserted the child, perhaps with a view to the clergyman's social and professional ruin. The more he thought of facing Mrs. Carter with the infant in his arms, the more he saw that it was beyond his courage, and he resolved to leave the train at Cannon street and trust to making some explanation of his non-arrival at Charing Cross somewhat later, when he should have a better command of his nerves.

The child continued to cry, and Mr. Jenkins remembered that he heard mothers and nurses speak of concealed pins as an occasional cause of infantile dissatisfaction. Had there been anyone else in the carriage Mr. Jenkins would hardly have dared to begin a search for surreptitious pins, but in the circumstances he ventured upon that extreme measure. His total lack of familiarity with the manner in which babies are usually dressed made his search one of peculiar difficulty. He virtually un-dressed the baby in the course of his search, and when, after satisfying himself that pins were not responsible for his dissatisfaction, he tried to dress the child again, he found it a task far beyond his powers, and at last contented himself with wrapping the clothes promiscuously around the baby and tying it up with a piece of twine, as though it were a parcel. Not until Cannon Street was nearly reached did the baby cease crying, and then only because it was exhausted; and Mr. Jenkins, seeing how weak the infant evidently was, began to ask himself whether, in case it died of exhaustion caused by want of food, he could be held guilty of murder.

The moment the train stopped in the Cannon Street station Mr. Jenkins leaped out and rushed towards the refreshment room, determined to give the infant a glass of milk, and then to drive with it to the Foundling Hospital. He had no longer any expectation that the missing mother would make her appearance. It was simply impossible that she could have left the boat without seeing him with the baby in his arms, and as she did not claim it at that occasion, it is clear that she had no intention of claiming it at any time. He had nearly reached the end of the platform when he suddenly found himself face to face with Mrs. Carter.

"Edward! Mr. Jenkins! What does this mean?" she demanded, in a stern voice.

"It's—it's a baby, my dear," replied Mr. Jenkins. "But how in the world did you happen to come here?"

"Because I thought I might meet you here and go to Charing Cross with you," she replied. "I need not ask why you are leaving the train here, after having made sure, as you thought, that I was at Charing Cross."

"But, my dear Sarah," urged Mr. Jenkins, "I am in the most dreadful position."

"So I see," said Mrs. Carter, coldly. "A person is generally in a bad position when he is found out. This is the present that you were bringing me, is it? The one which you hoped I would be willing to receive for your sake, and were almost afraid to offer me. I am glad to know that you did have decency enough to hesitate about offering it to me. Good morning, Sir," and the widow turned away.

"But Sarah! I assure you this is only an accident. I never saw the child till this morning. I accidentally found it."

"Of course. You found it under a cabbage leaf, I suppose Mr. Jenkins? The only reparation you can make will be never to venture to speak to me again, and to marry that unhappy child's mother at once. Don't say another word, sir, or I will call for help."

The widow marched proudly away, leaving Mr. Jenkins overwhelmed with her terrible words. He saw it all now. She believed that the child was his, and that he had dared to bring it home in the hope that she would adopt it. She was a British matron, though at present on the re-

tired list, so to speak, and she felt herself insulted, outraged and deceived. Of course she would talk of her wrongs, and the whole story would be made public. Mr. Jenkins realized that he had not only lost his bride and her thousand pounds a year, but that he had lost his character and his curacy as well.

It was a situation that might well have unnerved a stronger man than the timid curate, but in all his misery he did not forget the necessities of the infant, and his first act was to find a woman and a glass of milk, and to induce the former to devise some effective mode of feeding the baby. The woman succeeded. The milk was poured into the infantile slot, and smiles and gurgles automatically made their appearance. Then the curate, calling a hansom, drove to the house of an Anglican sisterhood where no one knew him, and when the door was opened, thrust the infant into the arms of the astonished maid, and bolted back into his hansom, which, in accordance with his previous instructions, instantly drove to a breakneck speed to Waterloo Station. There Mr. Jenkins caught an express train for Southampton, and the next morning was on his way for America.

The moral of this story seems to be that the man who makes an ostentatious display of his superiority to sea-sickness is sure to come to a bad end. It is a moral which will commend itself to everyone who has crossed the Channel, and while suffering the agonies of abdominal insurrection, has been gazed at with a superior smile by some unfeeling man smoking a bad cigar, and loudly proclaiming that the one thing he likes better than anything else is a breezy passage across the Channel.

How It Scares People.

The little insect popularly called the death watch or tick is a timber-boring insect which usually commences its sound late in the spring, and is no other than the call by which the male and female are led to each other, the same as with birds during the mating season. The sound they emit is not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on or striking any hard substance with the shield or fore part of its head. The prevailing number of strokes are from seven to nine and eleven, and it is this circumstance which probably adds to the ominous character it bears among ignorant and superstitious persons.

The highest mountain in the world, Mount Hercules, in the Isle of Papua, or New Guinea, was discovered by Captain A. J. Lawson, London, in 1881. It is 32,763 feet high, or 3,781 feet higher than Mount Everest.

BORN.

Halifax, May 9, to the wife of A. Harley, a son.
St. John, May 18, to the wife of W. H. Fry, a son.
Halifax, May 19, to the wife of R. Kinsman, a son.
Halifax, May 11, to the wife of L. T. Holland, a son.
Halifax, May 6, to the wife of Andrew King, a son.
Halifax, May 8, to the wife of J. A. Johnson, a son.
Parrsboro, May 8, to the wife of David Law, a son.
St. Andrews, May 7, to the wife of Levi Handy, a son.

Moncton, May 12, to the wife of Thos. E. Babin, a son.
Antigonish, May 12, to the wife of C. F. McIsaac, a son.
Alma, N. B., May 12, to the wife of James McKinley, a son.
Charlottetown, May 7, to the wife of James Simpson, a son.
Pleasant Vale, May 5, to the wife of John Franklin, a son.
Sydney, May 6, to the wife of Frederick B. Lewis, a son.
Sydney, May 2, to the wife of J. A. McDermid, a son.

New Glasgow, May 9, to the wife of James Mason, two sons.
Halifax, May 9, to the wife of A. G. Morrison, a daughter.
Shediac, May 9, to the wife of George McDevitt, a daughter.
Esquimaux, May 4, to the wife of William G. Tait, a daughter.
Esquimaux, May 13, to the wife of J. P. Nelson, a daughter.
Esquimaux, May 4, to the wife of Daniel Lewis, a daughter.
Chatham, May 2, to the wife of Wm. Merneer, a daughter.
Sackville, May 10, to the wife of Alex. Ford, a daughter.

St. John, May 10, to the wife of S. T. Bustin, a daughter.
North Sydney, May 2, to the wife of D. W. McKinnon, a daughter.
Dalhousie, April 12, to the wife of George Ranney, a daughter.
St. John, May 8, to the wife of John M. Robertson, a daughter.
Clare, N. S., May 3, to the wife of J. D. Lombard, a daughter.

Bay View, N. S., May 4, to the wife of William Ellis, Jr., a son.
Woodstock, April 26, to the wife of J. N. W. Winsor, a daughter.
Kingsport, N. B., May 2, to the wife of Edward Benjamin, a son.
Tidnish, P. E. I., April 29, to the wife of F. J. Buote, a daughter.
West Bay, N. S., May 4, to the wife of William Murdoch McDonald, a daughter.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., May 1, to the wife of Rennie Laird, a son.
Red Point, P. E. I., May 2, to the wife of Alexander Robertson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, May 1, by Rev. E. Robson, G. D. Roper to Mary Ellen Crosby.
Halifax, May 10, by Rev. N. LeMoine, William Hall to Janet Stanford.
Bath, N. B., April 28, by Rev. D. E. Brooks, Watts Cox to Martha Gilson.
Dartmouth, May 9, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, George Strum to Ellen W. Sibley.

Lunenburg, May 9, by Rev. Mr. Batty, Captain R. Conrad to Emily Hermon.
Halifax, by Rev. Wallace Williamson, J. W. Frouze to Katie Robertson.
Florenceville, April 28, by Rev. H. Hayward, Alexander Foran to Lucy A. Kinney.

Halifax, May 7, by Rev. Dr. Foley, John Sydney Sage to Annie Serena Forbes.
Amherst, May 10, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Wm. H. Forrest to Margaret Ann Day.
St. Ann's C. B., May 3, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John S. Buchanan to Jessie McLeod.

Halifax, May 8, by Rev. George Howard, John S. Crow to George M. Hodgkin.
Crow Harbor, May 2, by Rev. James Scott, Tyros Hensbete to Francis M. Peimete.
Fredericton Junction, May 9, by Rev. W. R. Reid, Alfred L. Nutter to Ethel L. Clarke.
St. Andrews, May 3, by Rev. Charles Comben, Ernest D. Graham to Amy E. Johnson.

St. Andrews, May 4, by Rev. Charles Comben, Charles W. Fry to Mary E. McMahon.
Cow Bay, N. S., May 1, by Rev. Wm. Grant, Duncan McInnis to Flora J. McIntosh.
Pisano, N. B., May 10, by Rev. G. C. Pringle, David McDermott to Sadie A. Galbraith.
Dartmouth, May 10, by Rev. Thomas Stewart, Albert Martin Robertson to Maggie Irving.
Weymouth Falls, May 2, by Rev. F. R. Langford, John Albert Frances to Miss Gertrude Langford.

Kentville, May 1, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, assisted by Rev. S. K. West, Leonard K. Morton to Lois R. Prosser.

DIED.

St. John, 14, Nicholas Miller, 61.
St. John, May 12, John Logan, 75.
St. John, May 13, L. McLeod, 81.
Milton, May 3, Oliver Kempton, 81.
Parrsboro, May 9, Dow D. Roop, 89.
St. John, May 14, John Donahoe, 39.
Freepoint, May 8, Ida May Israel, 16.
Caledonia, May 6, George C. Francis.
Halifax, May 12, William Weagle, 46.
Halifax, May 12, Mrs. J. Weagle, 46.
Chatham, May 5, John McFarlane, 70.
Tusket, May 7, Abram Smith Lent, 67.
St. John, May 10, Charles R. Coker, 69.
St. John, May 9, William Macaulay, 54.
St. John, May 6, Frederick Melville, 63.
Shelburne, May 13, Duncan D. Garfield, 70.
Bridford, May 4, Jeremiah M. Cardy, 87.
Milltown, April 27, Jennie E. McComb, 26.
St. Stephen, May 8, Douglas McMillan, 68.
New Glasgow, May 10, Alexander Grant, 77.
Half Island Cove, May 6, William Haines, 78.
Ellershouse, N. S., April 25, Henry Foster, 74.
Carleton, May 8, Rachel, wife of John S. Craft.
Lower Onslow, N. S., May 6, George Grove, 35.
Liverpool, May 3, Elsie, wife of John Grove, 34.
Kingston, Kent Co., May 15, Alexander Girvin.
Princeton, N. B., May 2, Mary Ann Pickett, 32.
Alberion, P. E. I., May 5, James C. McPhail, 63.
Basswood Ridge, May 4, Willie Crofted Bowles, 3.
St. John, May 14, Sophia M., wife of J. R. Ruell, 66.
St. John, May 13, Jane, wife of John Anderson, 69.
St. John, N. B., May 11, Charles Murray M. D. 61.
Bloomfield Station, N. B., May 8, Alfred Matthews, 54.
Kenetook, April 29, Carr, son of Dr. Wm. Cook, 32.

Lower Onslow, N. S., May 4, Mrs. Mary Hewitt, 64.
Weymouth, May 11, Laura S., daughter of S. G. Black.
Milltown, May 2, Mary Ella, wife of Hugh McLeod, 48.
St. John, May 13, Ethel Gurney, daughter of Peter Smith, 2.
Yarmouth, May 5, son of James and Theodosia Wallis, 3.

St. John, May 10, Sarah, widow of the late John Long, 85.
Lockport, April 28, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Locke, 69.
Liverpool, May 8, Bessie M., wife of Edward C. Blood, 3.
Halifax, May 8, Mary A., widow of the late William Barrett, 80.

Digby, May 4, George T., son of Capt. George T. Wright, 16.
Earlton, N. S., May 1, William P., son of John McKay, 21.
Halifax, May 10, Catherine, wife of Thomas Mulcahy, 42.
Liverpool, N. S., May 7, Clara, daughter of Jacob Manthorn, 20.

Dartmouth, May 13, Mary, wife of Alexander P. a Hutchinson, 36.
Halifax, May 14, Anthony, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Connolly, 2.
St. John, May 9, George B., son of Charles and Amelia Piercy, 3.
Melbourne, May 3, Maggie Theresa, daughter of Isaac Hersey, 23.

Parrsboro, May 4, Hilbourn W., son of Willard and Maria Lockhart, 9.
Pugwash River, April 30, Ella Elizabeth, wife of Ephraim McLaughlin.
Brazil Lakt, N. S., April 27, Lovina, daughter of John Whitehouse, 6.
Carleton, May 13, Peter Joseph, son of Peter and Mary Hamilton, 18.

St. John, May 11, Catherine Philbrook, widow of the late Capt. Sayles.
Milford, May 14, Eliza T., daughter of William and Eliza Somerville, 24.
Fredericton, May 11, John Reed, son of John R., and Annie Lumsden, 11.
Union Mills, May 5, Elith E., daughter of W. Smithson Robinson, 11.

St. John, May 13, Frank, son of John F., and Lizzie McLaughlin, 11.
Salem, May 3, Clyde Forrester, son of Capt. G. Leslie and Lelia Welsh, 2.
Port Hood, C. B., May 6, Charlotte B., widow of the late James McDunnell.
Doughlasfield, May 5, Mary Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Daniels, 2.

St. John, May 13, Seth Lerol, son of Fred and Emma Woodruff, 6 months.
St. John, May 9, Frankie H., son of Frank A. and Addie D. Akerley, 2 months.
Barney's Ridge, N. S., April 23, Aggie Jane, daughter of John Siskier, 11.
St. Andrews, May 2, Hannah Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Benjamin R. Grant, 59.

Salem, May 5, Adelaide Leslie, daughter of Capt. G. Leslie and Lelia Welsh, 5.
Bridgewater, N. B., May 3, Catherine C., wife of Capt. Chas. McLaughlin, 15.
North River, May 9, Sadie Allen, daughter of George E., and Kate Dickson, 2.
Halifax, May 10, Annie, daughter of Catherine, and the late Thomas Kennedy, 17.

Greenwood, May 3, Margaret Catherine, daughter of Duncan D. and Elizabeth Dunbar.
Salem, May 10, Leslie Winnifred, daughter of G. Leslie and Lelia Welsh, 9 months.
St. John, May 10, Edith May, daughter of George A., and Roseline Macaulay, 15 months.

GAMEKEEPER AND POACHER.

A Desperate Encounter and a Timely Rescue.

The Yorkshire (England) Factory Times, of March 16th, contains the story of a bout between a gamekeeper and a poacher in which the former came out second best, and would have been killed but for a timely rescue. The poacher was not a man but an infinitely more subtle and dangerous antagonist; and but for the intervention of a Canadian his coveted victim would today be numbered with the dead. The story as related in the English paper named above, is as follows:

"Mr. James Coulton was for twenty five years gamekeeper on the estate of Weld Blundell Esq., Southport. Several months ago he was attacked with partial paralysis, and what the doctors termed softening of the brain. He was confined to his bed and had lost all hope. Hearing of the (great Canadian) Hawker remedies, he was induced to give them a trial. After taking four bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, and a box of Hawker's liver pills, a change manifested itself; a continuous improvement took place, and he is now well. He is today able to go about all the avocations of his daily life. Nothing but Hawker's tonic saved him, for he was bedridden and the flat had gone forth that his case was hopeless."

It does not require a very brilliant mind to draw the right inference from the above clear and emphatic statement. It is that any person in an enfeebled state of health, from whatever cause, will find in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic a sure agent for the restoration of health and strength. The terrible poacher, Disease, has no armor to withstand the power of these great remedies. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is a certain cure when faithfully used for all diseases arising from nerve exhaustion, weakened or impaired digestion, or an impoverished or impure condition of the blood, and the prostrating effects of la grippe or any nerve weakness of heart or brain arising from worry, overstrain of mind or body or excesses of any nature. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills are manufactured by the Hawker's Medicine Co., St. John, N. B., Canada, and can be obtained from all druggists and dealers. Tonic fifty cents a bottle or 6 bottles for \$2.50. Pills twenty-five cents a box.

DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

HARDING & SMITH, Agents.

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY B.B.B.



MR. GEO. READ.

Read the Proof.

DEAR SIRS.—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock's Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.

I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE READ,
Sherbrooke, Que.

STEAMERS.

1894. SEASON 1894.

ST. JOHN.

GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

And all intermediate stopping places.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock, local time.

Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown Wharf each way. (Sunday excepted) as follows:—
FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Range.....\$1.25
Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage.....\$2.00

60¢ Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer.
This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

All FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board.
Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.
No return tickets less than 40 cents.

Wm. McMULLEN, Agent at Indiantown.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a. m. for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 15th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday 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.

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.

Lehigh Coal

NUT OR STOVE SIZE.

LANDING.

Very Cheap for Cash.

To arrive:

Caledonia House Coal.

J. F. MORRISON.

86 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

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TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

LEAVE VANCOUVER FOR

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On Arrival of Express Trains from the East, July 10, Aug. 6 and 27, 1894.

FOR HAWAII AND AUSTRALIA,

at 7 a. m. on June 16, July 10 and Aug. 16, 1894.

For rates of fare and other information apply at Company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger Station.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.,
Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Peggaway, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00

Express for Halifax..... 13.50

Express for Sussex..... 16.30

Express for Point du Chêne, Quebec, and Montreal..... 16.50

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: