

A FORTUNATE FUNERAL.

All the Jews in Lyons were invited to the funeral of Isaac Mosacker. What numbers of these Jews the city contained could never have been guessed by the lawyer who sent the invitations, had not the deceased left a list of them. He must have taken years composing this list, for there figured on it the names of Jews long dead, and others but just born. The lawyer sent no invitation to the dead, but every living Jew, man or child, was bidden. From the richest banker in his gilded mansion, down to the puling babies of the pedlars who hawk their wares among the poor weavers of the "Croix Rousse," all the Jews in Lyons received a black-bordered card bearing these words:—

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD,
YOU ARE REQUESTED TO FOLLOW
ISAAC MOSACKER
to his last resting place, on Thursday,
the 21st of January instant,
at 6 o'clock a. m.
"AND HE SHALL RENDER UNTO
YOU FOURFOLD."

The winter happened to be exceptionally severe, and at the time when the postman delivered the cards it was freezing hard, and the streets were swept by a cold north-east wind cutting as a razor. It was not likely many Jews were going to turn out in such weather, and at six o'clock in the morning, to trudge behind the coffin of a humble bric-a-brac vendor; and Isaac Mosacker's invitation consequently excited some amusement. The richer Jews tossed it aside as a bad joke. Some of the poorer ones who had had dealings with Isaac, and knew him to have been a cross-grained churl, hard to tackle, thought that it had been summer time, and that the burial had been appointed for the cool of the evening, they might have gone to it for brotherhood's sake; but six o'clock in the morning of a winter, with the thermometer seven degrees below freezing point—no thank you! Only one Jew in the whole city of Lyons decided that he must attend Isaac's funeral, and that was Reuben Manasses, who owed him money and could not pay. Reuben had an idea that if he did not render his creditor the supreme homage of mourning, Beezelzubb might possibly look into the matter.

On the morning of the 21st, however, it snowed so hard that Reuben Manasses resolved to let the devil do his worst. There was really no going out in such weather. In the darkness, lean, shivering, fleecy flakes were falling in soft ceaseless succession and whitening everything so that the roofs of houses and their eaves, the doorsteps, the roadway, all seemed covered with a hoary frost. It has never been written that a debtor shall catch cold in honor of his creditor's decease, and lean Reuben Manasses was sadly liable to influenza. Let it be considered, also, that he had other creditors to think of, and owed it to them to let his health be imperilled; all of which he explains why he crept back with chattering teeth into bed and dozed an extra hour's sleep: the cost of which he had cause to remember to his dying day.

Meanwhile, the hearse had started from Isaac Mosacker's door unattended and unannounced. It was a one-horse vehicle, without trappings, plumes, or pall, and the sort of hearse that is used in sixth-class funerals; for Frenchmen can get themselves interred in six styles, not counting a seventh style for infants. A spindle-legged master of ceremonies shuffled before in cocked hat and cloak, and high-perched on the box sat an aged coachman, who cut a wretched figure enough with his tall boots and benumbed fingers. These two, and a pair of mutes who had come to help carry out the coffin, but not to follow it to the cemetery, cursed the presumptuous folly of the Jew who had wished to be buried at an earlier hour than the rest of the world; and yet this Jew was not exceeding his privilege. At any rate between six in the morning and six in the evening has a man the right to be buried, nor will any amount of cursing on the part of those who are charged to see him safely laid under the earth put him in the wrong.

So the hearse started quite noiselessly and slow. Its wheels turned quietly in the spongy snow; and its horse's footfalls trod on that white carpet with a muffled sound scarce audible. The flakes continued falling, and a capricious wind blew drifts of them into the aged coachman's face. The master of ceremonies had to keep his hand on his hat to prevent it from flying off, and the wind took advantage of his comparative helplessness to inflate his cloak behind him like a balloon, or to whirl it between his legs at street corners, and in so doing dashed little puffs of snow into his ears and down the nape of his neck, causing him to swear; for he was a man who stood much upon his dignity, and did not like to be rendered ridiculous by the elements. All the while there was not a soul in the streets—not a dog, not a cat; nothing but snow and wind playing their pranks in the darkness of a winter morning, amid thoroughfares so silent that it looked as though the whole city had gone to sleep never to wake again.

And yet no; for at the turning of a street, a window, behind which a light had been burning all night, was opened, and the head of a young girl of twenty peeped out into the darkness, the light in the room forming a golden framework at her back. She was a sempstress, and had been sewing ever since morning the day before at a ball dress that was wanted for a great lady who would not wait. On the stroke of six she had finished her last weary stitch, and had been deliberating whether she would not lie down and take a little rest before commencing a new day's labors, when an impulse, how was she to account for it?—had attracted her to the window to see what kind of weather it was. At the sight of the hearse, looming like an apparition, so black and so melancholy in its solitariness, the sempstress gave a slight start, and the coachman fancied he heard mingled with the sighing of the wind an exclamation like "poor soul!" Then the window closed and a minute afterwards the young girl issued from the house like a shadow, tripped lightly across the road, took her stand behind the hearse, to follow to his or her grave this unknown human being who had no friend. She was of frail build, and had no shawl, but the snow as it descended in light pure flakes seemed to wrap her with infinite tenderness in a cloak more dazzling than a wedding garment. And perhaps the white carpet which heaven had laid down was not too cold under her kindly feet, and perhaps the winter wind made itself warm to play about

her young face, which two tears had bedewed. Anyhow, she walked without appearing to heed the snow or blast, but intent only on the deed of charity she was performing towards one whom she had felt to be in kinship with her, since his pauper's hearse proved him to have belonged when alive to the great brotherhood of the poor and miserable.

Still slowly the hearse proceeded, followed by its one young mourner, until at a new turning, where there was a barber's shop, a young journeyman, who had been working at the ovens all night, came out on his way home. To bakers, day is night and night is day. This journeyman, who was twisting a comforter round his throat, lifted his cap, at first unconcernedly, at the hearse, but as he did so the light of a gas lamp streaming on the sempstress enabled him to recognise her. Surprised, he darted at once into the roadway, bare-headed, and held out his hand.

"Well, Marie, is that you? This is no relative of yours, I hope?"
"No, I don't know his name," said Marie, with an artless smile; "but it seemed so wretched to see him going to the cemetery in this cold alone!"

"And so you followed him! Ah, that's like your goodness! but you will be catching cold yourself, more likely, than the dead man. Here, take this wrapper and my jacket."

"No, I don't feel cold," said Marie, gently; "but are you coming too?"
"How can you ask?" answered the workman. "Of course I will go wherever you go."

"Hush," said Marie, gently; and they walked on together side by side, Isaac Mosacker having now two mourners instead of one.
Note that all this had been done and said without the cognizance or privity of the master of ceremonies, who was too much occupied with the state of the roads in front of the hearse to pay any attention to what was going on behind. He was therefore astonished, almost mystified, when, on reaching the cemetery, he saw two young people step out from behind the vehicle, and watch with heads bent while the coffin was being lifted out and placed beside the open grave.

A rabbi was in attendance—a black-bearded man with a long gown, who was not in the best temper at having been roused out of bed so early—and he began to gabble prayers. At this juncture Marie pulled the sleeve of her companion.
"But they don't take him to the chapel, Jacques; and I see no priest!"
"I think yonder man is a priest," whispered Jacques; "the dead man must have been a Jew."

"O, dear!" exclaimed Marie, in a tone of distress; "but they don't have any holy water, or make the sign of the cross, over him!"
"I think it comes to the same thing," observed Jacques, philosophically.

But Marie was not of that opinion. She knelt down in the snow, and recited over the Jew's coffin a Pater, an Ave, and the Credo of the Christian faith; then, when all was over, and when the Rabbi, glad to have finished, was scuttling off shivering, with his gown drawn close around, the young sempstress glanced round to see that she was unobserved, and pulling off a little silver cross that hung round her neck, let it fall into the grave. Possibly that little cross did the Jew no harm, when he stood with it in his hand on the threshold of Heaven praying for admittance.

Dawn was breaking as the sexton began to shovel the earth on Isaac Mosacker's body, and as Marie and Jacques walked out of the cemetery arm in arm. But at the gate a man met them—smooth and polished of manners.
"You have been attending the funeral of Isaac Mosacker?" he inquired bowing.
"We don't know his name," answered Jacques, tumbling in his pocket, under a vague impression that aims was going to be asked of them.
"There can be no mistake, for there has been but one funeral yet this morning," replied the stranger more and more courteously. "Well, if you will do me the favor of coming with me to my office I shall have a message to give you. I am a notary."

"But I have work to do," pleaded Marie. I must deliver a dress which is ordered for to-day."
The notary smiled.
"I think that is a dress that may wait," said he. "Here is my carriage; pray step in."

In the course of that day a very surprising rumor went about Lyons. It was circulated that Isaac Mosacker had left a fortune of one million francs to be divided equally amongst all who should prove their regard for him by attending his funeral. A workman named Jacques and a sempstress called Marie were the only two who had been present, and so this made them a fortune of 500,000 francs a piece—or rather they would have the million between them, since they were betrothed to each other.
And when this rumor came to be proved a fact, there were many Jews in Lyons who slept poorly. But one slept more poorly than all the rest, and his name was Reuben Manasses.

TWO EXPEDIENTS.

How a Dead Rat was Found, and how Edison Signalled to Canada.

Frank Buckley relates a laughable use for the flies, which in a warm season are commonly voted a nuisance. A fashionable dining-room was rendered uninhabitable by evil odors. Their cause was known. A poisoned rat had crawled beneath the floor and died there, but the exact spot could not be determined. The air was tainted everywhere.

Carpenters were coming to take up the whole of the floor, when an original expedient occurred to a bystander. "Catch a blue-bottle fly, and turn it out into the room," was the suggestion. It was acted upon. The bottle hovered around for some time, and it looked as if the stragem might fail. But at last the tiny detective settled with a business-like air on one part of the floor.

The signal sufficed. A solitary board was taken up, and underneath it was the dead rat. The blue-bottle had been a true guide, and a not inconsiderable expense was saved to the householder.
Real undoubted genius has frequently shown the power of overcoming a difficulty by a semi-ludicrous expedient. Edison, in his younger days, tried the curious experiment by setting up communication by the shrill shriek of a locomotive engine. He was a train-boy. One day a floating mass

of drift-ice snapped the telegraph cable linking Port Huron, in Michigan, and Sarnia, in Canada. It was a complete severance, and the river is a mile and a half wide.

Edison had a queer thought. He hustled the driver of a locomotive out of his path, and seized control of the valve that regulated the whistle. The notion was to whistle in long and short notes, answering to dots and dashes.

"Sarnia, do you hear?"
Sarnia was silent and over and over again the odd effort failed. But at last some bright person on the other side divined what all the noise meant. An answer came, and intercourse was proved to be practicable.

Mrs. Watts came to the door just in time to see Mr. Dismal Dawson going over the back fence.

"Say," said she, "I thought you promised to do some work for me when you had finished the meal I gave you?"

"Yes'm," said Dawson, "so I did."

"It looks very much as if you had lied."

"Yes'm, I guess it do look that way. An' it hurts me, as much as any man on earth, but there is no tellin' what a man will do when he is hungry."

Professor Longhair—Astronomy teaches that a girl born in January will be prudent, good tempered, and fond of dress; if born in February, affectionate, kind-hearted, and fond of dress; in March, inconstant and fond of—
Hostess—In what months are girls born who are not fond of dress?
Professor Longhair—In none, madam.

BORN.

- Truro, June 9, to the wife of R. H. Reid, a son.
- Oxford, June 7, to the wife of T. F. Davis, a son.
- Truro, June 12, to the wife of Peter Ross, a daughter.
- Berwick, June 13, to the wife of Caleb Ray, a son.
- Bellefleur, June 15, to the wife of Watson Ross, a son.
- Halifax, June 15, to the wife of John S. Lomas, a son.
- Lockport, June 15, to the wife of Frank A. Bill, a son.
- Wolville, N. S., to the wife of B. O. Davison, two sons.
- Halifax, June 13, to the wife of William H. Marks, a son.
- Masquodouit, June 5, to the wife of Henry Miller, a son.
- Halifax, June 14, to the wife of Thomas Forbes, a daughter.
- Dartmouth, June 11, to the wife of J. E. Lawlor, a daughter.
- Bridgetown, June 9, to the wife of Fred Covert, a daughter.
- Belleisle, June 10, to the wife of Enoch Young, a daughter.
- Kentville, June 5, to the wife of Charles Loup, a daughter.
- Halifax, June 14, to the wife of R. L. Schwartz, a daughter.
- Fairfax, June 10, to the wife of William Bowden, a daughter.
- St. John, June 17, to the wife of George McArthur, a daughter.
- Upper Masquodouit, June 8, to the wife of John O'Shea, a son.
- North Sydney, C. B., June 5, to the wife of A. J. Coppin, a son.
- Fort Lawrence, May 29, to the wife of Hazen Atkinson, a daughter.
- Halifax, June 14, to the wife of W. A. Mum, a daughter.
- Parrsboro, June 8, to the wife of Captain Henry Ogilvie, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Tormentine, June 16, Martin Smith to Susan Grace.
- Windsor, June 13, W. W. Robson to Hattie M. Curry.
- Windsor, June 8, Rev. Father Faulkner to Carrie Rilex, 15.
- Sussex, June 12, by Rev. H. W. Little, James McNutt to Janie Carr.
- Chatham, June 11, by Rev. Canon Forsyth, William Craft to Bella Green.
- Niagara, N. S., June 5, by Rev. C. E. Pines, John Morse to Edith Banks.
- Windsor, June 6, by Rev. Edmund Kennedy, Frank Ward to Mary Hayes.
- Kars, June 13, by Rev. David Long, E. E. Edworthy to Edna M. Spragg.
- New Germany, June 6, by Rev. E. D. Parry, Amos Ernst to Lavinia Oikie.
- Amherst, June 12, by Rev. Dr. Steele, David J. Clark to Effie J. Hicks.
- Woodstock, June 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, A. McCarty to Annie Fagerman.
- Bocabece, June 18, by Rev. H. E. S. Maider, Harley W. Dow to Eva Mitchell.
- Dartmouth, June 11, by Rev. T. Stewart, James H. Cox to Cora May Leady.
- Mainland, June 6, by Rev. J. B. Blakeney, Robert Kempson to Agnes Lewis.
- Dartling Lake, June 9, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Jacob T. Eldridge to Maud Ellis.
- Parrsboro, June 11, by Rev. W. N. Evans, Edward McCarty to Annie Fagerman.
- Herring Cove, June 5, by Rev. T. H. Grace, James Dempsey to Sarah Sullivan.
- Amherst, June 12, by Rev. R. Williams, Joseph Chapman to Ethel Jackson.
- Dartmouth, June 2, by Rev. T. Stewart, William Colbright to Lucy Blaxford.
- Fredericton, June 12, by Rev. J. C. McDevitt, James Carten to Annie Foley.
- Moncton, June 11, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, R. P. Doherty to Edna M. Spragg.
- Sussex, June 6, by Rev. Allan W. Smithers, Andrew Carr to Isabel Crothers.
- Halifax, June 12, by Rev. F. M. Webster, Eldridge T. Hammett to Bessie Butler.
- Woodstock, June 1, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, G. W. Lint to Annie Fagerman.
- St. John, June 13, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Herman Sullivan to Bessie Egges.
- Yarmouth, June 13, by Rev. J. H. Forsyth, David H. Saunders to Emma Young.
- New Germany, June 9, by Rev. A. Rogers, James R. Hishop to Catherine McCabe.
- Bridgewater, June 5, by Rev. F. C. Simpson, Scott W. Hebb to Elizabeth J. Shand.
- North Sydney, June 14, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Newton Jones to Laura Nisbet.
- St. John, June 14, by Rev. John Shepton, William W. McKinley to Margaret Porter.
- Passekeag, June 13, by Rev. A. J. MacFarland, William Smith to Elizabeth Kelso.
- Point du Chene, June 19, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Hugh McKellar to Cassie Sherrard.
- Lower Newcastle, June 12, by Rev. L. S. Johnson, George Stewart to Alberta Hobart.
- Fredericton, June 18, by Rev. J. H. King, William S. Evans to Victoria H. Armstrong.
- Burlington, N. S., June 11, by Rev. W. Ryan, Alfred Cochran to Flora M. Young.
- Dartmouth, June 11, by Rev. Charles Underwood, Alexander Fraser to Eunice Weale.
- Berwick, June 12, by Rev. George F. Dawson, Elbert Kennedy to Laura Chapman.
- St. John, June 20, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Aquila D. Hopkins to Margaret E. Cochran.
- Point Midgie, June 6, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, Charles McKenzie to Mary A. Sears.
- St. John, June 18, by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, George Dehart to Frances Matilda Morrison.
- Hopewell Hill, June 6, by Rev. W. Johnson, Alfred E. Woodworth to C. Belle Newcomb.
- St. John, June 20, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, Edward Patterson to Jennie Beckwith.
- Middle Simonds, June 13, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Holland H. Smalley to Carrie A. Caldwell.
- Woodstock, June 12, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Clarence A. Grant to Emma J. McColeman.
- Pinney Cove, N. S., June 7, by Rev. H. Achille, Ross C. Handspiker to Mrs. Deliah D. White.
- Benton, June 13, by Rev. M. Manaton, assisted by Rev. M. McKay, Samuel Arscott to Mary Gibson.
- St. Stephen, June 14, by Rev. O. S. Newham, assisted by Rev. T. Bryan, Richard L. Sloggett to Kate G. Bolton.

Tetley's tea is economical and pure. Tetley's Tea is refreshing and healthy, and by the blending process contains all the different qualities of the finest teas in itself. TETLEY'S TEA is always the same excellent quality, it never varies. Prices: 50c., 60c., 70c., 90c. and \$1 00 per lb. Sold by all leading grocers in the Dominion. If your grocer does not sell it write to the agent for the Dominion. David Brown, 469 St. Paul St., Montreal.

DIED. SCROFULA CURED BY B.B.B. Mrs. Jas. Chase. Worst Kind of Scrofula. DEAR SIRS—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, the doctors said, I got so weak that I could not walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I asked if I might take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find Budock B. O. O. Bitters a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanea, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland and Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa. J. R. STONE, Agent. H. C. CRIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world. Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Elgin & Havelock R'y. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent, 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

THE BEST ROUTE GOES EVERGREEN. Hires' Root BEER. The Great Health Drink. SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE. A pleasure and a delight. The most delicious and refreshing of all temperance beverages. A 25c. Package makes 5 Gallons, Sold Everywhere. Refuse Worthless Substitutes.

RAILWAYS. YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 4.30 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 8.25 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.40 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Atlantic and Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with St. John's and Annapolis Railway. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co., for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and other principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. Trains are run by Railway Standard Time. J. BRADSHAW, General Superintendent. Yarmouth, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Cheap Excursion TO MONTREAL. \$7.50 EACH. EXCURSION TICKETS will be on sale June 28th, up to July 2 inclusive, good for return until July 9, 94, at Meetings of Wheelman's Association will be held at Montreal, June 30 and July 2, and of the Prohibitionists on July 3 and 4. For tickets and further information apply at City office, Chubb's Corner. D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Montreal. Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agt., 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, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax..... 13.40 Express for Sussex..... 16.50 Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal..... 16.55

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: 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. A Freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock. Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.40 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, except Sunday at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Passengers will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock at 8 a. m., for St. John, while waiting permits. Commencing June 2nd, Steamer Olivette will leave St. John EVERY SATURDAY at 6 p. m., for Hanptand and intermediate landings and will leave Hanptand every MONDAY morning at 5, due at Indiantown at 8.30. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE AND SALMON RIVER. And all intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANES, Master, having recently rebuilt, 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. FARE—St. John to Salmon River \$1.25. Or return tickets good for 14 days, continuous passage, \$2.00. 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 UP FREIGHT must be prepaid, unless when accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to passengers by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return the Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents. Wm. McMULLEN, C. BAIRD, Agent at Indiantown, Manager.

STEAMER GLIFTON. 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. K. G. EARLE, (Captain). 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 Time). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received on Friday up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAEHLER, Agent.