Yes, we were really married. The clergyman, with impressive solemnity, announced that we were now one, and sanctioned onr union with the blessing of the church. He shook my hand, and the tears stood in his eyes as he wished me unending happiness. He kissed Eleonore thing. whom he had christened twenty years before, and repeated again :

"God bless you, my child!" Then came the wedding-guests, one after the other, to congratulate us. There was

quite a procession.

The sixth person in the procession was Aunt Caroline. She is Eleonore's aunt, but I am quite as fond of her as if she were my own. She is the best of creatures, always ready to come when you need her, and quite as willing to stay away when she fancies that her society might be burdensome. She is one of those generous, patient aunts who in winter always have on hand a store of goodies for hungry nieces and nephews; and in summer are ever ready to take charge of a particularly restless schoolboy or girl, whose exuberant spirits render him or har an annoyance to the quiet home circle. In a word, Aunt Caroline is a noble example of what an aunt really ought to be.

"Dear Felix-Dear Eleonore," she said, as she clasped our hands, "my wedding present is so cumbersome that I arranged to have it sent directly to your house, where you will find it when you return from your bridal tour. It will welcome you to your new home, and I trust it may give you much pleasure, and daily remind you of your old Aunt Caroline.

A dozen times a day during our journey we spoke of Aunt Caroline's present, and tried to guess what it might be. Eleonore was certain that it was a handsome bookcase, while I maintained with equal confidence that it must be a superb bronze or-

At last, after fourteen October days of crimson-tinted forests, and deep blue bays, enchanting sunsets, and cosy evenings beside sparkling hearth-fires in comtortable hotels-after two weeks of perfect enjoyment, we returned to the charming little home which was henceforth to be our haven

I kissed Eleonore when I helped her from the carriage, and murmured:

"Welcome home, dear wife." She returned my caress rather hastily, and, running past me into the house, said

"Now we shall see what it is." Alas! we learned only too soon. Martha, our little maid-of-all-work, had illuminated the little drawing-room for our reception. The handsome swinging lamp above the centre table-a present from Uncle Augustus -was lighted. Red wax candles burned brightly on each of the two bronze candelabra-Uncle Christopher's present-on the mantel, while two lighted student lamps, likewise other wedding gitts, stood on the illumine, and direct our glances the moment we entered the room toward Aunt Caroline's present, which hung directly opposite the door. It was an atrociously painted representation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and looked as if it might I forget—ah, yes—what a marvellous painthave originated in a manufactory of "curi- ing-ah-ah-!" osities." Its true origin I never learned, although I had ample opportunity to study

It is quite certain, however, that dear Aunt Caroline, knowing my own and ent his eyes tell on the "Prodigals," the Eleonore's fondness for pictures, and with doctor talked to her as he would to a child; her heart overflowing with benevolence and | and she is certain that it was because of affection, had purchased the huge canvas | that unfortunate canvas that he did not pay at some auction, paying for it a good round us a farewell call, notwithstanding my assum, and consoling herself for the extrava- surance that he was hastily summoned gance with thoughts of the pleasure the pic- away by a telegram. ture would give us.

The canvas measured eight feet by ten the composition itself absurd in the extreme. and had the picture removed to my study. In the middle foreground a group of figures | To do this, I was obliged to take down in gala attire represented the returned pro- about two hundred books, together with digal, his parents, and the guests invited to | the shelves. celebrate the return. On a sort of raised gallery in the background were a number | did not matter. I placed my desk so that of figures with cymbals, dancing and sing- my back was toward it, and commended ing. All these persons were in a kind of my visitors of taste to the mercy of their pillared hall, to the left of which was an abject-looking individual in tattered garments, feeding some swine with ears of agine her surprise when, seated in the chair corn. To the right of the hall was an Ori- Dr. S ----- had occupied, she looked up ental butcher with a Turkish scimitar, and found the picture was gone. She

slaughtering the fatted calt. Aunt Caroline confided to me afterward that it was because the canvas contained really three pictures instead of only one that she decided to secure it, adding with a ation, "I intend to exhibit it to my Sunday triumphant smile

"You see, my dear nephew, you have the entire gallery on one canvas.'

And there it hung-taking up almost one entire wall of the room in which we had decided Eleonore should spend the most of

We surveyed the monstrosity in silence; ing"; then we went to inspect the dining- | accepted. room and my study. We spent the evening in the latter cosy chamber.

But Eleonore could not at all times use the study as a sitting-room, especially when I had business callers. At such times the poor child would bravely conquer her aversion to the "Prodigals"—thus she designated both the bipeds and quadrupeds in the picture-and, with her back turned resolutely upon them, would sit in the drawing room until my visitors had departed.

We have a large circle of acquaintances. Of course, they all called on us, and Eleonore said she always felt as if the "Prodigals" helped her to "do the honors." Indeed the picture seemed to receive the larger share of our visitor's attention. Some of Eleonore's more intimate friends asked able. Here on the left you see the prodher why she had hung such "very large pictures" in our small drawing-room. Some who considered it impolite to make such remarks, maintained a discreet silence; while those who thought it "good form" to talk | turn of the prodigal. Here again on the about pictures, and to pretend a familiarity | right is the butcher in the act of killing the with art, would would enquire it "that large | fatted calf." painting was the work of an American," or While I delivered this highly instructive remark that it reminded them of something similar which they had seen at the Acad- toward the designated objects.

emy-or somewhere. Then there were some who would observe that the same subject had been treat-"instructive," and so on. There was still another class of art critics. It was conposed of those who knew nothing about pictures, but who were quite ready to admire anything the moment they found out

that somebody else admired it.

ed to buy a painting, or engraving, he first consulted me; consequently the fact that I had the "Prodigal Son" hanging on my wall was sufficient to convince even those of our friends who really thought the picture an abominable daub, that there must be "something in it;" and they exerted themselves manfully to discover this some-

"How very natural those swine are!" one would say.

"Just see what brilliant coloring in those clouds!" another would add. "How repentant the Prodigal' looks," a

third would remark, with the air of a con-"It is really quite interesting to see those ancient fashions. Now, that tunic is really quite picturesque," and so on,

until my poor little wife actually grew to despise these well-meaning art critics. When I came home in the evening, and found Eleonore almost worn out, and would inquire tenderly what wearied her, she would sigh: "Oh those 'Prodigals." And really, it was almost unendurable. But we could not offend dear Aunt Caroline- whose admiring gaze always hung with devouring interest on the mammoth canvas every time she visited us-by cut-

in the cellar. However, after everybody had called, and had been called on in turn, there came a season of comparative peace, during which Eleonore went to pay a two days' visit to an old school friend.

ting it in pieces, burning it, or hanging it

During her absence I had the upholsterer and two men of his men come and remove the "Prodigals" into the dinningroom; and when Aunt Caroline, on her next visit, missed the picture from its accustomed place, she seemed quite downhearted. I, however, boldly declared that the light in the dining-room was much better, and that the subject-feasting-was more suitable for a dining-room than a drawing-room.

Dear Aunt Caroline! She had so much faith in my reputation as an art connoisseur that, notwithstanding her disappointment, she said I was quite right to move the picture.

Now, thought I, with self-gratulatory feeling, Bleonore can receive her callers in comfort.

But I reckoned without my "Prodigals." Although the picture gave us less annoyance in its present position, we covered it with gauze-on account of the flies. It happened that the distinguished botanist, Dr. S-, visited our town during the

There were no flies at that time. Our guest was a most amiable man, and the friends whom we had invited to dine with him did their best to help entertain him. During the soup he related a highly amusing adventure he had had in Egypt When Martha removed his plate, he looked up-the "Prodigals" were directly opposite this spring?" piano. The light from all these served to him-and. well-bred though he was, he could not help a look of wondering surprise at sight of such a travesty on art. He

paused, started at the piccure, then, turning toward my wife, stammered confusedly: "I-I beg pardon, madam, but-really

Naturally every glance was directed toward the object which had so confused the learned gentleman.

Eleonore declared that from that mom-

A few days later Eleonore went to visit her mother, and while she was gone, I teet. The frame was a broad, gilded affair; again sent for the upholsterer and his men,

The light here was execrable, but that good angels. On New Year's Day Aunt Caroline dined with us, and you may imdidn't say a word, however.

"We hung your picture -your lovely picture, dear aunt-in my study," I answered, casually, adding, in my desper-

The dear old soul did not say anything, nor was she offended; but she appeared so melancholy that I was conscience-stricken. Before I went to bed I tried to make amends for the detestable story I had told Aunt Caroline. I wrote to a friend of mine, and invited him to bring his Sunday in silence listened to Martha's admiring class on the following Thursday evening and take tea with us. The invitation was

I received my friend and his scholars in the drawing-room. I asked the little fellows all sorts of questions about their studies, and Eleonore showed them out photographs. At last came the welcome summons to tea, after which I invited the children into my study to see the pictures of the "Prodigal Son.

The lamps were placed in the most favorable positions. The youngsters ranged themselves in a row in front of the picture, I took my position on one side, my friend on the other. I cleared my throat, and began in a didactic tone:

"This picture, my dear children, is partly allegorical, partly realistic. These two rows of columns on either side of the centre divide the different eras of the parigal, hungry and wretched, sharing the swine's food-as the Scripture tells us. Here in the background you see them singing and dancing, rejoicing over the re-

lecture my friend pointed with a ruler

The silence which followed my remarks was actually oppressive. At last one little paying for the honor. A few years ago fellow, Frank Diegel, the butcher's son, ed in many different ways-that it was very | teeling that something ought to be said, stammeringly asked:

"Be them Berkshire pigs?" The laughter which followed the general oppressiveness was wonderfully hearty, and, the clock striking nine soon afterward, Eleonore and I gave thanks for our release.



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Fortunately, there were some very warm days in March-quite warm enough to existence, I did not do so now. I fetched the gauze veil and draped it securely over the prodigals. The next day Aunt Caroline called. Said I to her when she came into the study:

"Have you noticed, dear aunt, how very early the flies have made their appearance

Aunt Caroline had not noticed I should not be adhering strictly to the truth were I to say that we were not perfectly happy in our little home. We were -even though there was hardly a forenoon, atternoon, or evening that one of the Prodigals-either the son, one of his parents, the butcher or one of the swine-did not somehow mix in our conversation. It was not for this-though it helped somewhatthat, when summer brought my holiday, we were determined to spend it in the New Forest.

Those were enchanting days! Eleonore embroidered, sketched, and read to her heart's content, while I wrote

diligently at a new book I had begun. Thus we passed six delightful weeks with never a thought of the Prodigals, when one morning, Fate, in the person of the postman, brought me a newspaper.

"Are you Mr. Trubury, from Yonkers?" he inquired.

"Then here's something that may interest you," he added, pointing to a paragraph tn the paper. I read

Yesterday, in Yonkers, a fire consumed the residences of Miss Surrey and Mr. Felix Trubury. The loss is partly covered by insurance. I summoned my poor little wife, to whom I communicated as gently as possible our

We began at once to prepare for our return journey; and as our train would not leave until the afternoon, I wired a friend

tor further particulars of the fire. The answer came as we were leaving the

Fire started in the Surrey house. Unfortunately,

As I concluded this rather depressing message, Eleonore clasped my hand in both her own, and whispered assuringly: "We have each other, dear Felix, we

shall not be poor-we have each otherand our love.' A tew hours later we were in Yonkers.

As we drew near to the station, Eleonore leaned toward me and said, smiling through "Felix, dear, we've one comfort."

"What is i, love?"

"We are rid of those detestable swine." "That's so," I assented. "There is never a misfortune that has not some re-I had sent word to a friend to meet us at

the station. He had not come alone. There were several sympathetic acquaint-"It was so late," said my friend, referring to the fire, "and so sudden. There

was a furious wind-" "But," interrupted another friend, "one thing will give you great pleasure." "Indeed!" exclaimed Eleonore, expect-

antly. "What, pray?"
"You have to thank Frank Diegel's courage for it. When all hope of saving the house was gone, he and several of my Sunday scholars broke open the shutters of your study window, and Frank bravely entered the burning dwelling and cut the large painting from the frame. That was the only thing saved."

Is it possible for any Chinaman, or even any Chinese woman, to become a deity by a rich and devout Chinese lady died in Soochoo. Her friends thought that an apothesis was no more than her due, and communicated with the priests, who interviewed the gods on the subject, and discovered that the god of the lett little toenail had no wife. The old lady was accordingly married to his godship, and is now enrolled who was as familar with good pictures as myself. When any of my neighbors wantas the "goddess of the left little toenail."

BORN.

bring back the flies in my study. Once I Halifax, Aug. 21, to the wife of H. S. Harris, a son. should have put an end to their premature Digby, Aug. 16, to the wife of John Hayden, a son. Halifax, Aug. 7, to the wife of J. A. Daine, a daugh-Blomidon, Aug 18, to the wife of Arthur Pineo, a

Alma, Aug. 19, to the wife of Thomas G. Elliott, a

Blomidon, Aug. 20, to the wife of Jacob H. Pineo, Moncton, Ang. 23, to the wife of W. C. Lawrence, a Sydn y, Aug. 17, to the wife of John Morrison, a

St. John, Aug. 24, to the wife of Max Ashkins, a Lower Hillsboro, Aug. 18, to the wife of A. D. Bar-

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of William E. Leary, Kingston Village, N. S., Aug. 7, to the wife of J.

New Glasgow, Aug. 24, to the wife of Fred A. Bowman, a daughter. Barachois, N. B., Aug. 21, to the wife of Vital Ouelett, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Aug. 19, to the wife of Dr. G. A. St. John, Aug. 26, to the wife of Frederick W Dorchester, Aug. 25, to the wife of Captain W. R.

Hopewell Hill, Aug. 21, to the wife of Frederick Rogers, a daughter. Lower Five Islands, N. S., to the wife of J. W. Coverhead West, P. E. I., Aug. 17, to the wife of Captain John R. Allan, a son. Centreville, C. S. I., Aug. 14, to the wife of Captain and Mrs. Avard L. Smith, a son.

MARRIED.

Windsor, Aug. 22, Charles H. Dubar to Alva M. St. John, Aug. 27, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Mantord Day to Addie Chase. Newcastle, Aug. 21, by Rev. J. H. S. Sweet, James

Ryan to Eliza Husher. St. John, Aug. 23, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, A. T. Amherst, Aug. 23, by Rev. R. Williams, Frank West to Ella M. Brown.

East River, Aug 19, by Rev. C. Turner, Hugh D. Bath to Nina L. Hersey. Easton, Aug. 17, by Rev. Isaiah Wallace, William Gavel to Laleah Mullen.

Sussex, Aug. 20, by Rev. James Gray, Edward Burns to Mary Holland. Halifax, Aug. 21, by Rev. F. H. Wright, John Evans to Mrs. Edith Reid St. John, Aug. 27, by Rev. G. A. Hartley, Captain Avard Hall to Lucy Clark.

Dorchester, Aug. 22, by Rev. G. E. Dawson, Horace E. Ford to Annie Crowson Douglas, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Elbridge C. Dumphy to Jacobina Currie.

Maple Ridge, Aug. 8, by Rev. J. H. Coy, Henry Billing to Minnie E. Blaney. Canning, Aug. 23, by Rev. E. Crowell, Levi Free-St. John, Aug. 23, by Rev. Mr. Watts, S. L. Tilly Robinson to Agnes A. Lyons.

Springfield, Aug. 14. by Rev. David Long, Albert McManus to Mary Piers. Pictou Landing, Aug. 25, by Rev. A. Bowman, James S. Reid to Annie Scott. Campobello, Aug. 16, by the Rev W. H. Street, Frank Calder to Ella J. Patch. Middleton, Aug. 15, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Guilford R. Marshall to Hattie Slocumb.

Chipman, Aug. 21, by Rev. D. McD. Clark, Charles H. McDougald to Emily Clarke. Durham, Aug. 22, by Rev, E. Bell, Charles Fairley to Miss S. F. Vanhorne. Goldenville, N. S., Aug. 8, By Rev. Mr. John, Lauchy Fraser to Lousia James.

Upper Keswick, N. B., by Rev. P. O. Rees, Silas Morehouse to Mrs. Irene Chute. St. Martins, Aug. 15, by Rev. A. K. DeBlois, Wil liam Davidson to Kate Handren. St. John, Aug. 27, by Rev. W. J. Holts, Benjamin Hatfield to Margaret J. Leatham. Wickham, Aug. 10, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Berkley R. Vail to Margaret E. Foster. Newcastle, Aug. 21, by Rev. W. Aitken, James Mc-Cullam to Mrs. Margaret Murphy.

Lakeville, N. S., Aug. 14, by Rev. W. J. ledge, Ira Slocum to Lillie Corkum. Chipman, Aug. 15, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William H. Keirstead to Grace L. Lloyd Fredericton, Aug. 22. by Rev. Mr. Tippett, Frederick W. Wisely to Laura A. Currie. Parrsboro, Aug. 21, by Rev. James Sharp, John James McKay to Elizabeth A. Parsons. Clementsport, Aug. 22, by Rev. James Strothard, Charles B. Crowell to Sadie M. Vroom.

Breokfield, N. S., Aug. 23, by Rev. Charles McKay, Lewis Brenton to Mary F. Graham. Port La Tour, Aug. 16, by Rev. Jabez Appleby, Jacob T. Barry to Maggie E. F. Chandler. Vancouver, B. C., Aug 2, by Rev. J. W. Mac-Millan, Rufus B. Hoar to Elizabeth C. Dalzell.

St. John, Aug. 22, Mrs. Madeline Michaud, 75.

DIED.

Linacy, Aug. 20, John Fraser, 83.

St. John, Aug. 21, Thomas Evans, 49.

Halifax, Aug. 29, Thomas O'Brien, 69.

Fredericton, Aug. 28, Fred Irvine, 17.

Pictou, Aug. 20, Philip Carroll, Sr., 74.

Bayside, Aug. 16, Grace McDonald, 54.

Hillsboro, Aug. 22, Dawson Steeves, 86.

St. Stephen, Aug. 27, William Vroom, 82.

Stellarton, Aug. 20, Donald McLeod, 86.

Shubenacadie, Aug. 21, F. R. Parker, 94.

Dartmouth, Aug. 24, Henry Oldbright, 67.

French Village, Aug. 23, Edward Kelly, 84.

Weymouth, Aug. 18, William H. Parker, 67.

Fredericton, Aug, 23. Maggie McMinniman, 35. St. John. Aug. 28, Josephine L. Lane, 9 months. Yarmouth, Aug. 28, Captain Amasa Durkee, 82. Greenfield, Aug. 20, Mrs. John T. Davidson, 50. St. Martins, Aug. 15, Mrs. Ruth H. Bradshaw, 82. St. Stephen, Aug. 21, Harold E. McIlory, 11 months. Halifax, Aug. 23, Frances K., wife of L.J. Hessiein. Westport, N, S., Aug. 18, Mrs. Mary P. Bailey, 78 Halifax, Aug. 27, Mary, wife of Thomas Hollett, 37. New Glasgow, Aug. 16, Alexander McKenzie, 76. Halifax, Aug. 25, Maria. wife of Charles Angrove,

Caribou Mines, N. S., Aug. 17, Charlotte J. Wright, Salisbury, Aug. 10, Elizabeth, wife of John Hopper, Digby, Aug. 18, of heart disease, Rebekah White, Halifax, Aug. 23, Mary E., wife of John Kellum,

Wicklow, Aug. 16, Frances, wife of Samuel Giber-Cape Fourchu, C. B., Aug. 17, Hugh Sweeney, Chipman, Aug. 16, of heart disease, James Benni-

Fredericton, Aug. 17, Margaret, wife of Owen Shar-South Range, N. S., Aug. 12, Lottie, wife of A. D. Black Brook, Aug 3, Margaret, wife of Joseph H.

Cape Negro. Aug. 26, of consumption, William B. Lunenburg, Aug. 15, Lydia, widow of the late Allen

Moncton, Aug. 25, Joseph, son of F. C. and Mary Chatham, Aug. 24, Mary L., widow of the late

Chatham, Aug. 18, Mary, widow of the late Patrick St. John, Aug. 26, Kate J., wife of John J. Mc-Milton, Aug. 18, Edward, son of late Augustus

Pemoroke, N. S., Aug. 26, Maria, wife of Alexan-Milltown, Aug. 20, Alice, daughter of Charles Mc Halifax, Aug. 22, Victor, son of James and Hannah

Greenwood, N. S., Aug. 15, Annie W., daughter of Clark Spinney, 20. Fairfield, N. B., Aug. 4, Etta, daughter of Charles Bedford, Aug. 27, William, son of Albert and Eliza Tolson, 11 weeks. Moncton, Aug. 24, Mabel, daughter of Peter and Mary Connelly, 13.

Liverpool, Aug. 17, of consumption, Mary J., wife of Albert Ryer, 28. St. George, Aug. 15, William J., son of James and Mary Doherty, 25. Halifax, Aug. 25, George, son of William J. and Florence Holley, 1.

Halifax, Aug. 18, Odessa, daughter of the late Cot-Cogmagun, N. S., Aug. 18, Alla, widow of the late St. John, Aug. 28. Thomas, son of Bridget and the late James Tole, 37. Wolfville, Aug. 18, E. E. Faville, son of W. C

Windsor, Aug. 16, Katie, daughter of Charles W. Woodstock, Aug 25, Margaret, daughter of the late

New Glasgow, Aug. 11, Catherine, daughter of the Wakefield Centre, Aug. 1, George, son of William and Maggie McAiee, 2. Fairville, Aug. 23, Louise, daughter of David and

Sarah Taylor, 2 months acksonville, Aug. 12, Guy, son of R. Chipman and Fairville, Aug. 25, Harold L., son of James A. and

Halitax, Aug. 24, James R. L., son of William and Eunice Graves, 5 months Rothesay, Aug. 28, Bertha, daughter of Stephen and Mary Pierce, 3 weeks. Sunny Brae, Aug. 23, John Edward, son of Joseph B. and Margaret Prince, 12. Wolfville, Aug. 19, Francis Willard, daughter of W. C. Archibald, 3 months.

Tracacie, Aug. 16, of consumption, Norman, son of Port Maitland, N. S., Aug. 14, of paralysis, Mary, wife of William Durland, 69. St. John, Aug. 28, Reuben, son of Captain and

Amanda Norwood, 6 months. St. John, Aug. 22, Maggie, daughter of Bridget and the late Michael McCafferty, 7. Yarmouth, Aug. 22, Alberta, daughter of Frank and Lizzie M. Cook, 9 month

St. John, Aug. 27, Llilian C., daughter of Timothy and Matilda Donovan, 4 months. Brooklyn, N. S., Aug. 20, Laura J., daughter of R. J. U. and Margaret J. Salter, 29. Halifax, Aug. 22, Kathleen, daughter of William and Hattie MacDouald, 3 months. Westfield, Aug. 11, Silas Domino, adopted son o William and Letitia Eisenhauer, 11.

Vaudreuil, P. Q., Aug. 23, Herbert, son of the late Stanley, N. B., Mrs. Gilbert Pringle, daughter of Joseph Thorbrum, of St. John, N. B.

St. John, Aug. 25, Letticia Myrtle, daughter of William G. and Letticia Scott, 1 month. Bear Island, N. B., Aug. 15, Gracie Viola, daughter of William and Merrilda Moore, 5 months. New Glasgow, Aug. 23, Josephine, daughter of Ranald and Josephine McDonald, 4 months. St. John, Aug. 25, Kathleen Marguerite, daughter, of Thomas and Maggie J. Sharkey, 9 months. Halifax, Aug. 26, of heart disease, Catherine daughter of Donald and Mary Fitzgerald, 25.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 17, Sarah C., daughter of Isabella and the late Edward Archibald, of Truro, Victoria' B. C., Aug, 26, of pneumonia, Emily, widow of the late William McKeil, of Green-

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1894, trains will rundaily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. 11.55 a. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Way. At Digby with st'mr Monticello for St. John daily at Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamers. ship Co., for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St.

Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Wind and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway 1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894 On and after MONDAY, the 25th JUNE. 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JON

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Moztreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock. TRINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton N. B., 20 June, 1894.