

Sunday Reading.

AUSTRALIAN CHURCH-GOING. "Are Women More Religious Than Men?" Discussed.

An Australian paper discusses the all important subject of church going as follows; the line of reasoning is certainly unique and somewhat doubtful.

A recent religious convocation in Sydney, N. S. W., fell to discussing why the men did not go to church, and, as a natural outcome, whether women were more religious than men. The fact was admitted that the men did not attend church as of old, neither in these colonies nor in England; in fact, one clergyman stated that in England his congregation had appeared to be nothing but "bonnets, bonnets, bonnets." The explanations or rather the attempts at explanation, of the phenomenon, if it should not be rather called a sign and a portent, were many and various, but the candid admission was made that they did not satisfy anybody. Some thought that the sermons were not lively enough, others that the men had grown lazy and preferred a smoke at home, whilst one or two ventured to hint that there was really a decline of faith. This last explanation did not find much favor, nor did the assertion that the working men kept away from church because they found no doctrine that was suited to their views and social opinions. Finally, the conclusion was reached that nothing could be concluded. The reverend gentlemen were evidently puzzled to find causes which fully explained the effects which they lamented, and there seemed to be a general agreement to let the subject alone, as one which was rather too delicate to be handled freely in a public meeting. The subject has, however, been discussed in several newspapers at some length, also without any satisfactory conclusion being reached, though sundry smart things have been said, as was natural when the creature man writes about the angel woman. It has been said that women go to church to show their clothes, feeling that to be well-dressed and to let other people see that you are so is even better than feeling that you are saved. It has been urged, also, that women go to church to view with each other in the matter of attire—that they go because it is the fashion, and also because it is a custom of the society to which they belong. Whether these allegations be true of the women or not it boots not to inquire at the present stage of the debate, since the point is to discover why they do. What the clerical coos want to find out is how to catch the hare. For no objection was raised on the subject of the reasons which induced women to attend. If they do attend, that is enough. Wisely, there were no inquiries into motives; whether the clergy in accepting proper zeal and in spirit we shall not undertake to say, though it is the women attend to show themselves and see others, rather than as a means of grace, we may doubt whether a really earnest clergyman could feel content, or even at ease in his own mind. Leaving this very large and very important branch of the subject, which seems to demand as much inquiry as the other relative to the men, we may consider whether the male defection cannot be explained on grounds which still leave religion in all its force, and the clergy still in the full exercise of their functions, without loss of credit to themselves as compared with the preachers of days gone by.

And, first of all, we have to answer the question, why should a man go to church? The answer is not so easy as some persons may think. The general one will be that people ought to go to church to worship God, but that drives us back on the further question, what is worship? We are told that prayer is not merely a bawling out on the house-tops and other conspicuous places, but a reverent desire or even a sigh, which is the outward expression of an inward deep feeling. It may be safely assumed that a great deal that goes on at church is not worship at all, even in a rudimentary form, and that much is the very reverse of worship. We may conclude, we think, that if men desire to worship their maker, there are many other ways in which they can do so without going to church, where they merely repeat a number of prayers by rote, and where they frequently have to listen to sermons which no message for them, and which deal with topics about which they do not care. It may be urged that men should go to church as a good example to their families because church-going preserves a certain valuable discipline in the household, and because it is certainly better than lounging about half-dressed and smoking for the whole of a Sunday morning. No doubt there are these and many other reasons to be urged as to why men should go to church, some of which are valid and even powerful, but they are reasons drawn rather from convenience than conviction, and do not touch the religious side of the question at all. The religious argument has lost its force, because not a large number of persons now believe that salvation depends on the belief in minute points of faith, as was once the case, and which induced the Pilgrim Fathers to listen to three or four sermons a day when on board ship. There are few representatives now of the old Scotch lady who believed everybody to be damned but herself and the minister, and who had her "doots" about the minister. Whatever doctrines may be, the larger intercourse of the world has caused a general tolerance. In former days the case of the Jew and the Samaritan was common enough, but we have learned that men are much alike, although their faiths

may differ, and thus there has been a gradual decline in the demand for doctrine, which at one time formed the staple of all religious teaching.

These considerations serve to explain why many men do not think it absolutely necessary that they should worship in public, besides which there are many others. In former days teaching was mainly oral. The few read, and the reading usually provided for the masses were of a rough and coarse character. Today a man can get for a penny newspapers as well written and as full of thought as the very best sermons that are preached. In truth, the press cuts the ground from under the pulpit. The parson comes on Sunday like a belated individual striving to overtake public discussion. He has nothing to tell anybody. Moreover the multitude and cheapness of books enable men to read at home, to master all questions, no matter what they may be; and so they do not expect, and hardly ever get, any new information from the preacher. In former days the preachers went from town to town proclaiming their faith, but their occupation is gone. People show that they are ready to hear great preachers, even earnest and vulgar ones like Mr. M. Neil, but the desire does not last long, as is shown by the short stay which these popular religious orators make in one place. The plain truth is, that other modes of instruction have largely superseded the pulpit, and thus men do not go to church as of old, because they find they get what they want in the way of exhortation and teaching elsewhere. When the church shall again make itself the one great fount of religious teaching, then it will attract the men as of old, but at present it seems to be unable to compete successfully against the outside methods, which multiply at an astonishing rate. The women attend, because church-going is a social function, but it is one which men do not regard as absolutely incumbent on themselves.

THIS WEEK'S SHORT SERMON Is Preached by Rev. H. Law of Australia on Death and Judgment.

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring thee a red heifer without spot, wherein is no blemish and upon which never came yoke."—Num. xix. 2.

Contact with death is the occasion of this type.

Death! The very sound falls heavily. What mind can lightly think of it? What eye unmoored can see it? The limbs, once full of vigor, stir no more. Sinews, once pliant in activity, wax rigid. The form, so wondrous in its mechanism, becomes an inert mass. The features, once reflecting mirror of the thousand thoughts, are marble-monotony. The vessel, once so proudly gay, lies a deserted wreck. The fabric, once so sparkling in beauty, is a deserted ruin.

Death! It is more than animation fled. Decay draws near, with a polluting touch. Corruption fastens on its prey. The friends, most dotingly attached, cannot but turn loathingly away. A stern necessity requires that offensive remains be buried out of sight.

Reader, here pause and meditate. This death is pressing at your heels. It soon will lay you low. Your weeping friends will hide you in the dust. A forgetting world will go on merrily, as though you had not been. Say, do you joyfully await its touch? Can you feel, death comes as with friendly hand to open the cage-door, that my freed spirit might flee to its high home. Remember, you cannot escape. This tyrant wields a universal sway.

But in what cradle is it born? Whence is it armed with that destroying scythe? It is transgression's child. Sin is the womb which bare it. A sinless world would have been deathless bloom. But the world is sinful, and there is an open tomb.

In Eden sin was foreseen, and therefore death was fore-announced. Obey and live; but disobey, and "thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17). The mistake seemed to be well known. And from that day our fallen earth has been one channel-house.

Hence death is no ingredient in creation's primal law. It is a shadow cast by a blighted ruin. In its features we read wrath—displeasure—curse. Its voice is sternly one—God is offended. Its scourge vindicates eternal majesty and truth.

Death, then, is perpetual evidence that rebellion has worked sorely. It follows, because sin has preceded. Now God, in love, desires to set this truth conspicuously before each eye. Hence He writes a clear decree in Israel's code. Whoever touches a dead frame is unclean seven days (Num. xix. 11). The man thus soiled is outcast from the tabernacle service. He is exiled from social fellowships. The rule is universal. If a friend die within his tent, or if his steps unwittingly approach a corpse exposed in public fields, or if he tread upon the remnant of a lifeless frame or strike the grave in which men's ashes sleep, he must be unclean seven days (Num. xix. 14, 15, 16).

This is a rigid law. But it speaks clearly. How awfully it shows God's sense of sin! Whoever is brought near to death—sin's symbol—is symbolically vile. Proximity to sin itself. The contact with the thing signified.

But pollution may thus occur, which no forethought could flee. Without intent the foot might press a grave. In ignorance a tent might be entered where death sat. The decent offices of love might require that lifeless relatives be carried out. Care must hide those who cannot hide themselves. Be it so. It matters not what be the cause; if death be touched, legal uncleanness is incurred.

We hence are taught how sin surrounds us, and how suddenly it soils. It is the very atmosphere of earth. Man cannot move, and so contamination meets him. His casual walk is along miry paths. In the discharge of pious duties some stain may soon defile. Thus each day's course may render us impure.

This is a humbling truth. But in this very darkness there is light. We are not

left bereft of remedy. The unclean may be cleansed. All stains may vanish. There is a fountain opened for all soul-filth. There is full help for foulest need. Where sin abounds sin's cure exceeds. Where pollution spreads its wide pall, the Saviour brings His wider covering. This is the Gospel-message. And this stands prominently forth in the provision for removing the defilement of death's touch.

Reader, come view now the ordinance of the red heifer. And while you view, bless God for the great antitype—Christ Jesus.

God, who sentences the unclean, appears now to believe. No remedy could be devised by man. None could be credited, unless it bring heaven's seal. Faith cannot rest, but on a God-erected rock. But He provides, and He reveals. "Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring thee a red heifer without spot; wherein is no blemish; and upon which never came yoke." (Num. xix. 2).

A WONDERFUL PREACHER.

Dr. Newman Hall and His Work in the Vineyard.

Dr. Newman Hall, of London, is one of the most notable men in England, not only as a preacher of great power but as a writer of hymns and books. He is the Theodore Cuyler of England, resembling the Brooklyn divine in several marked respects. Like Dr. Cuyler, he is universally esteemed among all classes of people for his unselfish devotion to good causes and his broad and charitable spirit. The two men are intimate personal friends. Dr. Hall has recently retired from active service as the pastor of a church, and is now devoting his time largely to literary work. He is the author of several popular hymns and a number of successful volumes of poetry. In 1857 he published a volume called "Rhymes Composed at Bolton Abbey, and Other Rhymes." Another collection of his poetic pieces has been issued since (1886), entitled "Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine," and a third volume has followed that, "Songs of Earth and Heaven."

Dr. Hall touches human life at many points. He has been the intimate associate of such leading minds as John Bright, Dean Stanley and Mr. Gladstone; he walked in Westminster Abbey as one of the pall bearers of Lady Augusta Stanley, with Dukes and "Lord Bishops;" he has entertained Gladstone at his table. At the same time, he is one of the most attractive of street preachers to the humblest poor on the Surrey side of London. A man who can speak in Guildhall on the "Bulgarian Question" one evening, and on the next can preach to the ragged rabble; who can deliver a half dozen discourses a week, and superintend a church which has thirteen Sunday schools and five thousand scholars; who can write a volume on Rome or an article for the journals with equal facility, must be a master.

Newman Hall was born in Maidstone on May 22, 1816. Though strongly tempted to enter the profession of law, he entered the ministry instead. His theology is the theology of Calvary. Himself a nominal congregationalist, he uses the church of England liturgy in his Sabbath service. He has a presbyterian board of elders, he assimilates with methodists in many of his modes of labor, and he is equally at home with episcopalians like Rickerth or with quakers like Bevan Braithwaite.

The study in which he works is a quiet, orderly, pleasant room at Vine House, Hampstead Heath. A happy twittering of birds comes from the cage near the windows, where a couple of parakeets live on very friendly terms with a bullfinch, or sometimes fly about the apartment, having no fear of the two dogs who seem to promenade around the lower part of the house at will. The three windows look out to a pleasant garden, with a lawn surrounding the house, and an ivy-clad wall inclosing the whole. Inside are books without number, some in showy binding; relics and souvenirs of travel, an Arabian dagger, an osiric egg, a Norwegian dish, a Jerusalem memorial stone from the ruins, and also many volumes of Mr. Hall's own water color sketches taken in beautiful bits from all over the world.

While settled at Hull he went out one evening from a dinner party to preach to a crowd who had gathered in the streets. A primitive methodist was singing to the crowd that familiar ditty, "Come to Jesus, net now." Mr. Hall caught up the words and extemporized a powerful exhortation on the spot. He repeated it to his own congregation. Soon afterwards, being confined to his room by a long illness, he recalled the discourse and determined to turn it into a short, practical treatise for inquirers after salvation. He wrote it out in the fewest and simplest words possible, and his brother, Mr. Warren Hall, printed two thousand copies for distribution. Such was the origin of that wonderful tract "Come to Jesus," which has already been circulated to the number of three million five hundred thousand copies!

After preaching in the church edifice it was Dr. Hall's custom to go out and address the people in the street. Though now over seventy-five years old, he stands erect in magnificent strength, nearly six feet in height; he has the muscle and endurance of an athlete, can climb a mountain like a member of the "Alpine Club," and often walks a dozen miles on Sunday to and from his church. He has the element of humor in him, can enjoy a merry romp with children, and brims over with life in every direction.

Dr. Hall has been a great traveler. Twice he has visited the Holy Land. He has preached in the House of Representatives in Washington, and at Athens on the Mars Hill, and once to an audience of three persons in Norway.

Messages of Help for Week.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Psalm 107: 9.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Psalm 111: 10.

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,

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Paine's Celery Compound Saves the Life of a Toronto Lady.

Mrs. J. Wickett says: "After Using Two Bottles
of the Compound I Feel Like a New Woman."

A FIRMLY ESTABLISHED FACT.

When Doctors Fail and Ordinary Medicines are Useless,
Paine's Celery Compound Always Cures.

Results! honest results! I'm marvelous results! I'm convincing and satisfactory to all fair-minded men and women. Even the skeptics and scoffers are brought to a knowledge of the truth by unassailable, rock-bottom facts and proofs.

In the vast field of medicines and medical preparations, time, experience and results have amply demonstrated the truth of the oft-repeated statement, that Paine's Celery Compound is the only true and honest life-saving medicine ever offered to suffering humanity.

The strong and vigorous testimony of Mrs. J. Wickett, of 169 Oak Street, Toronto, should fill the fainting and despairing hearts of all sufferers with fresh hope and confidence, and should at once lead every sickly person to the only medicine that makes people well.

Mrs. Wickett's letter reads as follows:—"Last year, in the month of November, I was suddenly taken ill with pleurisy and back were most intense, and caused me extreme suffering. For several weeks I was under the doctor's care, and gradually recovered from the attack of pleurisy, but

none of the medicines prescribed for me seemed to have any effect on the neuralgia which has, by this time, spread all over my body.

I gradually became worse; my appetite was poor, and the pain never seemed to leave me for an instant. My life was becoming a burden to me, and I began to think I would never recover. I grew discouraged with the medicines I was taking, and happening to see a testimonial in the newspaper about Paine's Celery Compound, I concluded to get a bottle although I had very little faith in patent medicines.

Before I had finished my first bottle, I began to feel better, the pains and soreness greatly decreased, and gaining hope by my improved health, I finished the first bottle and bought a second.

After using two bottles of your Compound I feel like a new woman; my appetite has returned, the neuralgia has left me, and I am as well as ever. I feel very thankful for the benefit I have derived from your medicine, and take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. Should any one desire fuller particulars, if they will communicate with me, I will be happy to oblige them."

and litteth the needy out of the dunghill." Psalm 113: 7.

"Incline my heart unto my testimonies, and not to covetousness." Psalm 119: 36.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death." 2 Cor. 1: 7: 10.

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." 2 Cor. 12: 9.

"We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. How shall we escape, if we neglect so

great a salvation; which at the first began spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him." Heb. 2: 1-3.

Uncle Treetop's Scheme.

Uncle Treetop (on his way to the dentist)—Most likely I'll stop achin' by the time I get in the chair. If it does I'll pretend I've made a mistake and tell him I want my hair cut.

Wanted to be Sure.

"Great Scott! What are you writing your name in indelible ink on the cat for?" "Going to send her to the laundry, and I want to be sure she won't come back."

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County: Greeting:—Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, Clothier, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1884, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1884, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Duncan, aged 55 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Hunt or Duncan, aged 55 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walford Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergyman, resident in said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 30 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 54 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Sophia McManus, aged 52 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 45 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Lillie McAnett, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid. Laura Louise Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Simonds. Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 24 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John. John McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lahey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lahey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter Arnett, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of Saint John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 68 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston. William Burke, aged 38 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Matilda McKenzie, aged 36 years, wife of Archibald McKenzie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 34 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island. Martha Davidson, aged 30 years, wife of John Davidson, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York. Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Mary Jane Giger, aged 56 years, wife of W. L. Giger, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. Ship Carpenter, James Rodgers, aged 54 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Margaret Spearin, aged 52 years, wife of Freeman Spearin, Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid. Isabelle Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Rodgers, aged 45 years, Farmer, resident at Erbs' Landing, Belleisle, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Crandall's Landing, Belleisle, aforesaid. Clara Halse, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass moulder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Hannah LeCain, aged 39 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 41 years, Painter, resident at Stoneham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin G. Hunter, aged 36 years, Farmer, resident at Lexington, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. B. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the county of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick. John T. Hunter, aged 32 years, barber, resident at St. Martins, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner of said province of New Brunswick. Alexander Hunter, aged 20 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 20 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Herman G. Hunter, aged 20 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 20 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Maggie M. Hunter, aged 18 years, spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Louisa Hunter, aged 17 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Annie F. Worden, aged 31 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Lalzel, aged 3 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 54 years, Clothier, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid legatee, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested in and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room, Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May next at the hour of two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January, A. D. 1885. ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Judge of Probates.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK For Boston.

COMMENCING April 26th
The steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every
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