

The Grave, The Grave.

Blest are the dormant
In death; they repose
From bondage and torment,
From passions and woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the
traitor.
The grave, the grave is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome,
In the arms of the mother
Alone is our home.
Wee pleasure, ye triflers! The thoughtful are wise;
The grave, the grave is the true tranquillizer!

Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean path,
Where storms have expended

Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!
To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew,
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter,
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter!

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalm;
The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

—James Clarence Mangan.

Capt. Blake's Home-Coming.

"It's you that's cruel, Teddie Blake!"
"Cruel, Nellie, dear—Nellie, you little demon! Why, I wouldn't touch a hair of your head, barring the bit I want to cut off to carry with me to India, and you're teasing the life out of me with your contrariness and making it much harder for me to go than even you dream of!"

"And what do you want to go for? leaving your home and your regiment that you were so proud of and the people that know you and the girl—here Miss Nellie breaks down with a little sob, and it is all Teddie can do to remember his promise to her father and keep his two arms from going round her."

"And the girl—what?" he says, huskily; for the life of him he can't resist that much. "That was brought up with you and has been a sister to you all your life," chokes Nellie O'Malley.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nellie, 'the poor, young soldier says, pulling himself together and speaking much more severely than he really feels, 'you must try to understand my position, and then we'll say no more about it if you please, once and for all. My uncle's dead (heaven rest his soul), and he's left the old place to me, but it's up to the chimney pots in debt, and unless I let it to this English fellow I'll never be able to clear it all my life. Then, if I don't exchange for India, I can't keep my place in the service at all, and besides, Nellie, with the old regiment quartered at Thomastown, it would be mighty hard for me to see another man fishing my salmon and shooting my birds and sitting in my chimney corner every day of the week, with his great ugly face looking over the pew at you on Sundays! I couldn't do it. Nellie, not even to remain near—near the friends I've known ever since I was a baby. So that's all about it, and you mustn't make it harder for me than I can bear—do you see?"

It was a good thing that Aunt Ellen called them in to supper at this moment. Nellie had one of her teasing fits on her, trying by this means to hide her heart-break at Teddie's departure, and her perversity tried poor young Blake sorely. He had promised her father, the rector, that he would not, by word or act, reveal his feelings toward her. They had been children together, almost brother and sister, for nearly twenty years, since Teddie first came to Moyliscallan, and this state of things must be maintained, Mr O'Malley decided, till Teddie's fortunes should bear closer and more satisfactory inspection. Perhaps a few years of Indian soldiering, while the old castle was let to a rich English tenant, might put the said fortunes on their feet; meanwhile, lingering in the old rectory garden was a dangerous occupation and Aunt Ellen did wisely to ring the supper bell out of the window.

Presently the parting came. It was Sunday evening, and the rectory kept early hours. Supper was over, and the O'Malleys were making their farewells to Teddie, the almost son of the house, for he had to get back to Thomastown that night and start for England next morning.

"There's something I want to take with me," he announced stoutly before them all, "a lock of your hair, Aunt Ellen, and another of Nellie's. You know you two are the only womankind I have or ever have had. Give me each a bit of a curl, and I'll have them put into a locket together and wear it on my chain, and you won't be sorry to think I've got it when I'm away from you."

He looked at the rector as he spoke. It was all open and above board, and the old gentleman nodded and reached down a pair of scissors from the mantelshelf, which he handed to his sister. Aunt Ellen cut her little lock carefully, as befits a lady of five-and-forty, whose hair is still abundant and ornamental, it not so bright as it has been. Nellie whisked her bunch of curls over her shoulders and snipped off a thick brown ringlet. Teddie twisted them together in his pocket-book and said, with a feeble attempt at a joke: "They'll go with me everywhere and bring me back to Moyliscallan. Don't let me find you've been, either of you, flirting with Strangeways while I'm away, or putting him in my place."

Then he kissed the two ladies, as he had always done on great occasions, at New Year or on birthdays, ever since he was three years old, shook hands with the rector twice over and hurried off to Thomastown and thence to India. And, oh dear! it was dull at Moyliscallan without him.

Five years later Captain Edward Blake was coming home on sick leave. It had been a "near squeak," as he said himself. That wound on the head, at the Burroo Pass affair, had set all Europe talking about him, but had nearly done for him all the same. Then came weeks of fever and the weary journey to Bombay; the relapse on the road, which, but for Mrs. Diamond's nursing, must have finished him; the almost miraculously accomplished move on to shipboard, which the doctor allowed was an experience of kill or cure.

And how he was steaming home as fast as the P. & O. line could do it, and every day some fresh sign of power in mind or body was reborn in him; one day he could

arrange his own pillows, the next he could read a few lines of a paper. A little later he asked Mrs. Diamond if she could find him paper and pencil, as he wanted to write "home." Life was worth living again with Moyliscallan drawing nearer day by day. Mrs. Diamond was a little widow lady, who, since her husband's death, had been keeping house for a brother in the civil service. "The Judge," as she called him, had fallen a victim to the charms of an 18 year-old schoolgirl, fresh from England, and Mrs. Diamond's services were required no longer. Coming down country she had stumbled upon Teddie Blake, fever-stricken and virtually alone, and it was undoubtedly to her care that he owed his recovery from the relapse which had been worse than the original attack. She had deferred her own plans to the convenience of the patient, had superintended his transfer to the steamship from the Bombay hotel, and had reached alive, and dared to hope he would reach home, and was a witness of his convalescence on board ship, as day by day his strength and spirits returned. So it was not without a pencil on the very first occasion that he let her could scrawl a line, and imperiously demanded that he be allowed to write to his people.

"Are you sure you can do it?" Mrs. Diamond asked, producing her writing board, but not giving it over to him unconditionally.

"Quite sure—that is, not a bit of it—but I'll try."

"I thought you said you had nobody belonging to you?"

"No more I have—no real relations—but an adopted family that is the dearest in the world—not a mere accident of birth like other people's families. I must write them just a few words to say I'm alive and coming home, and it'll be ready when an opportunity comes for posting it, though it can't reach Moyliscallan more than an hour or two before I do myself."

"Moyliscallan," repeated Mrs. Diamond, "what do you know of Moyliscallan? I only heard of the place for the first time a month ago, and now it turns up again!"

"It's my home," Blake said, painfully scrawling the date at the top of his sheet of paper. "The castle belongs to me, only I've never been able to live in it. My people live in the rectory—it is to Mr. O'Malley, the rector, I'm writing. And what did you hear about Moyliscallan, the sweetest place on earth?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Diamond, excitedly, "this is the oddest thing! My cousin, George Strangeways, rented the castle from some one some years ago—from you it appears—and now he is engaged, married probably by this time, to one of the rector's girls, Ellen O'Malley, a daughter I suppose, of this very old gentleman you're writing to. I had the letter just before I met you at Rahmednagar and had scarcely given it a thought since!"

One of the rector's girls!

Teddie Blake had seen death glaring at him from a wall of black Afghan faces; he had looked fever in the eyes more than once; but he had never known what despair meant till Marcia Diamond told him her little story of odd coincidences sitting on the steamship deck, halfway through their homeward voyage. For a moment he repeated the words, "Ellen O'Malley; there is only one daughter at the rectory," and Mrs. Diamond, whose eyes were on the silk scarf she was knitting, went on cheerfully: "Oh, then, that's the girl. I did not hear from George Strangeways direct; the news came through my brother, but, of course, it is the same—the young lady at the rectory. Fancy old George succumbing to an Irish girl's fascinations after going all over the habitable world unscathed till now!"

"Is he a good fellow?" Teddie asked.

Something in his voice made Mrs. Diamond give a swift glance at her companion and in that glance she understood everything.

"He is a very good fellow," she answered a little more seriously than she had hitherto spoken; "any girl will be happy and tenderly treated by him, though he is an elderly man—55, I should think—and a little eccentric and old-fashioned in his ways. You will find letters telling you all about it when you reach England, you may be sure. Don't you think you had better let me take that writing board downstairs again? It will be time enough to write when there is a chance of posting your letter."

He let her lift the writing things away, only putting out a feeble hand to crumple up the sheet on which he had begun his letter. Then he lay back with his eyes shut, and her tact took a little apart, for the struggle which he had to go through now must be fought out alone. By and by his servant came and helped him downstairs, and Mrs. Diamond saw him again no more that day.

Moyliscallan woods in September! How often Teddie Blake had pictured his homecoming through the green glades that stretched between the castle and the rectory. Those sylvan aisles were the rally place of all his favorite dreams, for did not

Nellie cross them day by day, and would it not be here that he would bring her to tell her the secret which he thought she must have guessed long ago. Rector O'Malley would let him speak at last, for the long waiting had borne its fruit in recouping the Blake coffers, while Teddie knew that the Burroo Pass affair, of which he himself thought and spoke so modestly, was not likely to be forgotten when his name came up at the Horse Guards. A thousand times he had gone over all this in imagination, fingering, meanwhile, the little flat locket that hung at his watch chain—and now—and now, he was creeping back to Moyliscallan like a thief, having given no word of warning either to the rector or to his agent at the castle—creeping home just to see Nellie's face again once more and then to go away anywhere and die. He was still weak and wan from the fever. Mrs. Diamond had tried hard to persuade him to remain a little time in London for a consultation with a first-rate doctor, but the determination to see Nellie at Moyliscallan once more was the only desire that remained to him in life, and till it was accomplished his shrewd little friend saw that there was no good talking of anything else. So he hurried over to Ireland and had reached Thomastown the evening before. Today he had taken a car over to the village (in the old days it was the shortest and pleasantest of four miles ever known) and, leaving the driver asleep in the sun at the cross roads, had turned into the wood that is a short cut to the two principal houses in the parish. He had no very definite idea of the plan to pursue. Now that he had reached his journey's end, it seemed as if all power had left him. Perhaps somewhere among the trees, crossing from the castle grounds to the rectory side, he should see Nellie passing by, and he would slip down upon his knees among the fern and look at her—George Strangeways' wife—and oh, this faintness! Merciful God! is that Nellie?

"Teddie, is it really you?" Teddie was on the moss, stretched flat, save that Nellie's arm was under his head; Nellie's little, bare, sunburned hand unfastened his collar—he could only look and smile. The green Moyliscallan leaves overhead, dancing against the blue, Nellie's face was very close, and he thought he must be in heaven.

"How could you come like this and take us by surprise, and you so ill Teddie," the girl went on reproachfully; "if I hadn't been going across to the castle this morning early and come on you lying here in a heap!"

"Going across to the castle?" Teddie found time to utter, his eyes on Nellie's left hand. Don't you live at castle altogether?"

"And what should I go and live at the castle for, when I've a good home of my own intruding on newly married people, as if I didn't know any better? Besides, Aunt Ellen isn't home from her honeymoon yet and uncle George—what, are you able to sit up? Take care or you'll—"

She could not finish the sentence, for Captain Blake was sitting up with vengeance and to steady himself he had got his arm around her waist.

"So you never thought of Aunt Ellen?" said Nellie, by the by; "well you wouldn't have been an Irishman if you hadn't made a mistake somewhere! Only if you'd ever seen Uncle George I don't think you'd have doubted me, Teddie dear. Oh! they have been so funny courting one another these five years! I and I hadn't been so well amused I think I must have died, for you kept me a long time waiting with out a word!"—Boston (England) Guardian.

No Recommendation.

"Did you buy that horse Skeemer wanted to sell you?"
"No, sir—Afraid of him."
"Didn't Skeemer say the ladies in his family drove him regularly?"
"Well, he said he let his wife's mother drive him every day."

A Little Bird.

A little bird in a tree
Made one—a man and maiden three,
"Twas not by chance that they had met!
"None see," they said; one can forget
A little bird.

A long, hot road, a strip of grass,
'Twould tempt the Fates to let it pass!
Too people linger in the walk;
There's only one to hear them talk,
A little bird.

Long shadows stretch across the sky,
Two people parted with a sigh,
But there was no one there to see!
How do I know? And who told me?
A little bird.

BORN.

Springhill to the wife of Charles Weiler a son.
Midgie, to the wife of Albert Wheaton a son.
No wood, Oct. 12, to the wife of Archie Cleland a son.
Shelburne, Oct. 16, to the wife of Robert Irwin a son.
Midgie, Oct. 1, to the wife of William Manship a son.
Tiverton, Oct. 24, to the wife of Livingston Sollows, a son.
Central Grove, Oct. 13, to the wife of Charles Powell a son.
Toney River, Oct. 22, to the wife of Daniel Turner a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 19, to the wife of Thomas Long a daughter.
Beech Hill, Oct. 15, to the wife of Edgar Tower a daughter.
Lutz Mountain, Oct. 27, to the wife of Henry Benton a son.
Freeport, Oct. 26, to the wife of Albert Thompson a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 20, to the wife of David Coon a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 7, to the wife of Minard Murdoch a daughter.
Pembroke, Oct. 11, to the wife of Robert H. Bain a daughter.
Truro, Oct. 24, to the wife of George C. Copp a daughter.
Roxbury, Sept. 16, to the wife of Anthony W. Stocumb a son.
Cambridge, Kings, Oct. 17, to the wife of Wm. Bulterwell a son.
Cape Island, Sept. 20, to the wife of Thomas H. Nickerson a son.
New Germany, Oct. 18, to the wife of J. B. McClelland a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, Oct. 23, to the wife of Richard Jeffers a daughter.

MARRIED.

Houlton, Oct. 25, Andrew Ivey to Flora E. Clarke England, by the Rev. T. K. Dickson Robert Smith to Jessie Rae.
Worcester, Mass. Oct. 25, J. Alden Goodwin to Ella M. Clarke.
Clyde, Oct. 20, by Rev. A. Williamson to Annie Isabella McDonald.
Lakerville, Oct. 20, by Rev. John Shaw, Walter L. Slade to Bessie Fraser.
Milltown, N. B., Oct. 22, by Rev. S. H. Rice, John C. Gibbs to May Niles.
Farrsboro, Oct. 21, by Rev. Rob. Johnson, Edward Barry to Emma McCoy.
Houlton, Oct. 14, by Rev. Kenneth McKay, J. W. Forth to Maud Page.
Vernon, Sept. 20, by Rev. G. A. Wilson, Thos. A. Murray to May McKay.
Liverpool, Oct. 10, by Rev. Jas. Watkins, Matilda Street to William Wilson.
Mulgrave, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. Calder, R. D. McKeezie to Susan Morrison.
Woodstock, Oct. 10, by Rev. H. Thos Todd, Sanford McLean to Irene Hamilton.
Maitland, Oct. 19, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Burton Franklin to Priscilla Turpel.
Thorburn, Oct. 19, by Rev. D. McLeod, A. G. McNaughton to Minnie Guthrie.
Boston, Oct. 13, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Duncan A. McPherson to Mary McCoy.
St. John, Oct. 27, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Walter A. Ritchie to Annie S. Brown.
Mira Ferry, Oct. 20, by Rev. Father Kitley, Henry Duffin to Mary Ann McDonald.
Lakeland, Oct. 13, by Rev. Robert Johnson Wil. Ham T. Weston to Laura Gilbert.
Grand Manan, Oct. 18, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Wm. A. Campbell to Helen Smith.
Deep Brook, Oct. 20, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Byron R. Robbins to Margaret E. Carty.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 20, by Rev. Dr. Davis, Mr. Wm. F. Prout to Jessie Mills.
Roxbury, Oct. 13, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Daniel McLean to Sarah McDonald.
Rockville, Oct. 25, by Rev. D. O. McKay, Norman C. Lockhart to David Smith.
Brookfield, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. Armstrong, George L. Andrew to Edie Hamilton.
Annapolis Royal, Sept. 21, by Rev. G. J. White, Gaudford Harnish to Maudie Huley.
Truro, Oct. 10, by Rev. T. Cummings, Mr. Thomas W. Benckinsop to Miss S. Grace Smith.
Chebogue Point, Oct. 23, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Norman B. Hardy to Elizabeth Robbins.
Lockhartville, N. S., Oct. 23, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Catherine Lockhart to Louis H. Hutchison.
North Kingston, Oct. 27, by Rev. J. N. Morgan, Rev. W. J. Rutledge to Jessie Blanche Eaton.
West Pubnico, Oct. 25, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Toussaint D'Entremont to Charlotte Amelia Black.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 27, B. G. Street.
Halifax, Mrs. Mary Turner, 38.
Oak Bay, Oct. 18, John Wills 64.
Nerepis, Oct. 20, Isabel Bunnell.
Baccaro, Oct. 23, Nellie F. Ross.
Hebron, Oct. 25, Henry Tedford.
Boston, Oct. 16, Patrick Norris, 70.
California, Oct. 13, Fred W. Vieth.
Cornwallis, Oct. 26, Zenas Chute, 50.
Moncton, Oct. 27, Maggie McGinn, 7.
Buctouche, Oct. 21, Thomas Ward, 60.
Moncton, Oct. 26, Wm. Crowhurst 78.
Parrsboro, Oct. 17, Ada J. Dixon, 41.
Truro, Oct. 27, Alexander S. Vance 17.
Yarmouth, Oct. 26, Elizabeth Evans 74.
Bosch, Oct. 21, Thomas Alvin Reid, 35.
Newcastle, Oct. 21, Mrs. John Gordon 83.
Lynn Mass., Oct. 19, Mary McCulloch 74.
Maitland, Sept. 24, Lathrop Freeman, 60.
Port Mague, Oct. 22, Ronald McIsaac.
Boston, Oct. 27, Bartholomew Driscoll, 40.
Antigonish, Oct. 21, Anthony McIsaac 21.
Gavelton, Oct. 25, Mrs. Phebe Hatfield, 59.
Central Argyle, Oct. 16, Capt. B. Hines 70.
Bridgewater, Oct. 25, William A. McNeil, 29.
Dayspring, Oct. 18, Mrs. Isiah Faulkner, 43.
Hotel Dieu, Chatham, Rev. Sister Synnot 27.
New Germany, Oct. 12, Mrs. Enos Veinot, 34.
Yarmouth, Oct. 21, Mrs. Emeline S. Darby 72.
Charleston, Queens, Oct. 24, Annie R. Welsh 26.
East Bay, C. B., Oct. 7, Mrs. John L. Curry, 35.
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19, Mrs. Mary A. Masters, 81.
East Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 24, Michael Kilry, 37.
Colchester, Oct. 20, Jane wife of Samuel Nichols 62.
Halifax, Janet Fraser widow of John McDougald.
Little River, Nfld., Sept. 19, Mary Jane McLellan.
Providence, R. I., Oct. 18, Susan Noble Fisher, 19.
Aroostook Co., Maine, Oct. 11, Allen McQuarrie 65.
Boylston, Oct. 21, Mary, widow of Patrick Barry 34.
New Glasgow, Oct. 26, Rev. George Patterson, D. D. 74.
Amherst, Oct. 26, Harold H. child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pipe.
River John, Oct. 13, Blanche E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen 21.
Sydney, Oct. 20, Edith Mary, child of Mr. and Mrs. Aionso Vassallo, 8 months.
Bridgewater, Oct. 21, William Ray, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Archibald, 59.
Cornwallis, Sept. 27, Jennie Chute, 72, Laura 93, Serena, 13, children of Zena and Ella Chute.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 4th Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 10.00 a.m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr St. John, 3.45 p.m.
S.S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr in Digby 12.50 p.m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.38 p.m.
Lve. Halifax 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 12.30 p.m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 11.10 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a.m., arr Halifax 5.45 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a.m., arr Digby 10.00 a.m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a.m., arr Halifax 3.30 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., arr Digby 8.50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Elephant and Thursday.
Other days on Express Trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Yarmouth and Annapolis.

S.S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Bunesno" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p.m. Unusually-d. cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4

THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.
Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Locke port, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY Evening for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 o'clock p.m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from
L. E. BAKER,
President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent
Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston.
Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897.

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th.

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf at Hampton for Indiantown.....

Mondays Wednesdays and Saturday at 5.30 a. m.

Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John.

A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 5.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 8 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice, one free. Return tickets, good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....13.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled 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., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC R'y.

The Short Line

.....TO.....

Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4.10 p. m. for and arriving in Sherbrooke 5.30 a. m. Montreal 8.45 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m. making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wednesday's train connect Thursday with Weekly Tourist sleeping Cars Montreal to Seattle.

For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,
Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,
Montreal. St. John, N. B.