

A Quarrel in the Oven.

Oh, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,
They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fry and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:
Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl:
"Will you be my new brown hat?
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand,
But what is the good of that?"
Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up
In a most provoking way.
"Oh, maybe your brown, but you as poor as can be;
You do not know how to be a round green pea!
Is there aught you do know, pray?"
Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with
scorn.
"As he looked at the flaky piecrust,
"Just watch how I rise in the world!" cried he:
"Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" cried she
"While you stay the color of rust,"
So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in a room without,
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout,
And the oven was opened wide.
Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl
Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy checked lass and a small bright-eyed lad
Took a big bite of each—yes this tale's very sad—
So they'll never quarrel again.

—T. H.

BERENICE'S HAIR.

Full twenty miles from headland to headland
Kamotin bay curves in a silver-green
crescent, spotted with rocky islets, uninhabited
except by the gulls and gannets. There is neither town nor hamlet nor so much
even as a fisherman's hut upon the whole extent of the shores. For the bay is too shallow and too thickly beset with
shoals and ledges to render safe the visit of the smallest trawler or smack.

It is indeed an ill-omened place, and more than one mackereler, loaded to the hatches
has grounded upon these evil shoals, and gone to pieces in the next northeast gale.
But what was chiefly given Kamotin bay its ugly reputation is a space of beach covered only at extreme high tide and bare at all other times, known as the Sundown Sands. It is a wide grayish-hued surface, running outward some forty yards to the fringe of tumbling surf, which, during most seasons of the year, approaches no nearer the shore than a mere wagon track skirting the shore at this point upon an ancient stone wall. A perilous spot it is, too, for the highway abuts sharply upon the sands, without railing or parapet, scarce five feet above the grim expanse, which quakes and trembles from moment to moment, with mysterious hissings and growlings, which seem to proceed from unseen caverns below. It is said, too, that an honest farmer, driving homeward from St. Giles' market by this road, lost his way in the darkness, and was never more heard of—neither man nor horse nor vehicle.

Standing upon the ancient wall you might throw upon the smooth surface of the Sundown Sands, a pebble, a button, a twig, and as you gazed it would sink from sight in a moment, leaving all as blank and secret as before.

A sad and desolate spot it is, even upon the brightest midsummer noonday. The storm-writhen cypress on the hillside is the only thing resembling tree or shrub in sight. Sparse mottlings of whitened grass find wretched sustenance among the rocks. Dank clumps of blubber weed and clots of sprawling algae cling upon the surf-worn rocks beyond the rim of the Sundown Sands. Naught else has nature—albeit beautified as she is—been able to work upon this mournful place.

Half a mile over the hill there is an ancient many gabled dwelling, surrounded by evergreens, facing upon the main road. From the upper windows a glimpse of the Sundown Sands and the old road skirting them may be obtained.

The young girl that stood at one of these windows, marine glass in hand, scanned the section of the road, visible from her position, with pale face and breathless anxiety. She was tall and slender of figure, with something commanding in the attitude she had unconsciously assumed, which matched the firm yet gentle aspect of her beautiful features. What first struck the observer was her magnificent hair. Red brown, shot with glints of gold, like the hair of a Titan was so fond of painting, but with a glory and a brilliancy never represented by pigment on canvas, it was gathered in a superb knot at the back of her shapely head.

Suddenly she dropped the glass with a cry of dismay.
"They are quarrelling!" she ejaculated, in a smothered voice. "I must put them, or something terrible may happen."

As she turned hastily about, the fastenings of her hair gave way and the glittering coil unrolled and fell, sweeping the floor in a thick, gold-flecked mass. Swiftly she twisted it up, and, throwing a shawl of lace over her head and shoulders she hurried out of the house, taking the rough, descending slope of the hill as more direct than the roundabout curve of the road.

"Let us pause here a moment, Cousin Geoffrey. I have something serious to say to you."

"What is it, Cousin Roger? I must say you have chosen an unpleasant spot for a talk. I never take this road if I can help it; for those ugly looking sands give me the horrors."

"As good a grave as any other," muttered Roger, gazing over the edge of the wall with a gloomy brow. "A man might lie as comfortably under those sands as in a churchyard."

"Look you, Roger, my boy," said Geoffrey, with an attempt at gaiety. "If you dragged me out of my comfortable bed this morning to listen to disquisitions upon the grave and the future state, I wish you had let me sleep an hour longer."

"Geoffrey," returned Roger, raising a face whose expression startled his companion. It was deadly pale, and a lurid gleam shot from his eyes, indicative of such hatred and despair as appalled his cousin. "Geoffrey, you have taken from me all that makes life valuable. You have destroyed all my hopes of the future. You have condemned me to hell, when, but for you, I might have had heaven."

"Cousin Roger," replied Geoffrey, his

natural spirit beginning to overcome his amazement, "I hope you are talking mere nonsense. But if you mean anything by this rigmorle I expect you to explain it at once. Speak out, man!"

"You have robbed me of Berenice Tolland's love," said Roger, with a lowering eye. "Had you not come here she would have accepted me. Now she has but me aside for you."

"Roger," returned Geoffrey, seriously, tell me, on your word of honor, were you sure that Berenice loved you before I came?"

Roger paced to and fro along the edge of the sea wall, looking gloomily down upon the quaking sands answering nothing for some moments.

"No," he muttered finally, as if preface.

"No," she refused me more than once. But, nevertheless, I should have conquered her opposition in time but for you; you who have won her away from me."

Geoffrey confronted him with an angry frown. "And you, whom she has never liked; whom she has refused again and again, even according to your own story, wish to drive me away—make me relinquish my hopes of happiness, that you, who have not been able to win her, with all your opportunities, may continue to prosecute her! No, Roger, understand me plainly. If I were to crawl away meanly at your request, and, as I take it, your threats, I should be as low a coward as you are."

The cousins were standing facing each other upon the very edge of the sea wall, against which throbbed and bubbled the fatal Sundown Sands.

"You're used to go away and leave Berenice Tolland to me?" Roger's voice was scarcely audible, but the expression of his face was terrific in its malignity.

"I do refuse, Roger," was the firm reply, "and you ought to understand that I should be less a man to do otherwise."

"Then die and find your grave in the Sundown sands," cried Roger, flinging himself upon Geoffrey and endeavouring to hurl him over the wall.

But Geoffrey had been, in a measure, prepared for the onslaught, and the cousins, locked in a desperate embrace swayed to and fro upon the very brink of the fatal quicksands. The struggle was as silent as it was deadly. No word, no sound, except the hoarse gasps of the combatants interrupted the fatal contest. Finally, Geoffrey's foot slipped over a pebble and he staggered backward. With a bitter curl of the lip, and a savage heave of the shoulders, Roger cast his opponent toward the edge of the wall. Geoffrey fell backward, and, with a wild clutch, found himself hanging half over the wall, within an inch of the deadly sands. Dragging himself desperately up, he fell panting upon the edge of the parapet.

Rising to his knees and looking about him he was amazed to find his enemy nowhere in sight. Getting upon his feet he rubbed his cramped limbs and cried out: "Cousin Roger! Where are you?"

"Here, Cousin Geoffrey," was the reply, "where I deserve to be."

Looking over the sea wall he beheld Roger standing ankle deep in the Sundown Sands.

"Oh, Roger! cried Geoffrey, 'I must rescue you, or you will be swallowed up.' 'What! when I tried to throw you into the sands,' said Roger. 'That is to much. Let me die, cousin! I tried to put you where I am now. Forgive me, and let me go.'"

"Oh, there must be some means," cried Geoffrey, looking wildly about. "Some bragg, some!"

"None, dear Geoffrey," replied Roger, who had now sunk half way to his knees.

At that moment a girl came racing like a deer down the stony side of the hill.

"Oh! thank God you are safe!" she cried, as she fell upon Geoffrey's breast. "I was so afraid that awful man might injure you!"

"Here is that awful man, Berenice," said a mournful voice below the sea wall. "His power to do harm is nearly over." "Cousin Roger!" exclaimed the girl, bending over the wall. "Oh, save him, Geoffrey; save him!"

"So I would," replied Geoffrey, "if I had a stick, or a rope, even of five feet length. But what can I do? Long before I can run up to the house, he will be swallowed up."

"Five feet, you say!" cried the girl. "Here, here!" and with a gesture she unbound her magnificent hair and cast the glittering ropes over the wall. "Catch hold! Catch hold, Cousin Roger!"

The sunny coil fell within the reach of the imperiled man, who clutched it with the grasp of desperation. Slowly he was drawn out of the frightful sands, until his feet were free, and he could meet the clasp of the hand's extended to him with the friendly grip which had forgotten the touch of anger in the joy of rescue.

As Roger stood upright and shook the sand from his feet, he extended both hands toward Geoffrey, who took them heartily. "Geoffrey," said Roger, "I have been very near death in a most terrible form, and it has taught me a lesson. Forgive me and be happy."

"And you, cousin," replied Geoffrey, "if you are ever disposed to envy our happiness remember that you were saved by Berenice's hair."—New York Journal.

A Tombstone Advertisement.

Americans are laughed at in Europe for carrying the commercial spirit into everything, but it is hardly to be believed that they ever carried it so far as it is seen to go into certain epitaph in one of the lesser cemeteries of Paris. This epitaph reads, when translated into English:

"In sacred memory of Victor Pierre Fourier, inventor of the patent endless lamp, burning one centime's worth of oil per hour. He was a good father, a good son, a good husband. His inconsolable widow still carries on the business at No. 19 rue aux Ours. Country orders punctually executed."

"N. B. No connection with next door."

BORN.

Truro, Sept. 26, to the wife of G. O. Fulton, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 28, to the wife of W. R. Scriven, a son.
Clarks Harbor, to the wife of Dr. G. W. Brown, a son.
Amherst, Sept. 27, to the wife of Dennis Madden, a daughter.
Norwood, Sept. 18, to the wife of Chas. Eldridge, a daughter.
Bristol, Sept. 25, to the wife of James Farley, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 25, to the wife of Frank Hickey, a daughter.
Newcastle, Sept. 20, to the wife of Frank Mason, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Sept. 17, to the wife of Simon Beck, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of Robt. Trider, a daughter.
Sydney Mines, Sept. 26, to the wife of Rod McDonald, a son.
Newcastle, Sept. 19, to the wife of James A. Rundle, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Sept. 14, to the wife of H. W. McKenna, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Sept. 24, to the wife of E. George Bernard, a son.
Gay's River, Sept. 19, to the wife of Samuel Frame, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of H. W. Johnston, Jr., a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 28, to the wife of Clarence E. Casey, a daughter.
Tiverton, N. S., Sept. 27, to the wife of Fred Cossaboom, a son.
Tiverton, N. S., Sept. 29, to the wife of Ward Cossaboom, a son.
Torbrook Mines, Sept. 27, to the wife of Robert Adams, a daughter.
Elmsdale, Sept. 14, to the wife of Dr. J. C. McDonald, a daughter.
Pleasantville, Sept. 21, to the wife of William Richard, a daughter.
Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, to the wife of Edward A. Eaton, a son.
Sydney Mines, Sept. 27, to the wife of John Vickens, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Sept. 17, to the wife of Frank Ramey, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Sept. 26, to the wife of Chas. S. D'Entremont, a son.
Peabody, Mass., Sept. 12, to the wife of Henry L. D'Entremont, a son.
Clark's Harbor, Sept. 23, to the wife of Thos. C. Crowell, a daughter.
West Newville, Mass., to the wife of George W. Whittemore, a daughter.
Upper Kennetcook, Hants Co., Sept. 29, to the wife of John J. Power, a son.

MARRIED.

Cardigan, P. E. I. Sept. 23, Murdoch Nicholson, to Mary Ann McLeod.
Bridgewater, Sept. 23, Alexander W. McDonald to Henrietta McLeod.
St. John, Sept. 29, by Rev. Dr. Carey, A. W. Mullen to Mary E. Owens.
Woodstock, Sept. 22, Edward P. Wetmore to Jessie Ellen Munro.
Annapolis, Sept. 25, by Rev. H. Achilles, Lorne Turner to Millie A. Hudson.
St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Thomas W. Charles to Elvina Bill.
Greene, Charlotte Co., Sept. 15, D. Bedford Green to Eva Maud Perkins.
Bonnie Bay, Aug. 30, by Rev. C. W. Hollands, J. Mercer to Miss F. Halliburton.
The Village, Sept. 29, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, James Cox to Blanche McInnes.
Amherst, Sept. 28, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Havelock Fillmore to Miss M. Estabrook.
Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George Davis to Lilla Boyer of Hartland.
Bridgewater, Sept. 29, by Rev. E. P. Grestor, Leslie R. Fair to Bessie Tupper.
North Sydney, Sept. 22, by Rev. D. G. MacDonald, Hubert Scott to Mary Ann Turner.
Point Tupper, Sept. 22, by Rev. John Calder, B. D. Abialhar Probert to Ida M. Martin.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John McDonald to Bessie Stevens.
Windsor, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. S. Murray, Mr. Wm. McKinley to Miss Maud Chandler.
Maitland, Sept. 27, by Rev. George R. Martell, George Spares to Mary McDonald.
Nelson, Sept. 22, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, William McGregor to Mary Elan McVicar.
Eelbrook, Sept. 27, by Rev. Father Crozier, Mr. Maturing Amie to Mrs. Julia Sirette.
Arnscliffe, Mass., Sept. 22, by Rev. S. C. Bushnell, Farquhar A. McKee to Clara C. Brown.
Lyons Brook, Sept. 8, by the Rev. A. Falconer, James A. Thompson to Minnie K. Grant.
Glace Bay, Sept. 22, by the Rev. J. A. MacGlashan, Silas A. Stillman to Mary E. McVicar.
Newport, Sept. 22, by Rev. Ralph G. Strathie, Henry L. Millist to Georgetta R. Miller.
Halifax, Sept. 26, by Rev. W. F. Gatz, Ambrose Hall to Evelyn Boutiller both of Halifax.
Margaree, Sept. 15, by the Rev. A. M. Thompson, John McQuarrie to Mary Jane Timmons.
Higginville, Sept. 29, by the Rev. Edwin Smith, Theodore T. Leslie to Harriet J. Higgins.
Amherst, N. S., Sept. 21, by Rev. D. A. Steele, John A. Purdy to Kate Annette Goodwin.
Halifax, Aug. 26, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Frank H. Vanhorne to Lizzie Maud Montgomery.
Milton, Sept. 21, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Rev. W. L. Archibald to Margaret M. Freeman.
New Glasgow, Sept. 28, by the Rev. J. McE. Mackay, John A. Moore to Eleanor Ann Irvin.
St. Martins, Sept. 26, by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, Captain Allen McLean to Miss Adytha Day.
Oxford Junction, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Daniel Johnson to Mrs. Adah R. Weathered.
Upper Marquodobolt, Sept. 29, by the Rev. Edward Smith, Arthur A. Stewart to Christina Henry.
Woodworth Settlement, A. Co., Sept. 22, William Dee to Beatrice Woodworth both of Albert Co.
Smith's Cove, Sept. 18, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Thomas Farnsworth to Helen Gertrude Dakin.
Newport, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. Daniel, George Parker to Mary A. Cross both of Scotch Village.
Loggieville, Sept. 22, by Rev. W. C. Calder, John Whyte to Amanda A. Loggie both of Loggieville.
Halifax, Sept. 28, by Rev. Father Murphy, Helena J. daughter of Thos. Anderson to G. W. Rodgers.
Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Mr. Dobson, Benjamin McIsner to Mrs. Elen Meisner, both of Lunenburg.
Truro, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Robert Blackwood Graham, to Jennie Smiley of Salmon river.
Baddeck, Sept. 15, by Rev. D. McDonald, James MacIsner to Mary Ann MacDonald, both of Red Head.
Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 24, by the Rev. D. Sutherland, Mr. Charles Gregor to Helen McMillan.
Middle Marquodobolt, Sept. 29, by the Rev. Edward Smith, Robert Allan Rankin to Mabel Winters.
Nappan, Cumberland, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. H. Evans, James McDonald to Lottie L. Lowe of Nappan.
Charleyville, Sept. 19, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Mr. Charles H. Connors and Miss Mercy L. McComiskey.
Windsor, Carleton Co., by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Frederick W. Smith, to Flora A. Britton, both of Windsor.
Weymouth, Mass., Sept. 18, by Rev. O. J. White, Harry N. Smith of Taunton Mass to Jessie Mabel Etter.
Truro, Sept. 29, by Rev. J. A. Rogers, Ethel Boyd daughter of R. K. Livingston to Frederick Boston of Halifax.
Boston, Mass., Aug. 26, by Rev. J. A. Elriss, Manuel D. Danis to Lizzie M. MacBurnie both of Nova Scotia.
Chicago, Ill., Sept. 20, John A. Clark of Chicago to Mabel A. Jeffrey daughter of Norman Jeffrey of Yarmouth N. S.
Halifax, Sept. 29, by Rev. Father Daly, Capt. W. E. Cashen of Bridgewater, N. S., to Mrs. K. McLellan of Halifax.

Brockway Settlement, York Co. N. B., Sept. 25, by Rev. A. W. Lewis, D. Fulton Sinclair to Dolly C. Brockway.
Corn Hill, Sept. 22, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Percy Burnett of Central Norton, Kings Co., to Mary Dunfield of Corn Hill.
Shubenacadie, Sept. 20, by Rev. R. M. Jost, John McCurdy of Millard to Sarah McCusachy of Londonderry, Ireland.
W. Northfield, Sept. 23, by Rev. L. M. McCreery Johnson Cook of Middle South and Selena Falkenham of Summerside.
Malpique, P. E. I. Sept. 1, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, R. A. assisted by Rev. J. K. Fraser B. A., D. Preston MacNutt to Mary J. Keir.
Cumberland, Sept. 28, by Rev. W. H. Evans, assisted by R. v. G. F. Johnson, A. B., Rev. John Johnson of Stellarton to Mrs. Alice Costes.

DIED.

Windsor, 29, Eddie Carson 6.
Halifax, Oct. 2, James Mitchell, 38.
Pugwash, Sept. 22, Robert Barry 74.
South Maitland, Robert Monteith 73.
Windsor, Oct. 1, Tophia Maxwell 61.
Cedar Camp, Sept. 27, Phoebe Kyle 20.
Oaslow, Sept. 12, John D. Whipple 54.
Springside, Sept. 24, Thomas Taylor 69.
Newton, Sept. 10, Thomas B. Quirk 17.
Piccadilly, Sept. 25, Vera G. Meggett 1.
Rio de Janeiro, Capt. Albert E. Dingle.
Salt Springs, Sept. 21, John Dykens 69.
Amherst, Sept. 28, Tusant Babineau 66.
Cumberland, Sept. 26, George Pettis 34.
Windsor, Sept. 23, Mary L. Rickards 13.
Liverpool, Sept. 28, Martha J. Smith 54.
Liverpool, Sept. 29, Mrs. Mary Payne 73.
Churchville, Sept. 21, Mrs. Lucy Crew 42.
Guysboro, Sept. 17, Mrs. Sarah Godfrey 88.
Dartmouth, Sept. 29, Michael Leahy 59.
Quoddy, Sept. 13, Thomas Robinson, 88 years.
Margaret's Bay Road, Oct. 2, Cyrus Boutillier.
Henderson, Maine, Sept. 26, William Orman 23.
Rockingham, Sept. 24, Mr. Clarence Crowell, 24.
Clark Harbor, Sept. 24, Miss Lillian Amiro, 22.
Smith's Creek, Sept. 24, James M. Arnold 9 months.
South Maitland, Sept. 20, Capt. Alex. McDougall 76.
Roosvalds, Guysboro, Sept. 12, Mrs. Sarah Godfrey 88.
Halifax, Sept. 29, Catherine, wife of Wm. Compton, 74.
Sussex, Sept. 30, infant son of Nelson Eveleigh 7 months.
West Pubnico, Sept. 29, Mrs. Francoise D'Entremont, 82.
Truro, Sept. 27, Fred, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. J. 1.
M. Stewiacke, Sept. 8, Murdoch, son of James S. Frame, 6.
Dorchester Mass., Sept. 21, Do'ena E., wife of F. F. Meacham.
Kentville, Sept. 2, Eugene F. son of Ralph and Rosa McDonald 7.
Olinville, Queens Co. Sept. 29, Eleanor E. wife of Wm. Taylor 65.
Annapolis, Sept. 20, Max. Manning son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. King, 9.
Tucson, Arizona, Sept. 27, Harry C., son of Rev. W. H. C. Temple, 21.
Maccan, Sept. 21, Sarah Ramsay daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, 1.
Halifax, Oct. 2, Francis Mary, child of Joseph and Dorothy Barry, 9 mos.
Hot Springs, Ark., Sept. 23, Harry McD. son of the late Wm. Nunn, 25.
Halifax, Sept. 29, Mrs. C. J. Carten daughter of late Patrick Drummond.
Milltown, N. B., Sept. 20, Albert, son of Denis and Kate Coughlin 6 months.
Yarmouth, Sept. 18, Raymond, son of Otis D. and Loemna Cunningham 3 mos.
New Glasgow, Sept. 26, Isabel M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bailey 22.
Truro, Sept. 53, Effie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hill 7 months.
Yarmouth, Sept. 25, Harold Albert Graham son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Graham, 8.
St. John, Sept. 23, Joseph Arthur, infant son of Capt. Henry and Nellie Coman, 13 mos.
North Sydney, Sept. 24, Helen Gertrude, infant daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Hickey.

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, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pickford 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 Saturdays 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.

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.....7.0
Express for Sussex.....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 Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....13.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

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., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Excursion

PORTLAND and BOSTON

COMMENCING MONDAY, 13th inst., RETURN TICKETS will be sold to Portland or Boston, good for return within 30 days from date sold, at the

ONE WAY : : : UNLIMITED FARE.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents.

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

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after 3rd July, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted).
Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 9.30 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.30 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 5.50 a. m., arr. in Digby 11.55 a. m.
Lve. Digby 12.05 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 2.40 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 12.40 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.55 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 9.58 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.08 a. m., arr. Halifax 4.40 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.30 a. m., arr. Digby 10.20 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 6.20 a. m.
Lve. Digby 4.45 p. m., arr. Annapolis 6.06 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily 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 Bunches" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unusually quick service on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Steamers 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. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON



COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard) Returning leave Boston same days.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton

(Eastern Standard Time.)