

The Old Song.

There is a garden sweet with rose and pink,
Where honeysuckle grows and virgin's bower,
Soft turf, and sheaving to the river's brink,
And in that garden grows my heart's white flower.

She moves about it like a living rose,
And from my boat as I come up the stream
I see 'mid all the flowers her garden grows,
The living lily of her garments gleam.

At night I walk beside the darkening tide,
Where the crowned stars among the lilacs str,
See her bright window on the farther side,
And bless the happy roof that shelters her.

And when I touch that fair, enchanted land,
Among the roses in the sunlit noon,
She comes to me and takes me by the hand,
And life's song, and love—true love—the tune!

Mahatma's Message.

In the deepening twilight of an autumnal evening Doris Shirley paced to and fro beneath the trees—awaiting with feeling of doubt and uncertainty the issue of the most momentous event of a maiden's lifetime—the interview between her lover and her parent. At the sound of advancing footsteps she paused, and as a manly figure reached her side it needed but one glance at his face to tell that his mission had been one of failure.

'He has refused?' she queried.
'Yes, love, absolutely and without hope.'
'Did he say why he would not consent?'

'He said that you are aware that his wishes run in another direction.'

Then the daughter's heart rose in hot rebellion against her sire, and her eyes flashed fire as she cried:

'He wants me to marry Joshua Penworth because he's a theosophist, he has been quite a different man. His whole heart and soul are in it, and everybody and everything must be subservient to his creed. Marry Joshua! Never! And then, in softer tones: 'You know, Sydney, in eighteen months I shall be of age, and then—'

'Eighteen months, pet—what a long time to wait!'

'Is it not better than never? Well, if you do not care to wait we will say 'good-by' now.' And she held out her hands, pretending to be offended. The result was, of course, as she had anticipated. She found herself encircled by her lover's strong arms, while kisses of contrition greeted her brow.

'Wait, darling? I would wait twenty years, but I could not live without hearing from or seeing you, and your father forbade me to do either after this last interview. And then, as in thousands of similar prohibitions, they plotted as to the ways and means by which they might hold communication unknown to the antagonistic parent.'

A week passed away. It seemed like a month to Doris, and she wondered how she could endure eighteen months like it. Her father had told her of his interview with Sydney, and requested that the subject might never be mentioned again, and Doris had given him to understand that under no circumstances would she marry any one else. And now a week had passed—seven long, weary days—without hearing from or seeing Sydney, and poor Doris, driven to desperation, had been wondering how she might best broach the subject to her father and try to induce him to reconsider his decision; she felt that she might as well appeal to a stone wall as to his stubborn will. Was there no way but to wait?

Mr. Shirley was sitting in the big armchair in his own particular sanctum, generally referred to as the 'study,' and letting his thoughts run riot. First, they flitted here and there over phases of his new hobby, and then, taking a sadder tone, conjured up the vision of his only child, whose dearest wish he had refused. Why was she so self-willed? There was Joshua, well provided with worldly goods, hale-fellow-well-met with everyone, and, above all, a brother theosophist; why could not the girl be satisfied with her father's choice? Then the thought occurred to him that Sydney Wallace was certainly the better looking of the two, near Doris' age, a man of energy and excellent character, but—and there was the rub—he had been so openly and audaciously honest as to express his disbelief in the manifestations of theosophy, and so he had sealed his fate.

It was now quite dark and Mr. Shirley rose from his seat, lighted the gas, drew down the blind and locked the door. It was his custom to spend his evenings alone with books, and reaching a volume from its shelf he drew his chair to the table and was soon observed in new mystifications, theoretical and impracticable.

After reading for some time he came upon a marginal note giving reference to another work which necessitated a visit to the bookshelves at the other end of the room. He soon found the passage referred to and was about to resume his seat when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and cast a frightened glance around the room. There on the pages of the book open where he had been reading, was something which was not there when he left the table—a little roll of paper. With quivering hands and beating heart he picked it up and unrolled it. Apparently the paper was of foreign manufacture, and the characters on it, although English, did not seem to be inscribed with any of the materials in common use in this country. With indescribable feelings of wonder and awe he read:

'Coercion is abhorrent to us. Vex thy offspring no longer. It is our command. Tibet, Aug. 24.'

A message from the mahatmas in far off Tibet and dated that very day! Could there be trickery? he wondered, and to doubt he made an exhaustive examination of the room and its contents. The window was fastened, the door locked, and the chimney closed, and there was no other opening in the walls. Continuing the search on his hands and knees, under the table, chairs and couch, he covered every square inch of the carpet and then arose, convinced that the room contained no living thing beside himself. And there on the table lay the indisputable evidence that time, space and brick walls were as nothing to a mahatma. Was there ever such a charitable creed that the innermost circle should in-

terest itself on behalf of one who had openly expressed his opinion that such manifestations were 'boon?'

The next meeting of the theosophists, before whom Mr. Shirley detailed the circumstances and produced the evidence, unanimously agreed that his bodily health and perhaps his very life might be imperiled if he still persisted in opposing the wishes of his masters. They implored and abjured him to relent, and worked on his feelings to such an extent that he went home impressed with an awful sense of some impending doom, some terrible calamity that was about to burst on his offending head.

Meanwhile, the situation had become as unbearable to Sydney as it had to Doris; all their plans for communicating having so far failed, the natural course of events having taken a turn for which no provision had been made. A love so intense as his could stand the separation no longer. That very afternoon he would go boldly to the house and ask to see his beloved; her father might say or do as he pleased. The resolution was formed, he was in a state of feverish impatience to put it into practice. He would start at once. And start he did, wondering what reception he would get at the hands of her parents, and hoping that he might not be invested with the order of the boot. But Providence had prepared for him a surprise, one of those kaleidoscopic changes which ever make the 'best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley.'

Scarcely had he reached the gate when a telegraph boy ran up and handed him a message. Sydney's first thought, of course was Doris—then, some dire disaster. As soon as his impatient hands had ripped off the covering he read:

'Come at once in friendship.'
RICHARD SHIRLEY.

An invitation from the very man whom he had been mentally picturing as kicking him out of the house! 'Say, I'll be there like a shot,' he said to the astonished messenger; then recollecting himself, 'No answer,' and the next instant he was speeding to the station to catch the train then due. His reception surprised him as much as the telegram. He was welcomed at the threshold by Mr. Shirley and taken into the study, his host beaming with the very essence of affability. After a few preliminary 'haws' and vicious clearings of the throat Mr. Shirley addressed him thus:

'In refusing your ardent request for the hand of my daughter I believed that I was acting in the best interests of my only child. I know nothing against you—indeed, much to your advantage—but the principal reason that induced me to take the course that I did was your openly expressed disbelief of matters of which you could not possibly be a judge. Young man, read that!' And with a dramatic flourish he handed him the message.

After minutely detailing the circumstances of its arrival he continued:

'In compliance with the command therein expressed I have sent for you to give my consent to your union with my daughter, and I am not without hope that the mysterious message you have before you may be the means of converting you by its tangible existence and the forgiving nature of its contents.'

Sydney gazed at the paper bewildered, speechless. This was a complete floorer. Well, now go to Doris. She awaits you in the drawing room. Leave the paper here. It is too precious to trust out of my sight. I have to go out now on business, but if you give me a call, say to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, I shall be prepared to discuss matters with you.'

It is needless to attempt to describe the rapturous meeting of the reunited lovers. Those readers who have experienced such blissful moments can picture it for themselves, and those who have not may rest assured that to them the gates of paradise still stand unveiled.

The next evening Sydney kept his appointment with Mr. Shirley, whose exuberant delight seemed to show that a heavy load had fallen from his mind.

Then he would go through the incidents of the mysterious arrival again, taking Sydney by the arm and leading him around the room, all the while explaining how matters stood on the eventful night.

'You see, the gas was alight, just as it is now, and the window was fastened—look at it; cannot be opened from the outside—and the blind was drawn right down like this. The only other means of ingress is the door, locked. Ah, I have not locked it! And as he spoke he shot the bolt. At the same instant a loud 'ting' caused both men to spring ground and rush to the table. There, floating on the liquid in one of the glasses, was another tiny roll of paper. Shot from somewhere, it had evidently struck the glass, making it ring. Unfolded, the contents ran:

'It is well. We are satisfied.' Again from Tibet and the date the current day. It was with very different feelings that the two men gazed at the piece of paper. Mr. Shirley's face bore a calm expression which told of a thankfulness that danger was past and that he felt once more at peace with his masters, while Sydney stood agast in the presence of the unfaithful man, his hair bristling on his head and teeth chattering from very fear. At last he could bear it no longer, and, flinging open the door he rushed out, nor paused until he found himself outside the front door in the pure night air, with the canopy of

heaven and the twinkling stars above him.

A train is throbbing swiftly northward, bearing among its passengers two that have that day been made man and wife. The bridegroom sits absorbed in his thoughts, seeming oblivious to the fact that what should be all the world to him sits by his side. It is not that one delfly thrown slipper had made a bruise on his forehead nor than sundry grains of rice had slipped down between his collar and his neck. What then was the cause?

'What makes you so quiet, dear?' asks the bride.

He starts as one called from another world.

'I am bewildered, love. These messages—how real and yet how impossible! I cannot believe, and yet—there! I know not what to think.'

Doris laughs a little, musical ripple, and then, laying her hand on his arm and nestling closer, she says:

'Shall I explain the mystery, love? I sent them.'

'You? How could you? The gas was locked. I mean the door—I—but you—how could you?'

'I will tell you, but you must not let papa know. The paper came from India, wrapped around some presents that I had sent to me. The writing I did with my left hand with the moistened point of a stick of Indian ink—'

'But the locked room!' interjected Sydney.

Then I rolled it up very small and stood it upright on a projection of the chandelier, and fixed it there with a tiny bit of wax from a candle. When the gas had been alighted a little while the wax melted with the heat and down fell the message with its own weight. See? But you will keep my secret from papa?'

And Mr. Shirley does not understand the mystery to this day.—London Tidbits.

THE LIVELY RHINOCEROS.

He is Not a Pleasant Animal to Meet When Angry.

Armed in his heavy hide, almost armor-plated, equipped for both offence and defence, the formidable and ponderous rhinoceros is not at all the animal whose angry outset one would imagine to be a laughing matter. Nevertheless, the tone in which Major J. R. McDonald, who has had ample experience, treats such an incident is about that in which an ordinary person might relate the scattering of a group of girls by a two sportive calf, or a cow of over inquisitive disposition.

In making the difficult survey for a projective railroad in East Africa, rhinoceroses were more than once disturbed in their lair by the major's party. Sometimes they resented the intrusion, while on other occasions they seemed moved by curiosity to come and investigate the caravan. They were not dreaded, though they were certainly, when they came to close quarters, avoided, and that nimble.

'A caravan passing a solitary rhinoceros to windward afford,' says Major MacDonald 'a very amusing spectacle. The great beast scents the caravan at once, but cannot quite make it out,—he is full of sight,—so he stands facing it, and wagging his enormous head from side to side in great uncertainty. Then up goes his tail and he comes tearing down, only to pull up after twenty or thirty yards to repeat his investigations.'

'To give time for reflection, he then trots along parallel to the caravan, till, out an extra strong whiff of scent, he wheels round and again makes a headlong charge for a few yards. This stupid performance is repeated until, in most cases, the caravan has safely passed and the rhinoceros is left in his uncertainty.'

'Sometimes, however, the caravan is of such length, or so slow, that a charge home comes off; then the porters drop their loads and scatter, and the rhinoceros gallops through the line, and away up wind, with his tail in the air, and no damage done.'

The first time that the major personally encountered a rhinoceros, he did so unexpectedly, and much too near; in fact, for a few minutes he and the rhinoceros indulged in a brisk impromptu game of tag about a dry gully and some trees, until he could get an opportunity to load and shoot. His friend Pringle watched and enjoyed the episode; but before many weeks the tables were turned, and it was Pringle who was pursued, and the major who looked on.

'There is a theory,' says Major MacDonald 'that you can always turn a rhinoceros if you reserve your fire. Pringle gave the beast one barrel at about fifty yards, and another at ten. But that rhinoceros was not one of the sort to turn, and but for the fact that Pringle was a very active man, he and the rhinoceros would have changed roles, and he would have constituted the bag. As it was, the wounded animal made off and got clear away.'

'On another occasion a rhinoceros charged the caravan and began to play up-and-ball with a bale, to the great amusement of Pringle and his followers. Judge of Pringle's disgust when he found it was his own bedding which had formed the bale, and that it had, moreover, acquired a rich variety of holes during the operation.'

BORN.

Jamaica, Dec. 19, to the wife of J. Rippen a son.
Brule, Dec. 25, to the wife of Wm. A. Tattler a son.
Springhill, Dec. 20, to the wife of Harry Muirhead a son.
Maccan, Dec. 9, to the wife of Edmund Young a son.
Springhill, Dec. 24, to the wife of Angus Malay a son.
Elmsdale, Dec. 26, to the wife of W. A. Ennis a daughter.

Kentville, Dec. 29, to the wife of J. Rooney a daughter.
Salem, Dec. 26, to the wife of Martin Collins a daughter.
Berwick, Dec. 26, to the wife of T. H. Morse a daughter.
Moncton, Dec. 30, to the wife of Chesley Colpitts a daughter.
Springhill, Dec. 21, to the wife of John Scott a daughter.
Springhill, Dec. 24, to the wife of George Allison a daughter.
Rockingham, Dec. 26, to the wife of Fred W. Anand a son.
Annapolis Royal, Dec. 29, to the wife of F. C. Whiteman a son.
Liverpool, N. S., Dec. 29, to the wife of Hon. Jason Mack a son.
Canning, N. S., Dec. 21, to the wife of Prof. A. C. Redd a son.
Moncton, N. S., Dec. 27, to the wife of W. McLean a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 23, to the wife of Capt. A. W. McKinnon a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bellefleur, Ont., Dec. 21, Mr. John R. Herdman to Elizabeth M. Bonar.
Woodstock, Dec. 30, by Rev. J. Coy, Harry Hall to Clara May Gubb.
Truro, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Samuel Khar to Jessie Samley.
St. George, Dec. 29, by Rev. R. E. Smith, Fraser to Grace Spear.
Bale Verde, Dec. 21, by Rev. S. James, Annie Brownell to Edgar Ogden.
Annapolis, Dec. 21, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Frank Charlton to Eliza Beardsley.
Marysville, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. B. Champion, Fred W. White to Jessie H. Cain.
Hillsboro, Dec. 21, by Rev. W. Camp, Walter M. Steeves to Rebecca Wills.
St. John, N. B., Jan. 1, by Rev. James Crisp, William Waites to Annie Post.
Halifax, Dec. 27, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Charles F. M. Wilson to Eliza Munro.
Hosedale, Dec. 26, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, Almon Jondrey to Maria Hurtle.
Margaree, Dec. 23, by Rev. W. A. Snelling, John B. Phillips to Rebecca Wills.
Springhill, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Eric Smith to Gertrude Schurman.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 19, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Kenneth Langille to Jennie Spidle.
Digby, Dec. 22, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Arnold R. Morehouse to Eva L. Saunders.
Pleasant Valley, Dec. 6, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, David Whitehouse to M. Huit.
Windfall, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Geo. Blandford to Augusta Rogers.
Mina, Dec. 16, by Rev. F. Beattie, John William Spencer to Miss Kate Martell.
Campobello, Dec. 11, by Rev. W. H. Street, Harry Fasson to Clara Belle Hersey.
Oak Bay, Dec. 16, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Howard Gilman to Mrs. Grace Bartlett.
Kingsley, N. B., Dec. 15, by Rev. Mr. Freeman, John T. Kay to Catherine Steen.
Lunenburg, Dec. 26, by Rev. Gskar Gronlund, Louise Nifort to William Zink.
Moncton, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, E. A. Harris to Miss Beulah Archibald.
Lunenburg, Dec. 26, by Rev. Gskar Gronlund, Leulin Backman to Gilbert Dean.
Argyle Sound, Dec. 22, by Rev. Geo. E. Sturgis, Alexander Murphy to Annie Fro t.
St. George, Dec. 22, by Rev. R. E. Smith, James J. Cook to Albertina Leslie.
Calais, Dec. 22, by Rev. S. A. Bender, William J. French to Edith May Montgomery.
Waterville, Dec. 22, by Rev. E. O. Read, Charles M. Charlton to Eliza G. Whitman.
Digby, Dec. 29, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Vernon T. Dakin to Miss Mary J. Morehouse.
Newton Mills, Dec. 16, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, James Dunbar to Nancy Rutherford.
Pleasant Valley, Dec. 21, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Judson Crosby to Caroline Eldridge.
Northville, Dec. 16, by Rev. T. A. Higgins Mr. Frederick Ford to Annie E. Parsons.
Upper Kennetcook, Dec. 22, by Rev. G. R. Martell, David Densmore to Maud Miller.
Truro, Dec. 22, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, James Fraser Paige to Rebecca May Murray.
Norton Station, Dec. 28, by Rev. C. P. Hanington, Gordon Caldwell to Margaret J. Wilson.
Kewick, N. B., Dec. 24, by Rev. W. W. Wass, Thomas E. Wilson to Miss Iona Sheperd.
Bridgewater, Dec. 22, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Benjamin R. Whitman to Maria Newcombe.
Pleasant Ridge, Dec. 21, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Samuel W. Peacock to Mary M. Carson.
Grand Maran, Dec. 25, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Thaddeus M. Dakin to Miss Agnes M. Thomas.
Middleton, Dec. 25, by Rev. Andrew Boyd, Rev. Ralph Grant Strachan to Elsie Morrison Stewart.
Indian Harbor, N. S., Dec. 16, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, Captain Elijah W. Covey to Eva J. Covey.
Richmondville, Dec. 19, Nov. 30, by Rev. D. Patterson, Fred C. McKennec to Annie S. Harris.
Little River, N. B., Dec. 23, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Mr. John S. Fulton to Miss Laura M. Campbell.
Woodside, Upper Musquodoboit, Dec. 29, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, William F. Hamilton to Louise M. Chaplin.

DIED.

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 19, Capt. F. Ellis.
Calais, Dec. 19, Thomas Colmer, 48.
St. George, Dec. 23, John Dewar, 57.
Pugwash, Dec. 10, Charles Gilderson.
Lynn Mass., Dec. 15, Erroll Grant, 76.
St. John, Dec. 28, Matilda Brogan, 83.
Ferroona, Dec. 25, John Somerville, 95.
Moncton, Dec. 25, Mrs. Jane Scott, 55.
Milltown, Dec. 27, George F. Todd, 68.
Chatham, Dec. 24, Charles McNeal, 68.
Milltown, Dec. 28, Ireland W. King, 91.
Milltown, Dec. 25, Louisa Archibald, 73.
St. John, Dec. 27, Andrew W. Melick, 47.
Tiverton, Dec. 7, Roy Randolph Hegan, 4.
East Boston, Dec. 26, Margaret Revelle, 51.
Robbinston, Dec. 22, Andrew J. Stanhope, 83.
Central Argyle, Dec. 24, Charles Spinney, 25.
LeHave Branch, Dec. 24, Edward Veinot, 80.
Milltown, Dec. 19, Miss Hadassah Caswell, 53.
Helena, Montana, Dec. 13, William E. Goss, 47.
Moncton, Dec. 22, Addie, wife of Daniel McStay.
Yarmouth, Dec. 26, Edna, wife of Thomas Gear, 34.
St. John, Jan. 1, William, son of the late J. D. Davos.
Midville Branch, Lunenburg, Dec. 23, Henry Calais, Dec. 18, Sarah E., wife of Isaac Richardson, 69.
Musquash, Jan. 1, John, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, 21.
Berwick, N. S., Dec. 21, Margaret S., wife of Rev. James Taylor.
Springhill, Dec. 30, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Brown, 61.
Dartmouth, Dec. 31, Mary Ann Steele, wife of James Strum, 68.
Montrose, Dec. 15, Aggie Maud, daughter of Mrs. Edward Lusk, 8.
St. John, Jan. 2, Joshua Barnes Williams of Long Beach, Kings Co., 61.
Campbellton, Dec. 25, Susan Margerite, daughter of John Keen, 6 years.
Musquash, Dec. 20, Hannah A., widow of the late Justus E. Knight, 83.
Kempston, Dec. 10, Annie Cameron, widow of the late George Cameron, 86.
Picton, Dec. 21, Irene Catherine, child of Mr. and Mrs. John Matheson, 1 year.
Campbellton, Dec. 24, Elizabeth, child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert St. Oage, 2 years.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.15 a. m.
Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 4.00 p. m.
Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr Digby 12.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.
Tu. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 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.
Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Digby 10.09 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr Halifax 3.30 p. m.
Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.
Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express trains and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unparalleled 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'g.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

TOURIST

SLEEPING CARS

—TO THE—
Pacific Coast.

—VIA—
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.50 a. m., carrying passengers for all points Revelstoke, B. C. and west thereof.

Double berth Montreal to Pacific Coast ... \$3.00.

Write D. P. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B., for the following pamphlets:—

"Tourist Cars".

"To the Klondike and Gold Fields of the Yukon".

"British Columbia".

Vancouver City's "Guide to the Land of Gold".

Time tables and Maps.

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

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.....15.10

Express for Sussex.....16.25

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).....10.20

Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30

Express from Halifax.....16.00

Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30

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. POTTIER, General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

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 Quickest Time, 15 to 17 Hours (between Yarmouth and Boston).

2—Trips a Week—2

THE STEEL STEAMER

BOSTON

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Atlantic and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou, Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY at 8 p. m. connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports.

Steamer Alpha,

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

Tickets and all information can be obtained from

President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, H. F. Hammond, Agent

Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston