

# FINALE.

A philosopher once observed that a man's character could be better judged by the books and room he keeps than his company.

Cyril Graves, early in life, had devoted himself to the study of politics, and all his hopes and fears were centered in that engrossing pursuit. One Wednesday evening he was sitting smoking in his chambers, deeply engrossed in a blue book when he heard a gentle knock on his door.

"Come in," he shouted, thinking it was his man, and again buried himself in his book.

The door opened and shut quietly, and he still read on, and then suddenly looked. There, standing in a dejected attitude, was the wreck of what had been a lovely woman. Graves sprang to his feet, his face pale and stern, for, in front of him, was his justly divorced wife.

"You!—Bertha!—Here in my room?" He moved over to the bell.

"Don't ring it!" she wailed; "I watched your servant go out, and wanted to speak to you, oh, so badly!"

"Now look here, Bertha—you dragged my name into the dust and nearly ruined my career, and now, when you have been justly punished, you come back. What do you want?—money?"

His tones were icy in their coldness, and the weak, degraded creature before him shivered as he heard the last words.

"Cyril—I've no right to come to you, I know, but the world is so cold and wretched to a woman, and God alone knows how low I've fallen. Cannot you take me back?" She sank into a chair, and began to cry silently.

"Take you back?" he cried, his eyes glittering with fury, whilst with uneven strides, he paced the room; "take you back and become the laughing stock of London! What! Go and rusticate in some dreary hole until you leave me again? You forget what you are!"

The insult lashed fresh life and spirit into the cowering woman.

"And who made me what I am?" she said, with her color rising, and her breath coming and going rapidly.

"Not I," he replied, with a sneer.

"Not you, who did? When you first met me at my father's rectory I was as simple minded a girl as any in the land. You made me marry you—did you not? Her tone was insistent.

"Well—suppose I did?" he answered, gloomily.

"You took me to a dull house in this London town, and there you left me. Night after night you went to your political meetings and to your House of Commons, and gave me what was left of your time. You fed me and clothed me, it's true, and that it ended. You encouraged me to mix in society, and never troubled to protect me as you should have done; and then, when I left you, more from heart sickness and from a desire to be loved and petted by some one than from any other cause, you divorced me, and received the condolence of your friends. Bah!—you are the man who is responsible for my ruin, and you only. Money! I scorn your money, and never until I die will I trouble you again."

She left the room abruptly, leaving Graves a prey to the most conflicting emotions. Her indictment was, he felt, too true, and a feeling of shame came over him.

He unlocked his safe and took out his will, and read it slowly through, then took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly, and replaced both in the safe.

"There!" he said. "I shall never marry again, and if I die before her, who knows, it may make a difference if she has the control of money. If I could only have my time over again!"

The great debate was over, and Cyril Graves was his hero. Secure in the self-reliance that a thorough knowledge of his subject gives its possessor, he had held the House spellbound for over an hour, and sat down amidst a chorus of approving cheers. In the lobby his friends crowded around him with hearty congratulations, and, already, in his mind's eye, he saw that his days as an obscure private member were over. The large life of a leader of men, with all its brilliant possibilities, seemed to lie open before him, and he gloried in it.

To quiet down his overstrained nerves he took his hat and coat, and, although it was long past midnight, made his way to the Embankment, a favorite walk of his when engaged in deep thought. There was a full moon, and the night was very still, and lost in reverie, he leant over the balustrade, and gazed idly upon the glistening silver river below him.

The utter peace and quietude of the scene soothed him, and he was just about to leave when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Don't do it, sir—think over it," was muttered in his ear.

He turned sharply, and found a policeman looking at him with commiseration.

"Good God! constable, you don't think I'm going to jump in the river, do you? Man alive! Can't anyone walk on the Embankment without doing that?"

"Aren't you Mr. Graves, the member for East Bucks, sir?" said the man.

"Yes, I am; we had a hot debate at the House, and I strolled here to cool down before turning in. How did you know me?" queried Graves.

"Lord bless you, sir, I'm a Bucks man myself, and a staunch supporter of yours. But don't ee, sir, come here again like this; it ain't safe, for we call it one of the most risky beats in London. We get down here men as are desperate for want of food and shelter. I believe half the bodies they fish out of the river come from along here."

There was such a feeling in the man's

tone that Graves was touched, and felt in his pocket for some money.

Suddenly, eighty yards up he saw a figure outlined against the sky, and then disappear with a loud shriek and a splash.

An awful cry of "Help!" echoed through the still night air.

"Good God, sir, a woman's gone in and I can't swim a stroke," groaned the policeman. "What shall we do?"

"Do!" said Graves, "I'll go in myself. Get on the pier below here, for the tide will bring us down, and you may be able to lend a hand."

Whilst he spoke he tore off his boots, slipped off his coat and trousers and stood for an instant on the balustrade looking for the suicide.

"Help! help!" she shrieked, coming once more to the surface. With a muttered prayer Graves dived into the water. Coming up, he shook the water from his head and eyes, and with a long, graceful side stroke made for the sinking woman.

All his faculties were keenly awake; he felt that power, life, and reputation itself were nothing to the delight of saving some despairing creature from a terrible death. The policeman cheered him on with hearty shouts, and he spurred just in time to clutch the woman by the hair. To his horror he saw that it was his cast-off wife.

"Let me sink!" she gasped.

"Never!" he said, between his teeth. "You said I was responsible for your fall. I'll not be so for your death. Put your hands on my hips and I'll do all I can; don't struggle, but kick out when I do. Come, Bee, an old, old diminutive of fond days, 'try and live.'"

The woman did as she was told, and, perhaps, loved and revered him more in those few minutes than ever she had before.

With dogged pluck Graves put forth all his strength, but he knew he was failing. His breath came and went in great gasps, and his head felt like lead; an awful desire to rest came over him, which the woman seemed to guess.

"Let me drown, Cyril; save yourself," she said.

"It's all right, sir," shouted the constable, "a few more strokes and I can help you."

It was too late, however, for even as the man's friendly hand closed on the woman's dress Graves fell back exhausted and sank like a log.

A woman, whom all the night policemen know and respect, haunts the foul places of London, night after night, relieving and comforting the lost of both sexes.

There is an unknown benefactor who gives royally to the homes and shelters of outcast London, and who never tires of giving.

And one day a woman, whose good deeds will never be chronicled by man, will enter the workhouse utterly destitute, and will wait in meekness and quietude the call that will terminate her chequered career forever.—St. Paul.

## TWO WAYS OF LAUGHING.

One is to Laugh With a Person and Never at Them.

Johnnie and Ed and Nellie were playing steamers in the kitchen one stormy afternoon. The coal-hod was the engine, the shoe-box the tender, an empty soap-box the baggage car, while the kitchen chairs made very comfortable passenger cars. Johnnie was engineer, Ed was the conductor, and little Nellie wore one of her mother's old bonnets tied primly under her chin, a pair of her kid gloves buttoned over her small hands and a large apron tied on for a long dress, because she and her dolls were the passengers.

They were having a fine time, making almost noise enough to have been a real train of cars, when all at once, in spite of the dignity of the bonnet, the kid gloves, and the long apron skirt, little Nellie lost her balance in trying to make one of her dolls—Catherine Sarah sit more erect, and tumbled, dollies and all, into the soap-box baggage-car.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ed; "oh, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep still!" shouted Johnnie; "you mustn't laugh when there's a smash-up, and all the passengers are thrown into the baggage-car. Where are you hurt madam?"

Now little Madam Nellie wasn't hurt in the least—that is, she was only very much ashamed of having lost her balance and tumbled into the baggage-car, but being ashamed hurt so much she was just ready to cry when Ed laughed at her.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Ed again.

Nellie's bonnet was tumbled over one eye, one glove was in the coal hod, and the apron was wound about her feet in such a way Johnnie could scarcely get her out of the box.

It was very easy to laugh. Even Johnnie had to try hard to keep from smiling. Ed did not try.

"I should think you were a baby," he said, "if you can't sit in a chair."

Nellie's lip quivered.

"I'm not going to play cars any more," she said, moving away with her arms full of dolls, and trying to look just as digni-

## BE AFRAID.

Have fear of the wart or pimple that won't heal or go away. It may be a cancer-spot. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is fully explained in our pamphlet. Sent for 6c. (stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowfont, Ont.

fied as if her bonnet had been straight, and one glove had not been lost, "Catherine Sarah and I are going to take the dolls away."

"Oh, that's mean, to take all our passengers away!" cried Ed, repenting a little.

"It isn't any worse than it is to laugh at a lady when she has an accident," said Johnnie, severely. "Be kind to her about it, Ed, and she won't spoil our fun,—will you, Nellie? Come back now, and let's play it was a big accident. You did your part splendidly, Nellie."

Of course, any little girl would have returned after such kind treatment. It began to seem rather funny to Nellie, too, when she remembered how the dollies looked in the baggage car, and how wildly Catherine Sarah spread her arms about the other dolls as she fell, and Nellie began to laugh. Then they all laughed together, but it was a different laugh from Ed's first one. It had the ring of kindness in it. They were laughing with the little lady who had met with the accident, rather than laughing at her, and that makes all the difference in the world.

"I'll do it over again," offered Nellie, good-naturedly.

"All right!" and "Do!" shouted the boys. And when the dolls and the other passenger were again thrown into the baggage car, they all had such a royal good time over it mamma looked in to see what it was all about.

"I tumbled out first, and when Ed laughed I thought I wouldn't play any more, confessed Nellie. "But then Johnnie was kind about it, and that made it all right. I don't care if folks do laugh that way, which was Nellie's manner of saying there are two ways of laughing, and that the kind way is to laugh with a person, and never at them.—S. S. Times.

## A PAIN CRIPPLE.

Tortured and Tormented with Rheumatism and Sciatica—South American Rheumatic Cure Works the Wonder.

Mrs. John Fisher, Woodstock, N. B., writes: "I had been suffering for over three years from muscular rheumatism and on one occasion I had a very acute attack of sciatica. For several weeks I was unable to walk or attend to my household duties. Tried several remedies, and physicians failed to give me relief. I saw South American Rheumatic Cure advertised and bought a bottle. It did me a wonderful lot of good. Four bottles effected a perfect and permanent cure."

## Nothing New.

"No," said the long haired poet, "I cannot write at all times. The divine afflatus only urges my pen at certain inspired moments."

"I see," said the busy editor; "same old plea—temporary insanity."

## A Compromise.

"I don't suppose," said the wife, "that you mailed those letters I gave you to-day, John."

"No," said John cheerfully, "but I did those you gave me last week, my dear."

Sometimes policy and honesty go hand in hand.

## "A Word To The Wise"



WEAR TRADE MARK SUSPENDERS. GUARANTEED DOMINION SUSPENDER CO. NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

## BORN.

St. John, Jan. 23, to the wife of E. L. Rising, a son.

Sussex, Jan. 17, to the wife of Gordon Mills, a son.

St. Stephen, Jan. 14, to the wife of W. T. Smith, a son.

St. Stephen, Jan. 15, to the wife of Fred Watterson, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 12, to the wife of A. Winfield Scott, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hawes, a son.

Barrington, Jan. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Banks, a son.

Amherst, Jan. 15, to the wife of David Turner, a son.

New York, Jan. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Doane, a son.

Greywood, Jan. 18, to the wife of George Hiltz, a son.

Fredericton, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. E. Miller, a daughter.

Amherst, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. B. Murdoch, a daughter.

Economy, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Hill, a daughter.

Lorne Terrace, Jan. 19, to the wife of J. H. Brown, a daughter.

Nashwaak, Jan. 19, to the wife of W. L. McFarlane, a son.

Conquerall Bank, Jan. 10, to the wife of Austin Fenner, a son.

Deep Brook, Jan. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. W. Purdy, a son.

Pleasant Lake, Jan. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Frey, a son.

Cheverie, Hants Co., Jan. 13, to Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson, a son.

Port Maitland, Jan. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sinclair, a son.

Thursville, Jan. 16, to the wife of Robert Campbell, a daughter.

Paraboro, Jan. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Canine, a daughter.

Port Maitland, Jan. 14, to Rev. and Mrs. J. Appleby, a daughter.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert F. Hayden, a son.

Port Hawkesbury, Jan. 17, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Bickson, a daughter.

Flat Lands, Restigouche, Jan. 15, to the wife of Walter Ellis, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Tiverton, Jan. 18, Mr. Lyman H. Outhouse to Miss Alda Finnick.

Kentville, Jan. 18, Mr. James Simmons to Miss Kathleen McPherson.

Albert, Jan. 17, by Rev. Chas. Comben, Thomas Poole to Ella Jingley.

Halifax, Jan. 15, by Rev. John McMillan, Edwin Mitchell to Jessie Parker.

Kentville, Jan. 19, by B. N. Nobles, Benjamin Yould to Calara Barnaby.

Hants Co., Jan. 19, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Hector L. Miller to Annie Green.

Moss Glen, Jan. 19, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Chas. E. Rogers to Jennie Green.

Halifax, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Arthur Sullivan to Leah Cotterell.

Halifax, Jan. 18, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Alfred J. White to Clara Brimicombe.

Colchester, Jan. 19, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, W. A. Smith to Josephine Morrison.

Newcastle, Dec. 18, by Rev. P. G. Snow, Wm. H. Sheppard to Bella Campbell.

Halifax, Jan. 10, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A. Henry Curtis to Evangeline F. Cox.

New York, Jan. 1, by Rev. Father O'Flynn, William Carroll to Katie Lebane.

Yarmouth, Jan. 18, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John M. Smith to Josephine Swain.

Yarmouth, Jan. 19, by Rev. Fr. Hamilton, Zacharie Outeau, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Arthur Sullivan to Leah Cotterell.

Hampton, N. B., Jan. 5, by Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Jesse Kean to Fannie Davidson.

Canoe, Jan. 13, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Chapman S. Whitney to Laura McDougall.

Annapolis, Jan. 14, by Rev. H. N. Parry, William A. Little to Miss Jessie Goucher.

Newcastle, Jan. 4, by Rev. P. G. Snow, Addington Jardine to Annie McDonald.

Kentville, Jan. 18, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Thomas Richard Grimm to Hattie Mosher.

Lower Graville, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. A. Porter, Owen Rierdon to Laura McElrath.

Springhill, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Abner H. Atkinson to Maggie E. McLeod.

Grand Masan, Jan. 5, by Rev. W. S. Covert, J. D. McDowell to Miss Ann McKay.

Fairville, N. B., Jan. 19, by Rev. G. R. White, B. A. Charles J. Carr to Nellie Rolston.

Sackville, N. B., Dec. 29, by Rev. O. N. Keith, William A. Edgett to Victoria Hicks.

Georgetown, Jan. 18, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Donald F. Cantelo to Jessie M. Creed.

South Melville, Jan. 12, by Rev. Robert C. Quinn, John McKinnon to Isabel McFarlane.

Middleton, Jan. 5, by Rev. Wm. Brown, W. H. Macdonald, M. D., to Victoria Young.

Beaver Harbor, Jan. 12, by Rev. T. M. Munro, Clifford B. Gamage to Maud Bowman.

Chequois Point, Dec. 16, by Rev. F. A. Currier, Ralph Kilham to Josephine McKinnon.

Middleton, Jan. 11, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Gilbert Hayes to Mrs. Mary Ada McAndrews.

Nova Scotia, Jan. 12, by Rev. D. A. Frame, William W. Thompson to Margaret Patricquin.

Tiverton, Jan. 8, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Mr. Herbert Outhouse to Mrs. Sarah E. Blackford.

East Grand Island, Jan. 5, by Rev. Douglas Hemm, Robt. M. W. Wells to Estelle R. Page.

Woodstock, Jan. 10, by Rev. W. J. Rutledge, E. A. Enoch M. Campbell to Mrs. Annie Hayden.

West Pubnico, Jan. 10, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Mr. Romain D'Eon to Mrs. Adeline Suratte.

Guysboro, Jan. 15, by Rev. L. J. Donaldson, M. A. Charles A. Luddington to Rhoda G. Wilber.

Beaver River, Jan. 16, by Rev. Edwin Crowell, Frederick Dowley to Winifred Scott O'Brien.

Berwick, Jan. 5, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendinning, Christopher M. Saunders to Minnie Moynahan.

West Pubnico, Jan. 10, by Rev. Fr. Duchesneau, Mr. Paul D'Entremont to Miss Louise Surette.

Port La Tour, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, Mr. Nason R. Nickerson to Miss Deborah H. Swain.

## DIED.

Canard, Jan. 15, Joshua Ellis, 96.

Onslow, Jan. 16, James Carter, 67.

Lochaber, Jan. 10, Mrs. McMillan, 89.

St. John, Jan. 20, James Mitchell, 56.

Halifax, Jan. 19, Thomas Drysdale, 70.

Halifax, Jan. 17, Annie G. Misener, 25.

Tangier, Jan. 5, Mrs. Lydia Mason, 67.

Broad Cove, Jan. 14, Lemuel Smith, 53.

Smith's Cove, Jan. 19, Hiram Warner, 62.

Centerville, Jan. 13, Newell Holmes, 81.

New York, Jan. 10, Mary E. Dwinelle, 73.

Bear River, Jan. 14, Mrs. Thomas Miller.

Bear River, Jan. 17, Mrs. Israel Dunn, 85.

Belmont, Col., Jan. 9, James Johnson, 88.

Charlottetown, Jan. 17, Cassie J. Baker, 40.

Neaves Road, Jan. 18, Mrs. Aaron Wilde, 63.

Port La Tour, Jan. 4, Mrs. Peninah Snow, 89.

Chatham, Jan. 20, Mr. Robert Nicholson, 90.

Westchester, Jan. 21, Mrs. Hibbert Smith, 42.

Cole Harbor, Jan. 16, Andrew J. Wentzell, 32.

Loch Lomond, C. B., Dec. 9, Neil Morrison, 77.

Toronto, Dec. 29, Kathleen Frances Morison, 23.

French Village, Kings Co., T. Lawson Giggey, 38.

Bear River, Jan. 8, Mrs. J. Frank McClelland, 24.

Waterville, Pictou Co., Jan. 17, Daniel Fraser, 62.

Florence Colorado, Dec. 10, Norman L. McKay, 59.

Caladonia Yarmouth, Jan. 9, Augustus Patterson, 75.

Halifax, Jan. 19, Angelina, wife of Edward Tracey, 47.

St. John, Jan. 23, Mary Ann, wife of Patrick Morgan, 73.

Gays River, Jan. 20, Sarah, wife of Barry D. Wood.

Selma Maitland, Jan. 17, Catherine wife of David Pratt, 63.

Halifax, Jan. 20, at St. Mary's convent, Sister Mary Cyril.

Tabusintac, Jan. 19, Mary widow of the late Angus McLeod, 78.

Gull Cove, Gabarus, Jan. 11, Eliza, wife of John Stacey, 86.

Moncton, Jan. 20, Edmund, son of Elliot C. Cormier 4 months.

Penobscquis, Jan. 22, Elizabeth, wife of John Murray, 63.

Sunny Brae, Dec. 29, Grace Fraser, wife of Donald McIntosh, 65.

Pictou, Jan. 9, Eliza McKenzie wife of Duncan Cruikshank, 57.

West Berlin, Yarmouth, Jan. 9, Bertha wife of Mr. R. Conrad, 20.

Woodstock, Dec. 31, Mary, widow of the late John McDiarmid, 76.

Central Argyll, Jan. 14, Lydia, widow of the late Thomas Seely, 85.

Woods Harbor, Jan. 7, Eliza, widow of the late George Nickerson.

Kelley's Cove, Jan. 20, Harriet R. widow of Capt. Prince Kinney, 86.

Port Jolie, Jan. 6, Lida, daughter of Maurice and Ann Theriault.

Somerville Mass., Jan. 16, Harrison H. son of Harvey D. Ellis, 27.

Campbellton, Jan. 18, Myreema Spragg, widow of the late John Hayter.

Wolfville, Jan. 19, Esther J. widow of the late Leonard F. Johnson.

Pubnico Head, Jan. 4, Jennie Myrtle daughter of George and Belle Goodwin 4.

St. John, Jan. 23, Frances, widow of the late Rev. Canon Frederick Cotter, 84.

Lower Canard, Jan. 12, Muriel daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Messenger, 2.

New York, Jan. 10, Benjamin Nehemiah, infant son of Benjamin and Mary Doane.

Big Meadows, Pictou, Dec. 12, Margaret Olive, daughter of John S. and Hannah Murray, 5.

## RAILROADS.

### Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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., ar. Digby 10 15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

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

### EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Tues. and Thurs.

Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Tues. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m. Tues. and Thurs.

Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Tues. and Thurs.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 5.50 a. m. Tues. and Thurs.

Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman 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 "tastiest 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 Friday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agents.

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.

### 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, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00

Express for Halifax.....13.10

Express for Sussex.....16.35

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 29.10 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).....10.50

Express from Halifax.....16.00

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.2

Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

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.

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**Tourist Sleeping Cars**

for the accommodation of Second Class Pacific Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (every Wednesday after Feb. 15th.) and Thursday at 9.30 a. m. Berth accommodating two, Montreal to Revelstoke etc., \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00. Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia," "Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields," "Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold." Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding trip, rates of fare etc., to

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Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

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C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Supt.