

By Lucky Snap-Shot.

Although there is no man in England fonder of his camera than myself, it has always been my boast that I have never intentionally offended against that law of good taste which ordains that in choosing the subjects to photograph you should be most scrupulous not to include in your picture any human being whose feelings might be ruffled by your taking what he or she considered a liberty. It is, therefore, not a little strange that I should have owed much of my happiness in life to my accidentally photographing a figure that walked into the picture at the very moment when I was exposing my plate.

It is some years now since I was young fellow trying to make my life by any means that offered. I had left Cambridge at the usual age, after a career at the University which, if not over brilliant, was at all events fairly creditable, and after a short spell of idleness in the old country rectory where my people lived, had made my way up to London to seek my fortune. I tried hard, but I almost became thoroughly disheartened by my endless failures.

I had still rather more than half of the legacy a relative had left me many years before, and which at starting had seemed to me ample for a long time to come, and I thought that one more season might turn the luck my way; so, throwing prudence to the winds, I made up my mind to remain where I was so long as there was a sixpence left.

I may as well confess that there was an other reason too for my not wishing to go home a beaten man. There was one thing to my life which had helped to keep my spirits up through all the reverses that I had met with. Although we were poor, my family was good enough, and on going up to London with a poor introduction, I had found a ready welcome at the houses of some old friends in whose particular circle I was speedily in some request, because I was not only very fond of dancing, but could dance well.

Dancing men grow scarcer every day, and after my first plunge into the winter gaieties, introductions and pressing invitations to this or other ball came flowing in with a persistency which effectively prevented my being left at home to ponder on my unlucky fortunes for more than one, or at most a couple of nights at a time. I was young, and saw no harm in a night's pleasure after a hard day's toil, and I threw myself into the round of gaieties which offered with the utmost zest. It all went splendidly so long as I was heart-whole—and then? Well it was rather different to what it has been before.

II.

It was at a big dance on Twelfth Night that I first met my fate. My hostess was a lady with whose family I was very intimate, and during the early part of the evening I had been doing my very best to help to make her entertainment a success, and I think it was my devotion to her orders that made Mrs. Everest, about half-way through the evening, determine to give me an especial reward.

"Mr. Harcourt," she said, coming to where I was standing after taking my last partner back to her chaperon, "you have been awfully good so far in dancing with so many of my partnerless girls, and now you shall have your reward. I am going to introduce you to the nicest girl in the room. Only mind," she added, playfully shaking her fan at me, "you must not try to fall in love with her, because you will only end by breaking your own heart if you do."

A minute later I was waltzing down the room with the most dazzlingly beautiful girl that I had ever seen in my life. Phyllis Overshaw was at that time just nineteen, tall, graceful, slender—but what is the good of my trying to describe the woman I have always admired more than any other on earth? She danced divinely, too.

She told me that she was only just returned from Dresden, where she had spent the last two years perfecting her musical education. I was to learn afterwards what a good use she had made of her time; then all I cared to learn was that she had come home for good, and expected to be in town for some months at least. I also learned that her father was 'something in the City,' and that her mother was dead, which shows that we made considerable progress at the start.

I saw my hostess's eyes following us as we waltzed past her, and put down the look of half surprise, half annoyance to the fact that I had deserted her for once. But later, when most of the guests had gone, and I had managed to see Phyllis Overshaw to her carriage, and had come back to make my adieux, in reply to my thanks—genuine enough, for a more enjoyable evening I had never spent—Mrs. Everest said something which gave me food for thought in after days.

"I hope the evening may prove the success you think for all of us, Mr. Harcourt," she said. "I hope, too, that you will not forget my warning about Phyllis Overshaw. The less you see of her the better for your peace of mind."

III.

That was only the first of many feelings with Phyllis Overshaw, indeed, our intimacy increased by leaps and bounds.

It was not long before I found that Mrs. Everest had had a reason for what she said. Phyllis's father was a very rich man and she an only child, and I was very speedily told by someone who knew all about him that he looked for a coronet at least for his daughter, and might have had a fit of apoplexy had anyone dared to hint at her marrying such a pronounced 'dilettante' as myself. Prudence ought to

have made me cautious, both for her sake and for my own, but one does not think much of prudence at my time of life. Very soon I had not only made up my mind that I loved Phyllis Overshaw and meant to win her, but I also had determined that I would ask her if she did not love me in return.

I had come to this very proper frame of mind at the first of a series of three or four dances given at the opening of the London season. I had also determined the best opportunity would occur at a dance to be given by our ever hospitable friend, Mrs. Everest. I selected her house as the scene of the great event, because it was there we had first met.

Now, by some curious connection of circumstances which may have been accidental, for the first time throughout all our acquaintance Phyllis was accompanied to the dance by her father. I must also confess that this was the first time that I had ever seen him and I was not greatly taken back with his looks. He seemed to answer very well the description that I had had of him, and to be a sort of commercial automaton, with as much feeling as a block of stone.

Anyway he was there, and (as I afterwards learned) for the express purpose of verifying sundry hints that he had received regarding myself. But I was to much in love to pay any heed to him. I had come there for an object, and could attend to nothing else, and it was not till after I had confessed my passion, and heard from my darling's own sweet lips that she loved me in return, that I had time to think of anything else.

I had scarcely left Phyllis's side when I imagine my astonishment to find Mr. Overshaw suddenly stepping up to me and addressing me on his own account.

"Mr. Harcourt, I believe?"

I admitted my identity. "My name is Overshaw, as you perhaps know already. Pardon my addressing you without an introduction, but I have so often heard of you from my daughter, that I seem to know you quite well. I wished to ask whether, if not otherwise engaged, you could make it convenient to call at my house in Portland Place tomorrow afternoon about five o'clock."

Quite taken by surprise, I stammered out something to the effect that I should be delighted, and he bowed and walked away as abruptly as he had come. A minute later, I caught a glimpse of him crossing the hall with Phyllis, cloaked, on his arm. I made some excuse, and soon after I slipped away in my turn. I called at Portland Place the next day, and was ushered into Mr. Overshaw's own study where I found him awaiting me.

"Mr. Harcourt," he said, as he motioned me to a chair, "there is nothing to be gained by beating about the bush. I know everything, and I tell you now, as I have already told my daughter, that an engagement between you two shall never have my consent, and is utterly out of the question. I am a business man, and not given to wasting words. Last night I learned from my daughter what had passed between you, and I have forbidden her ever to speak to you again. Now, young sir, I don't want to be unnecessarily harsh, but this boyish folly must end. I have made inquiries about you, and as I hear that you want something to do, I will put you in the way of making your fortune, provided that you will promise to give up this folly. That is a fair offer—what do you say to it?"

"That I am not to be bribed," I answered, angrily; "and that your offer is insulting."

"Very well, sir. There's the door." And out I marched with what dignity I could. I found my consolation outside, where Phyllis, very tearful, was waiting for me.

"I'll never give you up, Charlie, never!" she said, and then, as we heard the noise of the steady door opening again, she gave me just one kiss and ran away, while I walked to the door, where a discreet footman with eyes elsewhere was waiting to let me out.

IV.

I was like a man possessed for the next few days, and then, as my first fit of anger and despair ended, I determined to set to work to win in spite of Mr. Overshaw. I had encouragement at the outset; as, for almost the first time, I received, about a week after my dismissal, the proofs of an accepted article, accompanied by a still more welcome cheque for £5. I had been in London so long that I was feeling the need of a change, and I determined to devote my earnings to this purpose, and acting on the impulse took train to a quiet spot that I knew of on the South coast, where I could enjoy the best fresh air at a moderate cost.

I say it was a quiet spot—so quiet, in fact, that there was nothing whatever to do. Fortunately I had taken my camera with me, and I used to wander about for a week or so, taking pictures by day and developing them by night. It was a pretty spot, and in my search for subjects I covered a good deal of ground. It was on the eighth day that the only event of importance occurred. It happened that I had found a very pretty girl in a dip in the downs, at a very deserted part of them.

The picture pleased me so much that I made a most careful exposure, after which I put up my camera, and had actually got a hundred yards or so from the place when it occurred to me that it was a pity to leave anything to chance, and as I had come so far I might as well take a second picture in case the first was not a success. Retracing my steps, I had just arranged everything and was opening the shutter, when a man, walking at a rapid pace, came right into the foreground of the picture. There was no help for it. His picture was taken right enough.

Now, under ordinary circumstances I should have said something by way of an apology for the mishap; but as I was preparing to do so I caught a glimpse of his face, on which there was such an angry scowl that I changed my mind, and mut-

tering to myself, "Sulky brute," determined I would not express regret for a mishap which had probably spoiled my picture. I made a third exposure, and then went home, and in due course developed the plates—only to find, as I had expected, that the man was as large as life right in the centre of the second.

Although I was very much annoyed, I did not think of destroying the negative, which proved fortunate in the event. As it was, I found my stay so pleasant, that when another cheque dropped in I decided to prolong my holiday, and see whether I could not work as well at Haysill as I could in London. I had been there for over three weeks, when one morning my eye was caught by a paragraph in the morning paper, headed, 'A defaulting cashier—disappearance of a trusted employee of Messrs. Overshaw and Co.' The paragraph was brief and to the point, and related how the cashier had absconded with a large sum in money and a quantity of papers of great value to the firm. The last line said that he was a native of Bambridge, a small town not ten miles from where I was staying.

One of those impulses that there is no accounting for made me read the paragraph through a second time, wandering all the while how the head of the house, my enemy of the other day, felt about it. And then as I read over the lines, on a sudden the thought struck me: "What if that were my surly friend who spoils my picture the other day?"

So strongly did the idea strike me, that I got out of the three negatives and examined them. There was no doubt about it, the description exactly tallied, so far as I could see; but even if it did, the matter was not greatly advanced. My photograph had been taken at least a week before the cashier disappeared. Then another idea struck me. It was a very lonely part of the Downs where we had met... what if he were hiding somewhere thereabouts now?

I was on the point of starting off on my own account to scour the country, when it occurred to me that if I were to enlarge the portrait that I possessed it would give me a better idea of what the man was like, and as a preliminary to everything else I made my way to the principal photographer of the place, and asked to be allowed to use his enlarging room for a minute. In my hurry I put the first instead of the second of my negatives into the slot and as the picture of the glen was there I thought I might as well examine it closely.

On the instant I started back with an exclamation of surprise. The enlargement showed much detail that was not visible in the negative, and, among other things, it showed me the dim outline, through the trees, of a man with a spade in his hand. The man was the one I had seen ten minutes later hurrying down the glen.

At noon, on the following day, I presented myself at Messrs. Overshaw's office in the City, and asked to see the head of the firm. I was told that he was a deal too busy to see anyone, at which I was not surprised. I insisted, however, on sending in my name, together with information that I wished to see him about his absconding cashier. This was effectual, and I was admitted at once. Greatly as Mr. Overshaw was changed from the self-satisfied individual who had so summarily dismissed me a month before, the fact did not surprise me at all. But at this time I held all with him as he had been with me.

"What do you propose to give the man who restores you those confidential documents that you were robbed of the other day?" I asked.

"His own terms," was his answer.

"Even your daughter's hand in marriage?" was my second question.

"Yes, even that," he answered, bitterly.

"There is a sample, then," I said, laying a paper on the table. "When Phyllis is my wife you shall have the rest."

Within a month of that date, I was married to the woman I loved, and a partner in her father's firm. I need hardly add that my wife and I—and she alone knows how I recovered those papers—cherish the three negatives of my lucky snap-shots as among the most valued possessions that we have.



WEAR
Trade Mark
SUSPENDERS.
GUARANTEED

BORN.

Ohio July 29 to the wife of Thos. Zinch a son.
Boston, July 25, John F. Bowes to Agnes Power.
Minneapolis, July 30 to the wife of Thaddeus Conant, a son.
Eureka, July 28 to Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant a son.
Lakefield, July 29 to the wife of E. P. Nowe, a son.
Lunenburg, July 27 to the wife of Wm. Mahoney, a son.
Gloucester, July 29 to Mr. and Mrs. Blackett, a son.
St. John, July 23 to the wife of Thos. O'Malley a son.
Athol, July 25 to the wife of J. W. Foss a daughter.
Annapolis, July 21 to the wife of Robt. Reynolds a son.

New Elm, July 30 to wife of Geo. Wynet a daughter.
Mactaquac, July 27 to the wife of Albert Kilburn a son.
Kewick Ridge July 29 to the wife of Frank Long, a son.
Fort Lawrence, July 30 to the wife of Martin Smith a son.
Joggins Mines, July 30 to the wife of Ira Ripley a daughter.
Hartland, July 27 to wife of Mayor G. E. Boyer a daughter.
Truro, July 30 to the wife of Fred Anderson a daughter.
Lakefield, July 29 to the wife of Reuben Jodrey a daughter.
Edmonton July 30 to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Freeman a daughter.
Kingston Village, July 19 to wife of Fred Munroe a daughter.
Sharon Mass, July 9 to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tolman a son.
River Herbert, July 30 to wife of Denmore Chapman a son.
New Canada, July 31, to the wife of Twining Melum a son.
Nashua, July 31 to the wife of George Pugh a son.
Mulgrave, July 29, to the wife of Rev. R. O. Armstrong a son.
Bridgewater, July 29 to the wife of Stannace Ernst a son.
West Northfield, July 30 to the wife of Albert Foster, a son.
Upper Stewiacke, July 25 to wife of James Maynard a daughter.
Centerville, July 27 to the wife of Capt. Edgar O. Smith a daughter.
Twin Mountain, Aug. 1 to the wife of Will E. Jackson a daughter.

MARRIED.

Ohio, July 23, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, Harry Doane to Etta Robinson.
Farrsboro, July 27, by Rev. W. G. Lane, James Cole to Nora Allen.
Halifax, July 26, by Rev. F. W. DesBarres, Joseph Lewis to Carrie Bailey.
Farrsboro, July 26, by Rev. E. H. Howe, Irving Parker to Maria York.
Halifax, Aug. 1, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Jas. P. Flynn to Lucy Gladney.
Mulgrave, July 26, by the Rev. J. Calder, Muir Sibley to Laura Jamieson.
Liverpool, Aug. 2, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Stephen E. Stevens to Lottie Bradner.
Pembroke, July 23, by Rev. Dr. Bayne Lemuel C. Owen to Christine Fraser.
North Sydney, July 25, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Branch E. Allen to Lucy Prosper.
Fredericton, Aug. 1, by Rev. Canon Roberts George Hazen to Lala C. Lupper.
Tusket, July 23, by Rev. M. W. Brown, William Linkman to Eliza Nickerson.
Truro, July 23, by Rev. J. C. Daniel, Clarence A. McCabe to Annie A. Delaney.
Port LaTour, July 23, by Rev. J. H. Davis, David A. Crowell to Hannah J. Christie.
Bear Point, July 15, by Elder Wm. Halliday Thos. Harding to Gertrude Nickerson.
Pictou, July 30, by Rev. W. Stewart, Daniel McDonald to Catherine S. McLean.
Boulades, July 29, by Rev. D. Drummond, Rod. R. McDonald to Katie D. McKee.
Isaac's Harbor, July 20, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Fred A. Anderson to Sadie Clark.
South Head, C. B. Aug. 2, by Rev. R. Locker, Emma K. Tutty to George Miller.
Pugwash, July 18, by Rev. C. H. Haverstock, Frederick LaRue to Clara Hennessy.
Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 3, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Robert Forbes to Mrs. Mary Britney.
Ottawa, July 30, by Rev. J. M. Snowdon, Sydney C. Roper to Ella M. Vernon-Smith.
Portland Maine, July 14, by Rev. Henry McGillicray Thomas McLean to Grace Fisher.
Woodstock, July 27, by Rev. Thos. Todd assisted by Rev. F. S. Todd John Nye to Sophia Furion.
Doughlastown, N. B., July 27, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, George A. Jamer to Elspeth A. Watson.
Sackville, July 20, by Rev. S. Howard assisted by Rev. S. James Herbert D. Archibald to Amelia M. George.
Hillboro, Aug. 4, by Rev. W. Camp assisted by Rev. Thos. Allen, Frederick M. Thompson to Mabel G. Gross.

DIED.

Farrsboro, July 25, Paul Wood, 59.
Westport, July 29, Chas. Hicks, 75.
Monson, Mass., Robert Fleming 63.
Halifax, Aug. 4, James Belworth, 77.
Digby, Aug. 2, Benj. Van Blarcom, 75.
Centerville, Aug. 2, D. D. Morton, 71.
Richibucto, July 29, John T. Long, 43.
Fredericton, July 29, James Tibbitts, 72.
Kempt, N. S., July 30, Chas. Allison, 76.
Halifax, Aug. 2, Mrs. Mary Findley, 61.
St. John, Aug. 5, James H. Kitchen, 24.
Halifax, Aug. 4, Dr. W. B. Stayer, 47.
Los Angeles, June 23, George Hart, 64.
California, July 22, Andrew Johnson, 65.
Amherst, Aug. 2, Mrs. Root K. Smith, 87.
Selma, July 27, Mrs. Thomas Murphy, 63.
Scotch Hill, Pictou, July 30, Neil Cameron.
Boston, Aug. 5, Mrs. Anastasia L. Costello.
Upper Rawdon, July 19, Esther McPhee, 93.
Bayswater, Kings Co., Lizzie F. Barlow, 50.
Berlin, New Haven, July 21, Daniel Jack, 48.
St. John, Aug. 5, Mary, wife of John J. Kane.
St. John, Huidah A., wife of Jacob L. Hanson.
Upper Granville, July 28, Mrs. Alfred Ray, 84.
Windsor, July 8, Frances Mary Blake Utley, 9.
St. John, Aug. 6, Nettie, wife of Arthur Belyes, 24.
Havelock, July 28, Nina, wife of Havelock Keith.
Tivoli, N. Y., Estelle, wife of General De Peyster.
Dartmouth, Aug. 2, Lillie, wife of E. J. Meyer, 25.
Little Harbor, Pictou, July 24, J. C. Colquhoun, 76.
Halifax, Aug. 6, Mary T. wife of William Bremner 22.
Mill Village, July 31, Lucy, wife of John Rhyno, 63.
St. John, Aug. 7, Millie M. wife of W. A. Cathers, 32.
Woodstock, Aug. 7, Annie, wife of Richard Magee 46.
Brookville, N. B. Aug. 5, Mrs. Mary A. McMann, 89.
Oakville, Washington, July 25, Mrs. Bessie Oldfield.
Richmond, Cumberland, July 24, James Henderson, 66.
Bellefleur, July 28, Eliza, widow of the late Alfred Ray, 85.
Hubbards Cove, July 30, Maria, wife of Edward Conrod.
New Truro, Aug. 1, Martha, wife of Bernard Prime, 76.
Emerado, North Dakota, July 20, Amelia, wife of John Leake.
St. John, Aug. 6, Jane, widow of the late Hugh Sauters, 78.
Mattland, July 22, Chalmers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross.
St. John, Aug. 3, Laleah E. wife of Dr. Canby Hatheway.
Fairhaven, Vt., July 26, Katherine B. wife of Barclay Robinson.
Liverpool, Aug. 2, Jane, widow of the late Brewster Stuart, 76.
St. Stephen, July 30, Annie, wife of Melbourne Macdonald, 47.
Amherst, July 31, Margaret, infant twin of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Walsh.
Red Bluff, California, July 22, Jas. A. Halliday son of John Halliday, 32.
Eastonville, Mass., July 15, Charles T., eldest son of Mr. A. G. Manning, 30.
Moncton, Aug. 2, Annie E. youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McDonald, 7.
New Glasgow, July 31, Margaret Beatrice, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Douglas, 2.
Greenville, Cumberland, Aug. 2, Lizzie J. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mahoney, 20.

A HEALTHY WOMAN.



Nine-tenths of all the suffering and disease in the world comes from the kidneys. Yet how few people there are who take any care of these delicate little organs. Backache, lame back, headaches, listlessness, all signs of kidney trouble, are almost universal.

Doan's Kidney Pills

Tone and regulate the kidneys and help the body to throw off the poisons from the system.

Mrs. A. Brown, P. O. Box 290, Dresden, Ont., says: "For years I suffered from dropsical trouble which caused me much distress. I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box of them at Switzer's Drug Store. Before commencing to take them I was unable to button my shoes on account of my swollen condition, but by the time I had finished the first box I could do this without inconvenience. I have now taken a second box and have no hesitancy in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills for any Kidney or Dropsical trouble." Price 50c. a box, \$1.25, all Druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—
Fredericton.
(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

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 8 a. m., for St. John.
St. John, Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.
GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.
Leave Hampton for Indiantown,
Monday at 5:30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3:30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2:00 p. m.
Thursday at 3:30 p. m.
Saturday at 5:30 a. m.
Leave Indiantown for Hampton,
Tuesday at 9:00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8:00 a. m.
Thursday at 9:00 a. m.
Saturday at 4:00 p. m.
CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAIRY SERVICE.
Lve. St. John at 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:28 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12:40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:15 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 3:45 a. m., arr. Digby 1:35 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8:30 a. m., arr. Digby 10:25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10:30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3:35 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Digby 8:30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8:30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:50 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B. express trains 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 MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 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.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Hampton..... 5:30
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:00
Express for Halifax..... 11:50
Express for Sussex..... 12:45
Express for Hampton..... 17:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18:20
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22:30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton..... 7:15
Express from Sussex..... 8:30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 17:00
Express from Halifax..... 17:50
Express from Hampton..... 21:50
Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 1:25
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 11:25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
87 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.