

A Mexican's Revenge.

I have spent, in all, three years in Central America. I went there with a surveying party which was running the line of a projected railroad, one of those railroads which are built on paper alone. It has never yet materialized. While the line was being run I made the acquaintance of an American citizen who was the owner of a large coffee plantation, and he invited me to spend some time with him. I accepted, and in a little while a mutual friendship sprang up between us. The result was that before the time came for my departure he told me that it was necessary for him to pay a visit to his old home in Ohio with his wife, to settle up some legal business, and he had been trying to find some one who could take charge of his plantation during his absence. He urged me to take the position, and I accepted. Another week found me at the head of one of the finest plantations in Nicaragua.

My duties were light enough. Bland had a competent general manager, and about all I had to do was to act as the power behind the throne in the manager's absence. I had but one difficulty during this time. The manager, a Cuban named Carlinos, was popular with the laborers, and all went smoothly until one day a Mexican, Michael Ferrara, positively refused to obey some order that Carlinos had given him, and Carlinos appealed to me. Upon investigation I calmly told the Mexican either to obey orders or leave the place. With a side-long glance at Carlinos and myself he did what the manager had commanded, and the storm seemed to have blown over, but I did not feel quite confident about it. The Mexican's look troubled me and I mentioned it to Carlinos, but he treated the matter lightly and was inclined to be scornful in regard to Ferrara. 'He is a coward,' he said, shrugging his shoulders, and so dismissed the matter. I let the subject drop, ashamed of seeming afraid of a man whom this slender Cuban regarded with such disdain, and yet I could have sworn that when I waked that night, startled at some slight noise on the terrace outside my window, it was Ferrara's dark face I saw in the moonlight peering in at me. In an instant it was gone, and I was out of the room, running along the terrace, searching here and there. But no, though I gave the terrace a thorough search and even went around to the end of the house and the grove of banana trees beyond, I saw nothing moving anywhere, save an owl that flitted out of the trees. I went back to my room, concluding that I had dreamed the whole affair.

The next morning I felt quite sure of it. I met Ferrara several times during the course of the day, and he was especially pleasant. He was better educated than the majority of his class, and his position on the plantation gave him a kind of precedence over the others. I was near him several times before the day was over, and I noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most courteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

The next day Carlinos and I had decided upon a hunt in the mountains that made a jagged outline against the sky off to the south. While we were getting the guns and cartridges into condition for use, Ferrara approached and said in his smoothest tones:

'If the seniors went to the valley, down below the Contadino pass, they would find where a great painter roams, and has been seen many times. I myself saw it about two days ago, but I was unarmed, so I put up with my horse and galloped away.'

Carlinos turned to me with a look of interest. 'That's a good idea,' he said. 'We'll look for the painter first, and if we fail to find him we can try the mountains.'

We were about to turn away when Ferrara stopped us, with many apologies. Beyond the Contadino pass, he said, 'you will find a narrow trail leading of eastward down the valley. Follow that trail half a mile, until you see a huge white cliff, a hundred yards to the right. At the foot of that cliff the panther has been seen again and again. Adios, seniors!'

And so Carlinos and I went walking off with swinging stride, toward the pass, glad of a day in the woods, and ready for any adventure that came along, except the one that actually did come. For within the next hour we passed through the most horrible experience that ever fell to the lot of mortals I am sure.

We found the pass—a mere gap in the mountains, not used for travel as another pass, a few miles further south, furnished the nearest road to the town. The pass was strewn with rough boulders and jagged masses of rock, difficult to make one's way over, and for half an hour we had all the exercise we needed in climbing over and around these obstructions. At last, however, we were clear of them, and we shouldered our guns again after a brief rest, went on until we found the trail among the bushes. It was such a path as could be made by cows or sheep, going to and from a watering place, and I was going along, paying very little attention to it, when Carlinos, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and muttered: 'That is very strange.'

I looked over his shoulder, and there in the yellow sand was the barefoot track of a man. We easily traced it along the trail for several hundred yards, and then it suddenly disappeared, as though the owner of the track had turned off into the thick undergrowth. We both followed it up to the point, and then missing it, looked at one another and said again: 'That is very strange!'

And then we both laughed, and Carlinos said: 'But it might have been some herdsman looking for a stray cow or sheep. But I noticed that Carlinos looked after

his cartridges a little more closely, and held his gun in a position to use, if necessary. And just then the cliff that Ferrara had described came into view, about a hundred yards away, and we turned off from the path toward this place in which the panther had been so often seen.

Scarcely had we started in that direction when we were startled by the long, fierce scream of the panther itself. As nearly as we could judge it was at that very moment at the base of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily at the sound, and then went stealing down the slope, with eyes watchful and nerves stretched to the utmost. Yet we went on and on without seeing it, and suddenly found ourselves almost at the base of the cliff, which had been hidden by the thick and tangled brush through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around, peering here and there through the brush. It was easy to see the spot of ground on which we stood had been the haunt of some wild animal, for all about us bones lay bleaching on the ground. But nothing was to be seen. The face of the cliff, up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, was covered with the matted tendrils of a dead vine, apparently. It suddenly occurred to me that the panther's den might be back under the cliff, hidden by the vine, and I was about to investigate when just behind us, not ten feet away, sounded the horrible scream of the panther.

Both of us whirled, and Carlinos stepped back a little. In a moment of confusion I failed to notice him, but in an instant he gave a heart-rending cry: 'Help! help! quick, the tree! The man-eating tree!'

Never will I forget that cry, nor the sight that met my eyes. In stepping back he had stumbled against the dead vine, as I had thought it. And then in a moment every tendril had become instinct with life, and was twisting and writhing about him with the most horribly snake-like motions, matted around his body and legs, holding his arms tight, and drawn across his face and clasped about his throat. Already when I looked about he was helpless. During the single moment while I stood there looking at him motionless with horror, his face had begun to turn purple.

And then all at once I recovered myself a little, and snatching my hunting knife from my belt began cutting and slashing at the horrible, writhing tendrils in the effort to cut their victim loose.

But before I made three strokes something caught my arm then something crawled swiftly about my neck, and then there were others around my hands, over my head, and held, while wherever the snake monsters touched were fierce pains, as though my flesh were being torn from my body. I felt my consciousness slipping away; but as it was going suddenly the dark face of Ferrara peered out from the bushes in front of me, and he cried out with mocking laughter:

'I hope you enjoy yourselves, seniors. The panther is not far away, believe me! Only wait for him until he comes. Adios! Adios!'

The shock of anger roused me a little in the midst of my racking torture, and I saw Ferrara turn to go away, but all at once amid the chorus of maledictions, a dozen hands seized him and pinned him down, and we were surrounded by a crowd of laborers from the plantation. With long knives they cut and hacked at the limbs that were sucking the blood from our veins, and in a few moments they had us free. How they got us home I never knew. It was not until the next day that I recovered consciousness, and I was unable to turn over in my bed even for two weeks. The excoriations on my hands and face left painful wounds, which were a long time in healing, and which made dreadful scars. These have all gone, however, except the one on my neck, which resembles the scar left by a centipede.

As for Carlinos, he lay as if dead for several days, and there were times when he was pronounced really dead. Then he went off into fever and delirium, and it seemed that he could not possibly recover. After a while, though, he did struggle back into life, but his health was wrecked, and he was never again able to walk as much as a hundred yards.

How did we happen to be rescued? Why, some of Ferrara's fellow servants had heard his muttered imprecations against us, and when we had gone and they saw him sneak after us, they held a consultation and decided to follow. I have always believed that Ferrara circled around us, got in ahead, and imitated the cry of the panther to lure us on. I have never found out, however. When I had regained strength enough to feel some curiosity, and asked one of the rescuers what they had done with Ferrara, he answered with the utmost unconcern: 'We gave him to the man-eating tree, senior!'—The Golden Censer.

To Feed the World for a Day.

If the richest man in the world were to conceive the philanthropic idea of supplying the whole world with substantial meals for a single day, he would find to his amazement that all his millions would pay little more than 4s. in the pound of the bill presented to him. As his exchequer is unequal to this simple charity, let us do the thing ourselves. The lowest tender for our purpose would be at the rate of half-a-crown a head. This would admit of a generous, it plain, menu, the adults benefiting by the cheaper fare of the children and infants. For this sum adults can have a substantial breakfast, tea, and

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supper, and a dinner of three courses. Our bill for the day's catering will reach a total of £187,500,000, or thirty-one times as much as all the thrones of Europe cost annually. The same sum could meet our entire National expenditure for a year and three-quarters; would pay the entire cost of our Navy for the next eight years; or of our Army for the next ten years, allowing in each case for increased estimates. To meet our day's bill, we should require the weight in sovereigns of 25,470 average guineas; or, as much gold as 1,000 horses could draw. If six expert cashiers were to count these sovereigns, each at the rate of one a second, night and day, it would take them nearly a year to check the accuracy of our payment; and four days' interest on the amount would more than pay the aggregate salaries of all our Cabinet Ministers for a year. And yet it seems such a little thing to wish to do!

How Old.—He: 'How old should you say Miss Spinner was?'
She: 'Old enough for people to begin telling her how young she is looking.'



WEAR
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SUSPENDERS
GUARANTEED

BORN.

New York, Oct. 6, to the wife of A. E. Davidson, a son.
Truro, Oct. 8, to the wife of Alexander McNutt, a son.
Amherst, Oct. 10, to the wife of Duncan Holland a son.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, to the wife of Chas. Gass, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 7, to the wife of Wm. Robertson, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of John Kendrick, a son.
St. John, Oct. 14, to the wife of H. L. McLean, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 1, to the wife of G. K. MacKeen, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 11, to the wife of Addison LeCain, a son.
Walton, Sept. 25, to the wife of B. T. Freeman, a son.
Long Island, Oct. 5, to the wife of James Allen, a son.
Moncton, Oct. 12, to the wife of H. E. McFarlane, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 5, to the wife of Wm. Fancy, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 7, to the wife of H. H. Archibald, a son.
Corquhall Bank, Oct. 4, to the wife of Wm. Weagle, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 10, to the wife of Wm. Cuthbert, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 5, to the wife of Dr. Reid, a daughter.
Campbellton, Oct. 5, to the wife of St. Onge, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 5, to the wife of Philip Bon dreau, a daughter.
Parrsboro, Oct. 9, to the wife of David Gabriel, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 14, to the wife of Thomas Grace, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 2, to the wife of Geo. Wessell, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 3, to the wife of Mr. Brenton Wiles, a daughter.
Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of Chas. Reynolds, a daughter.
Windsor, Oct. 2, to the wife of Mr. Wiley Burns, a daughter.
Dorchester, Oct. 12, to the wife of Charles Eldson, a daughter.
Sumner Hill, Oct. 1, to the wife of A. M. Corbett, a daughter.
Newcastle, Oct. 12, to the wife of Thomas J. Jaffrey, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 1, to the wife of Peter C. Fleming, a daughter.
New Edinburgh, Oct. 1, to the wife of Denis Doucet, a daughter.
Moncton, Oct. 5, to the wife of H. Ruyard Boulton, a daughter.
Falmouth, Oct. 3, to the wife of Seward Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept. 28, to the wife of Wiley Davidson, a daughter.
Windsor Falls, Oct. 7, to the wife of Chas. Gormley, a daughter.
Hazel Hill, Oct. 7, to the wife of Arthur Sullivan, a daughter.
West LaHave, Sept. 26, to the wife of Alex. Norman, a son.
Sunny Brae, Oct. 12, to the wife of W. S. Woodworth, a son.
Mahone Bay, Oct. 5, to the wife of Rev. E. A. Allaby, a son.
Folly Village, Oct. 7, to the wife of Rev. Wm. Dawson, a son.
St. John, Oct. 15, to the wife of Thomas J. Williamson, a daughter.
Millstream, Oct. 7, to the wife of Allen D. Rockwell, a daughter.
Wolville, Oct. 9, to the wife of Norman E. Schofield, a daughter.
Chignecto Mines, Oct. 7, to the wife of Renford McDonald, twin boys.
Three Mile Plains, Oct. 7, to the wife of Andrew Upshaw, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Fredericton, Gilbert Ho mes to Mary McNutt.
Westville, Oct. 12, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, James White to Ida Crozier.
Halifax, Oct. 8, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, Edmund P. Allison to Jean B. Hart.
Bridgewater, Oct. 6, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, Maynard Oxner to Eva Hilz.
Brookway, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. A. McLean, William Lister to Barbara Thomas.
Campbellton, Oct. 11, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Murray to Mary Jane Garrett.
Oxford, Oct. 3, by Rev. F. D. Nowlan, Robert C. Simpson to Ruby E. Rushon.
Fredericton, Oct. 7, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, James R. Briggs to Anna G. Collins.
Oxford, Sept. 28, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Nathan W. Wood to Mabel F. Patten.
Lower Millstream, Oct. 5, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Henry Green to Ida Keirstead.
Weymouth Falls, Sept. 26, by Rev. F. R. Langford John Pansell to Abbie Nichols.



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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

Fredericton.

(Local Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8.30 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 o'clock a. m. for St. John. Steamer Olive will leave Indiantown for Gagetown every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

CHANGE OF SAILING.

On and after Monday, the 26th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 3 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m. Mon. and Thur.
ar. Digby 10.25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.32 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Palmer Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose 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 TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled 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..... 5.3
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Picton and Halifax..... 7.0
Express for Halifax..... 11.5
Express for Sussex..... 11.5
Express for Hampton..... 17.
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.30.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.20 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.30 for Truro.
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..... 17.00
Express from Hampton..... 21.50
Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 1.26
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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

Milton, Oct. 5, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Augustus B. Goudey to Arabella Tedford.
Springfield, Oct. 12, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, George K. Ward to Janie Myles.
St. John, Oct. 12, by Rev. John Read, Arthur W. McMacdon to Annie F. Longley.
West Gore, Oct. 4, by Elder Hiram Wallace, George Gay to Mary A. Wallace.
Wallace Bay, Sept. 23, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Charles Foshner to Maggie Ross.
Black River, Oct. 12, by Rev. John Robertson, Malcolm Dick to Mary Cameron.
Bridgetown, Oct. 4, by Rev. F. P. Grestorex, Herbert Gray to Maud May Clements.
Harvey Station, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. A. McLean, Peter M. McLeod to Isabella Gillis.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 11, by Rev. J. Murray, James McDonald to Gertrude V. Robinson.
Welsford, Oct. 13, by Rev. A. D. McCully, Hedley Kirkpatrick to Lillie G. Wallace.
Chatham, Oct. 12, by Rev. D. Henderson, Donald A. MacLean to Alice Grace MacLean.
Upper Musquodoboit, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, W. J. Davison to Lydia R. Hutchison.
Ingonish, Sept. 27, by Rev. C. H. C. McLaren, A. Howard Roper to Elizabeth Tucker.
Campobello, Oct. 5, by Rev. W. H. Street, Clifton Hill Clark to Bertha Magdalene Calder.
Granville Ferry, Oct. 5, by Rev. G. J. Coulter, White, Robert Mills to Blanche Reynolds.
Rang, Queens Co., Oct. 12, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Chas. F. Slipp to Annie M. Barton.
Isaac's Harbor, Sept. 28, by Rev. J. W. Manning, Wm. B. McMillan and Constance E. Griffin.
Hibernia, Queens Co., Oct. 10, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Robert A. Hamilton to Olive B. Rathburn.
Wolville, Oct. 4, by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia Cecil H. Hopper to Hannah Thirza Marcella Axford.
St. John, Oct. 12, by Rev. F. McMurray, John McCann to Nellie Doran and Edward McDonald to Maggie McCann.

DIED.

St. John, George Rankin, 7.
Halifax, Mary Catherine Wood.
Halifax, James S. Wilkinson, 45.
Barachois, Roland McDonald, 6.
St. John, Oct. 10, Jas. Dawson, 31.
Lockport, Oct. 6, Jane A. Ringer.
Hopewell, Oct. 8, Naomi Faraby, 48.
Halifax, Oct. 10, Maria Anderson, 63.
Newton, Oct. 2, M. H. Chapman, 70.
Avonport, Oct. 8, Aaron Forsyth, 74.
Hants Co., Oct. 2, Sarah J. Curry, 79.
Woodstock, Oct. 5, Joanna Miller, 33.
Colchester, Oct. 5, Wm. H. Wilson, 80.
Halifax, Oct. 14, Harry N. Holland, 45.
Richardsville, Oct. 8, Lottie Nelson, 10.
Wolville, Oct. 1, Mrs. Amos Black, 91.
Black River, Oct. 10, James E. Pock, 74.
Truro, Oct. 8, Catherine Fraser Yull, 8.
Little Branch, Oct. 14, Jane Fowle, 39.
Truro, Oct. 10, Ruby M. Roldick, 3 mos.
Hampton, Oct. 11, Isabella Crookshank.
Wolville, Oct. 1, Audrey Benjamin, 49.
Dorchester, Oct. 9, Margaret Hamilton, 71.
Overtown, Oct. 9, Rev. Jacob Whitman, 85.
Shelburne, Sept. 30, Thomas N. Jones, 38.
Argyle, Oct. 12, Mrs. Margaret Baker, 68.
Forest Glen, Sept. 23, Rev. Ann Armstrong.
Shubenacadie, Oct. 8, Charles Nelson, 21.
Brookfield, Oct. 8, William H. Wilson, 80.
Chesapeake Mass, Sept. 29, Frank R. Putnam.
Bridgewater, Oct. 8, Elizabeth Keating, 85.
Waterford, Sept. 30, Sarah J. H. Arnold, 1.
Yarmouth, Oct. 7, Marie Jeanne Pothier, 34.
Hampton, Oct. 12, Louisa Jacobina Betz, 75.
Albert, Oct. 11, Alice Winifred Eyles, 2 mos.
Chatham, Oct. 9, Mrs. Olive Mc Killoch, 89.
East Florenceville, Oct. 8, John R. Carle, 21.
Arlington, Mass., Oct. 18, James Mulholland.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 7, Josephine A. Ellis.
Upper Stewiacke, Oct. 4, William Bentley, 65.
Woodville, Oct. 13, Rev. Ingraham I. Hart, 28.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 5, Mrs. Robert Langford.
Cosman Settlement, Oct. 12, Margaret Splan, 60.
Weymouth Falls, Oct. 11, Mrs. Morris Barnes, 55.
Mechanic Settlement, Sept. 26, Percy Hayward, 14.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 7, Laurence J. O'Toole, 52.

RAILROADS.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.**

**CHEAP
FALL EXCURSION
TO
MONTREAL, & C.**

Excursion tickets will be sold from St. John to Montreal October 19th to 21st, and 26th, to 28th, good for return within fifteen days from date sold, at the low rate of

\$8.00

and to the following points in Ontario at the rates named, on October 26th to 28th, good for return within twenty-one days from date sold; viz.: to
Cornwall \$10.15 Ottawa \$11.50 Prescott \$11.70
Brookville 12.10 Kingston 13.65 Belleville 15.05
Peterboro 16.15 Lindsay 18.85 St. Catharines 19.00
Niagara Falls \$19.40.

Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, Galt, Stratford, Woodstock, London, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, North Glencoe, Chatham, Windsor, and Sarnia.

\$18 each.

Further information from C. P. R. Ticket agents, Chubb's Corner and at passenger station.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Pass. Agt. mt.
St. John, N. B.