There were only two days remaining before the Bayhead regatta, and up to 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon the one rival to Dave Garrison's 'Fleetwing,' that everyone wanted to see, had not yet registered at the Yacht Ciub.

Naturally the bunch of fellows lounging on the pier head Friday morning and lazily criticising the regatta fleet as it swung at anchor, burst into interested comment as a long slim boat slid past them down the harbor and stood out before the heavy wind under full canvas.

'Hello ! that's Thorne's boat now, isn't it P'exclaimed Joe Scott, dropping from his seat on the rail and burrying over to the other side of the pier with the boys at his beels. 'Yes, there's her name, 'Conquerer.' She must have come in last night. I didn't know her at first; look at the big topsail he's got on her.'

She's been made over for this race. I tell vou, it'll take hot work for even the 'Fleetwing' to beat her now.' 'I wonder what Dave 'll say when he

hears that his beloved rival is here.' 'Here comes Dave now.' 'Whoop! Hello! Heard the news?' roared the balf dozen voices that had been

disputing as a white hat came slowly down the whart. 'Whit's the row? asked the new-comer, calmly taking a seat on the rail beside Joe.

'Anything tatal happened in the last ten minutes? 'Thorne's here with a new set of sails on the 'Conqueror,' blurted out Joe, who

never could keep anything long. Thorne!' interrupted Dave, a black look on his good-natured face. 'So he's come atter all

'Hasn't he, though; it will take your prettiest sailing to show him your stern.' 'It I decide to race him,' answered Dave, slowly watching the boat as it dwindled oceanward.

'Nonsense, Davie!' 'The idea, old fellow.' 'Goodness sake, man, you wouldn't drop out for that,' argued every one at once while Joe, who was Dave's particular chum, and dared anything, added: 'Then you'll let Thorne take the cup? Your two | caught a glimpse now and then of the are the tastest boats in the class.

Dave said nothing, but his mouth narrowed to the long, thin line the boys knew so well.

Ever since the two had been old enough to have boats, there had been a rivalry growing up between them, slowly changing their friendship to enmity, and ending the year before in accusation and open dis-

'I'd rather have him take the cup than think I wanted it bad enough to race him for it,' said Dave, shortly.

'Oh, judge, then he'll think you're afraid of him,' laughed Joe, throwing his arm over Dave's shoulder. 'What you want to do is to go in and beat him clean out of his boots; take a little more ballast it it's too windy and show him the way home.'

'Maybe,' answered the other, a far-away look in his quiet blue eyes. 'I suppose it is the only tair thing to do,' he said to himself as he walked home. 'Better race and have it over. I only hope this wind will shift before tomorrow.' And he glanced toward the northwest, whence a merry gale piped along.

For with all her virtues the 'Fletwing' could not make time in a stiff breez :, She could beat anything in a light southwester with Dave at the helm, for no man could sail a boat as craftily as he. Sydney Thorne knew Dave's skill and

the "Fleetwing's" powers, too, and he hoped as earnestly for a 'fre-ling gale' as Dave prayed for a catspaw breezs, with better luck, unhappily for Dave.

'I'm atraid we're going to get more of this,' said Joe Scott, anxiously, as he stood on the 'Fleetwing's' deck Saturday morning and felt the puffy north wind that rolled the little sloop heavily in the trough of the waves.

'It will be dirty work getting round the 'pudding stone reet' in this choppy sea.' 'If we can make the first leg on this

breeze, I'll have the wind beeind me on the next, and it's only a short beat home from the second buoy,' answered Dave, with a sort of nervous quiteness, "Hurry up there, Joe, I never saw you take so long.

'Here, belay that, and stop your fussing,' retorted Joe, throwing down a rope. 'You can't race this race alone; I heard Thorne saying that as this wind would hold there was no hurry about starting.'

The hard look on Dave's face deepened as he went on with his work. So busy were the two boys in talking that they did not hear their names called by childish voices, nor see a skiff that was paddled past them by unskilltal little hands.

'Thorne isn't going to have an easy time taking care of that topsail of his,' remarked Joe, looking up from the halyard he was hauling in.

'Say, Joe, let Thorne take care of himselt we've got all we can do to manage right here; just run forward and keep her off the the pier, will you?' answered Dave, in a tone that made his mate lift his eyebrows and whistle silently.

'Funny how mad fighting will make a man,' he said to himselt, as Dave snapped out orders to the boys as they tumbled on shook his voice as he touched the pier. board from the pier where they had been waiting.

Dave was in a fighting mood. He felt his boat tugging to get away, and he saw the 'Conquerer' wiggling along behind as Thorne to get to windward at the starting line. 'Joe,' he ordered quickly, 'I'm going to gybe up on the windward of tellows ballast her now. All ready. It's going to be close sailing all the way,' he said to himself, as one after another the 'Fleetwing' side by side.

Closer sailing than he thought even. then.'

In spite of the 'Fleetwing' promising start and the master band on her wheel, the lee swelling like a swan's breast, strained in fellow.' vain to keep ahead of the black-hulled b at that was using all the wind its sails could find.

Joe looked at the long ripple of water swirling continuously over the rail and shook his head. 'It's not our fault, Davie, we can't run against the weather, old fellow,' he said, gently, knowing his captain's thoughts.

They were all silent as to the bigger boat tore along beside them, the sea snoring heavily under her prow like the deep laugh of a sea creature. It would mean so much to win that race. Both boys felt that more depended on it than they had thought-whoever won the cup won something else with it. And somehow Dave couldn't help feeling that Thorne would do anything rather than be defeated. 'Just see if he doesn't do something queer before this over,' he thought as they swept on over the rolling, windy sea. 'Just wait, though, until I get around that first buoy with the wind behind me. I've a chance yet, and it's changing to the east already.

Poor Dave, not a great chance. Even after they had started on that long second leg, where he had trusted to do so much luck was against him. The northeast wind was as fierce as ever, and still the 'Conqueror' gained. Dave would not look at her. He stared fiercely at the great curving sails above him, swollen and stiff with wind, the mast creaking and straining as the little vessel staggered bravely on under her heavy load. Dave's nails were white with the grip of his hands on the

And the 'Conqueror's tiller never wavered iu Thorn's hard grasp. His eye on the sail, his breath coming short and hard, every thought burled forward with his flying boat, he was making up for the failure of the last year-he would win this time beyond doubt or disbelief. Already the tide in the 'pudding-stones was shouting victory in his ears. He laughed to it, and a voice came crying back. Thorn looked around. He wondered if any the other boys had heard it.

The wind bad veered into the east and was pulling up the waves so that the 'crew' who lay for beliast along the starboard rail Fleetwing' staggering on behind. They

saw and heard nothing else. Again that faint voice came to Thorne like the voice in the ripple of water. He bent and looked under the boom. Something was dancing toward the fatal current round the 'pudding stones.' Dancing like a thoughtless child. A wave litted it nearer. It was a skiff and a bit of whites tuff fluttered from the bow. Well many bosts came out to sea, why should Thorne notice this. Yes, many boats came-but not so far -not skiffs-not with something white flying from the prow in terrified signal of distress-surely not with frightened cries for help-for 'mamma' and 'papa.' But why should Thorne stop to help. Dave was close behind him, so close that if he changed his course now enough to rescue the little skiff, he would be too late by the time he had come back and rounded the 'pudding stone' buoy on the starboard side. Dave would have passed him.

A wave tossed the little craft on its crest-another, and another, each wave nearer to the whirl of water over the rocks. Thorne could see the spindle on the crag standing like a warning finger. It was time to tack out around it and start on the last leg home. Again came that trightened' soobing cry, so hopeless and so lost. Thorne looked at his crew.

'I say, Thorne, the 'Fleetwing' seems to be gaining,' called little Harley. 'We can't be losing now, eh?"

Thorne's hand trembled on the wheel The rudder swayed. Slowly the shadow of the sail swung round over its captain. With a cry of amazement the boys flung themselves into the lockpit. 'What on earth, Thorne; there's the buoy on the port hand-

Thorne nodded to the drifting boat already circling in the edge of the whirlpool. Get the bost hook, Harley, quick. Esse her off Bob, there she comes, now then, that's it. There's no hurry Harley, we can't

win. Thank God , we saw them in time.' 'Never mind, then, they'll find out who's won,' he added, quietly, as a long faint shout from the beffled 'Fleetwing' warned them that their course was seen.

For as Joe eased the sheets to go about he saw the 'Conqueror' headed home, but with the pudding stone spindle on the wrong side, and he said in a puzzled way: Do look at Thorne, will you; isn't he inside the mark ?'

'By Jove, so he is, shouted Joe angrily. Cali him, boys, let him know we've seen him cheating.

'Never mind, never mind,' cried Dave. wait until we get home, the cheat. We'll settle him then.' Dave's heart swelled as he saw the hated black hull, its huge canvas taut, ripping through the rough sea as hough it cared not a stroke for honor. Coward!' groaned Dave.

What a long hour that was. 'But the race is mine,' said Dave, 'Mine, mine, mine?' He repeated it over and over, as he heard the ter-off clamour of whistles and belles and horns when the Conqueror'

crossed the line. The angry blood flooded his cheek and For even his father and mother were then holding Thorne's hands and laughing ecstatically. And his two little sisters all wet and tumbled laughing in his mother's arms. Dave could hard!y wait to touch the dock, but sprang ashore. 'Father mothe', do vou know what he did-

'Oh, Dave, did you see it, too: how can Tuorne; be ready with the sheet. You | we ever thank him. If it had not been for him, if he had not been there at that moment, Dick says he and Mary would have been drowned, Oh, I can't think of such boats slid over the line, 'Conquerer' and a narrow escape. And Mr. Thorne lost the race, too. It was too late to go back

As Dave understood he held out his hand! You've won the cup,' he said, rail sank under water and the white sails, swiftly. Thorne, I'm mighty glad, old

'Not I,' laughed Thorne; 'its yours of

That is why there are two names on the sloop cup, instead of one, and why it stands on the mantel in the club house; it's proudest trophy .- New York Ledger.

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Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10

First Lieutenant: 'By Jove, as we were going over the river on the plank bridge it gave way, and the men fell in.'

Second Lieutenant: 'What did you do?' 'I ordered them to fall out, of course.'

'Was there much damage done to the library by fire?' 'Well, all the rare books are well done now.'



BORN.

Sp Inghill, Nev. 12, to the wife of Geo. Berry a son. Parrsboro, Nov. 4, to the wife of Egbett Wotton, a Pictou, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. John Munro, a Fredericton, Nov. 24, to the wife of Thos. Peters, a Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of Mr. L. W. Lester, a

St. John, Nov. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Donovan, Riversdale, Oct. 8, to the wife of Kenneth McLean Westport, Nov. 18 to Mr. and Mrs. George Gower Cumberland, Nov. 10, to the wife of Everett Brown

Liverpool, Nov. 23, to Mr. snd Mrs. I. V. Dexter, Sheet Harbor, Oct. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Bronell, a Diligent River, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Smith, a Moncton, Nov. 18, to the wife of O. J. McCully, a

Salmon River, Nov. 20, to the wife of David Cox, a daughter. Windsor, Nov. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith, a Truro, Nov. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, a

Westport, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Den-Lake George, Nov. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crok-Richibucto, Nov. 22, to the wife of Wm. McKinnon

a daughter.

Tiverton, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. William Berry Parrsboro, Nov. 18, to the wife of Rev. R. Johnston a daughter. St. John. Nov, 17, to the wife of Frank H. Whetsel

Synton, Albert Co., Nov. 21, to the wife of Geo. C, Hopper, a son. Lyons Brook, Nov. 14, to the wife of Wm. A. Bickers, a son. Lower Stewiacke, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W, Mosher, a sor

Alma, N B., on Nov. 15, to the wife of Rev. M. Addison, a son. Hantsport, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell Ally, a daughter. Bridgeton, Nov. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. Fairn, a daughter.

Lockhartville, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas Sweet, a daughter, Little Glace Bay, Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. S. N. McKinnon, a son.

Semerville, Mass., Nov. 10, to the wife of Clarence D. Harris, a daughter. Doctor's Cove, Nev. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Parrsboro, Nov. 4, by Rev. W. C. Wilson, Frank Lewis to Nettie York. St. John, Nov. 25, by Rev. G. M. Carey, Jacob C. Jones to Bertha Taylor. Malden, Mass , Nov. 2, by Rev. Mr. Huse, Wm. H. Smith to Annie E. King.

Bass River, Oct 26, by Rev. J. Clark, Wm. Taylor to Cordelia E. Hendley. Westport. Nov. 4, by B. v. C. E. Pineo, Arthur W. Porter to Milita B. Titus.

Hillsboro, Nov. 19 by Rev. Thos. Allen, Mr. Geo. Joyce to Mrs. E ta Ayer. St. Stephen, N. B., by Rev. W. C. Goucher, James Linton to Agnes Erskine.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, C. A. Ross to Janet Henderson. Oak Point, N. B., Nov. 24, by Rev. E. Bell, Charles R. Young to Fannie Nason.

San ford, Nov. 24, by Rev. Mr. Teole, George Thurston to Louise Crosby. Halifax, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Arthur B. Gur-ney to Anna M. Sutherland. St. John, Nov. 23, by Rav. D. A. Steele, John M. Lusby to Macy H. Howard.

Westport, Nov. 13, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Olbur A. Welch to Bertha L. Gower. Petite Riviere Nov. 19, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Jas. J. Wiles to Clara E. Feener. Shelburne, ct. 16, by Rev. Douglas Hemeon, John A. Hardy to Janet S. Shiriffs.

Fredericton, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Howard True to Liman Patterson. Westport, Nov. 12, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Amos O. Welsh to Georgie W T urber. Yarmouth, Nov. 12 by Rev. N. B. Duan, Bernard A. Crosby to Mary E. Crosby.

East Leicester, Nov. 9, by Rev. L. Daniel, Arthur M. Purdy to Maud M. Irecice. Lawrencetown, Nov. 23, by R.v. J. Astbury, David C. Layten to Agnes C. Trimper. Wolfville, Nov. 16, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Joseph E. Atwell to May R. Schofield.

Halifax, N v. 22, by Rev. Mr. Dobson, Edmund Belben to Anna M. Sutherland. Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Wm. Lorimer to Mary E. McKenzie. Baie Verte, Nov. 10, by Rev. S. James, James D. Steele to Almira M. Trenholm. Port Eigin, N. B. Nov. 16, by Rev. W. A. Gardner, Charles Riley to Martha Ailen.

New Glasgow, Nov. 17, by Rev. A. Bowman, Evan McDonald to Jessie R. Cameron. Baddeck, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. McDougall, John Campbell to Margaret McDonald. Jordan River, Nov. 15, by Rev. G. I. Foster, Robt. W. Freeman to Cassie De Molitor. Bear River, Nov. 16, by R v. G. F. Johnson, J. F. McClelland to Lena B. McFaden. Digby, Nov. 23, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, George W. Wright to Bertha M. Haight.

Eastport, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. R. Byram, William H. Laskey to Amanda C. McNichol. St. David Hill, Nov. 10, by Rev. E. Pell, Harrison D. Morrison to Beatrice A. Smith. Berwick, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. M Wade, Woodworth to Aimee Huntingdon. Middlesex, A. Co. Nov. 18, by Rev. Mr. Tiner, Walter Gladstone to Carrie Murray.

Port E gin, N. B. Nov. 16, by Rev. W. A. Gardner, Alexander Oulton to Myrtle Allen. North River, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Nathan F. Eldridge to Annie M. Lynds. Oromocto, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, William N. Parlee to Lizzie M. Hugnes. Milltown, N. B., Nov. 9, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Lyman F. Palmer to Addie M. Barter. New Glasgow, Nov. 23, by Rev. W. McC. Thomp son John K. Stewart to Mary McNeil. Port Mouton, Nov. 16, by Rev. W. H. Edyveau,

Wm. E. Harding to Margaret L. triffia. Mill Creek, Kent Co, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Fraser, Samuel Sammons to Mary. M. Thompson. New Glasgow, Nov. 19, by Rev. Arch Bewman, Daniel Fraser to Margaret H. McPnerson. Piermont, Queens, Nov. 7, by Rev. Mr. Shadcock, Jason McPaerson, to Cynthia M. Watermua. Militown, Nov. 16, by Rev. F. W. Murray, Margaret H. McDonald to Horatio D. Morrison. North Tyron, P. E. I., Nov. 17. by Rev. Thomas Hicks, James R. Douglas to Charlotte Morri-

Saltsprings, Kings Co., Nov. 22, by Rev. E. A. Warneford, Samuel L. r letcner to Alice J. Ire-

DIED.

Haiifax, Nov. 16, David S. Horne.

Amherst, Nov. 23. Mr. J. E. Page. Milltown, Nov. 22, Joe Lemont, 80. Canning, Nov. 18, Samuel Meek, 84. Halifax, Nov. 2, James Cochrane, 93. Halifax, Nov. 25. Charles C. Covey, 85. St. John, Nov. 27, G. Nelson Smith, 85. St. John, Nov. 22, Miss Tillie Kennedy. Litle Brook. Nov. 11, Ernest Clark, 29. Fisher's Grant, Nov. 15, Paul Foster, 80. New Glasgow, Nov. 20, Alex. Fraser, 70. Joggins Mines, Nov. 20, Amos. Mills, 79. St. George, Nov. 22, James Anderson, 78. Middleton, Nov. 21, Francis Burbidge, 84. Moncton, Nov. 20, Mrs. Mary Fontain, 46. Maccan Nov. 4, Mrs. David Harrison, 62. Truro, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Leathy, 56. Port William, Nov. 15, Halliburton Barnes. Medford, Nov. 13, Viola Evelyn Porker, 21. Dorchester, Nov. 27, George H. Burnett, 98. Windsor, Nov. 24, Mrs. Ernstina Puttner, 79. Gay's River, Nov. 14, William Mc Reffey, 74. West Hansford, Nov. 13, Wm. Satherland, 73. Central Carriboo, Nov. 20, Dunge France, 70. Salem, Albert Co., Nov. 19, Mrs. Jane Trites. Kandy, Ceylon, Oct. 17, Edward Montmer. 76. West Somerville, Mass. Nov. 20, John Stone, 75. Old Ridge, Nov. 4, Amy, wife of Jessie Smith, 63. Hillsborough, Nov. 19, Miss Jane Ann Steeves, 69. Windsor, Nov. 19, James Howard Barron, 4 months Halitax, Nov. 22, Mary, wife of John Grierson, 74. Porto Rico Mine, B. C., Nov. 9, Albert Knowston. Onslow, Nov. 15, Sarah, wife of John E. F. ulkner. Halifax, Nov. 24, Bridget, wife of Joseph During, Digby, Nov. 10, Emelie, daughter of Marc LeBlanc, Moss Glen, Kings Co, Nov. 23, John H. Catheline, Blomidon, Oct. 27, Jennie, daughter of Mr. Harris

Winter, 6. Kempt Shore, Nov. 15, Mrs. James Howard Mc-Lellan, 46. Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 30, Donald McL. Donald, 36. St Stephen, Nov. 17, Nellie, wife of George R. Mc Wha, 41. Bos'on, Nov 22, Catherine, widow of the late Wm. N. Phillips, 62. St. John, Nov. 21, Christianna, widow of the late James Bell, 79.

Moncton, Nov. 21, Augusta, daughter of the late Isaac Foshay, 74. Model Farm. Nov. 25, Jane, widow of the late George Saunders. Dawson Settlement, Nov. 25, Elizabeth, wife of Joshua Ogden, 83. St. John, Nov. 23, Sarah F., widow of the late James Wright, 79.

Halifax, Nov. 22, Frederick Walter, son of John and Ida Lakhen, 5. Bridgetown, Nov. 15, Helen Henderson, daughter of K. L. Munro, M. D. St. John, Nov. 22, Catherine, widow of the late George W. Harvey, 84.

Falmouth, Nov. 18, Edith Lillian, daughter of Edward Lunn, 3 months. Roxbury. Mass., Nov. 25, Emma May, daughter of the late Hugh Hutchit son. Mt. Uniacke, Nov. 12, Wm. Edward, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Eber A. Allan, 3 weeks. STEAMERS.

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GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

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Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 00 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arv St. John, 3.45 p.m. **EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6. 30 a.m., arv in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lve. Digby 1.60 p.m., arv Yarmouth 3.35 p.m. Lve. Halifax 8 00 a.m., Tuesday and Friday. Lve. Digby 12 50 p m., arr. Yarmouth 3 00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arv. Digby 11.43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11 55 a. m., arv. Halifax 5.45 p. m Lve. Yarmouth 8 35 a. m. Mon. and Thur.

arr. Digby 10.25 a. m Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3 32 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arv Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arv Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

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and Sydney......22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 16.30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro.

Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal

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Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton. 11.25
Accommodation from Moncton. 23.4 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE,

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