

Mrs. Bluebeard.

Dorothy stood at the extreme edge of the sidewalk; the car which she was waiting for had just passed her unnoticed, for her thoughts were upon the words a man who stood behind her had been saying to the clergyman in whose company he was. 'Yes, sir,' the man had said, 'a good fellow is Dr. Bliss. Do you know what he did for me to day? He handed me back the money I offered him for attending my poor little Nan, who, as you know, died of consumption last fall. He worked night and day over that child, and my wife and I we've scraped and saved to get the doctor paid before Christmas, and here he was, wouldn't take it now. 'It's more use to you,' says he, 'go and buy Christmas presents for the young ones.' 'May God bless you, says I, and I'm not the only one as knows of his goodness.'

Dorothy turned to look after the speaker, as he and the clergyman walked away together. He was only a rough, laboring man, with a coarse, red face, and bands and clothes both bespeaking hard toil.

In a dazed sort of way she boarded the next car and sat very still with her hands in her lap, thinking hard all the way home. Her dress suggested a woman of luxury, the handsome cloth gown and costly furs, the little velvet toque resting lightly on the wavy hair which shone under the electric lights like spun silk.

There had been a pouting expression on the red lips all the afternoon as she went about her shopping; but now a softer look had crept over the beautiful, child like face, even as her thoughts had changed.

'I cannot understand it,' she was thinking. 'Here he is refusing me the small sum I asked him for this morning, as my contribution to our club for the wives of laboring men; and then how that laboring man spoke of him this evening.'

Dorothy had only been married six months, but during the last few weeks she had been waking up to the fact that she was disappointed in her husband. She thought when she married a comparatively wealthy doctor that she would have every opportunity of carrying out her dearly loved philanthropic schemes. To be sure they were a little costly sometimes, and Dr. Bliss was not a millionaire, and worked hard for his income; but she thought he might at least take more interest in her projects.

She had shuddered only that morning at the thought that after all she might have married a hard, selfish man, under whose influence her own life would become narrow and unsympathetic even as his. For that very morning he had refused the sum she had modestly asked for in aid of her women's club.

In consequence of this she had carried about with her hard thoughts of him all day, and now those few words from a mechanic had fallen like a refreshing shower upon her beating nerves.

So it was with shining eyes and repentant face that she mounted at length her own doorstep.

But, alas! how short-lived are some of our best impulses, and how little it takes to overthrow our most carefully built castles of forgiveness.

'Where is your master, Rose?' asked Mrs. Bliss, as the maid opened the door for her.

'In the study, mam,' she answered. 'Mrs. Pinkney is there, and he did not wish to be disturbed.'

Dorothy closed her lips firmly, brushed past the girl, and hastened up to her own room, where she threw off her furs and seated herself in the big arm chair before the open fire, with that crimson frown again upon her face. Had that wretched girl smiled, she wondered, as she announced that Mrs. Pinkney was below? How dare she? but no wonder; servants were only too ready to talk if they had occasion. It was Margaret Pinkney again. Oh, yes. No doubt she had been spending the evening here in her absence, and no doubt he was saving his spare money to buy her a Christmas present.

Foolish thoughts they were, of a foolish little woman; but some demon seemed to have suddenly taken possession of Dorothy the demon of jealousy, perhaps, and there is none worse. She walked noisily to the door and listened. At another time she would have scorned to do such a thing.

Soon she heard the study door open, and the sound of voices in the hall, the soft, insinuating voice of Margaret Pinkney, saying gently—

'I am so much obliged to you, Dr. Bliss; I could not have spoken of it to anyone else.'

Then there was an indistinct, but kindly reply from her husband and the front door closed.

Dr. Bliss came to the foot of the stairs and called up, gaily—

'Come down, Dorothy? tea's ready.'

But Dorothy only answered, crossly—

'I'm very tired, Rose will bring you your tea in the study.'

She half-expected him to come up, but he did not appear, and presently Rose brought up her tea.

About ten o'clock Dorothy awakened with a shiver, for the fires had gone down while she had been dozing on the sofa.

Her husband had been in the room, it seemed, for there was a little pencilled note beside her saying that he had been called out suddenly, and adding—

'Do not open my study door, nor let anyone else go in. Wait up for me dearie, if you are not too tired, as it is Christmas eve.'

Dorothy tore the note into little bits, and threw it into the grate. Here was another mystery, no doubt something in connection with Mrs. Pinkney.

Dorothy had known Margaret well in their school days, and was pleased when they were married in the same year and

settled near each other in Montreal. They had seen a great deal of each other ever since, and Margaret had been much at Dorothy's house, for her husband had seemed seldom at home in the evenings. But lately, Margaret had come several times to see Dr. Bliss professionally, and Dorothy resented the rather confidential tone she seemed to have taken towards him. To be sure, she was a handsome woman, with a winning way, and most men were kind to her.

This little jealousy, coupled with another occurrence, found Dorothy in a very naughty frame of mind this Christmas eve. The other occurrence had taken place about two months after they were married. She was sitting upstairs one afternoon, when she heard strange sounds from the surgery—a man shouting and laughing in a most extraordinary manner, and a scuffle seemed to be going on, while she could distinguish her husband's voice above all, quietly soothing the unfortunate, whoever he was. Then all was still, and after a while her husband came up looking a little white and tired. Of course she asked what was the matter. He had always told her about anything she was interested in with regard to his professional duties. But this time he answered, evasively, 'Oh, only a refractory patient; and Dorothy dear, I don't want anyone to be shown into my study this evening, so I have locked the door. I will probably explain better.' But he never had explained, and Dorothy had not forgotten.

She now thought long and deeply, and at last came to a desperate conclusion. She had never promised not to open the door, and it could not be very wrong to do so. Accordingly she crossed the room and snatched up a key that lay in a little tray on her dressing-table.

It was one belonging to the study door, which her husband had given her in case she might at anytime need it.

Then she crept downstairs feeling like a guilty burglar in her own house. The servants had gone to bed, and the lights in the hall burned low. She felt almost afraid as she went softly down the passage towards the study-door. She bent her head and listened at the door; there was no sound, or wait—was there a slight sound, as of someone breathing heavily? What could it be?

Dorothy felt for a moment as if she must turn and run upstairs; but she was a brave little woman as a rule; she had determined to get to the bottom of this mystery. Suppose it were a lunatic that John had locked up in there? Well at all events it was a quiet one; so with sudden desperate courage she unlocked the door and peeped in. The shaded lamp over the study table was turned low; but even in the dim light Dorothy saw, that on the sofa lay a man in heavy sleep—not merely a man but a gentleman, as one might see by his dress, the spotless white linen, the faultless evening attire, and the hat which lay on a chair near by. And then Dorothy glanced at the face. With a shudder she saw that red, swollen, and dispirited, as it looked it was familiar. Yes she had seen this man before on two or three occasions, it was Margaret's husband, Guy Pinkney. She was about to retreat hurriedly, when the man began to mutter thickly in his sleep, jerking out odd disjointed sentences.

'I know, Margaret,' he said, 'I know I promised you; but I couldn't help it, I'm going over to see Bliss, he'll straighten me up he's the only man can do it. Oh! I know all about it Margaret, don't you cry now. I had to keep Christmas with the other fellows. I had to—' Here he rambled off into an intelligible murmur, and Dorothy rushed from the room.

She had seen all she wanted and with trembling fingers locked the door behind her, slipping the key into the pocket of her pretty tea gown, forgetting it was the pocket she had intended to mend some convenient day, and it fell noiselessly to the thick mat outside the door.

Once safely in her room, Dorothy cried a little, for that forbidden visit to her husband's study had been a strain upon her nerves. Then she set herself to think it all out.

She had been wicked and was punished—she had found out the mystery, and what had she gained? The knowledge that her husband, whom she had suspected of a cold unsympathetic nature, was far above her, in every way, notably in one; that he hid from the world his deeds of kindness. A feeling of shame about meeting him came over her, and presently she heard his step on the stairs, and he came slowly up to her.

He gazed round the bright room with its decorations of holly flouting their bravery of crimson berries over the artistic belongings of my lady's boudoir. Then his glance fell upon the little lady herself, looking crestfallen enough before his penetrating glance.

The fire was blazing up now, and its ruddy light flashed across his face, showing her that it looked sterner than she had ever seen it, during their short married life.

He came towards her holding out something in his hand, and with slow, scornful smile remarked, 'I think this belongs to you, Mrs. Bluebeard!'

Dorothy saw, with trembling apprehension that it was the key of the study, which in her hurry, she must have dropped, and so the confession she had intended to make, was forestalled. She sprang back before the gleam of contempt in her husband's eyes, and covered her face as she listened to the first hard word he had ever used toward her.

'I did think I could trust my own wife,' he said, 'and that she trusted me; but it seems that I am mistaken. Well I hope you are satisfied that for once I am engaged in a philanthropic scheme, such as you delight in. Perhaps I had better explain more fully and leave no room for future misunderstandings.'

'Four months ago, Guy Pinkney (your friend's husband) came to my office door in

a most sad condition. Perhaps you remember the day?

'I did what I could for him and kept him by me that night; and in the morning we had a long talk, during which he promised me to try and overcome this frightful weakness of his.'

'As far as I know he has kept his promise until today, for so his wife has told me from time to time. Poor thing! She seemed to consider I was the only one that could influence him. She was also in great distress, for through his intemperate ways he had got them into financial difficulties. Perhaps I was wrong in trying to keep this matter from offending the ears of my little wife; but I will make all clear now. A week or so ago I lent Pinkney money to try and tide him over his difficulties at this Christmas time, and today his wife came to thank me. Poor thing she is fond of her husband, Dorothy, and it will be a great blow to her that he has broken out again. Now you know the reason I could not give you what you asked for this morning. I have been a little short of funds myself.'

Having finished what he had to say, Dr. Bliss turned as if to leave the room; but Dorothy sprang to her feet and clung to his arm.

'Oh, dearest!' she cried, 'forgive me! I never doubted you before, I never will again. I was foolish and jealous; but I love you, dearest, I love and admire you more than ever; even though you did call me Mrs. Bluebeard!'

Dr. Bliss hesitated. It was hard to be unkind to one's little wife, when her blue eyes were overflowing with tears; and there was such a genuine ring of truth about what she said. Hard even though he knew she had meanly doubted and misjudged him. He hesitated for some seconds, with that imploring touch still upon his arm, till outside upon the frosty air there broke a sound of Christmas bells.

That finished him, for he hesitates, in nine cases out of ten, is lost.

A BARGAIN VICTORY.

Mathematics Defied by a Woman Determined to get a Piece of Goods Cheap.

She was shopping with her husband and was looking for bargains. Here is how she got one.

'I don't want quite so much as there is in that piece,' she said to the saleswoman who held up a piece of dress goods. 'I require only 2½ yards.'

'But that piece is 258 yards, and I couldn't cut 2½ yards off, explained the young woman behind the counter.

'But I don't want so much,' protested the customer.

'Well, I am sure I cannot cut it,' repeated the saleswoman.

'But can't you call it a remnant?' persisted the woman who wanted the goods.

'No; it isn't a remnant, madam,' calmly replied the young woman.

'Well, I shall not buy it,' said the customer determinedly. 'I don't propose to pay for more than I want unless you make it an object.'

'Well, I'll call it 2¾ yards,' said the saleswoman as the customer started to move away.

'All right; I'll take it,' exclaimed the customer without hesitation as she glanced at her husband in a satisfied way. The man's admiration for his wife's victory was expressed in his face.

BORN.

Truro, Nov. 13, to the wife of Geo. Hill, a son.

Falmouth, Dec. 6, to the wife of F. Taylor, a son.

Truro, Dec. 5, to the wife of John Gazeley, a son.

Anbert, Dec. 2, to the wife of Wm. Gesner, a son.

Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of John Gazeley, a son.

Chatham, Dec. 5, to the wife of H. B. Maltby, a son.

Amberst, Dec. 2, to the wife of Wm. Gesner, a son.

Moncton, Dec. 8, to the wife of M. B. Jones, a son.

Moncton, Dec. 8, to the wife of E. A. Friers, a son.

Elbrook, Nov. 26, to the wife of P. Surtette, a son.

Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Wm. M. Stevens, a son.

Fenwick, Nov. 7, to the wife of Cardy Ripley, a son.

Liverpool, Dec. 3, to the wife of A. H. Dunlap, a son.

Windsor, Dec. 6, to the wife of Walter Burgoyne, a son.

Windsor, Dec. 2, to the wife of Harry Simpson, a son.

Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Wm. M. Stevens, a son.

Dartmouth, Dec. 2, to the wife of S. Thompson, a son.

Yarmouth, Nov. 30, to the wife of Jacob I. Moses, a son.

Hebron, Nov. 27, to the wife of James Bain, a daughter.

Elbrook, Dec. 4, to the wife of Paul Muise, a daughter.

Windsor, Dec. 4, to the wife of Harry King, a daughter.

North River, Dec. 8, to the wife of Charles Blair, a daughter.

Sydney, Dec. 5, to the wife of Albert O'Leslie, a daughter.

Hantsport, Nov. 29, to the wife of Edward Borden, a daughter.

Guyshoro, Nov. 20, to the wife of Fred P. Atwater, a daughter.

Hantsport, Nov. 29, to the wife of Edward Borden, a daughter.

Rockingham, Dec. 4, to the wife of Fred Annand, a daughter.

Campbellton, Dec. 2, to the wife of Alex. Mowatt, a daughter.

Beaver Harbor, Nov. 24, to the wife of George Hickey, a daughter.

Beaver Harbor, Nov. 24, to the wife of George Hickey, a daughter.

Bishop Mountain, Nov. 18, to the wife of Eugene Hannifan, a daughter.

Cambridgeport, Mass., Nov. 21, to the wife of Stephen E. Jeffery, a son.

MARRIED.

Boston, Dec. 4, Ernest R. Hayes to Sarah A. Lent.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 14, Rev. John H. Larry to Georgia Fraser.

Halifax, Dec. 6, by Rev. Mr. Craig, John J. Ryan to Reima Wournell.

Bear River, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, Charles Garmham to Emma Lowe.

Hebron, Nov. 30, by Rev. Mr. Miller, Harry McCormack to May Cann.

St. John, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Long, William Marshall to Myrtle O. Earle.

Bear River, Dec. 4, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, Charles Garmham to Emma Lowe.
Shelburne, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. Murray, Ernest Thorne to Clara Locke.
Yarmouth, Nov. 23, by Rev. W. H. Edyeau, Isiah Sears to Cornelia Atwood.
Yarmouth, Dec. 6, by Rev. P. G. Mode, Alfred R. Guist to Anna L. Peterkin.
Yarmouth, Nov. 21, by Rev. Father Hamilton, Wm. Guist to Mary E. Sweeney.
Elgin, A. Co., by Rev. I. N. Thorne, George W. Gildart to Jessie E. Prosser.
Windsor, Dec. 5, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Richard Flemming to Minnie Mosher.
Digby, Nov. 29, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, James A. Rogers to Priscilla L. Harris.
St. John, Dec. 7, by Rev. A. H. Foster, J. J. Wallace to Mrs. Maria Raymond.
Port Morien, Nov. 26, by Rev. W. J. Lockyer, Joshua Martell to Mary A. Scott.
Elbrook, Nov. 30, by Rev. Father Crozier, Leander Surtette to Lizzie Surtette.
Clifton, N. S., by Rev. L. W. Parker, Homer C. Longhead to Sadie Farnold.
Campobello, Dec. 7, by Rev. W. H. Street, Albe E. Sampson to Lillian Vennell.
Halifax, Dec. 6, by Rev. W. E. Hall, Arthur W. Richardson to Laura E. Doyle.
River Philip, Dec. 6, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Jas. D. Campbell to Emma Dykens.
Halifax, June 16, by Rev. N. LeMoine, Frederick W. Dunn to Mary E. Reynolds.
Waterford, Dec. 11, by Rev. A. H. Campbell, Harvard Carter to Adeline McManus.
East Village, N. S., Dec. 6, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Harvie Gray to Lizz E. Murray.
Windom, Cumberland, Nov. 29, by Rev. D. Wright, Michael Ryan to Margery Rogers.
Picton, Nov. 27, by Rev. A. Chisholm, J. W. McDonald to Marcelle E. McDonald.
Clark's Harbor, Dec. 1, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Clifford Blades to Annie Stoddard.
Englestown, Nov. 30, by Rev. M. N. McLean, Alexander Bain to Flora McLean.
Digby, Dec. 7, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Kingsley H. Tibbets to Augusta O'Neill.
Negus, N. S., Nov. 23, by Rev. Father Theberge, Michael Calligan to Helen E. Ross.
Lynn, Mass., Nov. 29, by Rev. F. H. Knight, William H. Hayden to Esther M. Fulton.
West Caledonia, N. S., Nov. 23, by Rev. Father Egan, Michael Kelley to Mrs. Pearson.
Argyle Sound, Nov. 29, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Claucen S. Goodwin to Ardella Goodwin.
Greenfield, Dec. 10, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. E. Fiewelling, H. W. Good to Mattie Green.
Ketch Harbor, N. S., Nov. 28, by Rev. Father Garor, Hanson Mackey to Susie Holland.
Upper Musquodoboit, Dec. 6, by Rev. F. W. Thomson, George A. Geddes to Georgie M. Higgins.

DIED.

Halifax, Henry C. Goodwin, 67.
Halifax, Dec. 7, Patrick Shea, 82.
St. John, Dec. 10, Eliza J. Perkins.
St. John, Hugh H. D. Davidson, 78.
Chatham, Dec. 1, Daniel Whelan, 79.
Halifax, Dec. 7, George W. Smith, 1.
Halifax, Dec. 7, George Graydon, 49.
Esfield, Nov. 30, John McGregor, 74.
Halifax, Dec. 10, Mary Cullerton, 63.
Waverley, Dec. 6, Edward Skerry, 48.
Greenfield, Dec. 3, John R. Elliott, 46.
Centerville, Dec. 1, Esch Arnold, 70.
Halifax, Dec. 10, John S. Williams, 26.
Liverpool, Dec. 2, Edmund Starratt, 66.
Yarmouth, Dec. 1, Fannie J. Potter, 33.
Liverpool, Dec. 4, Miss Margaret Felis.
Barrington, Dec. 4, Arthur W. Doane, 70.
Mt. Pleasant, Dec. 1, Mrs. VanTassel, 90.
Dartmouth, Dec. 6, Rev. A. S. Hill, D. D.
Boston, Nov. 23, Mr. H. A. VanTassel, 45.
Nova Scotia, Oct. 15, Percy Erville, 29.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 17, John B. Handy, 77.
Port Maitland, Dec. 4, Mr. Samuel Perry, 69.
Clark's Harbor, Nov. 28, Clarence Crowell, 21.
Jollymore Village, Dec. 3, Fred Jollymore, 87.
North Siltown, Dec. 3, George N. Rockwell, 85.
Halifax, Dec. 2, Elizabeth, wife of Jacob Kidney, 82.
Selma, Nov. 29, George, son of Mr. and Mrs. White 8.
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 23, Capt. Andrew Malone 66.
Lunenburg, Dec. 6, Ida, wife of Charles Patterson, 44.
Digby, Dec. 1, Florence, wife of Fred Stephenson, 22.
St. John, Dec. 6, Mary E. wife of John F. Appleby 48.
Amberst, Dec. 1, infant child of Joseph Gallant, 15 months.
Londonderry, Dec. 3, Mont, son of Mr. F. H. Johnson, 10.
Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal., Nov. 12, Milton H. Tomlinson, 76.
Boston, Nov. 19, Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Canavan, 5.
North Sydney, Nov. 25, Daniel J. C. infant son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Barry, 14 months.

STEAMERS.

Change of Sailing.
On and after Monday, Nov. 6th,
STEAMER
..Clifton
will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a. m. for Indianown. Returning will leave Indianown on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899
trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted).

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.05
Express for Sussex..... 16.40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 7.25
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 12.05
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXCURSION RATES.

Christmas and New Year's Holidays.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic Division and from Atlantic Division stations to points in Canada, Port Arthur and east.

GENERAL FULFILLMENT of tickets on sale Dec. 28, to Jan. 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 4th, 1900.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.—Tickets on sale on presentation of school certificates Dec. 9 to 31st inclusive, good to return till Jan. 31st, 1900.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.—Tickets on sale to points in Canada, on presentation of certificate, Dec. 15th to 20th, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 4th, 1900.

Above arrangements also apply from all Stations on the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways to Canadian Pacific Railway Stations named above.

TO BOSTON MASS.—First-class unlimited one-way fare for the round trip from St. John, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews and intermediate Stations. Tickets on sale Dec. 20th to 30th inclusive, good to return thirty days from date of issue.

For any further information as to rates, train service, etc., or to reserve berths on the Popular Short Line Express to Montreal for All-Rail Line to Boston, write D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

Passengers will note that the Canadian Pacific has Dining Cars on day express between Montreal and Toronto, as well as on Short Line, Truro to Brownville.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.
Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrive Digby 9.30 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arrive St. John, 3.35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur."

St. John and Boston Direct Service.
Leave St. John every Thursday, 4.30 p. m.
Leave Boston every Wednesday 10 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arrive in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.40 p. m., arrive Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arrive St. John 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arrive Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday 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.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on