

How We Hid The Nihilist.

How we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, and bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it is to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1889, and the Chief in FORTH and myself (I was acting a third engineer at the time) were ashore one evening, in a ship chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimetri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most uncomfortable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the cause of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be 'in the know,' later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleet, had escaped, and was actually at Dimetri's shop in hiding. We were told, furthermore, that Dimetri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country.

The chief asked our opinion on the matter; sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I cannot say whether I was won over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that at last we three engineers consented to smuggle this Nihilist to England. It had been decided that the representatives of those steamers in port should draw lots as to which one was to undertake the risk, for risk it undoubtedly was. We fully understood that it was a serious business for us.

'Him,' however, was fully six feet in height, with a shaggy head of hair, reminding one of the traditional pictures of poets; a beard that covered the whole of his chest, and had apparently never been trimmed, and a face that generally seemed never to have known the cleansing properties of soap. His clothes, which had evidently at one time been Dimetri's, and were ridiculously too small all round, by no means improved his appearance. Some were our first impressions of our romantic hero. In dismay, we decided to leave 'Him' where he was, for that night, at any rate, and hold a consultation with our second engineer, who was aboard the ship, before doing anything further in the line of the matter.

Perhaps it would be as well to state here how matters stood in our steamer. The 'C' was a new vessel owned by a Greek firm, and flying the Greek flag. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the four engineers, were Greeks, and we were put on board by the builders of the machinery, a well-known north-country firm, as their guarantee men.

Well, our Chief lost the toss, and we had to arrange the matter as best we could. I may mention here that the looks of the fugitive himself (we could never grasp his crack-jaw name, and so always referred to him as 'Him') were not by any means prepossessing, and so repelled was I when I first crawled into the hole under Dimetri's roof, and was introduced to the man as one of his would be saviours. I could have recalled my decision there and then to aid and abet his escape. You see, there's no getting away from facts. In fiction the fugitive would be a really noble-looking fellow, possessed of every attribute that commands one's admiration.

Now, four English engineers, all fellow-townsmen, and all likely to be employed on this same steamer for about six months only, and then to return to the same engine-shop together, were more than friends. As a fact, we were more like four brothers. Therefore, when we told our second engineer what had occurred, he readily acquiesced, and we all four sat down in the mess-room and worked the problem out. I will not weary you with an epitome of the suggestions offered; let it suffice to say we decided that the best place to stow 'Him' was in the evaporator.

Without diving into technicalities, let me say that the evaporator is a machine used in modern marine engineering for making fresh water (in the form of vapor) by boiling salt water. A powerful jet of steam is run through a series of coils. When the dome is raised, these coils can be removed, and then a cylindrical space is left, some six feet in height by three feet six inches in diameter. Of course, the machine can be worked or left unused as required, all ingress of steam and water being regulated by valves.

When we started work as usual next morning at seven o'clock, I got my men to raise the dome within; we then took out the coils, which, when clipped, I put carefully away in the locker in the Chief's cabin. At dinner-time the Chief himself, who had been ashore all the forenoon, came on board with a stranger. Believe me, I should never have recognized the uncouth, weird-looking 'Him' in the person that now stepped aboard. Our Chief had evidently not wasted his time, for he had taken a comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor, ashore, and cut off all the Nihilist's superabundant hair. Much soap had evidently been used on the large person of 'Him,' and now he really looked a smart fellow, arrayed in naval clothes. Old Mac, our beloved chief, had bought a suit of clothes from a very tall engineer belonging to a Swedish ship lying close to us, and equipped 'Him' in them.

That evening, when the men had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took 'Him' down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as it ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. This evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only thirteen inches in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Custom-house officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate 'Him' as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by ourselves, would have made 'Him' a comfortable home for the three weeks' run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome; he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor 'Him' in its mad movements.

But what were we to do with 'Him'? We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much food down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor 'Him' out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very seasick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving 'Him' there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in part of the engine himself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beet tea and arrow-biscuits; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and I went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been in the engine room, and that a strange man was walking round examining everything.

Could 'Him' have got out, I wondered, crossly; 'what a fool he must be thus to expose himself to danger.' Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with 'Him.' You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the 'staring platform,' as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunderstruck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—you see, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again. Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said: 'So the bird has flown, eh?' Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine room ladder and was rowed ashore. I did not know what to make of the affair. It was evident that 'Him' had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with 'Him' under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room and stoke-holds, and, if found, put both 'Him' and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on to the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

'Put 'Him' in the evaporator again,' said the Second.

'What! and boil him to death?' said I, horrified.

'Not at all,' said No. 2. 'We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bilges out, and that they sadly need.'

'Good,' said the Chief. 'And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk around.'

These plans were carried out at once. 'Him' protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon.

It seemed partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into an oven. All went well till the mid-day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain, accompanied by the Russian, came to the engine-room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could come to my assistance the Russian had got around the evaporator (I had shut off the water as soon as I saw them coming) and, good heavens! I saw with beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror he was going to open the steam valve on to the coals, and boil poor 'Him' to death. I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on the boiler top and shut of the auxiliary valve, a thing which I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

Quick as lightning, however, the Chief did it, and our poor, bottled up fugitive was saved. The Russian police officer deliberately opened the valve, and then turning round on me, laughed sardonically in my face. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the whole of our plot had somehow been given away to the Russian police. In his pride at having as he thought, baffled us, however, he forgot to feel the dome to see it was getting hot. I should say that the anxious look on my face had told its own tale. The officer at any rate had fairly done his work, for when he had kept me talking for some time, he said, blandly, 'Well, Mr. Engineer, you are now at liberty to have what is left of that fellow. Good afternoon.' And walking out of the engine-room, he never troubled us again that run.

We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored 'Him' to liberty. He was an awful wreck when we liberated him out and made a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in maturing a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-bar for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as 'Him.'

We reach Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We begged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit.

When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal lighters glided swiftly back alongside our ship; we then climbed aboard and awaited the result.

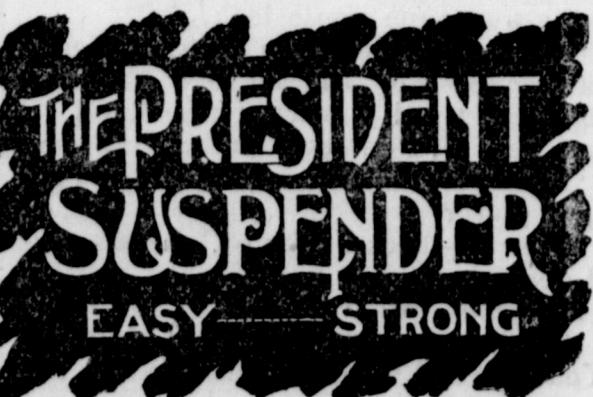
All night long that Russian searched Algiers for 'Him,' but of course in vain, and next day we saw the indelible officer dragging the harbor. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat.

It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship 'C' at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any farther on his eventful voyage to Antwerp, and we afterwards learned that the dragging operations were crowned with overwhelming success during the evening, with the natural result that the Russians became the laughing-stock of the whole city.

Putting into Dartmouth for a further supply of fuel, we smuggled 'Him' ashore, and the Chief and I were not sorry when his train left for the Metropolis. On arrival at Antwerp a letter was put into the Chief's hands; it contained no communication, but twelve £5 bank-notes, and I confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor 'Him,' it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a greater Nihilist than he—a 'political' of high rank. 'Him' was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly was very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.—Wide World Magazine.



BORN.

St. Maria, Jan. 12, to the wife of W. J. LeBlanc, a son.

Shediac, Jan. 18, to the wife of Geo. McDevitt, a son.

Truro, Jan. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Spears, a son.

Canning, Jan. 7th, to the wife of Samuel Bigelow, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 28th, to the wife of Jas. A. Scriven, a son.

Parsonsboro, Jan. 11, to the wife of Smith Wilson, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Anderson, a son.

Liverpool, Jan. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Quinlan, a son.

Tremont, Jan. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Welton, a son.

Canning, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bigelow, a son.

Springside, Jan. 27, to the wife of E. B. Fairbanks, a son.

Moncton, Jan. 24, to the wife of Celine Legere, a daughter.

Black Rock, Jan. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Jones, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Otis Vaughan, a daughter.

Dufferin Mines, Jan. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Smith, a daughter.

St. Nicholas River, Jan. 22, to the wife of John Grant, a son.

Albert, N. B., Jan. 22, to the wife of Walter B. Tarris, a son.

Harrison Cove, Jan. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Atkins, a daughter.

Harrison Cove, Dec. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Atkins—a daughter.

Moscow River, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Miller, a daughter.

Kouchibouguac, Jan. 20, to the wife of Harry Whalen, a daughter.

Port Hastings, Jan. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McLean, a daughter.

Grey's Mills, Kings Co., Jan. 23, to the wife of W. W. Patterson, a son.

Lower Meagher's Grant, Jan. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickey, a son.

Lyon Mountain, N. Y., Jan. 23, to the wife of Thomas C. Flynn, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, Jan. 23, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Daniel West to Sadie Lynde.

Aylmer, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. C. Wade, Mabel S. Corbin to John F. Ray.

Yarmouth, Jan. 23, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Geo. F. Moses to Maggie M. Smith.

Port Hildford, Jan. 9, by Rev. R. B. Kinley, David Reid to Minnie McConnell.

Arctadia, Jan. 25, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Rowland Ford to Ellen R. Spinner.

Centreville, Jan. 24, Rev. Jas. Tirothard, J. A. Stevens to Edna A. Figgott.

St. Croix, Jan. 23, by Rev. M. G. Henry, William H. Sweet to Mary A. Fisher.

Tobique Road, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. Spencer, William Foster to Mary Johnson.

North Sydney, Jan. 12, by Rev. Mr. Sharp, Charles Pike to Mary Isabel McKenzie.

Yarmouth, Jan. 26, by Rev. E. E. England, Albert W. Ringer to Clara Nickerson.

Freepoint, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. H. Howe, John F. Hersey to Jessie Elvira Wilkins.

Halifax, Jan. 26, by Rev. T. F. Irvin, James A. Price to Minnie Proctor McNeil.

Antigonish, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. R. Munro, Alexander Gunn to Annie Archibald.

Belbrook, Jan. 9, by Rev. Father Crouzier, Mande Surette to Mrs. Emilie LeBlanc.

Aylesford, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. B. Morgan, Arthur Gosser to Wilma E. Parker.

Amherst, Jan. 26, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, John W. Lulenty to Mary Ellen England.

St. Stephen, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. G. Goucher, Edward Boston to Gertrude M. Dow.

Liscomb, N. S., Jan. 16, by Rev. J. A. Hart, Gilbert Heim to Blanche Hemion.

Thorburn, Jan. 21, Rev. J. A. MacKenzie, Finlay D. McDonald to Maggie B. Plumb.

Halifax, Jan. 24, by Rev. John McMillan, Murdoch McLeod to Isabel A. Hawley.

Granville, N. B., Dec. 28, by Rev. A. Stirling, Daniel McLeod to Annie McLeellan.

Tatamagouche, Jan. 18, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Alfred Cole to Glennie Weatherby.

Kinnear Settlement, Jan. 24, by H. G. Estabrook, Wm. H. Murray to Mrs. Margaret King.

Port Maitland, Jan. 14, by Rev. E. Crowell, M. A. Alvin E. Sanders and Anna Irene Byrns.

Strathmore, C. B., Jan. 17, by Rev. D. McDonald, John G. McKinnon to Maggie Ida MacLean.

Kinnear Settlement, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Benjamin H. Keith to Geneva Mitton.

Kinnear Settlement, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. R. Barker, Norman St. Clare Clarke to Ella M. Chapman.

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 19, by Rev. W. F. Guilleaume, John W. Loneragan to Henrietta Tilly.

East Ragged Island, Jan. 17, by Rev. Douglas Hemmon, Leander Decker to Emily S. Craig.

DIED.

Westport, Norman B. Lent.

Halifax, Jan. 25, William Dunbar.

St. John, Jan. 29, William Kea, 78.

Sussex, Jan. 26, Robert Cripps, 70.

Truro, Jan. 21, Alex. S. Miller, 67.

Halifax, Jan. 23, Thomas Houlahan.

Glasville, Jan. 27, William Love, 74.

Burlington, Jan. 23, Richard Card, 83.

Boston, Jan. 23, Joseph R. Forrest, 44.

Millstream, Jan. 25, Julia Tormey, 84.

Gay's River, Jan. 17, Thomas Goff, 70.

Yarmouth, Jan. 23, Maturin Godet, 67.

West Branch, Jan. 15, John Murray, 89.

Windsor, Jan. 24, John L. Chandler, 60.

Stony Island, Jan. 23, Watson Chase, 83.

Glace Bay, C. B., Jan. 26, E. J. Phelan.

Glasville, Dec. 21, Rev. John Howe, 69.

Rotterdam, Dec. 28, Clement Calhoun, 22.

Woodstock, Dec. 26, Charles McLean, 48.

Woodstock, Jan. 18, William Kennedy, 75.

Marlot, Jan. 20, Miss Jessie Benedict, 20.

Moncton, Jan. 27, Agnes May Fogarty, 17.

Woodstock, Jan. 18, William Kennedy, 75.

Fatten, Me., Jan. 5, John J. Willanson, 61.

Peel, N. B., Jan. 17, Abram S. Harmon, 64.

Woodstock, Jan. 18, Randolph Ketchum, 88.

Uniacque Mines, Jan. 11, Miss Annie Etter, 20.

McCaïn Settlement, Jan. 25, Luke Bourke, 80.

Truro, Jan. 26, Lucy, wife of W. B. Spears, 34.

Yarmouth, Jan. 22, Mrs. Alfred R. Crosby, 58.

St. John, Jan. 25, Annie A. wife of J. R. Currie.

Halifax, Margaret, widow of George Farquhar, 69.

McCrath's Mountain, Pictou, Maggie Bell Reid, 4.

South Branch, Jan. 6, Hannah, wife of John Fleck, 72.

Fairville, Jan. 28, Rebecca, wife of Robert Fair, 68.

Jamies Plains, Mass., Jan. 5, Jehiel Woodworth, 63.

Burlington, Jan. 19, Adelaide, wife of Wm. Shearer, 63.

St. John, Jan. 28, Amelia, widow of the late Robert Reed, 84.

Dawson City, Pictou, Alexander, son of James Craik, 64.

Millville, Jan. 22, Nancy, widow of the late William Murray, 88.

Truro, Jan. 25, John William, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roop, 1.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 7, Etta Florence, wife of James W. Parkhill, 27.

Bridgewater, Pictou, Jan. 16, Nellie, widow of John Forbes, 80.

St. John, Jan. 28, Hannah, widow of the late Henry M. Sharpe.

Shelton, Conn., Dec. 28, Martha, widow of the late Thomas Gamble, 73.

McKenzie Corner, Jan. 22, Teresa, widow of the late James Carson, 97.

Middle Musquodoboit, Jan. 6, Janet, wife of Matthew J. Archibald, 76.

Burlington, Jan. 20, Grace Morris, widow of George F. Sawyer, 78.

Morrisville, Jan. 30, Rosanna, widow of the late Capt. Amos Goodwin, 84.

Belmont, Hants Co., Jan. 15, Hannah, widow of the late Terrance Black.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 31, Flora, eldest daughter of Capt. H. V. Wilbur, 22.

Cheles, Mass., Jan. 18, Elizabeth, widow of the late Capt. Amos Goodwin, 84.

Walham, Mass., Jan. 23, William H. son of Mr. and Mrs. James Moran, 34.

St. John, Jan. 30, Jennie, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Elvish, 2.

Marshall, Pictou, Jan. 15, Margaret, widow of the late Joseph Crockett, 82.

St. John, John Thomas, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Moran, 3 months.

Gay's River, Jan. 23, George B., child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis, 5 months.

Boston, Mass., Prudence Rebecca, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rawding, 2.

Lake Porter, Jan. 25, Oscar Irwin, child of Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, 8 months.



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Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.43 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., arr. Halifax 5.46 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
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Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
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Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Pictou..... 16.00
Express for Sussex..... 18.00
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.10 for Truro.

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 10.00
Express from Pictou..... 12.00
Accommodation from Pictou, Chene and Moncton..... 19.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.45

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