

The Flight of the Leper.

Among the beautiful oases of volcanic islands in the vast desert waste of waters, the Pacific Ocean, known as the key to Uncle Sam's back door, the Hawaiian Islands, the dread disease of leprosy flourishes in spite of the desperate attempts made by the authorities to isolate and extirpate this Asiatic living death.

With the advent of Hawaii into the fold of the great American Union has passed away from this earth a leper outlaw who by the mere mention of his name has terrorized the authorities and acted as a bugaboo to frighten and bring to obedience unruly children. A terror, not because he committed depredations, but because he persisted in defying the law and lived with his suffering family in the crater of an extinct volcano far up the sides of a mountain on the island of Hawaii. In refusing to obey the law and with his family go to Molokai, the leper settlement, he has been compelled to kill three men, while a fourth owes his death to his endeavors to compel this man recurred by God to go to the leper colony.

Twelve years ago Kipula, a happy and careless native, with a wife and five children, cultivated his little farm or clearing in the outskirts of Hilo and lived in ease and contentment, dreaming away the days in this earthly paradise under the ever-smiling heavens of this tropical Pacific Ocean. Providence seemed to smile upon him, and his little taro patch grew and increased year by year, while with his canoe Kipula caught all of the finny tribe to supply his pressing wants. Then in an evil day Kipula with alarm and horror noticed the dread white spots appearing on the hands of his youngest baby child, which up to that time had been the embodiment of perfect health. To his wife's consternation the spots grew and grew, until they once beautiful baby grew ugly and misshapen. Large scaly spots appeared on his body, and the father and mother were obliged to keep the child hidden, for to reveal the fact that the child had the scourge would be to have it torn from their loving arms and hurried away to Molokai. They could not bear to think of parting with him, and so held their peace. Then an elder child was stricken, and excuses had to be made to explain the absence of the two children. The natives grew suspicious as to what was the matter with the children, but he succeeded in appeasing their curiosity.

One day when Kipula had been fishing in his canoe trying to ensnare the wary fish, he noticed with alarm that his left knee was numb, that it did not respond to any painful sensation, and shortly afterwards began to swell. At the same time his wife was also stricken down with the disease, and now the natives could be silenced no longer, with the result that shortly after the Hawaiian authorities were informed. Of course, the next day a doctor and several officials investigated the rumors and reports, and with but a cursory examination were able to diagnose the cases as leprosy. They informed him to be ready to leave the next morning with his family for Molokai. When the officials returned the next morning to take the family living dead city they found nothing. That night Kipula, with his wife and children, had taken a few of their belongings and fled away in the darkness in his boat. Upon searching inquiry they learned Kipula, who was famous as a goat-hunter, had taken his rifle and gone in his boat, with his family, in the direction of Mauna Kea, the grim mountain peak that lifts its head far up in the ever-drifting Kona mists. The family had disappeared, and the footprints in the sand along the track made by the boat and its outrigger as the family had pushed and dragged the canoe down the beach told the story of their escape.

The following day half a dozen of the police officers went in pursuit of the fleeing leper and his afflicted family. They discovered the landing place at a point near the Okaia plantation, where a spur of Mauna Kea comes down close to the water's edge. Through the tangled growth of tropical verdure on the low lands the pursuers went, finding here and there a trace of the fugitives—at one place a few shreds of cloth torn away in pushing through the dense tropical undergrowth; at another a plainly marked footprint where the ground was soft and yielding; at another a broken twig and misplaced stones showed where they had passed. In a short time the posse was laboriously picking its way among the huge bowlders that centuries before had strewn there in the great volcanic and seismic eruptions and convulsions that had torn and rent the mountain asunder.

Then up through a deep chasm they went where a stream was rushing, tumbling and foaming over the lava rocks to the sea. A mile further on the gorge apparently terminated against the mountain side and the trail led across the precipice, a long narrow ledge that nature had hewn in the trowning cliff. Night came on and the leper hunters had to bivouac half way up the side of the mountain, where an easy roll in deep slumber would precipitate them to the valley below upon the sharp, jagged rocks. The next morning early they were following the trail again. The path became more difficult to follow. At times it was necessary for the pursuers to swing from point to point of jutting rock, where a misstep or a loose stone would hurl them into eternity and into a little stream roaring on its way far below them.

How Kipula managed to make his way up this dangerous path with his family is a mystery that will never be answered. The many days spent by him in the pursuit of wild goats interesting the island doubtless stood him in good stead and enabled him to safely carry at times his family over the perilous parts of the journey to the rocky fastness of the summit of the cliff which he had discovered in the hunting days of his youth.

About a mile beyond the point where the trail took a sharp turn and the narrow gorge opened out and formed a deep circular basin similar to a small crater. Around the circular side of the chasm the path led for three-fourths of its circumference and terminated in a narrow crevasse cut deep in the side of the wall, through which a narrow stream of water jetted out and tumbled in a thin, misty spray in the shadows of the pines far down at the bottom of the precipice.

Here Kipula determined to make a stand. On a ledge of rock overhanging the waterfall stood Kipula, rifle in hand and motioning his pursuers to return. The officers called on him to surrender and return peaceably with them to Molokai. The only answer was a warning to return and leave him and his family in peace or he would fire on them. Thinking the punishment that awaited him if he fired on the officers of the law would deter Kipula from putting his threat into execution, the officers advanced, when, crack, a thin stream of fire had shot from Kipula's leveled rifle, and the foremost officer, emitting a scream and throwing up his hands, tumbling headlong over the precipice and he was dashed to fragments on the rocks below.

'Go back,' shouted the outlaw, as he placed another cartridge in his rifle, and again raised the gun to his shoulder. 'Go back.' Then his words assumed a pleading form. 'Leave me here with my babies. Here I will remain until the end, and the world will know of Kipula and his family no more.'

He had them at his mercy and they all knew it. Back over the trail they would be sent over the cliff to join their dead comrade. Their courage, however, returned as soon as they got out of range on the leper's rifle, and they decided to make another attempt to capture him at night after the moon had sunk behind a spur of the mountain. As soon as it was completely dark they made another attempt creeping around the edge of the precipice and groping forward. They had gone about half way round the circular trail overhanging the chasm, when one of the officers loosened a stone in the path, and down it crashed with a roar and an echo that seemed to the startled pursuers to shake the mountain side. An instant later there was a flash and crack of a rifle just over the cascade and another member of the party fell downward to join the comrade who had preceded him that morning. There was a hurried scramble of the four remaining leper hunters for safety, and in the darkness one of the remaining members lost his footing and toppled over the edge of the cliff. The loss of half the party utterly discouraged them, and the three remaining men beat a hasty retreat to Hilo utterly discouraged and disheartened.

They reached this place two days later, worn out, cut and bruised from the numerous falls on the rough trail, and quickly the news of the tragic death of their three comrades spread over the settlement. The Hawaiian, under ordinary circumstances a pleasure-loving and peaceful citizen, when aroused is fierce and vindictive, and the friends of the dead men assembled thirsting for revenge. This time hateful laws were not to be enforced, but revenge was to be accomplished. Swiftly the augmented force returned to the dreaded chasm. Cautiously the avenging party crept along to the spot where their friends had met their tragic deaths at the hands of Kipula. The little waterfall across the broadening chasm had just come into view, when there came the warning cry across the gorge, 'Go back. Go back if you would save your lives.'

Over the top of the boulder gleamed the steel barrel of a rifle, and the avengers halted. A barricade had been built in their absence and the men hunters were astonished at the impracticable position secured by Kipula. Even while they hesitated the warning cry, 'Go back,' was again repeated, and with it came the sharp crack of the rifle, and the bullet flattened itself on the wall of the cliff directly in front of the leader of the party. All thoughts of revenge died away, and the posse, thinking only of their own safety, through themselves flat along the narrow path and cried aloud for mercy, saying they would return to Hilo and allow the leper to live in seclusion if he would spare them. Then they decided to try and flank him and attack him in the rear by climbing the overhanging mountain peaks, and it possible kill him from above. After a hard climb up along the spur of the mountain they reached the top, and cutting through the tangled vegetation the foremost of the avengers found himself standing on the brink of a precipice that fell with a sheer descent several hundred feet, then sloped away gently to a beautiful valley far down beneath his feet. A little stream to the right of where they stood fell in a long, beautiful unbroken cascade and rippled along to where Kipula could be seen, rifle in hand, looking for the appearance of his enemies along the path.

For nearly six years the guard kept watch on the trail, and then a new chief of the island police being appointed another attempt was made to capture the outlaw. A posse was organized and up the trail they cautiously went, hoping after the long lapse of years of silence that Kipula had in a measure relaxed his vigilance, and could be taken by surprise. They reached the foot of the barricade in safety. There they halted, while the leader of the party crawled to the top of the wall to obtain a glimpse of the leper's home. He incautiously placed his foot on a stone, which, being loose, was dashed to the bottom of the chasm and rushed into the stream. For half an hour the officers crouched in the shadow of the wall, fearful that this noise had aroused the vigilant watchfulness of the outlaw, but all was silent. Then the leader climbed to the top of the barricade and beckoned for his comrades to follow

him. They had only gone a short distance however, when the dread rifle shot from the cliffs rang out and the leader throwing up his hands with an involuntary cry, fell headlong into the stream at the foot of the chasm in the darkness of the gorge. Again the warning cry 'Go back. Go back or I will kill you,' rang out, and the terrified officers, glad to escape with their lives, departed, never to molest him again.

A few yards behind him his leprosy wife and children were busily engaged in building a thatched hut, which they were constructing close to the edge of the stream. Close by the hut was a corral where a few goats that had been captured were penned and the valley fairly teemed with wild tropical fruits. The avengers on top of the cliff were too far away for a rifle ball to reach him, and the only approach to the valley was along the steep, narrow and dangerous trail—to attempt to travel was death. Regretfully they had to leave him alone in this paradise and return to their comrades below. The expedition was abandoned, and the only precaution taken to prevent Kipula from returning to his friends and relatives living around and in Hilo was to place a guard at the foot of the mountainous path. Kipula, however, remained true to his promise and never left his mountain fastness, where he cultivated a taro patch and a small field of rice. Occasionally a few gold hunters would climb the overhanging cliffs and report that he was monthly growing weaker, and that the graves of his children in the corner of his garden were yearly growing in number. About the time that the American flag was hoisted over the Hawaiian Island death came to the sufferer, and at the same time he became an American citizen he was ushered into his new existence.

After jubilation proceedings were over a goat hunter went to the top of the cliff, and for hours he watched the home of Kipula to see if he could discover any signs of life. All was as silent as the grave. A few days later he, with a few companions, scrambled along the trail up the canyon. No one challenged them, at the barricade, and unmolested they were suffered to enter the valley where stood Kipula's hut. No one was astir about the cabin, and before entering the hut they saw six graves, one but newly made and larger than the rest. No one needed to remark that the wife was dead. That was understood. In the cabin the leper lay with a bullet hole through his head and his rifle clutched in his diseased and distorted hand.

After all his family had left him he had taken the matter in his own hands and ended his troubles and suffering.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retiring from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption. Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; and also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Brief.

A recent speaker at a meeting, in apologizing for the brevity of certain points of his address, declared that brevity at times possessed an undeniable attractiveness; and, in proof, he quoted the letter of a lover to his sweetheart, which ran as follows:—

'Dear A.—Do you love me? Will you marry me? When? To which next day came the following reply:—

'Dear B.—Yes I do! Won't I just! When you like.'

A Bayonet Thrust.

Is as a pin scratch to the tortures of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. The bravest soldier will weaken before the onslaught of these redoubtable enemies to health. Dr. Von Stao's Pineapple Tablets break down the strong-holds of disease, build up and fortify the wasted nerve force, put new life, new hope, new energy, hoist the banner of victory in the stead of the flag of distress. 35 cents.

Guest: 'Tell me candidly, waiter, why do you recommend lobster so enthusiastically?'

Candid Waiter: 'Well, you see, if there are any lobsters left over to-day, we waiters will get them to-morrow for dinner, and we have had 'em on hand a week already.'

THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
EASY—STRONG

BORN.

Kentville, Feb. 9, to the wife of Abram Jess, a son.
Chatham, Feb. 4, to the wife of Calvin Craig, a son.
Palmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife of Nath Davidson, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 12, to the wife of Rev. Geo. E. Ross, a son.
Hantsport, Feb. 1, to the wife of Edson Harvie, a son.
Yarmouth, Feb. 2, to the wife of Jas. S. Atkins, a son.

Port Greville, Feb. 6, to the wife of Colby Ayer, a son.
Cross Roads, Feb. 4, to the wife of John Delany, a son.
Pictou, Feb. 7, to the wife of Geo. E. Johnstone, a son.
Port Greville, Feb. 6, to the wife of Colby Ayer, a son.
Halifax, Feb. 6, to the wife of A. P. O'Brien, a daughter.
Moncton, Feb. 6, to the wife of R. F. Kinneer, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 7, to the wife of Edgar McDonald, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 8, to the wife of Duncan Chisholm, a daughter.
Molega, Feb. 9, to the wife of D. McD. Fraser, a daughter.
Moncton, Feb. 13, to the wife of John Stevens, a daughter.
Richibucto, Feb. 7, to the wife of Joseph S. Richardson, a daughter.
Onslow Station, Feb. 4, to the wife of G. A. Smith, a daughter.
Brooklyn Road, Feb. 8, to the wife of Samuel Hood, a son.
South Berwick, Feb. 2, to the wife of Howard Douglas, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Texas, Feb. 1st, Mr. Fagus to Cora F. Cunningham.
Calais, Feb. 7, by R. V. M. F. Walsh, John Pegam to Elizabeth H. Lynch.
Halifax, Feb. 6, by Rev. Leo Williams, Thomas Sweeney to Minnie Pace.
Newcastle, Feb. 1st, by Rev. P. G. S. O'Neil, William Muller to Mary M. G. J. R.
Hopedale, Feb. 4, by Rev. Wm. McNichol, M. A. John Bell to Janice Graham.
Chipman Station, Feb. 3, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Ralph Pace to Ruth Brown.
Dalhousie, Feb. 1st, by R. V. Geo. Fisher, J. Albert McDonald to Edith Almon.
Moose, Feb. 1st, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Yarmouth to Elsie Bernice.
Kingston, Feb. 1st, by Rev. Joseph Gaetz, Brower P. Bowley, to Annie E. Keade.
Halifax, Feb. 8, by Rev. Father Moriarty, Michael B. McNeill to Miss Marion Lynch.
Shubenacadie, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Murray, Thomas Caddell to Minnie A. Woodworth.
New Minas, Feb. 8, by Rev. E. M. Kierstead, Samuel Thompson to Elsie Bernice.
Moose, Feb. 6, by R. V. A. H. McLeod, John I. McKay to Ruby E. Graham.
Port Lorne, Feb. 1st, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Joseph E. St. John, to Rosella Johnson.
Guysboro, Jan. 21, by W. I. Croft, Alonzo F. Henderson to Margaret Leggins.
Boson, Feb. 8, by Rev. Geo. L. Ferrin, Dr. Earl Sawyer to Bertha P. Wood.
Halifax, Feb. 11, by Rev. Dr. Hearze, James A. McLeod to Letitia Beila Farquharson.
Eel Brook, Feb. 1st, by Rev. Father Cronzier, Mr. Joseph LeBlanc to Miss Adeline Amiro.
Westville, Feb. 1st, by Rev. Thomas D. Stewart, Andrew McLeod to Mary Bowman Guy.
White Head, Jan. 30, by Rev. Carl Mack, Mr. William M. Munroe, to Esther C. Uth.
St. John, Feb. 14, by Rev. Canon deVeber, assisted by Rev. A. G. Hamilton, Dickie, Arthur Gordon Cowie to Elia Blanch Ediz Jones.

DIED.

Pennfold, Feb. 4, Mary Boyd, 16.
Advocate, Jan. 31, Eva Moore, 22.
Gairloch, Jan. 27, Donald Ross, 74.
Albany, Feb. 2, Joanna Upton, 53.
Anson, Jan. 10, Ellen D. Baskirk.
Turro, Feb. 6, Mr. G. A. Pippy, 67.
Kansan, Jan. 31, Henry Gardner, 53.
Hantsport, Feb. 3, Joseph Martin, 78.
Canaan, Feb. 2, S. J. George Eagles, 31.
Nelson, B. C., Feb. 1st, Gilbert Smith.
Minnesota, Jan. 15, Duncan Bayer, 63.
Halifax, Feb. 7, Mrs. Margaret Brown.
St. John, Feb. 11, Charles Laxton, 89.
Two Islands, Jan. 24, Isaac Wason, 55.
Morristown, Jan. 24, Enoch Palmer, 67.
Red Beach, Jan. 30, Jane Andrews, 80.
Cambridgeport, Mrs. Lydia S. King, 73.
Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 30, John Soley, 57.
St. John, Feb. Winifred May Sippell.
Weymouth, Feb. 7, Mr. Stern Jones, 85.
Little Ridge, Feb. 5, Henry Handren 76.
Yarmouth, Feb. 8, Mr. Peter Parker, 84.
Sydney, Feb. 2, Kenneth McKenzie, 91.
Port LaTour, Jan. 30, Jonathan Snow, 89.
Boson, Mass., Feb. 1, Sparden Read, 26.
Boston, Feb. 6, Mrs. Geo. Whitmore, 27.
McLunne, Feb. 2, Mrs. Lucy S. Cook, 90.
Six Mile Brook, Jan. 30, E. Iza McKay, 77.
St. John, Feb. 8, E. Iza McKay, 77.
Santa Clara, Cal., Feb. 1, Elizabeth Pye, 90.
Mariboro, Mass., Feb. 10, Alice Mani Carr.
St. John, Feb. 9, Mrs. Hannah Marshall, 90.
Beaver Harbor, Feb. 4, Mrs. Sarah Best, 87.
Guysboro, Jan. 27, Mrs. H. E. Archibald, 86.
Port LaTour, Jan. 30, Mr. Robert Miller, 70.
Guysboro, Jan. 27, Mrs. H. E. Archibald, 86.
North Kingston, Jan. 24, Joseph H. Eaton, 56.
St. Stephen, Jan. 29, Solomon D. Wheeler, 74.
Point duChene, Feb. 12, Adalide McGinty, 29.
Middle Simeons, Feb. 4, S. Ralph Raymond, 15.
Kentville, N. S., Feb. 9, Mrs. Wm. Redden, 81.
Lower Queensbury, Jan. 25, Ruth E. Yerxa, 78.
Miltown, N. B. Jan. 29, Hannah Gill Martin, 85.
Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 7, Mrs. Adalide Ellis, 50.
Eastern Passage, Feb. 7, Provo Wallace Horne, 89.
Kennetook, Feb. 4, Alorzo, son of Wm. Burns, 19.
Dartmouth, Jan. 10, Beattie, wife of George Garland, 23.
Great Village, Jan. 26, Jane, wife of John Peppard, 71.
Dorchester, Feb. 8, Lucy Ann, widow of Thomas Howe, 72.
Newport, Jan. 29, Sarah Jane, widow of Wm. Phalen, 76.
Sackville, Feb. 12, Jane, widow of the late Moses Lawrence.
Gratton, Feb. 2, Jane, wife of Edward J. Armstrong, 65.
Lewisville, Feb. 7, Mary relict of the late John Sullivan, 76.
Barrington, Jan. 36, Mildred, daughter of Mr. B. Hopkins.
St. Andrews, Feb. 1, Maggie, daughter of John Donahue, 17.
Go'dell, Col. Dec. 28, Margaret, wife of Hugh Cameron, 41.
Woods Harbor, N. S., Jan. 29, Capt. Nehemiah Nickerson, 51.
Gaspereaux, Jan. 21, Walter C., son of Wm. Bishop, 11 months.
New Glasgow, Feb. 8, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Mesley, 7 weeks.
Whitman, Mass., Feb. 4, Annie, widow of the late Robert Purton, 70.
Halifax, Feb. 7, Margaret T. widow of the late Michael Dunne, 53.
Gaspereaux, Feb. 1, E. Etie May, daughter of the late P. Norton, 22.
Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 28, Clara, daughter of the late P. Norton, 22.
New Glasgow, Feb. 12, Margaret McDonald, widow of the late Rev. Geo. Patterson, 71.

Bloomer Advice.

If their nether limbs are fair,
If maidens thus may bloomers wear;
But if built upon a bow
Girls should let the bloomers go.

If their feet are neat and small,
If maidens are not set at all;
But with number 12 feet,
Bloomers are quite indestruct.

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On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

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Monday, 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.

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Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., ar. Digby 12.30 p.m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., ar. Digby 11.45 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., ar. N. Y. Hantsport 1.00 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Mon., Thurs. and Saturday, ar. Digby 8.50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

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BOSTON SERVICE.

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Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

F. GIFFIN'S, superintendant,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the runs of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 15.30
Express for Sussex..... 16.40
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 22.10 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax..... 15.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.25
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 11.25
Accommodation from Moncton..... 23.45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

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Montreal to Calgary..... \$7.00
Montreal to Revelstoke..... 7.00
Montreal to Vancouver..... 8.00
Montreal to Seattle..... 8.00

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