

M'GINNIS THE COOK.

We had been at work on a survey in the Bitter Root Mountains since early in the spring, and the autumn had found us all disgusted and homesick—all but McGinnis, the cook. Besides, we were famishing for news. Our mail and the late papers and magazines should have been sent to us every two weeks, but for nearly two months nothing had been seen of the old trapper who acted as mail-carrier, and no messenger or message of any kind had reached us from the outside world.

Every day we expected from the cook a promise that he would bring our letters out to us in case the carrier should arrive while we were at work on the line. Then we would watch impatiently till evening and hurry back to camp, more than half expecting that the post had come in spite of the non-appearance of McGinnis. Expectancy was torturing us. Disappointments repeated every evening for several weeks deeply affected the spirits of the party. We became restless and unsociable. We tried to imagine what had happened out in the world since we had lost touch with it, and each feared that some one dear to him had been seized by illness or had met with misfortune. We worried and fretted and tormented ourselves with impatience.

One night after supper we lounged on our camp beds, ten of us in one tent, waiting for bed time. The work of the day had been unusually hard and the hours long. We were too leg-weary and heavy of spirit to do anything but the little patching that was regularly necessary and to lounge.

McGinnis came over from the cook tent to tell us one of his tales of forty years ago. His stories possessed one rare quality. They were reminiscent of the wild life of the mountains in the earlier days, but McGinnis played no prominent part in any of them. We were all curious to learn something about the old man, but but our curiosity was never satisfied.

Frequently as a story in which he figured, gave promise of showing his younger self put to a test of strength or of courage, he would break off suddenly or change the entire trend of his story. But he enjoyed spinning his yarns, and our silence of late had afforded him the opportunity.

'Well, I see you are the same merry crowd as ever,' he said, cheerily, as he took the only chair in the tent. 'But which of you is it that's comin' up the slope yonder? I'd like to know.'

Several of us looked at him wondering. Those who were busy paid no attention whatever. The campdog stretched, went lazily to the opening, then grew suddenly alert and began to bark. Almost instantly ten heads were crowded between the tent flaps.

Sure enough, some one whom we could not see clearly in the dim light was coming up the valley. It was evidently a man, following the line of our survey higher up the mountain slope, though only a short distance away.

We finally fell over one another in our sudden excitement. Every one seemed moved by the same impulse. A half dozen pairs of wet and worn-out boots disappeared from the passage between the two rows of bunks at the same instant. Some one ran out and shouted to attract attention. Then everybody else shouted, because there was suddenly shouting in the soul of each.

McGinnis went quietly and lighted the fire he had laid for morning in the cook stove. The head chainman made a place near the tent opening for another bed. The roddman and the 'stake-artist' fell to wrestling, and rolled about in the tent and out of it with most unexpected agility and high spirits.

A voice said it was not the old malitarrier, and we became still more curious. Not a member of the party doubted that it was one bringing our mail. Two or three of the boys went to meet the newcomer, and rest of us half-ashamed of the eagerness we had shown, went back into the tent, threw ourselves down on the beds and assumed attitudes of indifference.

We heard McGinnis calling: 'Come over to the cook-tent and eat before the boys start you to talking; they'll never let you stop after.'

'I've a't,' a strange voice answered. We inside sat up again, our anticipation awakened. A short heavy-set, square-jawed man, without grub-bag or blankets, limped painfully into the tent and sat down on one of the beds. He was evidently much travel worn, but his small bead-like eyes were intensely bright, and their glare from one to another of us was rapid and searching.

'Didn't you bring any mail?' asked the roddman abruptly.

We all looked at the stranger eagerly and waited.

'No,' he answered, in a disinterestedly calm voice that lingered unpleasantly in our ears.

The stranger felt in the inside of his pocket. 'Only a letter I found in the trail at the last creek crossing,' he said, quietly, as he again searched us with his small, restless eyes.

'It's for some one named Patrick McGinnis,' he continued, holding up an unopened letter.

'Do you know him?'

The old man reached for his letter and silently held it to the light of the nearest candle. Then we all saw that it was crumpled and deeply stained.

Without my spectacles, it looks like blood on it,' said McGinnis, slowly.

'I thought it was blood, too, and fresh,' said the stranger.

'The trail was torn up near where I found and the bushes beat down. I hunted without finding anything; but my foot was so lame I couldn't get far through the brush.'

There was a sudden movement in the tent, but no one spoke. The boys shook out their coats and put them on. Every one understood what was to be done. Those who owned rifles took them down and provided themselves with cartridges. Every weapon in camp was hurriedly put in readiness for use.

The chief of the party had come over from the instrument tent when our guest arrived.

'What kind of tracks were there?' he now asked.

'I couldn't make out,' the stranger answered.

'Take the lanterns and plenty of candles,' said the chief. 'And, Turner, you, stay to watch camp.'

'I'll stay, too,' said the stranger; 'I'm too lame to travel. You'll have no trouble finding the place.'

'I'll stay and read my letter,' announced McGinnis, quietly, to the surprise of every one, for old Morton, the trapper, had been a friend of his in the earlier days.

A moment later only the stranger and Turner were left at the sleeping-tent. The searching party was well down the valley, and McGinnis had gone to the cook-tent. Presently he came back with his hat and spectacles on.

'It's from my little granddaughter,' he said to the stranger, as he opened the letter. 'Would you mind reading it to me? My eyes were never much at handwritin'.'

The man read it—a child's note of only a few labored lines, but he read it unsteadily, for the cook held a lighted candle before his face, and whenever he glanced up from the page the old man's eyes were intently fixed upon him.

'Ah, it's bad business—bad business!' repeated the cook, as he put away his candle. 'Now at I know what's in the letter, I think I'll go down an' help find out what it all means—all this blood, here.'

Turner grew uneasy after the old man had gone. The stranger said little, but he watched his companion closely and waited till the sounds of the cook's footsteps had died out in the distance. Then he got up, and without limping walked to the tent opening. After standing there a moment he whistled and suddenly turned upon Turner with a drawn revolver.

'Keep still and walk outside,' he said, quietly.

Turner obeyed promptly. He had no weapon with which to defend himself, and he was badly frightened.

In a few moments a second stranger, lean, raw-boned and taller than the first, came out of the brush leading two horses, one saddled, the other bearing a pack.

The rising moon shed but a dim light along the mountain side; yet Turner saw at a glance that the animals were the old mail carrier's.

'They bit easy,' said the shorter man, with a low laugh. 'There's no one at camp but this. Now hurry.'

The last arrival emptied the grips and bags and selected whatever was of value. He also took a couple of pairs of blankets and all the ammunition the boys had left behind them. Then he began to make a pack of what he had taken.

'Never mind that,' said his companion. 'Go over and lay out all the grub you can.'

The tall stranger went to the cook tent. The other knelt down, laid down his revolver on the ground, kept his eyes constantly on Turner, and made a roll of what the first had put down.

When he had clinched this onto the pack-horse he marched Turner before him to the cook-tent.

The flaps of the tent were slightly parted but there was no light inside, and everything was quiet. He stopped before the opening, gave Turner the bridle reins and made him keep his hands above his head while at the same time he held the horses.

'Hurry up with the stuff,' he exclaimed, looking into the darkness of the tent. He waited a moment, and, getting no answer, pushed aside the flaps and started to enter.

But he had put only one foot inside when the sound of a heavy blow was heard, and with a muffled cry he fell forward on his face.

Instantly McGinnis emerged from the tent, and the surprised Turner saw him drag out both strangers, and dexterously bind their hands and feet. A new vigor had come into the old man's frame, a new alertness. There were purpose and positiveness in his every movement as he went about his task.

When the men were secure he looked at Turner. The latter suddenly came to himself and put down his hands. McGinnis took the weapons from his prisoners before they regained consciousness, and with Turner's help got them into the sleeping tent, where there were lighted candles.

'I never liked this one's looks,' McGinnis said, by the way of explanation, as he wiped the blood from the face of the man who had brought the letter. 'He looks like he'd set a bait for you, an' that's why I went away and come back unbeknownce to 'em. I seen 'em when I got to the cook-tent, and when they come over I was waiting for 'em wid the bear-trap, the only thing I could find.'

Both men soon returned to consciousness, and after an effort to free themselves they sat in dogged silence.

In about half an hour several of the searching party returned with our pouch of mail, but most of the letters had been opened, and many of them were torn and almost destroyed. Soon after others came accompanied by three or four strangers, carrying a limb form, which they laid carefully upon one of the beds.

The prisoners looked on intently and with unmistakable signs of fear.

Morton, our mail-carrier, had been shot in the back, and though dangerously wounded, was still living.

'Is he dead?' asked the smaller prisoner. At the sound of his voice Morton, with a convulsive effort sat up and put his hand to his side as if to draw his revolver, but it was not there.

The men who had come back with the party relieved the old cook of his prisoners and took them out to civilization. They were deputy sheriffs' part of a large posse

that for nearly a week had followed the trail of the two desperadoes.

The old mail-carrier, unavoidable delayed, had fallen in their way when they were hard pressed for means of escape, and they had shot him for his horse. Then, learning from the letters of our presence in the neighborhood, they had played at a bold game to obtain provisions and had lost.

We felt that we knew McGinnis better after that.

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'Bessie,' said Adolpous to his sister, 'I have taken a fancy to a young lady with whom I am slightly acquainted, and would like to know what her faults are. How can I find out?'

'Praise her to her young lady acquaintances!' said Bessie.

THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

EASY—STRONG

BORN.

Bristol, Jan. 5, to Capt and Mrs. Riteoy, a son.
Blanchford, Dec. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foster, a son.
Springhill, Jan. 9, to the wife of John O'Rourke, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bellow, a son.
Gushoro, Jan. 5, to Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Elliot, a son.
Amherst, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Silliker, a son.
Amherst, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Munro, a daughter.
Truro, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clarke, a daughter.
St. Croix, Dec. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reis, a daughter.
Windor, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ward, a daughter.
Halifax, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John Bingay, a daughter.
St. John, Jan. 16, to the wife of H. V. Moran, a daughter.
River Philip, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Webb, a daughter.
Hillsdale, Dec. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Landburg, a daughter.
Campobelo, Jan. 4, to the wife of George W. Laak, a son.
Amherst Point, Jan. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fillmore, a daughter.
Springhill, Dec. 28, to the wife of Murdoch A. McLeod, a son.
Gulliver's Cove, Dec. 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Raymond, a son.
Onslow Station, N. S., Dec. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Johnson, a son.
Shubenacadie, Dec. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Parker, a daughter.
Upper Economy, Dec. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Elliott, a daughter.
Colchester, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McHenry, a daughter.
Avondale, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund McClelland, a daughter.
Fort Lawrence, Jan. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Chapman, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Jan. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Nickerson, a daughter.
West Pubnico, Jan. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Octave D'Entremont, a daughter.

MARRIED.

England, Dec. 12, Frederick Coomer and Evelyn Annie Brane.
Milton, Jan. 4, by Rev. A. Eraine, John F. Norman, to Mary Ryer.

Eastport, Dec. 31, by Dr. E. M. Small, John Lacey, to Annie G. Hooper.
Salem, Mass., by Rev. E. F. Farnum, Lewis M. Smith to L. Mabel Jones.
Amherst, Jan. 6, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Eunice O'Brien to Anne Coulter, 3 months.
Milton, Jan. 9, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Georgina Everett to John H. Allen.
Sheet Harbor, Dec. 28, by Rev. R. A. Heath, Wm McQuirk to Millie Spinyay.
Milltown, Dec. 28, by Rev. F. W. Murray, David Watson to Ida May Morris.
Truro, N. Y., Jan. 1, by Rev. T. L. Henstead, C. M. Peck to E. C. Wakefield.
Windor, Dec. 19, by Rev. W. Phillips, William H. Sanford to Lila E. Crowell.
Calais, Dec. 28, by Rev. C. G. McCully, John C. O'Brien, to Nellie Magowan.
Clementport, Jan. 5, by Rev. J. Lockward, Bessie A. Oickle to Joseph E. Dares.
Penobscot, Jan. 11, by Rev. A. J. Prosser, Joshua Hicks to Miss Ida M. Morton.
Stellarton, Dec. 28, by Rev. W. M. Tufts, Christina Flemming to William Munroe.
Lequille, Jan. 10, by Rev. H. How, Mary Eliza Franklin to Henry Cromwell.
Horton, Dec. 28, by Rev. E. F. Coldwell, John L. G. Peck to E. C. Wakefield.
Five Mile Plains, Jan. 11, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Wm. Atkinson to Helen Croxon.
Hill Grove, Jan. 5, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Archibald Vantssei to Helen Spavol.
Central Economy, Dec. 26, by Rev. Andrew Gray, L. N. Y., Jan. 1, by Rev. T. L. Henstead, C. M. Peck to E. C. Wakefield.
Roxbury Mass., Dec. 28, by Rev. Herbert White, Richard Johnson to Lottie Cuttle.
Middle Musquodoboit, Jan. 11, by Rev. E. Smith, Sydney H. Taylor to Sarah Ervin.
Hantsport, Jan. 2, by Rev. G. B. White, Mr. Havelock Hazel to Miss Eva Macomber.
Bear River, Jan. 11, by Rev. J. Lockward, Fanny Copeland to Edward E. Brown.
Texas, Dec. 18, by Bishop Johnson, Rev. Leroy Sumner Bates to Fanny Mary Evans.
Buctonche, Dec. 28, by Rev. C. H. Manaton, Edward M. Dickie to Flora B. Gesner.
Eagle Head, Jan. 9, by Rev. Francis C. Berry, Anthony Martin to Charlotte Barnaby.
Everett, Mass., Dec. 24, by Rev. W. B. Buzzasson, Charles M. Meek to Katherine Lopper.
Margaret's Bay, Jan. 11, by Rev. H. Mackenley, Everett H. Young, to Annie A. Rankin.
Bridgewater, Jan. 4, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Charles Covey to Mary Elizabeth Hirtle.
Fawcett Hill, by Pastor H. E. Estabrooks, Isaac Newton Kilham to Miss Laura Fawcett.
St. Croix, Dec. 28, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Mr. Geo. W. Mosher to Miss Blanche Cochran.
Lower Wolfville, Jan. 3, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Thos. Sutherland to Mrs. Annie Caldwell.
Amherst, Jan. 10, by Rev. D. A. Stee, D. D. Mariner Robinson to Ethel Amelia Coates.
Upper Port LaTour, Dec. 28, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, Levi Reynolds to Georgina Wasson.
Shag Harbor, Dec. 31, by Rev. Charles H. Huestis, James W. Matheson, to Annie D. Nickerson.
White Point, Dec. 28, by Rev. A. W. M. Harvey, M. A. Andrew Farquhar to Bessie Ernest West.
Temperance Vale, York Co., Dec. 28, by Rev. Wm. Ross, B. A. Charles E. Woodman to Ida J. Conry.
Upper Port LaTour, Dec. 28, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, Charles William Nickerson to Florence N. Thomas.

DIED.

Calais, Jan. 1, Rachel Pool, 78.
Boston, Jan. 12, Catherine Hill.
St. John, Jan. 18, Mary Keenan.
Truro, Jan. 8, James Wright, 90.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Thomas Fox, 72.
Calais, Jan. 1, Maria Trenham, 60.
Tusket, Jan. 11, John Halsed, 63.
Dumbarton, Jan. 6, Susan Boyd, 94.
Eastport, Jan. 1, William Foley, 19.
Milton, Jan. 6, Neil McKenzie, 28.
Dumbarton, Jan. 7, William Gass, 75.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Louise S. Street, 88.
Halifax, Jan. 10, William Coolen, 80.
Penfield, Dec. 30, Leah Collings, 64.
Halifax, Jan. 14, Margaret Peters, 80.
Calais, Dec. 26, Martin J. Maloney, 77.
Greenfield, Jan. 11, Abigail McKay, 79.
Weston, Jan. 10, Lorne W. Sanford, 30.
Upper Mills, Jan. 9, Rosa Baldwin, 88.
St. John, Jan. 16, Howard Marshall, 55.
Yarmouth, Jan. 9, Joseph Hamilton, 82.
Great Village, Jan. 8, Mr. James Finlay.
Cedroy, Nfld., Jan. 8, Michael Doyle, 19.
Lynnfield, Jan. 9, Majory D. Getchell, 71.
Wolfville, Jan. 15, Arthur L. Calhoun, 37.
Calais, Jan. 10, Miss Frances M. Tyler, 27.
Westville, Jan. 12, Daniel Arnold, 37.
Chelsea, Mass., Jan. 8, Thomas Doan, 60.
Ingersoll, Ont., Dec. 17, John Robertson, 70.
Yarmouth, Jan. 7, Mrs. Naomi Nickerson, 32.
New York, Dec. 15, Capt. James Tewksbury.
Beaver Harbor, Jan. 10, Mrs. W. D. Cross, 59.
Boston, Mass., Jan. 1, Mr. David McEliff, 63.
South Boston, Jan. 11, Mrs. Isabella Doull, 54.
Logan's Tannery, Dec. 20, Edmund Fehrl, 85.
Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 12, Charlotte Bryant, 40.
Brooklyn, Dec. 29, Mrs. Catherine Robinson, 87.
St. John, Jan. 15, Jane, wife of John Porter, 57.
Amherst, Jan. 6, Ada, wife of John Courtney, 38.
North Shore, Jan. 9, Hughena May Fraser, 2 years.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Jan. 11, Mrs. Elisha Card.
Little Falls, N. J., Jan. 9, Onesime Despiere, 23.
Port Clyde, Dec. 15, Charles Gavin Swanburg, 24.
Lower Stewacke, Jan. 10, Martha C. McPhee, 88.
Bloomfield, York Co., Jan. 5, Margaret H. Hineby, 64.
Glenwood, Jan. 6, Mary A., wife of Darius Kenney.
Amherst, Jan. 9, Eliza, wife of John W. Trenholm, 68.
Atsea, Nov. 14, Capt. David Franklin Faulkner, 42.
Scutcheon, England, Dec. 28, William W. Taylor, 60.
McGraith's Mountain, Jan. 7, James William Reid, 60.
Halifax, Jan. 11, Anastasia, wife of Walter Sheppard, 38.
St. Stephen, Jan. 9, Aubrey C., son of George and Ella Pike.
Cape North, Jan. 9, Mary, daughter of John McDonald, 2.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Alicia, widow of the late James Chiller, 75.
Mill Village, Dec. 29, Jernie, wife of John McKenzie, 30.
North Sydney, Jan. 7, Agnes, wife of Neil McKennon, 80.
Maywood, Illinois, Jan. 4, Gussie, wife of James S. Stephens.
Cape North, Jan. 2, Leonard, son of Capt. Allen McPherson, 8.
Winnsor, N. S., Jan. 9, Margaret Elizabeth, wife of D. Davis, 68.
Digby, Jan. 5, Bessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barr, 4.
Hammond Plains, Jan. 7, Barbara Ellen, wife of John Jackson, 22.
St. John, Jan. 12, Rebecca, widow of the late George Hard, 55.
London, Eng., Jan. 12, Mary, wife of Dr. John Dixon, M. D., 66.
Bridgewater, Jan. 12, Margaret, widow of the late James Gunnig, 90.
Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 7, Agnes Grace, wife of Daniel T. Hogan, 21.
Tidnish Brie, N. B., Dec. 15, Margaret, wife of Ronald Campbell, 84.
Lynn, Mass., Dec. 9, Mary E., daughter of William and Hannah Compton.
Maitland, Jan. 3, Martha Ellen, child of Mr. and Mrs. James G. G. G.
New Glasgow, Jan. 11, Catherine, widow of the late Edward Creswick, 41.
St. George, Jan. 7, Pearl, child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bradshaw, 6 months.

Windor, Dec. 18, John Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Varr, 3 months.
Charlotteown, Dec. 25, Elizabeth White, widow of the late Hon. John Longworth.
Halifax, Jan. 12, Ethel Dalous, infant of George and Elizabeth Sinclair, 3 months.
Middle Musquodoboit, Jan. 1, Janet Hamilton, widow of the late John G. Archibald, 89.
Upper Brookway, York Co., Jan. 11, Thomas Chair, child of Alfred and Mira Thomas, 15 days.



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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. in 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. Halifax 5.45 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Digby 8.50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 8.20 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

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W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Sussex, Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 12.40
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 12.10 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..... 16.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.25
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton..... 22.45
Accommodation from Moncton..... 23.45
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