

## The Wrong Move.

"You'll go, Leigh, dear?"

"Go!" Leigh's gray eyes were so expressive that the rapture in her voice was hardly needed to emphasize her feelings.

"Lohengrin," Amy, and Nordica, and a box, and—you!"

"I," laughed her friend, "and Cousin George and mamma and—DeRozke!"

"And I haven't done anything for a month of evenings but sit round and talk to the girls and play checkers with Miss Finn. And you ask me if I'll go!"

Amy laughed again. "Well, we'll call for you at half past seven, so as to have plenty of time. You'll spend the night with me afterward, of course; and your prettiest gown, Leigh?"

"I can't be very fine, you know, dear. But you can put me in the farthest corner of the box, and the darkest—on the floor—anywhere! If I can hear the music and squeeze your hand once in a while for sympathy, I shall be happy!"

"Half past seven, then. Good night, Leigh!"

"Good night, Amy!"

Leigh closed the door and went upstairs. She had come to New York two or three months before to study music, her quiet country home giving her but little opportunity for the pursuit of the art which she loved and with a flock of other busy girls, she had devoted herself faithfully to her work, and it was but seldom that the routine of her industrious days was broken by such a treat as this invitation to the opera from a dear school friend who was visiting in the city.

Her young eyes were so full of joy as she went up the stairs that two or three of the girls whom she met stopped to look at her, wondering. They were music students too, some of them, like her; like her, they were away from home, and sometimes dull and lonely, even among so many companions. What a pity they could not all share this treat!

On the top landing—her room was on the fourth floor—she saw the doctor just coming out of Miss Finn's room, and stopping to look about him uncertainly.

"You wanted something, doctor?"

"I—yes. I was looking for some one with whom I might leave directions. Miss Finn spoke of a Miss Ferris—"

"I am Miss Ferris. Is she very sick, doctor?"

"Very!" The doctor was a little man, and Leigh was tall. She looked down at him from her girlish height with questioning eyes, grave enough now.

"You are her—?" he began.

"No, not her—anything. Only a friend. But you might leave the directions with me. My room is close by, and I look after her when I can."

The little doctor ran his fingers through his hair impatiently.

"But—she needs care," he said. "Hasn't she a sister or a cousin or a niece or—there must be somebody!"

"There isn't," said Leigh, calmly. "Not anybody at all, that I ever heard of. I don't believe there ever was—oh, I suppose she must have had a mother some time—but not as far back as she can remember. She's a dressmaker, and does sewing for a firm down town where she used to work. And she just takes care of herself—like a cat, you know. How do people live like that, doctor? How do they?"

"Well, they don't, always," said the doctor sentimentally, responding to the frankness of her appeal. "Sometimes they—die!" Then he dismissed the subject with professional brevity.

"She must have her medicines regularly," he said. "I will show you. And if the fever rises, it ought to be kept down, of course. If he could have ice, and be bathed in alcohol, and rubbed—" He stopped, doubtfully.

"Yes," said Leigh, waiting. But, she cried, suddenly, "I'm going out tonight! I shan't be here!"

"Well, well!" the doctor spoke impatiently again. "Who will be here? She must have her medicines, at least!"

"Why—oh, who, yes! Rosa—Rosa Magurn." Leigh caught at the name with a gasp of relief. "The up-stair-girl. She'll see to it, of course. She's very good-natured, and kind to Miss Finn."

"Very well," said the doctor. "Can I see this Miss—"

"Magurn," said Leigh. "No, I don't think you can now. But if you will show me about everything, I can tell her when she comes up-stairs."

The doctor acquiesced, and going back into the sick room, he gave the girl the necessary directions. Pausing as she followed him out to the stairs, he looked at her again—at the firm, capable young figure, the resolute mouth, the earnest little frown of attention upon her fair brow as she listened.

"This Rosa—"

"She is to be trusted, is she? Miss Finn will probably wander a little in her mind to-night. You couldn't possibly arrange to be here yourself?"

"Not possibly!" Leigh declared, promptly and frankly. "I am going out—to the opera."

The joy came back to her eyes at the thought. "But Rosa is a good girl—very good girl. Oh yes, she will do very nicely. Good night! You'll come again in the morning!"

"Leigh!" Miss Finn's voice was weak and plaintive. Her withered little face was flushed with fever, and her gray hair lay scattered on the pillow, tumbled with the constant motions of her restless head. Leigh came over and put her cool young hand on it, smoothing the thin locks gently.

"Leigh! I'm so glad I thought you were gone!"

"Oh no, not yet!" said the girl. "Operas don't begin so early. It's Lohengrin, Miss Finn—think of it! And when I do go,

Rosa Magurn is coming to stay with you."

"Yes," said Miss Finn, wistfully. "The other girls—I suppose—"

"They all seemed to be going out, or busy or—something. I asked them. But Rosa will look after you."

"Yes. And you can stay a little now, Leigh?"

"Oh dear, yes! I shall not have to dress for an hour yet—time enough to beat you two games of checkers, if you only felt well enough!"

Miss Finn smiled, a little, weak, superior smile. She was proud of her skill at checkers.

"I'd have to be very good to you, though," Leigh went on, gaily, "because you're sick. I'd let you jump me—lots, and change a move after you'd taken your hand off—yes I would, truly!"

"I wouldn't be for, dear," protested the lithe dressmaker, feebly, shaking her head and smiling. She was severely scrupulous as to the rules of her beloved game.

"I would! But you're not able, are you? Never mind, we'll play when you get well. Now I'm going to braid up your hair, and then I'll sit here and read, and maybe you'll go to sleep."

"You're very good to me, Leigh—very, very good!"

"Nonsense!" laughed Leigh, patting the wrinkled head softly and thinking of Amy and the opera.

Later, as she sat under the dim gas light by the bureau, reading, her thoughts came back persistently to the little figure on the bed. Poor Miss Finn! What a queer, pitiful, forlorn little creature she was! A lady, too, and with a certain dignity and independence of her own which made the girls respect her. She slipped in and out among them like a mouse, in her old black gown and bonnet, with her worn black reticule on her arm, and her funny little fussy important ways; and she wore floppy rubbers when it rained, and a purple shawl over her shoulders on Sunday mornings; and the girls, honoring her gray hair, it was pretty hair, and feeling that it lent a certain halo of dignity and respectability to their somewhat Bohemian mode of life, were good to her and fond of her in their way. They called her "Finny" with affectionate playfulness, and paid her small attentions which pleased her innocent soul.

A busy, merry, motley set they were, these girls—most of them art or music students, with a sprinkling of stenographers and nurses; poor in pocket but with plenty of hope and ambition, and a bubbling of youthful spirits that kept the house in a ferment, under the keen eye of Mrs. Harvey, the matron, who was young herself and sympathized, although she could be strict enough upon occasion.

And Miss Finn had somehow drifted here—a wait, a dry, solitary leaf on the stream, and lodged in a corner among these swirling waves of eager young life and energy. Leigh, looking at her, was suddenly conscious of her own abounding youth and strength. A mist of tears came over her clear eyes. The little, frail, withered, lonesome thing! That gray hair tossed on the pillow! Suppose—suppose it were one's mother's hair! If it were possible to imagine one's own sweet mother—sheltered, cherished, the centre of one's home—ever coming to be like that! But it wasn't possible, of course, thought Leigh. She was foolish. Why should she feel any responsibility, anyway, about this stranger—more than the other girls did? They were fond of Finny, too; but if she had been so unfortunate as to forget the floppy rubbers for once, and go out in the rain and her feet and make her sick, they didn't feel that they must spend their time in taking care of her. They had come in kindly enough to see her, but as for sitting up at night!—the art students were all going to a reception at the League; the nurses were off on duty, and the others were busy or tired or—something. Why should Leigh Ferris feel the burden of caring for the little old dressmaker more than Molly Mackaye or Grace—

Bang! Clatter! Crash! What had happened? Was it an earthquake? Had the skylight fallen in? Miss Finn moaned, and Leigh sprang to the door. A red, upturned face, wearing an expression of mild surprise, looked at her through the banisters.

"Rosa Magurn!" said Leigh, with relief and severity. "What are you doing?"

"Fallin' up-stairs," answered Rosa, peaceably. "Yes'm. Me'n' Miss Finn's broth. I was bringin' it up to her, an' 'e tray bein' too w'de for the stairs, it's holdin' it an' wise I was, and I lost me balance. Yes'm; but I ain't hurt."

"Have you lost all the broth?"

"I'vey drop, an' the bowl, too," said Miss Magurn, surveying the scene with solemn interest, "avin' you could scrape up a bit off the flure w'd a spoon. But she'd not be atin' it. It's three times this week I've fell up these stairs, an' whatever it makes—"

"It certainly means that you'd better go down and get some more broth for Miss Finn," said Leigh. "And as quick as you can, please, Rosa."

She went back into the room. It seemed as if servants were all careless. Rosa was no worse than the rest. A little dressmaker without a cent in the world couldn't expect the luxury of a trained nurse. Leigh's mother had often said she was as good as a trained nurse herself. She had a knack in sickness. Perhaps that was why Miss Finn seemed to like—

How dear it was of Amy to bring her invitation! How pleased her mother would be to hear of her pleasure! The little mother had not been quite well when she wrote last—a slight cold—but she was better; and she would be tenderly, so tenderly, taken care of! Poor Miss Finn! There, it must be time to dress! Leigh looked at the clock. Yes, she would have to hurry. Then she went softly to the bed.

Miss Finn was asleep. Probably she would stay asleep now all night. How fortunate that was! And well, Rosa Ma-

gurn would look after the rest. It would be all right. Leigh straightened her shoulders as if throwing off some uneasy burden, drew a long breath, and went out to the door, shutting it gently and carefully behind her. Then, while her hand was still on the knob, she turned it again without a pause and went back, shutting the door as carefully after her.

"I didn't take my hand off!" she said, standing still in the middle of the room and laughing heartily to herself, the tears in her eyes. "I didn't take my hand off. I had a right to change that move! It was the wrong move, but I played fair. Miss Finn, I had a right to change it!"

"Ow!" said Miss Finn, suddenly, opening her dim, frightened eyes. "Rosa! You've come haven't you, Rosa? If you don't mind, would you please take that—that—warming-pan off my head? It's heavy, and it hurts. And if there was—I don't want to trouble you, Rosa, but if there was a drink of water—"

"Yes," said Leigh, with a little sob in her voice. "I'll—oh, I'll get you a drink of water! And I'll bathe your head in a minute. Does it hurt you? And get you some ice. Don't you worry! I'm going to stay with you. I'll take care of you,—of course I will, moth—Miss Finn!"

When the doctor came the next morning he looked pleased.

"She is better," he said to Leigh, who had come in to see him, sending Rosa from the room with some low voiced directions, decidedly better. Did she have a good night?"

"The first part of the night the fever was high," said Leigh. "And she was delirious; at least,—she stopped and colored a little,—so I understand. But later she was easier, and seems to have slept a good deal."

The doctor glanced at her sharply, as if he had detected something in her face that interested him.

"You must have had a very capable person here last night," he observed, looking down at the sick woman again. "My directions seem to have been followed most faithfully, and my patient has been well cared for."

"Rosa Magurn," said Leigh, gravely, "is an excellent and faithful girl. She always does the best she can, I'm sure."

"Will you tell her from me," said the doctor as he went, "that she never did a better piece of work than last night's? Miss Finn has much to thank her for. As for you, Miss Ferris, he added, going toward the door, with his keen, gray eyes still on her face, "you are not looking quite fresh this morning. If you will take my advice, you will not go to the opera and stay out late at nights too often."

She shot him a quick glance from her lowered eyes.

"Thank you," she said demurely, "I won't."

And they shook hands.

"Leigh," said Miss Finn, when he had gone, "I want to speak to you a minute. Come here where I can see you."

"Yes'm," said the girl, meekly.

"I was out of my head a little, I don't know, last night. I wasn't sure. Sometimes I thought—Leigh, was it Rosa Magurn?"

"Miss Finn, I'm surprised at you!" Leigh began, severely. But her face betrayed her. The little dressmaker's eyes filled slowly as she looked at her.

"My dear!"

"Don't! Please don't!" said Leigh, with glowing cheeks.

## GLIMPSES OF CIRCUS LIFE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

was a block and a half from the head of each pole to each ring, with the fall leading to a block at the foot of the pole and out under the legs of the canvas. They hooked a four or six-horse team to each and snaked the roof up as high as they wanted it, ropes having first been put in place, running from the edge of the roof around to the appropriate one of the many surrounding tent pins. The sides poles that go under these tent ropes, all round the great canvas, striding vertically, when finally in position, were put in place, but not in the final position; they were sat at a decided angle, with 'he inner end in under the canvas. This left the edge of the great roof within easy reach all around and then the canvas to form the side wall all round was hooked on. The tent thus completed, they gave 'he final hoist to the roof, and then they straightened up the side poles all around into position and so lifted the wall up to where it was to go by the expedient of putting a rope around the foot of each one and dragging it forward into place with a team of horses, the foot ploughing a little trench six or eight inches deep in the ground.

"Here was the great tent up before 10 o'clock. When I looked around I saw they had got up besides, two or three side show tents, and there were teams a coming all the time, bringing forage and one thing and another, and everybody was busy and bustling. Then I went to my hotel and went to bed. I got up in time to go to the show that night under the great tent that I'd seen put up in the morning, and what with the glimpses of circus life I'd previously had on that day I think I enjoyed that show more than any one I ever saw."

The Native Blarney.

Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, the Muscotah Record notes that a little Irish boy in the local school was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it,

Jerry," said the teacher. "Yes," replied the lad: "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of yours."

## Getting at The Facts.

He—How I envy that man who just sang the solo!

She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!

He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve!

## Country Ahead.

Of the city for residence. But, alas, neither place is proof against coughs or colds, and so Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is welcome in both localities. 25c All Druggists.

"Say," said the man with the hobo appearance, "could you put something in the paper for me?"

"What is it?" asked the easiest man on the force.

"Well, let's see. You might make it a cheese sandwich, half a cold chicken," and a quart of beer. If you don't feel like the trouble of wrappin' 'em them things in the paper 'jib gimme the price an' I'll tend to it myself."

## BORN.

Lunenburg, July 27, to Alexander Grato, a daughter.

Leamington, July 28, to the wife of Hibbert Hunter, a son.

Levesburg, July 21, to the wife of George Wile, a son.

Lunenburg, July 28, to the wife of Geo. Schwa, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 2, to the wife of John M. Clarke, a son.

Halifax, July 31, to the wife of Mr. John Desmond, a son.

Lunenburg, July 28, to the wife of Alvin Eisenbauer, a son.

St. John, July 29, to the wife of Rev. M. S. Trafton, a son.

Lunenburg, July 24, to the wife of Reuben Harmon, a son.

Leamington, July 28, to the wife of Willard Gilroy, a son.

Pictou, July 16, to the wife of Thomas McKinnon, a daughter.

Amherst, July 26, to the wife of Wm. Grogan, a daughter.

Freepoint, June 19, to the wife of Lynam Haines, a daughter.

Halifax, July 12, to the wife of H. B. St. Clair, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 25, to the wife of Alex. Smith, a daughter.

Quebec, C. P. R., July 25, to the wife of C. A. Young, a daughter.

Windsor, July 23, to the wife of Archie DeMont, a daughter.

Amherst, July 18, to the wife of A. C. Hicks, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 21, to the wife of Obadiah Reams, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 23, to the wife of Uriah Winters, a daughter.

Clare's Harbor, July 21, to the wife of Joseph Kinney, a son.

St. John, West, July 29th, 1900, to the wife of Allan LeMoine, a son.

H'boro, July 31, to the wife of Frederick Leguire, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 26, to the wife of Reuben Mail, a daughter.

George's River, C. B., July 26, to the wife of H. McMillan, a son.

## MARRIED.

Brighton, Mass., July 18, Russell England to Sadie McLean.

Callerton, June 21, Augustus Johnson to Mrs. Ellis Dr. ch.

Shediac Cape, by Rev. A. F. Burt, Edgar Colpitts, a daughter.

Pictou, July 27, by Rev. J. R. Cullen, Frank Cook to Gertrude McLean.

O'Leary, Jr., 26, by Rev. H. Harper, Edward Ryan to Louis Gard.

Halifax, July 23, by Rev. A. C. Chute, Charles D. McKay to Mary Ann.

Leeds, July 4, by Rev. A. Hockin, Cairie Munro to Miss Warr.

Gloucester, Aug. 1, by Rev. W. J. Lockyer, John Peach to Mary Boniller.

Amherst, July 30, by Rev. V. E. Harris, John McCarty to Emma Thompson.

Lunenburg, July 11, by Rev. A. White, Edward Levy to Miss Armstrong.

Casco, July 18, by Rev. A. Hockin, Ralph A. Fields to Ida Armstrong.

Caledonia, July 24, by Rev. John Sutherland, Wm. J. Gordon to Miss McLean.

Boundary Creek, N. B., by Rev. J. E. Tiner, Fred Wainier to Maud Murray.

Brookfield, July 28, by Rev. Geo. Miller, Alex. McLeod to Miss McLean.

Par. scro, July 25, by Rev. A. K. McLenn, David McLenn to Lily Crossman.

Chatham, July 10, by Rev. J. M. McLenn, James O'Donnell to Edith Russell.

Forest Glen, July 18, by Rev. J. M. Mallory, Mr. Blum to Helen Jenkins.

Boston, July 6, by Rev. Raymond Holway, H. S. Ashman to Mrs. E. Logan.

Sydney, July 25, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, Otis Urphart to Francis Burton.

Sydney, July 17, by Rev. J. A. Vincent, Ewen Morrison to Kate McKenzie.

Mill Village, N. S., by Rev. F. E. Bishop, Alfred Mack to Minnie Christopher.

Halifax, July 16, by Rev. Wm. Dobson, J. Wilham Smith to Mary Sackford.

Charlottetown, July 10, by Rev. J. K. Fraser, Boyd McKie to Emma McLeod.

Gabarus, C. B., July 31, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Dan P. Lyak to Maggie McLean.

Lunenburg, July 21, by Rev. W. M. Weaver, Manson Vesnot to Melissa Silver.

Charlottetown, Mass., by Rev. Father Driscoll, William Hogan and Alice Edmunds.

Charlottetown, July 26, by Rev. G. M. Young, Alex. Macnevin to Christina Fisher.

Waterville, N. B., July 24, by Rev. E. O. Reid, Joan Haisue to Ella May Clerk.

Aberdeen, N. B., July 24, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Robert H. Jamieson to Edna M. McKenzie.

Georgetown, F. E., July 25, by Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, Reuben Moore, to Sarah M. Gallan.

## DIED.

Chepstow, July 11, Mrs. Campion.

Halifax, Aug. 1, James Brace, 30.

Pictou, July 15, Catherine McKay, 8.

Truro, July 11, Frederick White, 13.

Windsor, July 19, Stewart Crowe, 38.

Windsor, July 31, Harriet Roach, 62.

Pictou, July 17, Hugh Chambers, 81.

Cole's Island, Jr'y 28, Jane West, 81.

Brae, Jr'y 9, Mrs. D. McFadyen, 66.

Yarmouth, Jr'y 25, Della Hemen, 17.

Montague, Jr'y 11, William Keith, 71.

Halifax, Aug. 1, R. P. Greenwood, 40.

Napan, July 14, Harding E. Sworth, 81.

Great Village, July 22, Amos Fountain.

St. Louis, July 16, Thomas Ch'ison, 88.

Halifax, Aug. 3, Kathleen A. Brown, 7.

Summerside, July 26, Bertha Gould, 28.

Falmouth, Jr'y 31, Mary E. Armstrong, 65.

Albion, Jr'y 21, Mary Ainslie, 65.

Albion, Jr'y 21, Mrs. Eleanor Edge, 91.

Kelly's Cross, Jr'y 21, James Gorman, 23.

Lyons, Mass., Aug. 5, Beatrice A. Lawson.

Syringhill Junction, Jr'y 30, George Dunn.

Falmouth, Jr'y 31, Mary E. Armstrong, 65.

Chatham, June 27, Lillian D. Groat, 4 mos.

Moncton, Aug. 2, Yvonne Girouard, 10 mos.

Halifax, N. B., Jr'y 21, Alex P. Nevers, 81.

Port, Jr'y 30, Mrs. Jane Ross Murray, 82.

New Glasgow, Aug. 4, James McKenzie, 82.

Port M'aton, July 25, Elizabeth Burgess, 63.

Shubenacadie, July 20, Elizabeth Phillips, 63.

Weston, Jr'y 27, Charles Theriault, 84.

Cole Harbor, Aug. 4, Wm. B. Stowell, 75.

West Branch River, Jr'y 25, Susan Murray, 27.

Mcford, Mass., Aug. 16, Donald Campbell, 60.

George's River, C. B., Jr'y 29, John Young, 33.

Boston Highlands, Aug. 2, Allan McDonald, 62.

Milvale, P. E. I., Aug. 14, Stephen McInnis, 64.

Mount Pleasant, July 18, Edith M. McKinnon, 6.

St. John, N. B., Jr'y 26, Mrs. Thomas Seaman, 94.

West LaHave Ferry, Jr'y 23, Mrs. John Wilkie, 87.

Jamieson Place, Mass., Aug. 1, William Taylor, 10 mos.

## RAILROADS.

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On and after Wednesday, July 4th, 1900, 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., daily arrive at Digby 9.45 a. m.

Returning leaves Digby daily at 2.00 p. m. ar. at St. John, 4.45 p. m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.35 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.35 p. m.

Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., ar. Digby 11.25 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.30 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 8.30 a. m.

Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.55 p. m.

## FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m., ar. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.15 p. m.

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P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....5.20

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.15

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....11.10

Chen's.....13.00

Express for Sussex.....16.45

Express for Sussex.....17.45

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....19.35

Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22.45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 19.35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax.....6.00

Suburban from Hampton.....7.15

Express from Sussex.....8.35

Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50

Accommodation from Moncton.....12.15

Express from Halifax.....17.00

Express from Hampton.....21.50

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

D. J. FOTTERING, Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., June 18, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.