

Dolly Drives the Powder Cart.

Say, Dolly. Dan Lewis wants me to go hunting with him this afternoon. Do you think you can take the team on to Lewiston alone?

'Oh yes,' I cried eagerly, in answer to my brother's question, 'if you'll let me!'

'Well, I want to go with Dan awfully,' Albert said, 'and I don't see anything to hinder. The horses are as steady as sheep and I shouldn't deliver any powder this side of Lewiston, anyway.'

This was when the powder mills were in operation at North Buckfield, Maine, fully thirty years ago. Albert drove one of the two-horse teams for delivering the powder to customers.

His route lay from Buckfield through the intervening towns to Portland, and included several outlying towns in Cumberland county. Occasionally I accompanied my brother on these trips. Albert liked to have me along, partly for company, for there were long lonely stretches on the road where never a house nor often a team were visible; and partly because he was fond of hunting, for while he made a detour with his gun, I could drive the horses and meet him farther on. Game was plentiful then, and Albert often bagged a half-dozen partridges or as many rabbits in an hour or so.

The powder was packed at that time chiefly in twenty-five pound kegs and small flasks, each holding from half a pound to two pounds. All the country stores kept gunpowder for sale, and they obtained their supply from the powder carts.

Albert and I soon became accustomed to the proximity of the powder, and commonly thought no more of the danger than if the cart had been filled with sawdust. Not so some of the people of places where we would stop for the night.

'I haven't any objection to you and your sister and the horses putting up with me,' said one cautious man, 'but I'm not going to tempt Providence by keeping that powder cart high my buildings.'

Albert would laugh, he rarely argued the case, and drive the powder cart off to an open field a quarter of a mile or more distant, and leave it for the night, where, 'If it did take a notion to blow up,' it couldn't smash everything to splinters—as one old lady remarked.

There were persons, however, who did not have quite such a wholesome fear of the explosive in the powder cart. Indeed, one season Albert was so much annoyed by petty pilferers that he coaxed Zach, the powder mill watch dog, to follow the cart and sleep in it overnight. Zach was a sort of mongrel, but a handsome, sleek-coated animal, and weighed over a hundred pounds. He was the hero of an adventure worth relating.

About two weeks after Zach began to follow the wagon, Albert and I were spending the night at a small hotel in Yarmouth. In the small hours I was aroused from sound sleep by a loud thumping on my brother's door, which was nearly opposite mine, across a little hall. The landlord was shouting in a voice of excitement: 'Hullo! I say there! There's trouble down in your powder cart. Turn out quick, or somebody'll be killed down there!'

In some alarm I rose, threw up my window and listened. The stable, where the cart had been left, was just below.

'Get out! Murder!' cried a man in terror. 'Get out! Help! Aough h!' he ended with a yell of pain. Intermingled with his cries were sounds of a struggle and low, threatening growls from a dog which, I doubted not, was Zach.

Albert hurried down; lanterns were brought, and a ludicrous scene was revealed. A great hulking fellow stood in the forward part of the cart, half-bent over the seat, holding a keg of powder in his arms. Zach had seized him by the back of his trousers, just above the knee; the sagacious dog stood to one side and all the fellow's kicks passed harmlessly. If the man tried to leave the cart, Zach gripped the harder, and if he bent over to replace the keg, Zach set his teeth a little deeper, and it was apparent from the thief's outcries of pain that the dog's teeth were fixed in more than trousers.

A crowd had assembled, notwithstanding the unpropitious hour. Albert called the off; and as crestfallen a fellow as ever walked climbed out of the powder cart, amid shouts of laughter from the bystanders. He went off muttering threats against the dog. As for Zach, he was praised and petted until his plebeian tail really took on an aristocratic curl, and he was further rewarded by the landlord's wife with a huge piece of liver. This incident was noised abroad, and Zach gained such prestige that pilfering from the powder cart ceased.

Albert and his friend, Dan Lewis, waited to see me start with the powder team before setting off upon their hunt. Zach had Albert's place upon the seat beside me. I was in high spirits, not a little elated at the thought of managing the horses quite alone. It was a warm September afternoon with a mellow haze upon the landscape, bathing the hills in purplish shadows, through which the sun shone lazily, as if his hard work over, he were merely supervising, indolently, his ripened harvests. For weeks there had been no rain, and the fields were assuming that pale tan shade which belongs to drought; the roads were dry and dusty; the wayside trees and bushes had lost their green under a coat of powdery dust which lay upon their leaves like the pile on faded velvet; and the shriveled edges of the leaves were curled and tipped with brown.

The horses walked most of the time, trotting only on the level stretches, for the cart was heavily loaded. The road was not a much travelled one, lonely, some would have called it, with its long woodland reaches. That it was not much frequented, was a source of satisfaction to me, for I had an inexperienced driver's

dread of meeting teams, more particularly as the high way was so narrow in places that turning out was an impossibility.

My general course that afternoon lay a little to the southwest; there was hardly a breath of air stirring among the tree tops, and it was oppressively warm. With a feeling of thankfulness for the welcome shade, I drove the horses into the long stretch of pine woods through which the road lay.

I fancied the pines drooped their branches more than usual, and that their needle clusters hung more limp. The horses' hoofs struck with a soft resonance on the grass grown highway. I had driven only a short distance into the woods, when there came a sudden faint rustle overhead, and the languid pines began to stir under the impulse of the awakened wind. Zach stretched out his nose and sniffed the air suspiciously.

'What is it, old doggie?' I asked. 'Do you think a woodchuck has run along along here?' He was a famous woodchuck hunter.

For answer, he gently thumped the leather cushion with his tail and continued his sniffing, his eyes fixed straight ahead. I could not hear anything except the wind, which had suddenly become so strong that the pine boughs were tossing wildly. But a little farther on I smelled smoke, and shortly after passed a few blackened pine stumps; a delicate, almost imperceptible film of smoke was rising from two or three old roosts. Little heads of white ashes lay about, and stirred by the breeze, whirled in small eddies under the horses' feet.

A faint twinge of anxiety shot through my mind at the idea of a fire coming near my inflammable load, and wishing to get out of the woods as soon as possible, I shook the reins and chirped to the horses.

Suddenly a volume of smoke poured down into the road. In an instant, as it seemed, the roar and the crackle of fire broke on my ears. Through the smoke I saw dusky flames shoot up the trunk of a pine a few yards to the right. Even then the full peril of my situation did not dawn upon me. The fire was away from the road, and I thought it would be an easy matter to drive past it.

Vainly I spoke to the frightened horses and shook the reins trying to urge them onward. They began backing, in an attempt to turn round. Had it been possible to turn on the narrow road, I would have done so, but already the back of the wagon had struck a tree and the heavy vehicle tipped dangerously. In this emergency I seized the whip and struck the horses sharply. With a snort and a plunge, they leaped forward and broke into a run. Suffocating clouds of resinous smoke poured into the highway, and now and then a cinder fell.

I strained my eyes to look ahead, but could see nothing for the smoke. The roar of the flames in the woods sounded thunderously loud and ominous. Cinders and burning pine needles were blown upon all sides. The back of the cart was open; there was nothing to prevent them drifting in on the powder kegs! I glanced back at the load with the sharpest thrill of terror I had yet known. Even as I looked one spark fell on the casks, then a second and a third! What could I do to avert this danger? There was no covering for the rear of the cart, and no horse blankets. Then I remembered my shawl under the seat. Seizing it, I scrambled over the seat among the kegs, leaving the horses to go as they pleased, and spread the shawl over the hindmost casks. Then I crept back, tumbling from side to side, and being bumped and bruised as the old cart swayed and swung.

The fire was nearer the highway now. Curling flames crept, serpent like, up the trunks of the roadside trees. Blazing pine-needles dropped upon the old canvas top and on the horses, but fell harmlessly on the animals' wet sides, for they were reeking with perspiration. I stood up and gave a hasty glance behind. The old canvas was smoking in a half-dozen places.

For a moment I gazed in helpless fear. Then I threw the reins over the dasher, leaped upon the seat, and clinging to the frame, brushed off the sparks with my bare hand. But I could not reach them all. Quickly divesting myself of my dress-skirt, I used that as a brush, and managed to sweep the old top free of fire. Fortunately my head was protected by a big sunbonnet such as was then worn by all country girls.

Zach had found his position on the seat too insecure and had jumped back upon the load, where he crouched, alert, watching for sparks. If one blew into the cart, the sagacious fellow would strike it with his paw or catch it in his mouth. I could trust Zach to keep the sparks off the powder casks. Albert had taught the dog to put out burning splinters in this way, and now the trick stood us in good stead.

The horses were doing their utmost. Patches of white foam flicked their sides; but I urged them on, for we seemed to crawl through those blazing, roaring pine woods. I still stood on the seat brushing the cinders from the canvas top, turning now and then to look at the horses and peer anxiously ahead. The old cart jolted and swung from side to side, and several times I was near falling. The heat and smoke were awful. My smarting eyes rained tears.

'The fire must not get to the powder! The fire must not get to the powder!' I repeated over and over to myself. Desperate as I was, it did not occur to me to leave the team. My only thought throughout that perilous ride was that the horses had been entrusted to me and I must bring them and the load safely through.

'Go! long, Dick! Go! long Jim!' I shouted to the galloping horses; and on we rumbled, while flames began leaping up the nearer roadside trees, and off in the woods the fire roared and snapped and crackled, and several times I heard the crash of falling pines.

Suddenly Zach barked sharply, and I sprang down from the seat and peered inside. 'What is it, Zach? What is it?' I cried.

For answer, he barked louder, and I could see that he was scratching frantically at the powder casks. I made my way backward over the kegs to the dog, who pawed and barked more violently as I near. With all the quickness and strength I could command, I seized the kegs, one, two, three of them, and hurled them out behind.

The sides of the two remaining casks were glowing ember bright, ready the next moment to burst into flame. The explosion of one keg meant destruction to everything! In a frenzy of terror, I seized one burning cask and then the other and flung them out upon the ground. The next instant there was a bright flash followed by a thunderous report, and then another.

I regained the wagon seat and again looked to the canvas top. I was none too soon, for the cloth, dried by the heat, was beginning to blaze in the centre where a burning cluster of pine needles had fallen. I thrashed it with the dress skirt; but the skirt itself was soon in a blaze, and I flung it away. The next moment I had climbed on the top of the canvas and fought the fire with my bare hands. After a sharp struggle I mastered it. Fortunately the road was smooth at this place, or I must certainly have been thrown off. At last I could see an opening ahead. The poor horses labored and panted, and I feared that they would not hold out. For a dozen yards the fire was on both sides of us, not even ten feet from the road, and the smoke and heat were terrible. But we were through it in a minute and came into a more open place. Here the wind changed and the imminent danger was over. The woods still stretched off ahead; but the fire seemed to have already spent its force here, and clumps of blackened, seared pines stood on either hand, some of them yet smoking.

The woods soon closed in again, and from this sign I remembered that we were nearly out of the forest. The blackened trunks and reddened foliage of the pines, still glowing here and there, showed that the fire had been here, too. The spent horses slackened their speed. Suddenly there came a sharp gust of wind and then a crack and a crash, and one of the half-burned pines fell, striking the hind part of the cart. The ashen frame gave way and a part of the canvas top was torn off. The shock momentarily checked the horses; but the terrified creatures leaped forward and the cart went free, the tree tumbling off into the road. Had it fallen a little earlier it would have struck the horses or braked further progress, and shut us in a trap at the very moment that I saw safety ahead.

A little farther on, and the burning woods were behind. The horses, panting and trembling with fear and exhaustion, checked their mad run and walked slowly forward. I shook all over, and my teeth chattered as if with cold. But Zach climbed back upon the seat beside me as if nothing had happened.

I drove the team into Lewiston that evening. The horses looked jaded. Five powder kegs were missing. The remnants of the canvas tops were scorched and burned.

'For goodness' sake, Dolly, why didn't you leave the old cart to blow up?' Albert cried.

'I didn't think of it,' I said meekly. 'Well, you're a brave little goose!' he said, admiringly. 'You did what I would not have done. I wouldn't have gone through those burning woods as you did for all the powder carts in the country!'

I was proud and pleased at Albert's praise. To think that I, a girl, had done what he wouldn't do! Zach, too, came in for his share of glory.

After the Collision.

Conductor—Why didn't you wave that red flag instead of the green when I sent you down the track? You could have saved the train.

Pat—For no man will I wave a red flag when I have a grange war!

Something For Nothing.

The old saying that you can't get something for nothing in this world cannot be true. It's easy enough to get nothing for something, everybody knows, and since that is so the other fellow must get something for nothing every time.

Well, That's the Best Time.

'Your family is late getting off for your summer trip.'

'Yes; there are so many of us to make up our minds where to go that we never get started until fall.'

It Is Nonsense.

to say that because you have a bad cough you are going to have consumption, but it is safer and better to cure it with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam than to let it run. 25c. all Druggists.

His Day.

'Every dog has his day,' sighed the rhinoceros, trying not to feel hurt at the laughter of the crowd. 'It is as my hide is not very well fitting, but just wait until the fly effects come again.'

PAIN KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Busy man—I told you no agents were allowed in this building.
Boston drummer—I'm not an agent; I'm a gentleman.

And now a silly literary journal comes forward and volunteers the information that Kipling gets \$3 per word for his work and the uninitiated believe it.

The Beard That Grew.

She—Why didn't you shave?
He—I did.
She—When?
He—Just after you said you were nearly ready.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

BORN.

Windsor, Aug. 29, to the wife of Frank Shaw, a son.
Yarmouth, Aug. 27, to the wife of T. Stoneman, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of Fred Metzler, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 21, to the wife of Dean Fralick, a son.
Wolville, Aug. 23, to the wife of Ernest Johnston, a son.
Shelburne, Aug. 18, to the wife of Capt. Smith, a daughter.
Springhill, Aug. 20, to the wife of Burton Langille, a son.
Bridgewater, Aug. 21, to the wife of Augustus Wile, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 30, to the wife of Ald. F. Reid, a daughter.
Windsor, Aug. 23, to the wife of John Spencer, a daughter.
Colchester, Aug. 21, to the wife of R. Marshall, a daughter.
Dorchester, Aug. 16, to the wife of C. Potter, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 20, to the wife of Hector Golden, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 13, to the wife of Wm. Conrad, a daughter.
Shediac, Aug. 27, to the wife of Jean Malesant, a daughter.
St. Mary's, Aug. 21, to the wife of Camille Girouard, a son.
Cocagne, Aug. 23, to the wife of John Richard, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 27, to the wife of Frank Murphy, a daughter.
Baccaro, Aug. 17, to the wife of George Nickerson, a daughter.
Yarmouth, July 11, to the wife of F. Field Killam, a daughter.
Shelburne, Aug. 25, to the wife of Henry Penney, a daughter.
Windsor Plains, Aug. 26, to the wife of Fred Dearman, a daughter.
Windsor Plains, Aug. 26, to the wife of Albert Allison, a daughter.
Windsor Plains, Aug. 19, to the wife of John Lowther, a daughter.
Lockhartville, Aug. 18, to the wife of Howard Carey, a daughter.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 17, to the wife of Jervais LeBlanc, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Charlottetown, Aug. 21, Maisie Cody to Archibald McKinnon.
Annapolis, Aug. 4, by Rev J. Davis, John Wood to Mary Corkum.
Digby, Aug. 23, by Rev B. Thomas, Fred Everett to Eva McDonald.
Dalhousie, Aug. 22, by Rev Geo. Fisher, J. Johnson to Alberta Vye.
Hopfield, Aug. 24, by Rev E. G. Ellis, Daniel Hine to Flora Macphee.
Truro, Aug. 29, by Rev P. McDonald, Allen Miller to Minnie Morrison.
Yarmouth, Aug. 22, by Rev B. Hill, Jessie Cleverly to Ellis Moody.
Windsor, Aug. 27, by Rev Wm. Phillips, Clark Caldwell to Ida Miles.
Alberton, Aug. 27, by Rev Dr. Murphy, Abraham Peters to Rose Peters.
Kennington, Aug. 22, by Rev W. A. Thompson, Geo. Rogers to Mary Painter.
Digby, Aug. 22, by Rev B. Thomas, John Apt and Mrs. Charlotte Muise.
Yarmouth, Aug. 22, by Rev W. Parker, Harry Brown to Annie Poole.
Carleton, Aug. 22, by Rev Stanley Durkee, Jenette Blauvelt to Sam Wagner.
Springhaven, Aug. 19, by Rev J. Freeman, Stanley Hipson to Miss C. M. Treary.
Halifax, Aug. 28, by Rev F. Almon, Daniel Fraser to Mrs. Catherine Matson.
Plymouth, Aug. 22, by Rev J. Freeman, Clifford Nickerson to Daisy Johnson.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 21, by Rev Fr. Foley, Amile LeBlanc to Nemerise Poirier.
Yarmouth, Aug. 27, by Rev E. Brailwaite, Frank Huette to Elizabeth Campbell.
Pembroke, Aug. 24, by Revs. Whitman and Ryan George Davidson to Ethel Wilcox.
Havelock, Aug. 18, by Rev H. R. Baker, Edwin Keith to Miss Prudence Casack.
Ains, A. Co., Aug. 8, by Rev H. S. Young, B. A. Kober to Clyde McKimley.
Riverside Beach, Sept. 3, by Rev. A. L. Daniel, M. K. Ferkson to Minnie Ross.
Marquette, P. E. I., Aug. 24, by Rev W. Thompson, Alex. Barnes to Richard Leard.
Jamaica Plains, Mass., by Rev H. K. Pever, Elmer Archibald to Bessie Baldwin.
Charlottetown, Aug. 22, by Rev J. K. Fraser, Calvin Reeves to Mrs. Maggie McLean.
Cardigan, Aug. 22, by Rev A. Gurn, Jonathan Bin to Margaret Docherty of Cardigan.
Kingston, P. E. I., Aug. 23, by Rev G. L. Gordon, George Murray to Nellie Sutherland.
Brookton, Mass., Aug. 23, by Rev Mr. Shappon, Edward Maiken to June Mosher.
Charlottetown, Aug. 23, by Rev G. Raymond, Murdoch Halderstone to Christa Carr.
Hebville, Lunenburg, Aug. 22, by Rev W. Gelling, Frank Alden to Wilfred Shand.
Tatamagouche, Aug. 29, by Rev Thomas Sedgewick, John Caruthers to Ethel Swan.

DIED.

Halifax, Richard Calloway 66.
Pictou, Aug. 19, Edna E. Ross 7.
Digby, Aug. 27, Robert Graham.
Gagetown, Thomas H. Gilbert 50.
Truro, Aug. 18, Mrs. Ellen Snide 61.
Moega, Aug. 29, Hiram Dowell 65.
Shelburne, Aug. 16, Hugh Smith 13.
Truro, Aug. 28, Mrs. Maria Kent 87.
Halifax, Aug. 26, William Smith 28.
Taro, Aug. 16, Violet Townsend 8.
Yarmouth, Aug. 25, Russell Guest 14.
Ulica, N. Y., Aug. 4, Helen Duffy 2.
Colchester, Aug. 30, James Paisler 65.
Colchester, Aug. 26, Wilson Marsh 69.
Shelburne, Aug. 26, Mrs. Wm. Snow 95.
Moncton, Aug. 17, Reuben LeBlanc 21.
Shelburne, Aug. 25, John L. Crowell 58.
Pictou, Aug. 18, Mrs. Mary Patterson 80.
West Baccaro, Mrs. Hannah Christie 77.
Yarmouth, Aug. 22, Rev David Oram 90.
Yarmouth, Aug. 6, Charles A. Mirault 62.
Westmorland, Aug. 22, Mrs. Canfield 70.
Milltown, Aug. 23, Mrs. Sarah Watson 32.
Halifax, Aug. 6, Mrs. Nancy Robertson 75.
Pictou, Aug. 23, Mrs. Alexander Foote 45.
St. John, Sept. 2, Mrs. Sophia E. Disbrow.
Yarmouth, Aug. 22, Mrs. Ruth Holmes 72.
Yarmouth, Aug. 29, Mrs. Sarah M. Ione 28.
Halifax, Aug. 30, Robert Taylor 16 months.
Yarmouth, Aug. 6, Mrs. Frank LeBlanc 93.
Yarmouth, Aug. 23, La's Trask 3 months.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 14, Anselm Surette 90.
Colchester, Aug. 24, Mrs. Sidney Mattinson.
Falmouth, Aug. 15, Mrs. Fannie Wilson 56.
New London, Aug. 26, George Anderson 84.

DeSable, Aug. 19, Mrs. Annie Mackinnon 39.
Sherbrooke, N. S., Aug. 14, Wm L. Tate 28.
Antigonish, Aug. 29, Christie McDonald 13.
Eldon, Aug. 3, Duane Macdougall 11 months.
Commercial Cross, Aug. 7, Georgina Martin 11.
Yarmouth, Aug. 28, Mrs. Eva J. Butterworth 37.
Lower Stewiacke, Aug. 26, Ingraham Banks 58.
Falmouth, Aug. 15, Mrs. Fannie M. Chandler 56.
Pictou, Aug. 24, Sydney B. Johnstone 18 months.
Rosidale, Mass., Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald.
Halifax, Aug. 24, Reginald Calthness 11 months.
Tusket Wedge, Aug. 19, Mrs. Joseph LeBlanc 79.
R-yoldie of: Aug. 10, Mrs. Wm H. Reynolds 59.
Cocagne, Kent Co., Aug. 20, Belizae LeBlanc 40.
Watertown, P. E. I., Aug. 19, Gertrude Mosman 20.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians sent on application.
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Ar. Quebec 9.50 a.m. daily, except Monday.

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Knights of Pythias Meeting,

Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 27th to 1st. One fare for the round trip.

Summer Tours, 1900.

Send for booklet. Shall be glad to quote rates for special tours on application to

A. J. HEATH,
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Dominion Atlantic R'y.

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. arrive at St. John, 4.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.35 a.m., ar. in Digby 12.36 p.m.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a.m., ar. Digby 11.23 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11.45 a.m., ar. Halifax 6.30 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 8.30 a.m.
Lve. Digby 3.30 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4.56 p.m.

FLYING BLUENOSE.

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a.m. ar. in Yarmouth 4.00 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.15 a.m. ar. in Halifax 3.15 p.m.

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PRINCE GEORGE

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., daily except Sunday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, daily except Saturday at 4.00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on 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.

P. GIFFINS, 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, Fugwash, Pictou & Halifax.....7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....7.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chevre.....11.10
Express for Sussex.....13.00
Express for Hampton.....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.....8.55
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50
Accommodation from Moncton.....14.15
Express from Halifax.....17.10
Express from Hampton.....21.15
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.