

My Fight With Paintlegs.

I spent thirty years in the Southwest as cowboy and ranchman. My family were people of consequence in Kentucky, but they had lost everything in 1837 by the failure of the state banks and the ensuing panic. And that is how I happened, when a lad of nineteen, to go with Waugh to his ranch at Z. patco Springs and began life as a line-rider.

I knew nothing of ranching except from report and was, in the parlance of the time, a 'green hand from the States.' When I alighted at Waugh's my only possession likely to be useful in my new calling was a lariat of braided hogskin, which I had purchased at a store on the distant Brazos.

I did not make friends quickly with the men, I did not gather a penny's worth of information in a week of time. I found it galling as well as mystifying to have any questions curiously answered in a borrowed and foreign vernacular: Si, na, poco, timpo or quien sabe.

Waugh's departure quickly followed our arrival—he had two large ranches, on which were both horses and cattle,—and no one seemed authorized to furnish me with horse, saddle or information. And so I lounged idly or practised with my lariat upon an accommodating bound pup which followed me about.

So matters ran for a week or more, much to my disgust, and then came a change, sharp, decisive and welcome. There was a gathering of men and horses and a hurry of preparation one morning. An indifferent cowboy, and old saddle with worn cinches, and a bridle to match were given to me, and I was ordered to 'throw on leather' with the rest.

There was to be a horse rodeo or round up at the big stone corral on Clam Creek flats, and we jog trotted thirty miles between breakfast and high noon. I rode with Curly Jack, an Alabama boy, who was obliging enough to talk, and I learned much about the new business of ranching.

At Clam Creek we met another 'ou fit' of men, our 'cook wagon' came up and we planned our campaign for the following day.

I found myself with Curly Jack again, and we two swung off to the left of the scattering army to 'ride out' the arroyos, or gulches, of a hog back or ridge which lay between Clam Creek and Zapateo Springs. We were to drive all the horses we should find to the stone corral, some ten miles above our starting point.

Curly Jack and I had ridden over perhaps one half the route assigned to us, and had a small bunch of horses going in our front, when a band of fifty or more, led by a white pony with black stockings, burst from an arroyo and sped away in our front.

'That's Paintlegs and his band,' said Jack. 'I 'low he'll jump the manada in about an hour.'

Then my companion explained that Paintlegs was a fleet seven-year-old mustang, which had escaped the branding iron and that neither hand nor rope had ever been laid upon him. Paintlegs was fleet as a jack rabbit, elusive as a heffly and as 'ugly as a tiger cat.'

No rodeo could tangle Paintlegs in its coils, and he had learned to leave his hand to hang about the stone corral, keeping always at a safe distance, until his herd, or some portion of it, was again turned out to him.

By nightfall most of the horses within a radius of fifteen miles or so had been gathered and penned at the big, round stone corral, where colts were to be branded and fresh horses subdued by professional mustang-breakers.

With the work of branding and breaking in my time of trial had come. Like most Kentucky boys, I was fond of horses, and was accounted a good horseman, where the term means something. But I must confess that after watching the work of the mustang-breakers, when my turn came to ride a 'broken' pony I mounted the blindfolded and trembling brute with a large respect for its fighting ability.

The pony, a rangy buckskin, had been ridden once by a breaker, and was turned over to me for my use. Of course I was 'pitched' all time and again, and finally the breaker had to take my pony in hand again. It was my first experience of the tricks of the genuine 'bucker.' I retired to my blankets the butt of the camp, sore of body and of heart.

On the next morning, after the herders had penned the stock, a 'gentle' horse was given me to ride. The animal was pronounced 'not a picher,' but a plum runner from way back.

And he ran with me, an exhilarating dash straight up Clam Creek slope toward the mesa. I let him go—that kind of riding suited my style exactly. When near the mesa level, however, the treacherous rascal vaulted skyward and came down upon his head and forefeet in a lightning stop.

I was thrown so violently that my bridle rein was wrenched, broken from my hold. I got to feet unhurt, but had the chagrin of seeing my pony scamper away to freedom with saddle and bridle attached. It would take two line-riders a half day, perhaps a whole day, to round the animal up and bring him in. I was disgraced in the eyes of all those splendid horsemen.

The misery of it blurred my eyes with tears. I stood looking after my pony and dreading to go back to the rodeo. Then I was aroused by a shrill, angry snort upon my left. I turned to find Paintlegs, the wild mustang, threatening me with stamping hoofs and snapping jaws.

This beast had been continuously circling the rodeo, showing himself a dozen times in the day as he trotted upon the mesa slopes calling to his band. He feared the rope of the range driver and kept at a safe distance but here was a man afoot, a strange, detached creature, and I was quickly made to

feel that the mustang's fear of me was not great enough to save me from attack. The vicious brute, beating the ground with his hoofs, squealing with anger and clacking his jaws like a mad boar, was already advancing.

I had no weapon except my lariat, which I had worn, for safety, about my hips and detached from my saddle. The coil lay at my feet and I caught it up and ran a noose, hoping to frighten the mustang by a throw. Before I could make ready for a cast, Paintlegs charged, slapping with his fore hoofs and showing his teeth like a wolf. I leaped to one side, and his side-swung heels grazed the rim of my sombrero.

Back he came, swift as a returning boomerang. He wheeled so short, to stop his down bill rush, that he stood, for an instant, like an equestrian statue, erect upon his hind feet. His charge was again quick and furious. I leaped and again narrowly escaped a crushing blow.

Then I made a rapid dash down the mesa slope, wheeling as I again heard the clatter of his hoofs behind. This time he was going like the wind. I struck at his head with my noose and leaped aside at the same moment. His speed was too great to permit him to deliver the side stroke, but I felt the coils of my lariat go whirling out of my left hand. I clung to the rope mechanically and turned to see Paintlegs rearing with my noose in his teeth.

Quite by accident he had caught the poorly flung loop in his wide-open jaws, and not feeling its light strain in his mad excitement, he wheeled upon his hind legs as before. Catching the rope with both hands, I gave a mighty backward pull at the crucial instant while he was rearing high, and the valiant Paintlegs measured his full length upon the mesquite grass.

It is a favorite saying of the range that "some fellows are born to luck." Whether there be any truth in the adage or not, luck had done me an excellent service. I "had" Paintlegs, for my slender hogskin noose was tightened upon his lower jaw and tongue! As the mustang sprang to his feet I gave him a fierce jerk and threw my whole weight upon the lariat.

Frantic with pain, Paintlegs struck at the rope with both forefeet, and became entangled as he thrashed about. Enraged and frightened, he pitched and plunged, drawing his nose and forefeet into coils which I could tighten at will. Then in a mad leap, he threw himself with his head twisted under his shoulders, in a way that would have broken the neck of an ordinary horse.

As he lay panting and helpless, the cheers of the cow men came up to me from the corral. They had been watching my fight.

I resolved to redeem my claim to horse-manship. I had caught that fleet mustang without help and now without help, I could ride him. If indeed he were not too nearly dead. Vicious, fleet and strong as he was Paintlegs seemed a pigmy as compared with horses I was accustomed to handle.

I advanced boldly, for indeed I was no longer afraid, and placed myself astride the fallen mustang. I leaned over, uncoiled the rope from one foreleg and loosened the coils upon the other. Paintlegs, with me on his back, struggled in a dazed way to his feet. With legs gripping his thin flanks, while the half-stunned pony stood quivering and snorting, I leaned forward, grasped the lariat behind his jaw and drew the remaining coils off his leg.

Still Paintlegs stood, painfully musing, his nerve centers shaken by the wrench of his neck. And the noise of cow-men came up to me in a series of hilarious whoops which set my nerves tingling with the joy of capture.

As much in response to them as with intent to start Paintlegs, I sank my spurs in to the mustang's flanks, lashed him with the end of the lariat, and yelled like a Comanche. Then Paintlegs gave a great leap and went faster and faster toward Clam Creek. Our flight was meteoric. I think we must have gone a mile in less than two minutes, and as we passed the rodeo, I saw its stone fence lined with the men who had mounted and were swinging their sombreros in a furor of cowboy excitement.

I had gathered in my rope and now, by a hard, outwar pull upon the mustang's jaw and swelling tongue, I not only kept a firm seat, but drew Paintlegs off a straight course and, avoiding the creek, swung him round in a wide ellipse. Again we passed the corral and the shouting cow-men.

All the mustang's energies were concentrated in that burst of crazy running. In an incredibly brief space of time, we had swung round the corral in a two mile circuit accompanied by cries of jubilant encouragement. On we sped, my arms aching with fatigue from the steady pull. Foam flew from the mustang's jaws, and his white flanks dripped rain down my legs. Three times we raced round that wide course, and then, when I was ready to drop from my seat from sheer exhaustion, two pony riders swung into line, one upon either hand, in my front.

Each whirled a lariat. I understood their purpose and leaned far back to give them room. I held to Paintleg's mane, and threw my own rope loosely across his neck. The cow men's swift ponies were now able to keep the pace, and the riders dropped their nooses over Paintleg's head and hauled steadily at his neck. Soon his leaps grew feeble and slower, slackened to a series of weak lunges, and I leaped from his back clear of danger.

Thus was Paintlegs captured and my standing fixed at Waugh's. Most generously the wild riders applauded the exploit, and Paintlegs was taken in hand by a 'professional,' to be thoroughly broken to my use.

Oddly enough, the mustang never was a 'pitcher,' but became a sober and honest cow pony whose extraordinary fleetness was a matter of pride at Waugh's until three years after his breaking, he was captured in an Apache night rush upon one of our camps.

Nonsense Verses.

A bright boy, four years old has an

uncle who teaches him 'nonsense verses,' not unlike those with which the late Edward Lear used to amuse English children. The [nephew] went to Sunday school, and not long ago his teacher was telling the class about the busy bees, and asked if any of the children could tell her anything concerning them.

'Waldo can,' spoke up the little fellow. 'Well, Waldo, you may stand in front and tell us what you know.' And Waldo, rising proudly, steamed away with these lines:

How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
To gather honey all the day
And eat it up at night.

Trying to suppress a smile the teacher asked: 'Did your mother teach that?' 'No, my Uncle Arthur did.'

A Witty Red Man.

In 'Travels in New England and New York,' President Dwight, of Yale College, tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship.

In the early days of Litchfield, Conn., an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it. She refused him harshly, but a white man who sat by noted the red man's half-famished state, and offered to pay for his supper.

The meal was furnished, and the Indian, his hunger satisfied, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story.

'You know Bible?' said the redskin. The man assented.

'Well,' said the Indian, 'the Bible say, God made world, and then he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' 'He made light and he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' 'He made dry land and water and sun and moon and grass and trees, and took him', and say, 'He good, very good.' 'He made beast and birds and fishes, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.'

Then he made man, and took him and look at him, and say, 'He good, very good. Then he make woman, and took him and look at him, and he no dare say one such word!'

This last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady.

Some years after this occurrence, the man who had paid for the Indian's supper was captured by redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave. One day an Indian came to him recalled to his mind the occurrence at the Litchfield tavern, and ended by saying: 'I that Indian. Now my turn pay. I see you home. Come with me.'

And the redskin guided the man back to Litchfield.

Objection Sustained.

Among the curiosities of the law is the following, reported by the Rochester Post-Express:

At a term of the circuit court in one of the upriver counties, not long ago, a horse case was on trial, and a well known "horseman" was called as a witness.

'Well, sir, you saw this horse?' said the defendant's counsel.

'Yes, sir, I—'

'What did you do?'

'I just opened his mouth to find out how old he was, an' I says to him, says I, 'Old feller, I guess you're purty good yet.''

'Stop!' cried the opposing counsel. 'Your honor, I object to any conversation carried on between the witness and the horse when the plaintiff was not present.'

The objection was sustained.

Expressive.

The exceeding roughness of the country has been the best ally of the Boers in their struggle with Great Britain. The difficulties of invasion are graphically described in a story printed by London Answers.

In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith, the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey.

One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed.

'Sir,' said Michael, 'what country is this we're marching over?'

'The Natal table-land, my man,' was the reply.

'B'ad, sir,' said Michael, 'I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!'

'Can I get some fresh eggs at your house today?' asked a neighbor of small Harry.

'No, ma'am,' replied the little fellow. 'All our hens have gone dry.'

BORN.

Halifax, to Mr and Mrs S J Penny, a son. Oxford, Sept 2, to Mr and Mrs A H Myatt, a son. Hants, Aug, 12, to Mr and Mrs W H Card, a son. Amherst, to Mr and Mrs Joseph Kirkpatrick, a son. Truro, Aug 28, to the wife of E. Leighton, a son. Annapolis, Aug 29, to Mr and Mrs Crockett, a son. Mt Hanley, to the wife of Israel Friz, a daughter. Amherst, Sept. 1st, to Mr and Mrs Wm Farrow, a son.

Colchester, Sept 2, to the wife of E A Pollock, a son. Amherst, Sept 6, to Mr and Mrs James W Pipes, a son. Yarmouth, Aug 27, to Mr and Mrs T W Stoneman, a son. Lunenburg, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs Aaron Phinney, a son. Parboro, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs John Taylor, a daughter. Brookside, Aug 28, to the wife of Thomas Oliver, a daughter. Pictou, Aug 29, to the wife of Isaac Creelman, a daughter. Kentville, Sept 1, to Mr and Mrs John A Mennie, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 8, to Mr and Mrs J E Sheehan, a daughter. Amherst, to Mr and Mrs Camille Vennieu, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 6, to the wife of Major H S Peeke, a daughter. Digby, Sept 1, to Mr and Mrs Sydney Dakin, a daughter. Clifton, Aug 27, to the wife of Amos Yuill, a daughter. Salem, Aug 31, to Mr and Mrs. Duncan McDougall, a daughter. Halifax, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs Reginald Hackett, a daughter. Halifax, Sept 4, to Mr and Mrs Frank D MacLean, a daughter. Woodville, Aug 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood, a daughter. Rempt Road, Aug 29, to Mr and Mrs John McAnil, a son. Molega, Queens, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs D McD Fraser, a son. Harmony Road, Aug 15, to the wife of Charles Barrett, a son. Yarmouth, Aug 24, to Mr and Mrs Calvin Thompson, a daughter. Webbwood, Aug. 27 to the wife of Rev Edward Lawlor, a daughter. Halls Harbor, Aug 28, to Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, a daughter. North Sydney, Aug 29, to Mr and Mrs Harold Plummer, a daughter. Port Hastings, C.B., Aug 25, to the wife of Frank Plummer, a daughter. Pleasant River, Aug 28, to Mr and Mrs Rufus Mosher, a daughter. Middle Musquodboit, Aug 21, to Mr and Mrs Will Logan, twin daughters. Princetown, Mass, Aug 24, to Mr and Mrs A Stanley Haley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, Aug 28, by Rev Fr. Mihan, Jas L. Martin to Ida M. O'Brien. Halifax, Sept. 4, by Rev Dr Gordon, R. P. Forbes to Annie M. Fraser. Digby, Aug 28, by Rev B H. Thomas, John E. Apt to Mrs Charlotte Muise. Charlottetown, Sept 4, by Rev S T Phelan, Ernest Doyle, to May Grail. Hantsport, Aug 31, by Rev J. W. Aikens, Hugh Fraser, to Alma Grail. Digby, Sept. 3, by Rev W. H. Evans, George H. Waring, to Lily Edna Breen. St John, Sept. 5, by Rev Dr. C. O. Gates, Ben Robertson, to Laura S. Lane. Digby, Sept 3, by Rev. W. Schurman, Charles L. Power, to Annie Barnstead. Springhill, Aug 27, by Rev Fr. Dooley, F. G. Reid and to Filamene Vinneau. Newport, Hants, Aug 28, by Rev A. L. Fraser, Andrew Pratt, to Annie Dill. Halifax, Aug 29, by Rev Monaghan Murphy, F. Mackey, to Lilian L. Wrayton. Cambridge, Mass, by Rev Mr Hutchinson, Fred E. Sawyer, to Lousia Crocker. Charlottetown, Sept 4, by Rev Fr. Haddon, John Connolly, to Mary T. Reardon. North Sydney, Sept 4, by Rev T. C. J. Joseph, H. Peach to Edith L. Shepard. Lower Stewiack, Sept 5, by Rev R L Coffee, G V Marshall to Nellie B. Taylor. Yarmouth, Sept 5, by Rev F G Mode, Howard A. Husman, to Emma Burrows. Springhill, Aug 26, by Rev E. Hurley, Walter Mathers, to Elizabeth White. Millville, Pictou, Aug 23 by Rev J W Fraser, J. W. Rae, to Lizzie M. Macdonald. Yarmouth, Sept 4, by Rev M. G. Henry, Jessie Bowers to Mrs Anne J Garrow. Digby, Aug 24, by Rev G. F. Johnson, Fred W. Schmidt, to Mary M. Milbury. Port Hawkesbury, Aug 22, by Rev W F Cann, P. D. Ensey, to Miss Mary Pike. Pictou, Sept. 3, by Rev A H Denoon, Duncan McW Campbell, to Emily J Campbell. Boston, Aug 30, by Rev A. K. MacLennan, Edwin J. Shaw, to Katherine A. Collins. Chatham, Sept 4, by Rev D. Penderson, Fredrick Tool, to Miss Rachael Cameron. St Stephen, Sept. 5, by Rev Dr. McKenzie, James R. Brown, to Kate Aubrey Stevens. Port Hawkesbury, Aug 13, by Rev W F. Catin, Frances Millard, to Capt Fred Lane. St Andrews, Aug. 20, by Rev John C. Berrie, Christy Vincent, to Maggie May Miller. St Stephen, Sept. 4, by Rev Dr. McKenzie, Arthur Cobden Smalley, to Josephine McVay. North Sydney, C. B., Sept 5th, by Rev T. C. Jack, John D. Lawson, to Helen Craigie McElt. Yarmouth, Aug 22, by Rev J. Stanley Durkee, Mr. Smith Wagner, to Jennie M. Blauvelt. Middle River, Aug 30, by Rev M. A. McKenzie, Rev Francis McKee, to Kenia McKee. Noel, Hants, Sept 6, by Rev William Forbes, Andrew Denmore, to Margaret Denmore. Cambridge, Mass, Sept 5, by Rev G W. Bicknell, John Manderson, to E. Blanche McNeil.

DIED.

Boston, Sept 4, Johanna Dillon. Halifax, Sept 7, Henry Barnes, 10. Boston, Aug. 25, Edward N. Currie. Milltown, Aug 28, N N Kennedy, 18. St John, Sept 5, John McFadden, 29. Digby, Sept 4, Miss Ada Oliver, 41. Milltown, Aug 25, Bolton Huntley, 5. Halifax, Sept 7, John R Edwards, 70. Halifax, Sept 4, Mr Wm Coolahan, 68. Yarmouth, Sept 6, John Goldfinch, 89. Lismore, Aug 24, John Macdonald, 76. Brookville, Sept 1, Isaac Cannock, 63. Halifax, Sept 5, Mary A E Brush, 70. Digby, Aug 31, Reuben Cossaboom, 39. Lequille, Sept 6, Augustus Hardwicke. Shinimicas, Sept 3, Ailing on Smith, 32. Kentville, Sept. 3, Harry Clyde Stead, 8. Gabarus, Aug 24, Robert Sutherland, 90. Bridgewater, Aug 28, Alice Huxley, 23. Delawen, Sept 3, Mrs William Jackson. New York, Aug 3, Lila wife of F W Jones. Canso, Sept 1, James Harvey Rudolph, 41. St Stephen, Aug 24, Charlotte A Hogan, 69. Parboro, Sept 3, Mrs Clarence Rippey, 24. Yarmouth, Aug. 28, Mrs Anna Clements, 55. Yarmouth, Sept 6, Mr William H. Field, 79. Boxford, Mass, Aug 25, James A Elliott, 54. Middleville Branch, Sept 1, Margery Wagner, 59. Five Mile River, Aug 31, Edw. Thompson, 28. Minnsville, Hants, Sept 3, Robert Henderson, 63. Windsor, Aug 31, Violet Gertrude Brothers, 2. North Sydney, Sept 2, Vida V T Strang, 2 months. Calais, Aug 25, Ellen Veronica C. Grigan, 8 months. Rye Beach, N H Aug 31, Edward S Washburn, 67. Central Economy, Aug 30, Allison McLaughlin, 25. Halifax, Sept 8, Martha E wife of James Marriott 33. Point Tupper, C. B., Aug. 16, Miss Amelia Laughey, 71. Newcombville, Hants, Aug. 31, George Henry West, 73. Upper North Sydney, Sept 2, James A Moffatt, 7 months.

Clark's Harbor, Annie A infant child of Mr and Mrs Manus Smith. Port George, S. pt 3, Isabella M widow of the late Anstley Elliott, 50. Half x, Sept. 4, Robert Stewart, infant son of Mr. and Mrs Lusner, 6 months. Lunenburg, Sept 5, Kenneth Roy, son of Mr and Mrs Leander Stevens, 4 months. Point Pleasant, Sept. 6, Jannet R youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Robert Furell. Moncton, S. pt 2, Ada Beatrice, infant child of Mr and Mrs George Massee, 7 weeks. Lower Derby, Aug 16, James J infant son of Mr and Mrs James Pleadwell, 3 1/2 months. Lower Derby, Aug 18, Cruden B infant son of Mr and Mrs James Pleadwell 3 1/2 months.

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Lv. Yarmouth 3.45 a.m., ar. Digby 11.25 a.m.
Lv. Digby 11.45 a.m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p.m.
Lv. Annapolis 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 8.30 a.m.
Lv. Digby 8.30 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4.54 p.m.

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D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager,
Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900.
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