

Tom's Turning-Pole.

Tommy Simons was envied by nearly all the other boys of Lawesburg, by reason of his profession of what they called 'Tom's Turning-pole,' a duplicate of which was not to be obtained. This piece of athletic apparatus was not the combination of upright posts and cross bar called a turning-pole by boys and 'horizontal bar' by 'professors' of gymnastics, but a cow. She was a red and white 'line back' of the nondescript breeding now practically extinct, but common enough in the days when Wisconsin towns were few and small and the big woods very many. The Turning-pole was well advanced in years, long of leg and provided with a pair of horns of unusual length and most ferocious curve which quite belied her temper, for no other cow would endure such liberties as all the boys took with the Turning-pole. She made no objection to being milked by a boy sitting at her left side, or by boys anxious to 'get through and go in swimming' who milked her from both sides at once. Tommy often used her long horns as banisters, lifted his bare feet on the Turning-pole's face, walked to a secure position on her neck, and rode triumphantly to school. He found her tail to be an almost equally convenient handle for climbing to a seat on her back, where he sometimes stood on his feet and sometimes on his head. The Turning-pole would let other boys go through the same performance with her.

Many of the other boys tried to train their own cows to like docility of behavior. Jimmie Bachman was making the best progress, when his father interfered with a long lecture and a short piece of harness. The cow Jimmie had endeavored to educate was a young Jersey, the finest in all the region roundabout, and her owner's pride.

The Turning-pole led the herd. Lawesburg cows, from the disappearance of snow in the spring till its reappearance in the fall, were turned loose to find a living for themselves, and came home night and morning to be milked. When freed from their stalls in the morning, they moved deliberately toward the river till the whole herd had gathered in a small clearing at the edge of the town. Then the Turning-pole went into the woods, and the rest followed.

If a lazy boy kept his cow at home an hour later than usual, she ran bellowing to the herding ground when released. If the others were there, she went into the woods with them; if they had gone into the woods and she waited all day for their return and came home with them at night. No cow ever went into the woods alone.

All around Lawesburg were woods. To the east, across the river, thirty miles to Lake Michigan, the forest was unbroken except by a hamlet known as the Dutch Settlement, where a dozen sturdy Hollanders were hewing out farms. To the north, there was no break till the shores of Lake Superior were reached. Along the edges of the forest the cattle ranged in search of food.

It had been a hard winter. Spring came late, vegetation was backward and cow-feed grew scarce in Lawesburg barns. When at last the brown earth turned green as the grass came up, all the cows were gaunt, and even Squire Bachman's pet Jersey was turned out with the rest to browse in the woods. At night the herd returned, but the Jersey was missing. The squire was at pains, and offered a dollar to the boy who should find his cow and bring her home.

Tommy Simons, Jimmie Bachman and two other boys went cow hunting the next day. They knew the habits of the cattle, and they visited the favorite feeding grounds, but failed to find the Jersey. So they went farther down the river, keeping reasonably near the stream to avoid danger of getting lost, and they came at last to an open space a dozen rods across, sloping gently to the water. At the side of the clearing was the trunk of a fallen tree, half hidden by a dense growth of hazel brush and blackberry bushes just putting out leaves.

'Say, Tom,' said Jimmie, 'what makes it so still?'

Tommy made no answer, and the boys stopped to look around. In truth it did seem very still. All the multitudinous noises in the big woods seemed to have ceased; the faint ripple of the water and the sullen roar of the distant rapids only accentuated the silence.

Then at the same instant each of the four boys chose a small tree and climbed with speed, for across the open space, coming from the mysterious somewhere of the big woods, slouched a well-grown black bear, with the leathery, deceptive step that looks so slow and is so fast.

At the same time, amid the hazel brush and tangled blackberry bushes, a calf but a few hours old rose on wobbly legs, and beside the calf the lost Jersey cow was lifting her hindquarters from the earth. The calf, not yet fully balanced, called 'B-a-a'; the cow, still struggling to extend her front legs, called 'B-r-r.'

The four boys had often heard calves bleat and cows bellow, but these calls were new to them. The normal call of a very young calf is a plaintive sound lasting about a second and a half, sliding down and ending a half tone lower than the keynote; a bawl of a cow lasts fully three seconds, sliding up half a tone, then down, ending a half tone lower than the key; in both calls the volume of sound increases as the tone is lowered. The calls the boys heard now were hardly half so long as those with which they were familiar, short and with no change in loudness or pitch. They were calls of alarm and appeal. The calf bleated but once. Whether the cow repeated her call or not, the boys could not tell, because the b-r-r of another cow mingled instantly with it, and a red-and-

white streak flashed through the hazel brush and blackberry bushes and over the fallen log. The Turning-pole, leader of the Lawesburg herd, had rushed to prove her right to her leadership.

She did not come in an awkward, cow-like fashion, but she sprang over the log like a deer, with her forelegs neatly folded under her, gathering herself in the air and striking with all four feet close together, in front of the bear and hardly six feet away.

The bear, half rising on his hind quarters, lurched backward to avoid the expected charge and struck, right paw and left, at the head of the advancing cow. The first blow was started as an awkward girl strikes, with the palm flat and the elbow flexed; but it ended like a blow of a pugilist, with the arm straight and parallel with the shoulder bone, supplemented by the whole weight of the brute as the body was thrown forward by the thrust of the hind legs.

The cow crouched and ducked her head and the blow fell short; lightning like the second blow followed, just touching the cow's jaw as she sheered to one side, ran past the bear and continued to circle round him.

From every side, from far and near, the boys heard that short, deep b-r-r, and saw through the brush and between the trees, the forms of cattle rushing toward the place.

'Look! Look!' cried Tommy. 'There comes the Dutch Settlement herd.' And turning their faces toward the river the boys saw the cattle coming at a gallop, plunge into the water and start to swim across the wide stream.

The bear had already reached the conclusion that somewhere else, anywhere else was a safer place. He shambled past the call toward the trees beyond; saw rushing forms and glaring eyes among the trees; ran back across the open space only to be confronted by other cattle, snorting, pawing and digging up the earth with their horns. Three or four times he ran back and forth, finding no way out of the circle of lowered horns. Then he turned toward the water and met the Dutch Settlement herd.

There were nine of them, led by a giant ox reduced by the long winter's heavy labor to a mere mountain of skin and bone and horns. His lank sides heaved and his protruding eyes rolled. Every joint of that heroic old neck trembled as he lumbered up the slope to kill it he could, to die it he must, in order to secure the safety of the herd.

Again the bear turned, to find the circles of horns shrunk to half its former size, the cattle crowded close, their horns rattling, their grunting b-r-r-r mingling in a hoarse roar like one vast growl.

All the cattle had come out from among the trees, passing the Jersey and the calf, which were left outside of the circle, and every cow and the mountainous old ox had a place in that circle. That is every cow but the Turning-pole. She stayed outside of the circle, rushing round and round sometimes galloping, sometimes trotting with her head high in the air, her eyes black spots in great circles of white and rolling horribly, her mouth wide open and slavering. Round and round and back and forth she rushed, her breath coming in great irregular puffs and gasps. The frightened boys thought she had gone mad.

Steadily the circle round the bear grew smaller, the black beast rushing from side to side, continually turning round to guard against attack from the rear. At length he rose on his haunches, and with a hoarse growl struck at the line of horns in front of him. The line shrank back, but advanced on the opposite side till the horns of the nearest cow touched the bear's body.

Again he turned, and as he turned a deeper, hoarser b-r-r came from the throat of the Turning-pole, as she raged round the outside of the circle. The line opened, there was an instant of strange and shocking silence as a flash of red and white came through the brake in the circle of cattle. The bear swung round to meet the charge he knew was coming, but he was too late. The Turning-pole's right horn caught him under the right arm and seemed to go clear through him as the cow's hindquarters went up in the air. She turned fairly over and then seemed to creep out from under a confused mass of heaving bodies, striking hoofs and rattling horns as the gaunt old ox and every cow dug his or her best horn into the body of the bear.

They drove their horns into the unresisting carcass and pawed it with their front feet: they jumped up in the air and came down stiff-legged upon it till earth and grass and dead leaves and the bear's body were shockingly merged together. Some ran bawling into the woods, returning soon again to assail the dead bear with hoofs and horns.

In time they became more quiet, standing puffing, and with straddling legs, bawling occasionally and shaking their heads. As evening approached, they started for home in a compact group, with the Jersey cow and calf in the centre and Turning-pole in the lead.

Behind the cattle, at a respectful distance, came four small boys who talked in whispers and showed no shame because they started at every moving leaf. They had learned why cows did not go into the woods alone, and why they show so little fear when many go together.

But neither Tom Simons nor any other boy ever again 'did tricks' with that line-back cow for a turning-pole. Although she seemed as gentle as ever they now knew that she was formidable, and instinctively shrank from treating such a heroine with the old familiarity.

Logical Result.

A habit of doubt by no means insures one against imposition.

'How in the world do you suppose James Ronalds was so easily taken in by that mining agent?' asked one man of another. 'Why, he never believes that any-

body but himself is telling the exact truth. He always says, 'Take that statement with a grain of salt.'"

"That's just the reason he's been imposed upon so easily now," was the quick response. "A man that's spent forty-five years taking salt is bound to get so thirsty that he's ready to swallow almost anything!"

HOW TO GET WINTER EGGS.

Begin the Proper Treatment of Moulting Hens now for Large Profits.

Would you like to have three or four times the usual quantity of eggs to sell when egg prices go away up? When eggs bring half a dollar a dozen the troubles of poultry keeping seem worth while—if you are not in the usual predicament of having no eggs just when you want them most.

If you really want to make the most of the mid winter egg harvest the time to make ready is right now. In August and September when hens are moulting, feed them once a day, in the morning mash, Sheridan's Condition Powder. It has a remarkable tonic effect. It is not a food, but makes all the food more nourishing, makes plumage quickly, aids digestion and stimulates the ovaries so that eggs are produced rapidly when the rise in price begins.

Experts who have made the largest known profits on eggs endorse this as the result of all their experience. A hen produces, they say about 600 eggs. The profitable way to handle her is to get all of these eggs possible in two years, then kill the hen. Two or three years costly and useless feeding of the hen are saved, and by the judicious use of Sheridan's Condition Powder the yield of eggs is greatest in the cold weather when they are worth most.

Those who neglect this advice will see their hens recover from moulting, slowly and it will be late winter or early spring, when prices have fallen, before their egg yield picks up again. The record of Sheridan's Condition Powder for over 50 years among skillful poultrymen shows its value better than words. It is not a food, but should be given in the food, and it used as directed cannot fail to give profitable satisfaction.

To any person interested, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder, will send for 50 cents, two 25 cent packages, five packages for \$1.00; or for \$1.20 one large two pound can of Powder postpaid; six cans for \$5.00, express prepaid. Sample copy of the best poultry magazine free. Our new book "Winter Eggs and How to Get them," 25 cents; or sent free with orders amounting to \$1.00 or more.

Her Age.

It is not an ordinary lawyer who can over come a woman's reluctance to tell her age. The Detroit Free Press reports one of many failures in that line of effort.

'And what is your age, madam?' was the attorney's question.

'My own,' she answered promptly. 'I understand that, madam, but how old are you?'

'I am not old, sir,' with indignation.

'I beg your pardon, madam. I mean how many years have you passed?'

'Not; the years have passed me.'

'How many of them have passed you?'

'All. I never heard of them stopping.'

'Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age.'

'I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side.'

'I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question,' said the attorney, coaxingly. 'I am sure I would tell how old I was, if I were asked.'

'But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there.'

And the attorney passed on to the next question.

Good Reason.

When Mr Ephraim Maxwell was taken to see his son's new house in the center of Hortonville, he found much to admire, but nothing to make him discontented with the old farmhouse in which he had lived for sixty-nine years.

'Now, father,' said his son's wife, laying an affectionate hand on his arm and speaking most persuasively, 'don't you see how nice these windows are? Wouldn't you like to have those little old panes taken out of the farm windows—downstairs, at any rate—and have this big, clear glass put in instead?'

Mr. Maxwell looked thoughtfully out of the window at which he and his daughter-in-law were standing. He drummed on the sill for a moment, watching the people pass up and down in the busy town street.

'No, Mary,' he said at last, with a whimsical smile, 'this kind of window-pane is all right for your house, where there's constant passing; but up there on the farm where

sometimes only one man and a cow goes by in a day, it's better to have the old-fashioned glass that makes one man look like a general muster.'

In One Lesson.

Some one asked the local philosopher, 'What is diplomacy?'

'Diplomacy,' said he, 'is largely the tactful use of humbug in the place of fact.'

He—How do I know that your love for me will last?

She—What do you expect me to give you—a written recommendation from the last I loved?

BORN.

Springhill, Sept. 2, to the wife of S. Olen, a son.
Maiden, Aug. 31, to the wife of M. Clark, a son.
Nappan, Sept. 7, to the wife of Bert Reid, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 9, to the wife of H. Ross, a son.
Lunenburg, Sept. 9, to the wife of J. Hirtle, a son.
Colchester, Aug. 22, to the wife of W. Yull, a son.
Woodstock, Sept. 5, to the wife of J. Ellis, a daughter.
Springhill, Sept. 3, to the wife of Simon Fraser, a son.
Colchester, Sept. 7, to the wife of Robert Wright, a son.
New Glasgow, Sept. 2 to the wife of A. Douglas, a son.
Kertville, Sept. 3, to the wife of Aubrey Young, a son.
Halifax, Sept. 8, to the wife of Walter Ferguson, a son.
Lockport, Aug. 16, to the wife of Frank Firth, a son.
Minneapolis, Aug. 31, to the wife of Arthur Lawlor, a son.
Summersville, Aug. 23, to the wife of John McIntosh, a son.
Greenfield, Sept. 7, to the wife of Chas. Torey, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 2, to the wife of C. Loughrey, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Sept. 2, to the wife of G. Bishop, a daughter.
Boston, Aug. 12, to the wife of Capt. Kenney, a daughter.
Amherst, Sept. 2, to the wife of C. McDonald, a daughter.
Berne, Aug. 26, to the wife of George Frese, a daughter.
North Sydney, Sept. 4, to the wife of J. Ross, a daughter.
Moncton, Sept. 8, to the wife of George McWilliam, a daughter.
Gloucester, Aug. 27, to the wife of Daniel Sullivan, a daughter.
North Sydney, Sept. 8, to the wife of N. Coughlin, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Sept. 11, to the wife of Edward Warner, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Sept. 17, Herbert Jollymore to Mary Lively.
Sydney, Sept. 17, by Rev D Steele, J. hn Clark to Alice Beaton.
Belfast, Sept. 5, by Rev M Sinclair, Capt MacLeod to Flora MacLeod.
Chezzetcook, Sept. 12, by Rev Dr McMillan, John Ross to Ida Doherty.
Springhill, Sept. 5, by Rev Wm Brown, John Holiday to Maud Perrin.
Kentville, Sept. 5, by Rev B Nobles, Burton Walker to Mary E. Blair.
Halifax, Sept. 13, by Rev Dr. E. E. 12, Dennis De Mont to Julia Lyons.
Litchfield, Sept. 13, by Rev W W Rees, Lillie Wilson to Clarence Ellis.
Newcastle, Sept. 5, by Rev Fr. Dixon, Janie Dalton to Alice Cowan.
Albion, Aug. 28, by Rev John Murphy, Andrew Peters to Rose Peters.
Jersey City, July 26, by Rev A Biddle, Louis Nickback to Susan Mutari.
Yarmouth, Sept. 10, by the Rev E Millar, Lindsay Burritt to Agnes Kelly.
Dalhousie, Aug. 12, by Rev Henry de Blois, John Cleary to Annie Moore.
Salisbury, Sept. 12, by Rev A Perry, Nathaniel Stevens to Ida Eannister.
Moncton, Sept. 3, by Rev H A Meahan, Frank Bourgeois to Janie Souier.
Annapolis, Sept. 12, by Rev W Evans, George Nichols to Alice Ruggles.
Albert, N. B., Sept. 12, by Rev F Davidson, Frank Lejeune to Catherine Munro.
Georgetown, Sept. 11, by Rev A Herdman, David Beck to Kizzie Teuchman.
Chatham, Sept. 4, by Rev D Henderson, Frederick Toole to Rachael Cameron.
Alberton, Aug. 28, by Rev John Murphy, Felix Perry to Gertrude Whalen.
Mount Stewart, Sept. 11, by Rev A Craise, Rev R Coffey to Miss Alice Cowan.
Black Point, Queens Co., Sept. 4, by Rev A Harley, R S Stevens to Susan Shand.
Summersville, Sept. 12, by Rev N McLaughlin, Roy MacDonald to Nellie Gough.
Caledonia, Sept. 5, by Rev John Sutherland, George Matheson to Flora MacDonald.
River John, Sept. 3, by Rev Carl Mack, Phillip McCarthy to Catherine Munro.
Quebec, Co., Aug. 5, by Rev C More, Mr L H Munnard to Miss Amy Taylor.
Dorchester, Sept. 5, by Rev C Mackintosh, Herdman Wood to Mary Pittman.
Charlottetown, Sept. 12, by Rev G P Raymond, Archibald Bishop, to Mary Young.
Calgary, N. W. T., Aug. 29, by Rev Mr Langford, Wallace Tombs to Bessie Thorpe.
North Sydney, Sept. 12, by Rev T Jack, James MacLennan to Christina MacLean.
Millville, Kings, Aug. 23, by Rev J W Fraser, George Rae to Elizabeth Sutherland.
Waweg, Charlotte Co. N. B., by Rev F W Murray, Rev Hunter Boyd to Miss E L Woods.
Portland, Me., Aug. 29, by Rev French McAffee, Frederick Alward to Isabella Cameron.

DIED.

Annapolis, Amos F. Burns 14.
Dartmouth, Sept 18, Job Carter 58.
Liverpool, Aug 23, J. D. Sprague 66.
Halifax, Sept. 7, Angus Macleod 69.
Alberton, Sept. 7, Charles Aubrey 69.
Newton, Sept. 16, Mrs Francis Corr 63.
Halifax, Sept. 13, Elsie H. Latham 15.
Enfield, Sept. 7, Daniel McDougall 80.
Pictou, Aug. 31, Mrs Donald Baillie 98.
Moncton, Sept. 2, Beatrice E. Coates 1.
Milan, N. H., Sept. 3, M. Lelia White.
Toronto, Aug. 20, Angus W. Sutherland.
Halifax, Sept. 18, Mrs Wm. Beazley 68.
Colchester, Sept. 8, George McLeod 65.
Fairfield, Sept. 11, Theresa MacIsaac 68.
New London, Sept. 1, Marie Campbell 6.
Bath, Me., Sept. 6, Mrs Charles Dain 39.
Blackville, Aug. 18, John A. Underhill 4.
Yarmouth, Sept. 8, Bessie M. Williams 23.
Springhill, Sept. 8, Daniel M. Matheson 1.
Yarmouth, Sept. 6, William J. Hayfield 79.
Amherst, Sept. 12, Queenie B. Trenholm 21.
River John, Aug. 24, Alexander Tattler 62.
Yarmouth, Sept. 11, Lucy A. Morehouse 69.
Yarmouth, Sept. 11, J. Wellesly Wyman 77.
Halifax, Sept. 17, Gordon R. Smith 3 months.
Upper Sackville, Sept. 3, Robert J. Fawcett 1.
North Sydney, Sept. 13, Mrs Mary McLean 75.
Yarmouth, Sept. 10, Mrs Bernard A Crosby 23.
Springhill, Sept. 10, Josiah Legrew 14 months.

Springhill, Sept 10, Sarah A. Roy 18 months.
Halifax, Margaret, wife of Walter Dillman 28.
Moncton, Sept 15, Mrs Henrietta Horsman 80.
Beaver River, Aug 14 Mrs I-rnel McCormick.
Scrimville, Mass., Mildred I. Brooks 1 month.
Lower Stewiacke, Aug 24, Eleanor F. Gibbon 72.
St. George's, Sept 3, Mrs Elizabeth Macphree 83.
Pictou, Aug 29, Jessie, wife of John Cameron, 63.
Mitchell River, Sept 4, Mrs Minnie Finlayson 84.
Charlottetown, Sept 9, Mrs Harriet Woolridge 74.
Charlottetown, Sept 11, Herbert A. Holt 6 months.
Lower Bay du Vin, Sept 15, Jeremiah Harrington.
Matland, Sept 6, Sarah, wife of Capt. J. G. Putnam.
Truro, Sept 11, Richard son of Alex Britt n 2 yrs.

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.

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Montreal Excursions.

Tickets on sale Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th and Oct. 1st. Good to return until Oct. 16th, 1900.

Rate from St. John for the Round Trip **\$10.00**

Low Rate Round Trip Excursions from Montreal to Cities West.

Tickets will be on sale at C. P. R. Ticket Offices in Montreal as follows:—

Rate.	Rate.
Detroit, Mich. \$12.50	Cleveland, O. \$15.00
Saginaw, " " " " 16.25	Bay City, Mich. 16.25
G. Rapids " " " " 17.50	Columbus, O. 17.50
Chicago, Ill. 18.00	Cincinnati, O. 20.00

Going dates September 27th, 28th and 29th. Return dates October 15th, 1900. For berths or further information apply to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

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

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.35 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.35 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., arr. Digby 11.25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 4.30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.54 p. m.

FLYING BLUEHOSE.

Lve. Halifax 9.00 a. m. arr. in Yarmouth 4.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.15 a. m. arr. 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, Pictou, and Halifax 7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow, and Pictou 11.10
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene 13.10
Express for Sussex 16.45
Express for Hampton 17.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Pictou 19.25
Express for Halifax and Sydney 22.45

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.35 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 14.15
Express from Halifax 17.00
Express from Pictou 18.15
Express from Hampton 21.50

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.