The Revenge of Murphy.

No one knew the immediate locality that had produced Trooper Murphy. He claimed he was a New York 'bhoy' and held to the distant metropolis as if it were his native health and natural stamping ground. But such a brogue as Murphy's could never have been simply an inheritance. It had the touch of the sod in it, and his first prattlings must have been heard in the thick atmosphere of a smoky, peat saturated cabin.

Murphy had just equeezed by the regulations as to height, and certainly was not more than one or two pennyweights over the prescribed limit when placed upon the scale. But he was compactly built and a natural born cavalryman; he walked with an easy swing, and, it his legs were slightly bowed, what of that? The first ser geant said that Murphy had 'glue legs, the kind that fit to horses' ribs.'

Murphy was a favorite too. His laugh was catching. He had a merry little highpitched voice, and dancing blue eyes. and red hair, as crisp and thick as a rock-lichen. It it had had been for this heavy shock of hair, Murpby's captain said, he would never succeeded in passing the examining sergeant. There was a full quarter of an inch of it. All this goes to show that Murphy was but 5 feet 4 inches, and that he weighed under 150 pounds. So much for his personal appearance. As to his age, it might have been 22, or it might have been 30; at all events, it was something between. He claimed to be 26.

Lying prone on the ground in the shade back of B troop's quarters was a group of enlisted men. The uniforms were nondescript. Some wore their canvas stable suits, loose and open. One or two were in underskirts and taded blue breeches. Some wore boots, some were in stocking feet. They had ceased cursing the weather, and were all absorbed in one discus-

'A seed the beginning of it,' said a lanky, rather tough-looking lad who was smoking a cigarett, with another one stuck behind his ear, pen fashion. 'I seed the beginning out. of it. Murphy wouldn't say why, but I know it was something about the new girls at the Mayor's. The Dutchman's got a fine lip on him. It's a good thing be doesn't play the born.'

Here another man, with a brick-red face and a long, sunburned mustache, broke in. 'It was a damn good fight,' he grunted, but the big tellow would have killed him. The way he meuled him was unmercitul.

'Just like a billygoat tackling a bull,' re marked a men on the outside of the group, rolling over on his elbow. Then, as it quite pleased with his metaphor, he repeated it: 'A billygoat tackling a bull ?-Schreiber made no report of it.

'We sin't seen the end of it yet,' said the lad who first spoke. . The little fellow 'll take a lot o' poundin'.'

'That's no lie,' remarked a man with a red face; 'but the ugly Dutchman could lick three of him. He's too big to put on a horse's back, anyhow.'

At this minute the dust arose again, and the horses struggled up the bank. A bugle sounded the stable call, and the the barracks to the officers' quarters. The shriveling heat had not taken all the spring out of this fellow; his shoulders were well back; his tunic buttored to the throat, and he stepped briskly cut like a man with a purpose before him. But if one had looked into the trooper's face he would have noticed a peculiar thing. Both his eyes were apparently shut tight, but it was not to avoid the glare of the sun. There was a slight abrasion on his upper lip, another at the corner of his ear, and his jaw was badly swollen.

Lieut. Blair Carter, who was sitting on the veranda with lis feet on the rail, dressed as coolly as was compatible with his usual devotion to neatness, watched the ap proaching figure, smiling, until it had halted at the veranca steps. The story of the fight, although unreported, had reached his

'Well, Murphy.' said the Lieutenant, acknowledging lazily the salute 'how are the horses ?

'The tarrier made a bad job of shoeing the crack-boofed nag of Capt. Agnew's, sorr. I told him it was wasting time to monkey with it.'

'For he aven's sake, Murphy,' wiping the perspiration off his st ff upper lip with the back of his hand. 'The gray is all roight again, sorr, but one of the new horses, the one with the bald spot, is goir g to throw a spblint, I'm afraid, sorr.'

Murphy had dismissed the subject of the eyes politely but firmly. 'I'll come over and look at him this afternoon. Didn't bave much luck with that

last bunch, aid we ?' 'No, sorr ; we did not.' 'Is there anything else, Murphy.'

'No, sorr' 'That's all.'

to all appearance as blind as a bat, strode off on his little bow legs down the board walk toward the stables.

The Lieutenant picked up his paper, saw that his sister had just given a big party on board of her husuand's vacht, and read over the names of the winners at the Rockaway races. Then he heard tootsteps and looking up saw that a Colonel's orderly was standing where Murphy had stood but a few minutes before.

'What is it, orderly?' asked the Lieut 'Colonel's compliments, sir, and he would

like to see you, the orderly replied, 'at your convenience, sir.'

'I'll be over right away.' on his sword, and started for the Colonel's nag that had just been consigned to the to sit on his horse, make his way toward Milton Queens, Feb. 6, Malachi Lloyd, 72.

The Colonel sat at his desk, puffing away at a great cigar. He would blow down the smoke on the table, and it would roll off the edges, scarcely rising in the still, beated atmosphere The room was filled with filmy, blue stara. The Colonel was a little man, with a face like an American eagle, with a heavy mustache. He had a liver, and was cognizant of it. He also had a voice that was entirely a misfit, so far as the Colonel's appearance went for it was deep and sonorous, and at the same time sharp and clear. No one ever mistook the Colonel's orders because he could not bear them. He was very proud of that voice, and next to it was proud of the way he sat a horse. For that matter

tried to pattern itself accordingly. Dress parade and inspection this afternoon, Mr. Carter,' said the Colonel.

the regiment was proud of it, too, and

'Yes, sir I saw the orders this morning.' Much cooler to day.'

'Think so, sir ?' Carter wondered if the bard, dry flesh on the Colonei's bones ever felt any change in the thermometer at all. Apparently be only perspired when he was angry and was only cold in the presence of the Major's wite. who had once offended his dignity

'Have a chair. Mr. Carter,' went on the Colonel, looking up, and this time blowing mathematically correct smoke rings toward the ceiling. How are the horses?" 'Only a middling lot, sir; might be bet-

'Humph!' said the Colonel,' that is your department.

Yes sir.' 'I didn't say it was your fault. But see what you can make of them.

'Did you wish to see me on something particlar ?' asked the Lieutenant, almost suffocating in the beat of the room.

'Oh, yes; bandmaster reports that one of his nags turned lame this morning. I went you to send up a good quiet borse in time for dress parade. Have you got one that can stand music?' 'Yes sir; I think so. What instrument

'Bass drum, I believe.'

'Very good, sir; I will have a mount

'That's all.' 'Thanks, sir,' The Lieutenant burried

The regiment prided itself very highly on its band. It was considered by all means the best in the service. The bandmaster was a German of some musical education; and he had surrounded himself with a company of good performers, the bimself. Col. Shepard used to brag a good deal about the band.

'I want your advice.

Yes, sorr

'Sure, they all have to learn, sorr.' band men. Let's see, I think it is the men could hardly keep their saddles. bass drummer.'

Lieut. Carter looked full in Murphy's been that the troopers on either side were face and slowly wirked, not once, but three times- it might have been the sun-

'I have just the horse, sorr.' 'Which one?'

'Well, he has no name yet that you could use in polite society,' Murphy returned, 'though he has been called a great many to be sure.'

'Is he well up to weight?' the Lieuten. ant asked. wi hout a quiver, adding to himself, 'Bedad, that can stay on his back.' Well, take him over to the bandmaster this afternoon and explain what he is tor.'

'Very good, sorr.' Lieut. Carter went back to his quarters. nnearthed the newspaper, strolled out on the veranda, and read on for an hour. Now he chuckled to himself. All at once the bugle rang clear and high, and some movement was detected in the direction of His fine uniform was ripped up the back, Then Murphy, with shoulders erect, but parade ground, where in the evening the ed for the bridle, but the crazy animal St. John, Feb. 25, William Vail, 84.

Colonel's wife poured tea. ing of accoutrements and the dust-raising of hoofs the troopers trotted out. It hat grown a little cooler and the shadows had lengthened, but it was bot enough to make the broken barrel much as a clown would men grumble, and grumble they did as a step from a paper ring. He picked up the matter of course. The line was formed. The Colonel mounted his horse, and the officers rode out before their companies, and then the band came bumping and jingling down to the front to take their position on the end of the line. It was a fort. unate thing that the bass-drummer did not have to blow a horn. His great face had a slightly puffed appearance, and his lip protruded over his fine white teeth that were He stepped into his hot, stuffy little firmly set as he cursed beneath his breath room, hid the newspaper under the pillow at the horse he rode, which had a way of of his cot, hooked up his jacket and hooked | sidling very different from the staid, brown | round and saw Murphy, too weak hardly | Elmsville, Feb. 8, Mrs. Thomas Irwin, 66.

hospital. As the drummer passed Lieut. Carter the latter glanced at him. The Adjutant took his position and drew

his sword. 'Sound off,' he said. Then came a few preliminary bleats of the horns and then came a boom and a

It seemed as if something blew up all at once in the band, and to tell the truth it was principally the drummer. The music stopped, but the explosion continued. The black horse that had been called impolite names was asserting himself; he disliked the indignity that had been thrust upon him. That was evident from the first, but now he concluded to rid hi.nself of the degradation. With his head between his knees, his back arched and his leg stiffened be was bucking aw y like the winner in a Wild West show. For a few second the drummer managed to hold on somehow. but no human backbore could stand it, and, with a despairing curse, the big fellow shot up into the air, landed on all fours, then sprawled face downward in the dust. But the ameless one was not satisfied. The drum was still attached to him by a leather thong, and out of the confusion he emerged like a football player, determined to make a touchdown. Eager hands snatched at his bridle, but be broke away. Down the line he came, the bassdrum playing a sonorous solo upon bis flanks. When about opposite the Colonel, he concluded to make a detour to the left. The ranks parted for him. He pursued his thumping course for a few feet up the line. Then, thinking probably that he would be better appreciated where he could be seen, he charged through from rear to right and emerged again, bounding like a vicious rubber creature, intent upon planting him self into the ground, and mad that instead of being firmly imbedded he should find himself in the air again.

The whole troop was in an uproar now, but above the sounds of laughter arose the Colonel's voice.

"Catch that horse, somebody," he roared. "Take hold of him, one of you

Maybe the nameless black heard this order, and determined to give the Colonel the first chance, for head down and tail up, whanging and banging, he charged down upon the commander of the post. Now the horse the Colonel rode was a tried veteran He had once faced cracking rifles and had ridden up at the head of a charge against a band of screaming, shrieking hostiles, but this strange looking thing coming down upon him was too much for his nerves. He swerved, the Colonel leaned torward as if to take matters into his own hands and put majority of them of the same nationally as | a stop to the riot, but he reckoued entirely without his host. His own horse, the tried and trusted one, could s and the strain no Lieut. Carter smiled to himself as he longer. With a snort of terror he stretched crossed the parade ground on his way to out his neck and bolted. The Colonel the stables a half hour later; he was think- tried to stop him. If there had been an ing of Murphy's appearance. The bass uproar before, it was choas now! Straight drummer had the reputation of being upon the heels of the Colonel's nag came something of a fighter. He was not ex- the bounding, resounding mixture of drum actly popular in the regiment, and the men- and horse, and, worse luck, the Colonel's tal picture of little Murphy engaged in charger had lost its head completely. single combat with bim caused the Lieuten- Instead of turning to the open country to ant's smile. As he came out of the stables | the west, he made off to the eastward he was met by Murphy himself at the straight for the post laundry where some door of the big corral. The little Irishmen of the washwomen were gathering up the was a favorite among the officers because | clothes that had hung all day in the bleachhe was polite, eager and willing, and he ing sun. Into the mixtures of linen and could rice anything that had hide and clothes baskets the Colonel rode. A line hoots. There he was standing at attention | caught him under the chin, but luckily with about as much expression on parted. The horse became frightened at group broke up. A figure in uniform just his battered, swollen countenance as one the sight of one of the laundresses who was then crossed the open space that led from finds on a brorze image of Buddhs. 'Murphy,' said Lieut. Carter, lifting one | ticoat apparently at his head. He whirled foot to the lower rail of the corral tence, and once more the Colonel emerged upon the parade ground, while behind him streamed the line of clothes. He looked Haven't we got a good, quiet horse that | for all the world like a dismantled kite. If will stand music?' the Lieutenant asked. there had been any personal danger attached to the Colonel's wild career, 'Well, the Colonel has asked me to pick | maybe someone might have tried to come out a sober, quiet mount for one of the to his assistance. As it was most of the Carter and the other officers were doubled 'The bass drummer, sorr?' Murphy's | up. The Lieutenant cast his eye back at eves opened the merest fraction of an inch. his own company. The sight of Murphy 'Yes; can't you recommend a good ani- he could never forget. Both his legs were mal for him to ride at this evening's dress | hanging free of the stirrups and kicking wildly. He would have tallen had it not

> keeping him on the saddle. "Hurroo, hurroo," he was wailing at the top of his voice. Laughter was beyond him; he could only make loud and extravagant noises, noises that had never been beard before, yelps and shrieks, wild cachinnations, that threatened his very existence. The tears were rolling from his blackened, bruised eyes. He would catch his breath and then burst into a roar of incoherent noise-simply noise-no words, just sound.

The cause of all this turmoil had swerved out of the clothes yard back into full view again. His bucks were becoming less violent from sheer exhaustion. And now the drummer, as it to assert himself and release himself from the disgrace of having lost control of his mount—a horrible thing to happen to any cavalryman-ran out. the barracks. Officers strolled out buckling his helmet was gone, but nevertheless he on their side-arms, and some ladies with headed straight for the black horse, and parasols and bright chintz dresses, left the the latter, as if perceiving that here was houses and strolled over in the direction of snother victim, made straight for him. the Colonel's quarters at the head of the | The big man made a stand of it and reach- | Boc. bec, Feb. 18, Ernest Greom, 27. turned quickly. The drum swung around The bugle blew again and with a clank- in front of him, and, how it happened no Brooklyn, F. b. 13, Calvin Pitman, 59. one knew, the lashings that held it broke, Belleville, Feb. 14, Lily Doucette, 5. and the first thing the reg ment knew the | Pennfield, Feb 16, Reger Mealey, 87. drummer was disentangling himself from debris and limped off toward his quarters. And now the Colonel having succeeded in stopping and disentangling bimself from the clothes line was shouting orders. Something like attention was restored, and

the line visibly shaking, was formed again. Sergt. Schreiber rode out and saluted Lieut. Carter, who, in the absence of the Captain, was in command of his company. 'May one of my men fall out, sir ?' he

asked. 'A bit of sunstroke, I think, sir.' Carter gave permission. He turned Shelburne, Feb. 10, Parker Matthew, 73.

the stables, his feet hanging loose from the stirrups, and his whole body wavering back and forth. Another trooper had hold of the bridle.

An orderly galloped down the line. 'Lieut. Carter, the Colonel's compliments an' directs you to report to him at once.' Carter rode up. There was not the

ghost of a smile on the Colonel's hard set 'Mr. Carter' he asked sternly, 'did you know that horse was a buck-jumping black

'I hadn't a suspicion, sir,' the Lieutenant

responded quietly. 'Take you post, sir.' What was the matter with that man in

your company, Carter?' asked the surgeon that evening. Several men had gathered at the Lieutenant's quarters, where their laughter could be heard across the parade ground. 'I don't know what you might call it,'

Carter answered. 'But I suppose, in

learned phrase, it might be described as paralysis of the rivibles 'Colonel's compliments and he wants to see you, sir,' said an orderly at the door

way. In half an hour Carter had returned. ·What did the old man say?' questioned Jack Francis, who had the room next to Carter's own, looking up from his perusal of the baseball scores.

'Four weeks' confinement to post,' was the reply. 'A little knowledge is a dan-

gerous thing.' Down at the barracks Murphy had told his side of the story.

'It was me that done it, though I held no grudge agin the Colonel,' he said. But I'm even with the drummer, bedad. Ravinge is swate. Mary Ann'll niver look at him now ' And she never did.

Lunenburg, Feb. 3, to the wife E Colp, a son. Belleville, Feb. 16, to the wife of R. McNeil, a son. Granville, Feb. 18, to the wife of E F. Miller, a South Branch, Feb. 8, to the wife of Robt. Cox.

BORN.

Halifax, Feb. 9, to the wife of William M. Bauer, a Wolfville, Feb. 15, to the wife of Principal Brittain,

Yarmonth, Feb. 16, to the wife of J. E. Ferguson, a

Truro, Feb. 19, to the wite of Robert Wi'son, a

North Sydney, Feb. 11, to the wire of Thomas Lo-Tupperville, Feb. 15, to the wife of John F. Stevens a daughter.

Tupperville, Feb. 19, to the wife of Alfred Mes senger, a son. Minasville, Hants Co., Feb. 15, to the wife of Harry French River, Jan. 31, to the wife of Wm. F. Cam-

Port Maitland, Feb. 19, to the wife of Oscar Tedford, a daughter.

Freeport, Digby Co., Feb. 16, to the wife of Fred Powell, a daughter. Middle Stewiscke, Jan. 25, to the wife of Adam Davidson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Clementsport, Feb. 15, J. Troop McLelland, to Bertha May Lent. Minudie, Jan. 3, by Rev. F. L. Jobb, Gordon Clark to Catherine Downey. Truro Feb 21, by Rev. A. Bowman, George Munroe

to Mrs. Am a Calder. Truro, Feb. 19, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Adam W. Smith to May Doyle.

Truro, Feb. 21, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Edward D. Fullerton, to Jane McLean. Barrington, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. Stirling, Albert W. Crowei', to Nellie A. Ryer. Somerville, Mass., by Rev. B R. Harris, John Brodie, to Jessie Bennett.

Salem, Feb. 13, by Rev. A. F. Newcomb, George Stewart to Alora Weeks. Bridgetown, Feb. 12, by Rev. F. M. Young, Geo Middleton, to Sarah Bauld Dartmouth, Feb. 13, by Rev. G. W. Tuttle, Alice M. Tuttle, to L. Bliga Hart.

Maccan, Feb. 14, by Rev Frank L. Jobb, John Dunlop, to Henrietta Munroe. Liverpool, Feb. 11, by Rev. David Hickey, George A. Whynot, to Susan Whynot. Sydney Mines, Feb. 8, by Rev. A. Gale, Willis Herald, to Mary E. Shinners. Miltown, Feb. 7, by Rev. T. D. McLean, Mitchell

Robinson, to Annie DeWolfe. Stellarton, Feb 6, by Rev. Wm. Tuffts, Wm. Barclay Sinclair, to Louisa Frazer Picteu, Feb. 14, by Rev, A. D. Gordon, John W. Fraser, to Bessie Alice Forbes.

Milton, Jan. 29, by Rev. W L. Archibald, Enoch Wentzell, to Letitia Falkenham. Halifax, Feb. 20, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, William 6. Woodroffe, to Jessie McCuish. Guysbore, Feb. 14, by the Rev. W. I. Crofe, T. R. R. Braine, to Lois Bigelow Stacey.

Lunenburg, Feb. 8, by the Rev. George Haslam, F R. Moorhead, to Lillian May Zwicker. Westmorland (o., Feb. 6, by Rev. I. N. Thorne, John F. Steeves, to Lavinia Crandall.

Antigonish, Feb. 12, by Rev. J. R. Munro, Wellington Sutherland, to Maggie A. MeLeod. Gabaraus, C. B., by Rev. J. W. Turner. William Hardy, to Matilda Blanche Orminston. Berwick, Feb. 13 by Rev. John Hawley, Percy Allaa Bishop, to Bessie A. McMillan. Port Hood Island, Feb. 1, by Rev. R. M. Browne, Eva Alice Smith, to Charles A. Smith. Lunenburg, Feb. 10, by Rev. F. A. Bowes, Joseph Arthur Tanner, to Annie Nora Richards.

DIED.

Ohio. Antigonish, Jan. 23, by Rev. J. C. Chisholm, John C. McInnis, to Elizabeth J. Carrigan.

Calais, Feb. 7, Hugh Wiley, 68. Ca'ais, Feb. 18, Jam s Rapley, 71. Yarmouth, Feb. 15, Albini Surette. Amherst, Feb. 16, Patrick Berry 78. St. John, Feb. 25, Wm. H. Lyon, 34, St. John, Feb. 24, Mrs. Patrick Kelly. Dar mouth, Feb. 24, Albert Gates, 50. Karsdale, Feb 17, I. Wm. Ohver, 70. Deer Island, Jan. 31, Sargent Lord 19. Calais, Feb. 10., George A. Davis, 53. Digby, Feb. 16, Katherine Comeau, 18. De Wolfe, Feb. 15, Laurence Moore, 18, Boston, Feb. 6, Mrs. P. W. Duggan, 39. Yarmouth, Feb. 15, Frank A. Comeau. St. George, Feb. 14, George Gordon, 63, Piskahegan, Feb. 10, Josiah Corning, 64, Patterson, N. J., Mr. Twining Campbell. Halifax, Feb. 18, Mrs. Henry Sullivan, 60, Fairville, Feb. 24, Hobart c. Hanson, 10. Annapolis, Feb. 20, Mrs. Reuben Durling.

St. John. Feb. 23, William H. Belding, 76. Tatamagouche, Feb 9, Thomas Currie, 76. North Sydney, Feb. 11, Llewellyn Cann 22. North Range, Feb. 16, Katrine Comeau, 18. St. John, Feb. 25, Captain Rufus Patterson. Glenwo d, Feb. 21, Mrs Israel Kenney, 79. Newport, N. S., Jan. 30, John P. Miller, 77. Deer Island, Feb. 1. Mrs. Henry Haney, 95. Charlottetown Feb. 15, Oswald Hornsby, 60. East Boston, Jan. 27 Mrs. Edward Trott. 29. Tatsmagouche, Feb. 9, Tnos. Currie, sr., 76. Sydney, C. B , Feb. 15 Mary Teresa Keefe, 3. Kemptville, Feb. 3, Mrs. John T. Gave!, 55. Upper Brook . Feb. 18, Mrs. Wm. Prosser, 64. Halifax, Feb. 24, Wilfred Allan Adamore, 3. Boston, Feb 13, Robert Barastead Lawden, 3. Clark's Harbor, Feb. 13. Israel Nickerson, 20. D lhaven, Kings, Feb. 21, Asabel Bentley, 86. Somerville, Mass., Feb. 8, Deborah B. Tooker. Roxbury, Mass., Feb. 18, Mrs. Thos. Healy, 78. Campobello, Feb. 3. Jeru ha Ann Matthews, 62. Loch Lomond, N. B., Feb. 12, James Brayden, 40. S'. Johns, Nfl 1., Feb. 22, Heroert Arthur Read. 4. Upper North Sydney, Jan. 16, Jeremiah Allen. 80. Port Morien, C. B., Feb. 4, Murdoch McMullin,

Upper Hammond, Kings Co., Feb. 21, John Hun'er Halifsx, Feb. 20, infant son of Edward Johnson. Milton, Queens, Feb. 5, infant child of Clarke Hall.

Belleville, Feb. 16, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Babine 15 days Wolfville, Feb. 19, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W.

Forest Glen, Colchester, Feb. 3. Mrs. Elizabeth Hali'ax, Feb. 23, Annie infant of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mackasey, 10 mos.

Wolfville, Feb. 19, Hugh, infant of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wallace, 1.

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