

## Gallant Little Hale Robbins.

Master Hale Robbins has nearly recovered from the wounds received last August in his remarkable battle with two white headed eagles, accounts of which were published at the time in several Maine newspapers. But it makes one's heart ache to see the scars on the little fellow—great, blue, livid scars that go to the bone; eight on his face and scalp, eleven on his right arm and shoulder, six on the other arm, three down his back, and several others—over thirty in all! This lad of ten is indeed a battle scarred veteran! Some of these scars he will carry to his grave—eloquent evidence of the pluck with which he fought the big birds of prey.

But thanks to the boy's courage, his little sister Lois, in whose defence he made the fight, has but one light scar upon her cheek. The two or three red marks still visible on her hand and wrist, show plainly how Hale took the aggressive and bore the brunt of the battle. The fight was fought to a finish. It was nearly an hour after the eagles first swooped down that a last lucky blow of the corn-cutter brought the big female to the ground.

A local taxidermist has mounted this eagle, and no ornithological collection within my knowledge possesses a more savage looking specimen of *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*. The wings, from tip to tip, spread fully six feet, six inches.

The assault was not wholly unprovoked although the children were not to blame for it. By ill luck, the birds had just been disturbed by the fall of one of their young from the nest in the great elm tree.

The Robbinses live in a clearing on the St. Croix River, in eastern Maine. From their house to the district school the road is a long one for little six year old Lois Robbins, and for a mile and a half or more it traverses the forest. But up to the morning of the encounter the child had not missed a day of the summer term.

Hale had been his sister's trusty guardian ever since she was large enough to toddle out of doors, and the child needed a protector there, for it is a rather wild sort of country, not wholly free from wild animals. The boy appears to have no uncertain or wavering sense of his fraternal responsibility. Ever since he was seven years old he had undertaken "never to come home without little sister."

That morning they set off for school just before eight o'clock. In addition to their dinner pail and two books, they carried a light woven bushel basket and an old bush hook, or corn-cutter, as they called it, because their father sometimes used it for cutting rows of sweet corn in the garden. This tool consisted of about fifteen inches out from the point of a worn out hay scythe, so inserted in a rude wooden handle that blade and handle stood at right angles with each other.

Grandma Robbins had asked Hale to stop on his way home from school at a swale near the run, and cut a quantity of thoroughwort and snakehead, two herbs much prized by the old woman, which were then in a flower, fit for gathering. The basket and cutting hook were for this purpose, but the children were told not to take them to the schoolhouse, but to leave them at "Indian Jake's shanty," just beyond the swale. The Indian is their nearest neighbor, but at the time he happened to be away from home, guiding tourists to the lakes.

The eagle's nest was an object of interest to Hale, who often stopped to watch the birds come and go from the elm tree, which stands on a bluff overlooking the river. As the children came along that morning, little Lois espied one of the eagles flying heavily to the tree, bearing a fish in its talons, taken perhaps from some fish hawk on the neighboring lake. "Oh, look!" the child exclaimed, dropping the handle of the basket and pointing with her finger. "There's the old eagle going to the nest, and it's got a great thing in its feet."

"It is going to feed the young ones," said Hale. "Now hark, and you'll hear 'em scream!" The eagle bore the fish to the big nest in the tree-top, and immediately the peculiar whistling cries of the young were heard.

"Oh, I hear 'em squeam!" cried little Lois. "Don't they squeam high?" It was a large fish, and perhaps life was not wholly extinct in it; when torn by the young beaks and talons, it may have given a spasmodic flop. This was probably the reason that one of the small birds was dislodged from its place in the nest and fell. An instant later, it caught by its talons on a small, low limb of the tree and hung there, swinging and screaming.

"One of 'em has tumbled out!" cried Hale, and boylike, he ran forward, followed by little Lois, both much excited; for the young bird was not more than twenty feet from the ground. Unable to fly as yet, it clung to the limb with its feet flopping clumsily. Meantime, the parent eagle after peering down from the nest, swooped past it, then rose. Another smaller eagle, too, the male bird, probably, appeared on the scene, and sailed around the tree.

The eagle's screams excited the children greatly, and they approached nearer to get a better view. Several times the parent bird swooped close beside the suspended egglet, and rose as if to bear it aloft again; but the youngster clung obstinately and screamed continuously, while little Lois cried aloud, from sympathy or excitement. The noise seemed to rouse the ire of the old bird and it swooped close to the heads of the children, snapping a wrathful, yellow beak, and uttering short, hoarse screams.

It came very close, flapping its great

wings, and its savage eyes were so terrifying that Lois turned, crying, and ran back to where they had set down the bushel basket; but Hale caught up a stone and flung it high at the bird, shouting, "keep off, old snapper-bill!"

Immediately the eagle swooped again, so near that its talons clutched the straw hat on the boy's head, and one pinion brushed his face. Thereupon he seized a dry hemlock bough, and facing the bird, which rose no more than thirty or forty feet in the air, struck at it as it swooped a third time. But the eagle descended with such force that Hale was knocked over; and this time one of its talons tore the brush from his hands, lacerating his right wrist.

Screaming fiercely, the bird rose, carrying the dry bough high in the air, while the boy, alarmed and hurt, ran backward to where little Lois stood. The other eagle swooped toward the children, but not close enough to strike with its claws.

Lois was now crying loudly and looking for some place to hide herself, but on the burnt land there is little cover.

While the female eagle was hovering above them, still holding the dry bough, the lad remembered the corn cutter which was in the bushel basket along with the school-books and lunch-basket. He flourished it defiantly shouting, "I'll cut your head off, old eagle!" and the morning sun may have cast a glint upward from the blade; for the female eagle, dropping the bough, swooped again more savagely than before.

This time one claw clutched the boy's head, tearing two deep scratches in his forehead, and pulling out a great deal of his hair. He was knocked down and cried out from the pain, but struggled bravely to his feet and faced the fierce bird, which was now hovering almost directly over his head, screaming and snapping with its beak. The other bird also stooped again, as if seconding the attack of its more formidable mate. The shrieks of the little girl only increased their exasperation.

It the boy had wavered, it would probably have proved fatal to one or both of the children. But Hale cried, "Stop that crying, Lo, and put the bushel basket over your head!" Bareheaded and bleeding himself, he gallantly faced the hovering bird and brandished the corn cutter. Down it swooped on him again; but the little fellow learning from experience, dodged aside and struck as the eagle shot past. He bit it with the point of the blade, and felt the sudden joy of striking home for the first time.

Enraged, the bird turned short in the air, screaming wildly, and dashed at him again. This time it fixed a talon in his back, knocked him off his feet, and dragged him till his clothing gave way. He fell hard upon some small loose stones, and for an instant lay prostrate—so frightening little Lois that she ran toward him, partly raising the basket off her head. One of the eagles swooped at the same moment, struck its claws into the basket, tearing it away, and wounding the child's face.

Her shriek of pain brought the dazed boy to his feet; but before he could strike, the eagle swooped again with great force. One claw buried itself in his upraised arm, and again he was dragged violently from his feet. The eagle holding fast, with an angry scream, beat him hard with its wings, then sunk its hooked beak in his cheek.

Boy and bird fell and rolled over on the ground; but the boy grasped the bird's neck, and with his wounded arm dealt such blows as he could, and tore out handfuls of feathers until the eagle, struggling free from his grasp, rose a few feet. The relief was only for an instant, for the bird pounced down on him again, and yet again. The lad was thrown on his back, but kept on fighting, striking and kicking upward with both feet. The eagle, clutching his foot with its talons, dragged him for a number of yards, beating him terribly with its wings.

It was while being thus dragged, his eyes nearly blinded with blood, that the boy, striking for dear life's sake with the corn cutter, drove the point of it into the eagle under its wing. For a little time the wound appeared ineffective. The bird let go its hold and rose, but instantly pounced down again, tearing away great strips of his clothing, which it soon let drop to pounce on him again.

The blood was pouring down Hale's face and he could hardly see; but whenever he discerned the shadow of the bird and felt the wind of its swoop, he kicked upward and struck out with the bush hook. Cuts on the eagle's legs and head show that some of these desperate, random blows were effective. Again and again the eagle fell upon him. Had the male bird proved itself as fierce a fighter as its mate, neither of the children could have escaped.

At length the eagle alighted on the ground near by. It was much hurt and could no longer keep the air; but it still strutted unsteadily forward to renew the attack, screaming vindictively. Weak from loss of blood, Hale could with difficulty get to his feet; but he used the corn-cutter as often as the bird approached within reach. After this manner they fought for half an hour, when the eagle beat a retreat, itself hardly able to walk, much less to fly away. The other bird had flown back to the nest.

Calling Lois to him and taking her hand, the lad now attempted to get up and go home with her, but found that he could not stand alone. Lois, who was not so badly hurt herself, was frightened at the terrible appearance of her brother, and at the strange way in which he kept falling down. She left him at length, and running all the way home, told mother that the eagles had picked Hale's eyes out!—for Lois thought that he was blind.

Mrs. Robbins rushed to the place and found Hale sitting very soberly on a stone, a dreadful little object, not blind indeed, but very weak and hardly able to move on account of the stiffening of his wounds. His mother was obliged to carry him much of the way home.

The doctor, who was sent for and saw

the boy late the following evening, found it necessary in dressing his wounds to take not less than thirty stitches.

Mr. Robbins, the father, found the female eagle the next day, "mumping" in a fir thicket near the river; it was too nearly dead to offer much resistance.

## GOOD HEALTH MINE.

### Most Valuable Discovery by a Prominent Halifax Traveller.

But Rockingham People Have Known it for Several Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills a Perfect Mine of Health They Cure all Kidney Diseases.

ROCKINGHAM, N. S. March, 26.—(By telegraph) The rich mine recently discovered by the oldest traveller in Nova Scotia, Mr. J. H. Ireland, of Halifax, is said to have been known to the citizens of this town five years ago. An old resident states that he drew a new lease of life from the mine, at least four years ago. Others have made similar claims.

Mr. Ireland says he cares not how many people use the mine. He has named it the Good Health mine, and says that is the most suitable title for it, as Good Health is enjoyed by all who use its output—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is no doubt about the genuineness of Mr. Ireland's cure. All his friends and he has hundreds of them; have remarked the improvement, and congratulated him upon it. To each enquiry he has replied that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him in a few days.

The reputation enjoyed by Dodd's Kidney Pills in this section of Nova Scotia is indeed a proud one. It is safe to say that they are used in every household. And in every case in which they have been tried, a complete and lasting cure has followed. A large number of cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy have been cured by them here, and the cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lamé Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Blood Impurities, Diseases of Women and all Urinary Diseases, that have been cured by them are simply unaccountable.

### SOME FRENCH CANADIAN TALK.

Three Short Stories in the Funny Dialect of the Habitant.

Joe Place, who lives out on the Biddeford Pool road supplies a fair amount of innocent amusement to the people of that section.

The other day he drove into the city with a load of cordwood. On the top of the load he had some mysterious parcel in a shorts sack, and the contents of the parcel occasionally moved and writhed.

When some one came along and asked him about the bundle Joe lifted up the shorts sack, and immediately there was a mighty squealing from within.

"Leetle pigs," quoth Joseph, smilingly. "Now I tal yo' w'at I do," he said jocosely, "yo' tal me how many leetle peegs dere be in dat bag, and be gar, I geeve yo' de whole 't'ree of beem."

"Well," said the other, "I guess there are three pigs there, Joseph."

Joseph was disgusted.

"Oh, ba gar," shouted he, "somebody gen' tol' yo' 'bout dat."

They undertook to run down the capacities of Joseph's horse the other day and Joseph was mad. Someone told him that the critter couldn't trot in 4:30. Joseph shook his fists. His voice trembled with suppressed feeling. He pulled out his wallet and wanted to bet. And as he talked he grew madder.

At last he said:

"Now yo' look here, yo' don't know w'at yo' talk about. Dat hoss be all r'at. He can go jus as fas' as yo' want heem trot. I bat yo' I put heem on de barn and geeve heem handful of oat and quart of hay. I tak' heem off de barn. Den he go batter dan ha' pas' four or ba gar, I geeve yo' to beem."

A man with Canadian wool trousers and a peaked fur cap as the most prominent articles of his attire came into the Biddeford Post Office the other day and stepped up to the window. Said he with a bland smile.

"Prap you don't have nottin's here for Joseph Metrau, hey?"

"I dunno," said the clerk. "What do you say your name is?"

"Joseph Metrau."

"Mee-frow, Mee-frow—how do you spell it?"

The Canadian at the window looked through the bars at the clerk and then with a disgust that I cannot put in words, he cried:

"Ba darn, yo' dunno how to spell Joseph Metrau, yo' batter sal out dis plac and go fin' some noddor bus'ness."

### Mason and Dixon's Line.

The restoration of the old line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, known as the Mason and Dixon Line, is the subject of a bill before the Maryland Legislature. The boundary has far more than a local interest, being, indeed, one of the most famous artificial lines of demarcation in history. Mason and Dixon's Line was determined by two English surveyors of

these names between the years 1762 and 1767. Its origin, however, goes back to the boundary disputes between the great proprietors, William Penn and Lord Baltimore. Penn's struggle was to push his boundary south to the head of Chesapeake Bay, and in 1682 he wrote his rival thus:

"It is of minute Consequence to Lord Baltimore and mighty moment to me because to his country it is the Tale or Skirt, to my Province the Mouth or Ielett." Not till fifty years later did their heirs agree on the present boundaries of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

In establishing the line, it was the intention of Mason and Dixon to set up a stone every five miles, with the coat of arms of Penn cut on the north side and that of Baltimore on the south. Monuments were brought from England for this purpose. Beyond the Blue Ridge, however, the line was temporarily marked by piles of loose stones. With the lapse of years, both monuments and stones have been carried away and destroyed. For long distances there is nothing to indicate the boundary between the states, and numerous property complications have arisen.

Mason and Dixon's line was more than a state boundary. It became famous as the dividing line between the free and slave states, and as such figures in every history of the Civil War.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has already appropriated five thousand dollars for a new survey and remarking of this famous line, provided Maryland will contribute a like sum. As state pride as well as historical interest is attached to the pending bill, there is little doubt of its passage, and the consequent restoration of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Said Brown unto his wife one day,  
"We've nothing left to eat:  
If things go on in this queer way,  
We can't make both ends meet."  
His wife replied in words discreet,  
"Oh, we'll not be bad y' fed;  
If you can make but one end meet,"  
"I'll make the other bread."

## BORN.

Campobello, March 7, to the wife of James Sirles, a son.  
Digby, March 13, to the wife of Mr. Loren Turner, a son.  
Amherst, March 21, to the wife of Mr. B. C. Selig, a son.  
Amherst, March 12, to the wife of Dr. C. W. Bliss, a son.  
Greenfield, to the wife of Mr. W. E. McCabe, a daughter.  
Amherst, March 10, to the wife of Stuart Gould, a daughter.  
Amherst, March 9, to the wife of Mr. Arthur Costes, a daughter.  
Cocagne, March 9, to the wife of Lois D. Cormier, a daughter.  
Lunenburg, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Joseph Lodge, a son.  
Amherst, March 15, to the wife of Mr. W. R. Fitzmaurice, a son.  
Middleton, March 12, to the wife of Mr. W. G. Parsons, a son.  
Grand Pre, March 16, to the wife of Mr. Geo. Trenholm, a son.  
Avonport, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Brenton Burdon, a daughter.  
Waltham, Mass. March, 6, to the wife of Mr. A. C. Emery, a daughter.  
Amherst, March 15, to the wife of Mr. Geo. T. Chamberlain, a son.  
Havelock, March 14, to the wife of Mrs. Hanford Grant, twins—boys.  
DeBert Village, Colchester, March 14, to the wife of John P. Smith, a son.  
Newport, Hants Co., March 1, to the wife Rev. R. D. Armstrong, a daughter.  
Grande Duché, Kent Co. March 9 to the wife of P. H. Leger, M. P. P. a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Windsor, Mar. 3, by Rev. W. Phillips, Elias Smith to Sadie K. Conrad.  
Tyron, Mar. 14, by Rev. Thos. Hicks, James T. Lord to Jessie Pooley.  
Bilwout, Feb. 17, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Aubrey Eagles to Jennie Steele.  
Old Bams, Mar. 21, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Arthur Black to Zorah Yuill.  
Milton, Mar. 16, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, Charles Oickle to Maude Phillips.  
Petitcodiac, Mar. 15, by Rev. Joseph Pascoe, Henry Turner to Mrs. Lawrence.  
Micoche, Feb. 25, by Rev. John Macdonald, John Poirier to Veronique Poirier.  
Stellarton, Mar. 21, by Rev. W. M. Tufts, George Burden to Jessie Osborne.  
Port Greenville, Mar. 5, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Imbert Canning to Minnie Scott.  
Port Greenville, Mar. 5, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, R. W. Welch to Lonia May Allen.  
Hampton, Mar. 14, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Barpee Armstrong to Myrtle Chute.  
Annapolis, Mar. 17, by Rev. H. D. DeBlois, Fred A. F. Randolph to May G. Tupper.  
Oldham, Mar. 20, by Rev. A. Y. Morash, Frank B. McPherson to Mary Marshall.  
Hill Grove, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Archibald Demissio to Rachel Gavel.  
Watson Settlement, Mar. 20, by Rev. J. Parkin, George Watson to Clara Campbell.  
Port La Tour, Mar. 12, by Rev. Jno. Phalen, Frederick E. Perry to Ietta B. McKinnon.  
Murray Harbor, Mar. 13, by Rev. E. Gillis, Abraham Williams to Maude Giddings.  
Charlestown Mass., Mar. 7, by Rev. Arthur S. Burrows, Andrew Gould to Clara B. Heather.

## DIED.

Milford, Mar. 15, John McLeod, 71.  
Belfast, Mar. 14, Jeremiah Smith.  
Halifax, Feb. 26, Ann McPhee, 81.  
Amherst, Mar. 2, Frank Roberts, 11.  
Grafton, Mar. 20, Edward White, 48.  
Halifax, Mar. 21, John F. Hughes, 9.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 15, John Haskell, 75.  
Halifax, Mar. 22, Kenneth Bethune, 22.  
Halifax, Mar. 21, Laura E. Zwicker, 10.  
Boston, Mar. 18, Albert A. Granger, 30.  
Cape Island, Mar. 20, Amel Stoddard, 63.  
Boston, Mar. 16, Mrs. Catherine Ring 73.  
Hastings, A. Co. Mar. 17, Jane Cahill, 33.  
Charlottetown, Mar. 17, Thomas Alley, 80.  
Truro, N. S. Mar. 14, Susan R. Clark, 94.  
Port Hill, Mar. 19, John Maynard, Sr., 80.  
Lunenburg, Mar. 19, Albert Chandler, 66.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 17, Mrs. Chas. Moses, 90.  
Tryon, Mar. 16, Mrs. Angus MacDonald 34.

Surrey, A. Co., Mar. 8, Mrs. Jane Carlisle.  
North Sydney, Mar. 19, D. J. McKenzie, 65.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 11, Mrs. Augustus Sullivan.  
Clarks Harbor, Mar. 9, Nathaniel Newell, 20.  
Lake Egmont, Mar. 15, William Killough, 74.  
Moncton, Mar. 22, Mr. Chas. T. Lockhart, 71.  
West Berlin, Q. C., Mar. 17, Wm. Darrow, 78.  
Brooklyn, N. Y. Mar. 16, Calvin Raymond, 69.  
Chipman Brook, Mar. 17, Rupert Coleman, 16.  
Grand Haven, C. B., Mar. 5, Linda Laford, 15.  
West Water, Conn. Feb. 25, Job B. Coffin, 59.  
Bridgewater, Me., Mar. 12, William Turner 25.  
Lake George, Mar. 18, Mrs. Jane McMullen, 73.  
Riverside, A. Co., Mar. 14, Lucinda J. Redd, 80.  
Campbellton, N. B., Mar. 12, Maggie Davidson.  
Harcourt, Kent Co., Mar. 8, Mrs. Andrew Dale, 52.  
Albert Mines, A. Co., Mar. 8, Mr. Roy Woodworth, 77.  
Cocagne Bar, Dent Co., Mar. 4, Severe D. Melanson, 91.  
Belle River, P. E. I., Mar. 7, Capt. Benjamin Bears.  
Fenwick, Mar. 16, infant daughter of Mr. Cordy Ripley, 4 mos.  
Halifax, Mar. 21, James infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thornton.  
Bristol, N. B., Mar. 8, Amber infant of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. King, 6 mos.  
South Chezoegin, Mar. 19, Ralph infant of Mr. and Mrs. H. Rose, 1.  
Demissio Creek, A. Co., Mar. 6, Mr. Thomas McLaughlin, 74.  
Elmdale, Mar. 15, Gordon, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Clarke, 4 mos.  
Germantown, A. Co., Mar. 12, Melvin infant of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Moore, 9 mos.  
Ball's Creek C. B. Mar. 5, Angus infant of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McDonald, 3 mos.

### RAILROADS.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

## Easter Holidays

Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public

At one way lowest first-class fare for April 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th, good for return until April 17th, 1900.

## For School Vacations

To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by the principal, sell round trip tickets as under:

To Stations on the Atlantic Division and on the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare to Montreal, added to one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 6th, to 14th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900.

A. J. HEATH,  
D. P. A. C. P. R.,  
St. John, N. B.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 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., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., ar. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.43 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.50 p. m.  
Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

## S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled 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. GIFFKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. S.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Picton and Halifax.....7.25  
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Picton.....12.05  
Express for Sussex.....16.40  
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Montreal.....17.30  
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.  
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....  
Accommodation from Moncton.....  
Express from Halifax.....  
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....  
Accommodation from Moncton.....  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager  
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.