

The Fate of Magruder.

'This is a bad piece of business. First our dog killed, then our mule. What next?' said my partner, Bill Magruder.

He and I stood looking ruefully at our pack-mule, Andy, lying dead on the open grassy space in which our cabin stood.

The mule had been feeding quietly about his picket-pin in the morning, when we started out to visit our traps, and the picket-pin was driven beneath the great sycamore in front of the cabin. Now we had come back at night to find Andy killed his throat torn, his haunch partly devoured by some beast of prey. Deep claw-marks were on his back and shoulders, his neck had been broken at its jointure with the spine by a terrible bite.

The loss of the mule was a serious one to us. Magruder and I, an ex-army scout, had been with General Crook in his campaign against the Tonto Apaches of Arizona, and so we had found out the natural advantages of the sheltered Tonto Basin with its extensive timber forests, numerous streams and soft, equable climate.

Now that this vast valley was clear of Apaches, Magruder and I had entered it in September, built a permanent camp on Tonto Creek near the foot of the Mogollon mesa, and prepared to pass the autumn and winter there, hunting and trapping.

In the middle of October we had our lines of traps out and were getting a fair amount of fur, when our first stroke of bad luck came—our dog, Hector, had been carried away. He had been useful in our hunting, and we had relied on him to give us timely notice of any person or dangerous beast that should approach the camp.

Hector's disappearance had not seemed mysterious. One dark night he ran out of the cabin with a growl—the mule had previously been uneasy. Half waking, I heard the dog bark loudly. Then I heard a growl, and more savage than my dog could give, mingling with one shriek and strangled moan from Hector.

Magruder and I jumped to our feet, caught up our rifles, and threw open the door. The mule was snorting and stamping with fear at the end of his picket-ropes, but of the dog there was no sight or sound. We heard some large, soft footed animal bounding away in the darkness in long leaps. We made no doubt it was a mountain lion, although rain later in the night blotted out all tracks.

A week went by and here was our mule killed, probably by the same creature that had killed Hector. It could not be a grizzly, for there were no tracks to be seen such as a bear's great feet and protruding claws would have made. We decided that the mule, too, had been killed by a mountain lion—a lion of uncommon size and strength else it could not so easily have carried off a large dog and killed a powerful mule. 'Hunt the varmint down!' I said, in answer to Magruder, as we stood by the dead mule. 'I'm afraid we can't do much at that without dogs.'

'Well, it is rather late to be going after him now. He's got everything we had to lose—unless he comes for one of us next time.' My partner spoke with seriousness so unusual in him that I looked hard at him, and then he laughed the thing away and mentioned no other forbidding.

That night we made our preparations to receive the lion if he came back to the dead mule. We took turns in watching, but no lion came. So we dragged the festering carcass away from the camp the next day, and left it to the wolves and foxes.

Magruder, usually one of the cheeriest and most indomitable of men, was evidently greatly disheartened by our bad luck; and he even proposed that we pull up stakes forthwith, and go back to white settlements.

But I said, 'We're here, Bill, and we're doing well. We're trapping lots of fur, and we can kill all the meat we want to eat. It would be no more of a tramp to foot it out of the settlements next spring than to do it now. Let's try it a month or two longer, anyway. We can cache our furs when we go, and come back for them afterward with an outfit of pack mules.'

'All right,' he said. 'Stay it is.' As the week wore on, Magruder's depression seemed to vanish, and he resumed his old-time cheerfulness. But one night in camp, just as I was dropping off to sleep, Magruder started and said to me, 'Do you hear that sound?'

I listened. Presently from somewhere up the canon side came a wailing, deep-throated cry, which was repeated at intervals.

'Yes, I hear it,' I said. 'It's a mountain lion—if it isn't an owl. Pity we haven't another mule to chew up!'

'It's a different note from a lion's cry,' said Magruder. 'The beast that's making that sound is the one that killed our dog and mule.'

'Something has just come into my mind that the Apache scouts told me once,' he continued. 'It's about jaguars. They said that these animals sometimes wander up into Arizona from Sonora, and when they do, they always come to the Tonto Basin. The forests and climate here suit them, I suppose. The Indians are superstitious about these beasts. They say they are always man eaters.'

'All right; jaguar or lion, I'd like a fair shot at him,' I remarked, and settled myself again to slumbers. But before I went quite to sleep I heard my partner moving restlessly in his blankets and muttering.

He was in good spirits the next morning when we started out to make the round of our traps. It was one of those exquisite autumn days which, in the higher levels of Arizona, open with frost and are sunny and warm at noon. We separated at the forks of the creek, Magruder taking the south and I the north branch.

I had the longer route, and I found two minks and an otter to skin; so when I got

back to the forks, near the end of the day, Magruder had bent some twice in the direction of the camp to show me that he had gone on down the creek toward camp. I went on, following the route he had taken.

Presently, in a place where the ground was soft, I came upon Magruder's tracks and something more. A line of tracks followed Magruder's, they resembled the tracks of a mountain-lion, and the breadth and depth of the imprints showed the creature to be of uncommon size. Step by step it had crept along, cat fashion, until it had crossed a marshy place in two or three enormous bounds, where it had resumed its stealthy gait.

I had got to hard ground, where the tracks were faint, when I caught sight of a man in Mexican costume crossing the valley a short distance ahead of me. It was Jose Bonifacio, a Mexican Indian who had served as scout and trailer in Indian campaigns with me, and he recognized me. I motioned for him to come to me, and showed him the tracks in the soft ground. He examined them carefully. This man was not to be easily frightened, but there was something like fear in his face as he spoke in his broken English.

'You go 'way,' he said. 'Go 'way from Tonto. No lion make them tracks. You know what?' His voice lowered, and he put his hand on my arm, looking around as if fearful of being overheard. 'I know that fellow heap in Sonora. He very bad. El diablo, we call him. He follow that man all day, never touch him. When dark come, he kill him. That man your partner? You hurry 'long find him. Then you two stay together. Go 'way!' his voice sinking into a whisper. 'Go 'way quick!'

'What do you mean, Bonifacio?' I asked, impressed by the seriousness of his manner. 'Do you mean to tell me that these are not a mountain-lion's tracks?'

The half breed had the savage's common superstition against pronouncing the name of a creature that is greatly feared, lest it overbear and avenge the familiarity.

'He no lion,' Leon, kill deer, calf, sheep—but man he run from. This fellow,' here his voice fell again to a whisper, 'he kill man. You hurry 'long, find Bill. Then warningly again, Go 'way from Tonto! Go quick!'

He started on his way over the hills. 'Come down to the cabin and spend the night,' I said; but the half-breed shook his head.

The shadows of night were falling as I hurried down the valley. After what Bonifacio had said, I was naturally anxious about Magruder, although I knew that he had plenty of time to get to the camp before dark. Moreover my partner was well-armed and little likely to be caught off his guard by an enemy, man or beast.

I came into the open space before the camp in the last light from the western sky. Before me the sycamore, with half its leaves still upon it, towered above the shadow beneath its wide spreading branches. The cabin door was open, so Magruder had returned. But where was he? Ah! What was that under the sycamore, lying outstretched and still in the deepest shadow? Certainly the form of a man, and he lay as if he were dead.

I cocked my rifle and looked round me. Nothing threatened from the ground. I gazed into the tree but could detect there nothing unusual or suspicious. Slowly I walked toward the outstretched form until I came to the edge of the shadow beneath the sycamore.

There I paused at a slight sound that came from among the branches—a soft, brushing flip flip, flip flip. It came from a great forked branch that overhung the path. Now that my attention was drawn to this limb, I thought it looked unusual near the fork. There it seemed to be much thicker than elsewhere in its length; but looking closely, I could see nothing that indicated danger.

'It is nothing,' I said to myself, and made another step forward.

Then I saw it! The formless thickness of the bough all at once shaped itself to my eyes in its true appearance—the bough and the thing upon it. I saw two phosphorescent spots, not easily to be discerned among the yellow leaves. I saw these were living eyes in a huge cat like head resting upon the forks of the branch. Behind, flattened upon the bough, so that it seemed a part of it, was a long body whose mottled colors merged in those of the spotted bark and the leaves and their shadows. The soft, flip flipping noise was the curling in and out of the tip of a supple tail among the leaves. The beast that had killed my partner was waiting for me.

There was not a moment to lose. As I threw my rifle breech to my shoulder I saw the great head lift, the ears draw sharply back, the phosphorescent eyes reddened to burning flame. Twice I fired, first at the shoulder, then without aiming, at the living thunderbolt that came through the air upon me, crushing me to the earth. A frightful growl filled my ears as something bit and tore me—the rest was darkness.

I came to my senses lying on my back on the ground in the coolness of the autumn night. Through the leafy branches overhead the moon and stars were shining. My rifle was clutched in my hand as I lifted my head and looked around, not realizing at first where I was or what happened.

It all came back to me as I gazed upon the form of savage beauty, the splendid markings in black and yellow of the jaguar that lay near me. Just beyond the beast I saw the form of my partner, his white face upturned to the moon.

You can see the scars made by the jaguar's five claws down the side of my face, and there are other marks of his claws on my arm and chest. I have not been able to lift my left hand to the top of my head since he crushed my shoulder that

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night—and these wounds he gave in his dying struggle, after my second shot had pierced his brain. If Bonifacio had not come in time, I should have been lying under the sycamore now with Magruder.

ANIMALS FOND OF JOKING.

Funny Tricks That Have Been Played by Trained Performers.

Circus men think Darwin was pretty near right when he posted the monkey as the original tree from which man and his flowering offspring sprang. All Ringling, one of the five brothers who have been active in bringing the circus to its present high state of development and consideration, thinks so, and is plain spoken and fervid in saying so. The other night, in the course of a random talk, he illustrated the truth of this proposition in the most picturesque and entertaining way.

To show that there are useful spots of gray matter in every species of animal, he picked out the ugly and forbidding hippopotamus. He said: 'Maybe you think this freak of animal nature doesn't know a thing or two. I'll show that he does. We have one with us who is as big as all outdoors, and with his eyes peeled looks like an old fashioned picture of the Inferno. His keeper is named Spencer. This name ought to make him know better, unless he is so far removed from the Herbert Spencer of metaphysical fame that the name is a gauzy label of heritage rather than sense. This keeper feeds the hippopotamus with bran balls. Punch is very fond of these. They are rolled up and tossed far into his internal economy before he can close his jaws.'

A short time ago this keeper got funny and teased Punch by holding a ball of the coveted morsel close to his nose where he could get the sweet savor of it, and then jerking it out of his reach. This was not a very pleasing performance for Punch, and in many ways peculiar to his kind he showed it. He lay down in his tank and held his nose low, and when the keeper held out the bran ball he pretended to be indifferent or asleep. Seeing this, the keeper became careless, and began rubbing the bran ball about Punch's nose. Here is where Punch showed the cunning of ancestry, and, waiting his chance, grabbed the keeper's hand between his teeth.

'Wow-wow-wow!' yelled the keeper.

'Whu-u-owa-a-a-h!' snorted Punch in great delight.

'After enjoying the situation for a minute or more, and winking his eye knowingly, he eased up on Spencer's hand, so that the latter could get it back to its original ownership. Punch then slid back into his tank of water, and the bubbly noise that ruffled the surface indicated that he was having a jolly good laugh underneath at the expense of Spencer.

Elephants are the trickiest of all, however. They look dull and heavy, but just the same they are, like a mischievous boy, always on the alert for forbidden fun. In the twenty five elephants of our show fifteen of them are trick performers, and able to do a lot of things that startle observers.

Only the other day five of these were doing a pyramid act, and Professor Lockhart had just climbed up to the top of the head of the beast forming the apex when the largest elephant gave a keen squeal, and at this signal the huge animals turned opposite directions and the surprised professor had to jump to save himself from a disgraceful tumble. The elephants got together in a corner, and the shrill blast they blew in unison showed the knowing that they were in a mood of enjoyment and the joke was on the professor.

The monkey, too, is one of those wild animals you don't want to get gay with, unless you are prepared to make fun for your friends, and possibly wear a war scrap. Last season a well dressed youngster, who had all the earmarks of a rich father and an easy life, wanted to entertain a party of girl friends, and picked out a mild mannered monkey for an easy subject. He gave the monkey a cigar with the hot end first.

The monkey got it, good and warm and screamed with rage. But his mind was equal to the occasion, and with his eyes flashing and his mouth shut tight he hurled the cigar back at his tormentor. As good or ill luck would have it, the burning end struck the dude square in the eye, and with a yell of pain he turned hastily away from the cage and sought the relief of a doctor. The monkey began to scream 'Chicka!' and 'Chicka!' again at his successful revenge, and all the surrounding animals began to roar as if in sympathy.

A King Who Ought to be Spanked.

Alphonso XIII., the boy king of Spain, is a badly spoiled child, according to latest reports. He is small and unhealthy, excessively timid, and sadly deficient in his studies. His mother permits him to have all the cakes and sweetmeats he can eat, as a sort of compensation for refusing him cheese, which he constantly craves.

When refused this, he flies into a passion and fills the palace with his howls. He wrote a letter the other day to General Martinez Campos, begging him to procure him some Italian cheese.

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BORN.

Halifax, May 3, to the wife of S. Vutne, a son, Chelsea, Apr. 12, to the wife of S. Russell, a son. Halifax, Apr. 28, to the wife of J. Naylor, a son. Halifax, Apr. 30, to the wife of G. Ackiom, a son. Amherst, Apr. 26, to the wife of C. Casey, a son. Windsor, Apr. 22, to the wife of F. Lavers, a son. Antigonish, Apr. 19, to the wife of J. Clark, a son. Kentville, Apr. 28, to the wife of J. Lyons, a son. Windsor, Apr. 24, to the wife of C. Redden, a son. Halifax, Apr. 21, to the wife of W. Campbell, a son. Hants, Apr. 23, to the wife of T. McMillen, a son. Campbell, Apr. 28, to the wife of G. Lank, a son. Parraboro, May 7, to the wife of C. Johnson, a son. Parraboro, May 7, to the wife of A. Jackson, a son. Smith's Creek, May 5, to the wife of J. Rand, a son. Newtown, May 6, to the wife of C. Chapman, a son. Earlton, May 1, to the wife of R. V. Murray, a son. Windsor, Apr. 22, to the wife of J. Armstrong, a son. Waterford, May 3, to the wife of J. Frier, a daughter. Sussex, May 9, to the wife of D. Ramsey, a daughter. Berwick, Apr. 22, to the wife of A. Veniot, a daughter. Plymouth, May 8, to the wife of C. Hand, a daughter. Amherst, Apr. 29, to the wife of D. McLeod, a daughter. Parraboro, Apr. 28, to the wife of E. Brown, Jr., a daughter. Yarmouth, Apr. 24, to the wife of T. Baker, a daughter. Truemanville, Apr. 29, to the wife of T. Trueman, a daughter. Buctouche, May 3, to the wife of J. Michaud, a daughter. Parraboro, May 6, to the wife of R. Alkman, a daughter. Spryfield, May 9, to the wife of R. Dulhanty, a daughter. Rockville, May 7, to the wife of C. Brennan, a daughter. Delort Village, May 1, to the wife of W. Bulmer, a daughter. Yarmouth, Apr. 24, to the wife of Capt. McKinnon, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, by Rev. Mr. Armitage, Wm. Flanagan to Alma Ayres. Antigonish, N. S., April 28, Henry McMaster to Edith Dowling. Halifax, May 3, by Rev. R. Smith, Harry Adams to Charlotte Forsyth. Halifax, May 2, by Rev. N. LeMoine, John J. Cannon to May Johnson. Westport, May 2, by Rev. F. P. McGregor, Hubert Bowers to Lena Leut. Calais, April 30, by Rev. J. W. Day, Rev. Sampson Bender to Mary Tait. Dartmouth, April 13, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Leason J. Power to Della Day. Glassville, May 7, by Rev. J. Beairto, William McKay to Maggie Riley. Lubec, April 23, by Rev. W. B. Cottle, Fred W. Keane to Sadie Lamson. Truro, May 1, by Rev. John Wood, Fred J. Morrison to Maggie E. Lenor. Halifax, April 30, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, William G. Delbay to Fannie Guy. Calais, April 25, by Rev. C. G. McCully, Alton L. Payne to Mattie L. Adams. Gaspereau, April 27, by Rev. J. D. Spidel, John U. Quaint to Lucie Hestley. Boston, April 17, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Alexander Cameron to Ida Thompson. New York, April 19, by Rev. R. B. Smith, Edward F. Brown to Cassie B. Smith. Boston, Mass., May 2, by Rev. Father Colgan, John Cunningham to Mary McKay. Lunenburg, April 22, by Rev. D. McGilivray, Wilhelmina Annier to Daniel Tanner. Calais, April 28, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Wm. M. Winters to Mrs. Georgie Cook. Calais, April 30, by Rev. F. M. Walsh, John F. Maguire to Jessie B. McMorran. Calais, April 29, by Rev. C. G. McCully, Louis F. Marshall to Catherine Chamberlain. Princeton, April 18, by Rev. C. H. McElhiney, Jason Greenough to Della Morrison. Newton Mass., April 18, by Rev. Charles W. Allen, Frederick Wallace to Ethel Stewart. Rear Baddeck, April 25, by Rev. D. McDougall, Wm. Dennison to Agnes McDonald. Lower Economy, April 11, by Rev. J. Andrew Gray, Richard May to Blanche Morrison. St. Andrews, April 30, by Rev. A. W. Mahon, Harry W. Boone to Beatrice A. McCullough. Big Harbor, C. B., May 1, by Rev. D. McDougall, Norman McDonald to Hannah McDonald. Somerville, Mass., April 19, by Rev. Dr. Abbot, Bela L. MacCallum to Mrs. G. Lovejoy Hill. Brookline, Mass., April 25, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, John R. Jamison to Isabel Douglass.

DIED.

Shelburne, April 4, Ada Wile, 6. Suss. X, May 8, Charles Smith, 63. Calais, May 2, Lottie Adams, 36. Amherst, May 4, Gordon Cole, 1. St. George, May 4, Fred Hatt, 36. Sussex, April 29, Ralph Dobson, 1. Calais, May 4, William Spearin, 73. Halifax, May 5, Edith McLeod, 27. Halifax, May 6, John Brammar, 71. Moncton, May 5, John Chapman, 21. Boston, April 30, Maggie Cutten, 22. Meteghan, May 1, Louis Comrau, 8. Annapolis, May 1, James Corbett, 78. Springhill, April 23, Martha Scott, 30. Yarmouth, May 2, Joseph Purdy, 74. Halifax, May 4, Joseph Marshall, 62. Blomidon, April 17, John Harvey, 73. Woodstock, May 7, Lewis Coombs, 92. St. George, May 5, Edward Russell, 70. Halifax, May 6, Norman Matheson, 60. Port George, April 27, Isaac Smith, 65. Manitoba, 16, Rev. James Patterson, 65. Kentville, May 6, Rev. Richard Avery. Westville, May 4, Mrs. A. Armitage, 70. Amherst, May 3, Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 82. Deer Island, May 5, Colin Greenlaw, 19. Moshele, May 1, Alfred Hardwicke, 75. Hantsport April 27, Frederick Lamb, 22. Dartmouth, May 1, John L. Bolmar, 72. Dartmouth, May 6, Joseph Williams, 60. Halifax, May 4, David St. Clair Oliver, 41. Charlottown, Mass., Ezekiah Naults, 41. Tacoma, Wash., April 21, Joseph Reed, 59. Woodstock, April 2, Mrs. Arthur McLean. Lower L. have, April 24, Arabella Oxner, 68.

South Branch, April 16, Mr. Hugh Fleck, 85. Caledonia, Queens, May 1, David Couse, 77. Rawden, April 27, Mrs. Adolphus Knowler. West Bay, C. B., April 20, Alex. McKee, 76. New Glasgow, April 28, John McDonald, 16. Brooklyn, Hants, April 28, Geo. Johnson, 89. Amherst Folat, April 27, Mrs. Susan Jones. Lunenburg, April 27, Mrs. Abram Hebb, 47. Milltown, Me., April 28, Edwin Whidden, 8. London, Eng., Mar. 11, Reginald Webber, 18. Milltown, April 27, Walter Edmund Burns, 1. St. George, April, 30, Mrs. Martin Doyle, 81. Lunenburg, April 27, Mrs. Abigail Herman, 84. New Glasgow, April 29, Charles McFadden, 19. Maitland, Hants Co., Mrs. Mary E. Douglas, 41. Kentville, April 22, infant daughter of R. Walsh. Kentville, April 24, Miss Wilhelmina Dodge, 55. Maitland, Hants, April 24, Mrs. Michael O'Donnell. Beacomfield, April 26, Mrs. Sarah McGinley, 72. Lyne Centre, N. H., April 25, Mr. J. M. Tozier, 66. Da house East, Kings Co., April 5, J. T. Mack, 60. East Auburn, Me., April 19, Mrs. Robert Robinson, 77. Cambridge, Kings Co., April 24, Mrs. Geo. Bullerwell, 65. West Bay, C. B., April, 20, Mrs. Henrietta McLachlan, 83. Truro, May 3, Alice, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Layton. Bloemfontein, South Africa, April 22, Private Edgar Samuel Purcell, 27. Annapolis Royal, April 20, Eva, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McKay. Dartmouth, April, 29, Gwynne Mary infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hall, 9 mos.

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On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

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Suburban for Hampton.....5.30 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.05 Express for Sussex.....16.40 Express for Quebec, 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

Suburban from Hampton.....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.20 Express from Halifax.....16.00 Express from Halifax.....19.15 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.