

## Mortar and Excitement.

There is something instructive as well as amusing in a misadventure which recently befell one of our youthful subscribers named Hamlin Cobb. Master Cobb and a companion were near falling victims to what might be termed an unpremeditated chemical experiment. Some may even fancy that there was a flavor of the romantic in their adventure, although it is doubtful whether either of the young participants thought so at the time.

The Cobbs are farmers, and live in one of the midland rural towns of Maine. Their farm occupies a beautiful tract of upland on the east shore of a lake, known locally as the Great Pond. Their market and post-office are at a small village on the other side of the lake. The distance across by water is not much more than a mile, but the drive to the village, around the foot of the lake, is fully seven miles; and moreover, the road is billy.

It is therefore their usual custom to row across to the village; and they have for this purpose a pretty, well kept rowboat, capable of carrying eight persons, which they use in fine weather and on special occasions, such as going to church; an older, smaller boat, which they use on wet days, when one or two only are going over to the post office, or on light errands; and a strong large boat which they use for transporting heavy articles to and from the village stores.

They have an old fashioned two story country farmhouse, painted white with green blinds, which was built two generations ago, soon after Grandfather Zenas Cobb cleared the farm and settled there. It stands on the height of land overlooking the lake, and has four very large chimneys at the foot of the sloping dooryard. Off to the westward, across Great Pond, the view is an especially charming one. On very clear days the peak of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire can be discerned, although a great distance away.

So charming have the many relatives and friends of the family found the location and the plentiful farmhouse table that for several summers, from June to September the Cobbs have been fairly thronged with company. Often eight or ten visitors would be at the farmhouse at once.

Pure in self defence, and in order not to be eaten out of house and home and worked to death in the effort to care for their friends, the farmer and his wife resolved to transform their home into a summer boarding house. They reasoned that as about everything they could produce on the farm, in the way of crops and dairy products, was now required to supply the table in summer, their only hope of escaping the poor house lay in a charge of six dollars a week for all visitors during July and August.

This thrifty resolution was taken about the tenth of last June; and by way of getting ready for the new order of things, certain repairs had to be made. The kitchen, sitting room and five or six chambers needed to be replastered and newly papered. Now plastering requires the making of mortar; and to make mortar, quicklime, hair and sand have to be had. Hamlin looked at his watch. "Yes," said he, "I can scull across in half an hour, I suppose. I will pay an hour—just an hour and no more."

"Good boy!" they said; and all went on together to the fair grounds.

The Dobbe's Corners nine was already on the field. The game began; and Hamlin could not well get away until five minutes of four, when Bert Haines appeared and took his place. He then ran back through the village to the little plank wharf where they hitched like boats, cast off hastily, pushed out and squared his feet in the stern, to do some fast sculling home.

Hardly had he set the oar shank in the rowlock when he heard his name called, in girlish accents which he knew well and was rather fond of hearing.

"Please, Ham, wait for me! Can't I go over with you? I came around with mother, this morning, but she had to go home at noon. I wanted to stay to see the Hoyt girls. But I'm afraid I shall have to walk clear around home."

It was a schoolmate of Hamlin's, Francette Bartlett, who lived on the east side of the pond, not far from the Gobbs.

Anxious about the delay, yet secretly glad to have Francette's company homeward, he changed the oar and brought the heavy boat back to the landing place.

"Why, yes, of course I can take you," he said. "But the boat is full of lime and things. You will have to sit on a lime cask and maybe get your dress white."

"Oh! I don't care for that!" cried Francette, laughing as she hastened down to the landing. "Any way to get home, for I'm afraid there's a shower coming. There's a black cloud in the west, and I thought I heard it thunder a little just as I spoke to you."

"That is a black cloud, no mistake!" said Hamlin. He had been in such a hurry that he had hardly looked at the sky. "But I guess we can get across before it comes here."

Immediately after noon on the thirteenth Mr. Cobb set off with his horses and cart to draw home the sand, and he bade his son, Hamlin, cross over to the village in the market boat, and get six casks of lime and hair enough to make the mortar for the Denner Bros.' general store. He also told Hamlin to see a mason who lived on the outskirts of the village, and bespeak his services early the following week to plaster the rooms.

"Try to get back by four o'clock, Hamlin," his father said to him, "for I shall want you to help me rig up a mortar-bed and sit the sand when I come."

Hamlin was not long in sculling across, for practice had made him an adept in navigating the pond. He bargained for the lime and then wheeled the casks, each

weighing about two hundred pounds, down to the boat on a barrow, and rolled them aboard, taking care to keep them dry. They settled the small craft well in the water. But the two packages of hair were light, and on the whole the boat trimmed well.

He had then to see Sears, the mason, and walked to his house. On his way back he met a party of eight village boys going out to the fair grounds to play baseball.

"Here's Ham Cobb!" they cried. "Just the man we want! Come on, Ham, and play baseball with us! We lack a man and we are going to play Doble's Corners. We want you to pitch!"

"I guess I can't go," replied Hamlin. "I've got to be at home at four o'clock."

"Oh, well, but it's only half past two now!" they urged. "You can play an hour all right, till Bert Haines comes."

Francette climbed to a seat on the side of the cask which had been rolled farthest into the bow of the boat, and Hamlin put off again, regretting that in order to scull he must necessarily stand with his back to his pleasant passenger.

He had made but a few turns of the oar, when a very audible peal of thunder caused them both to scan the sky anxiously. The first thunder shower of the summer was gathering in the westerly heavens.

"Do you believe we can get across before it strikes?" Francette asked.

"I guess so," Hamlin replied, looking attentively at the clouds. "It will not take me long, and that cloud does not seem to be rising very fast."

He put forth his full strength at the oar and the boat moved forward on the pond. But it was heavy and low in the water, altogether there was a larger load than Hamlin had ever sculled before, and although the boat moved steadily forward, he soon perceived that, do his best, a quick voyage was impossible.

The shower, moreover, appeared suddenly to gather blackness and loom up faster, as, darkening the heavens, it grew over the pond.

"Oh, dear, we are going to get wet!" Francette exclaimed, with a thought, no doubt, of her holiday hat and dress.

"I don't know but we are!" replied Hamlin, ruefully, and redoubled his efforts.

A bright flash and a heavy peal of thunder, which seemed very close at hands now filled them both with real apprehension.

"Yes, it's coming!" cried Francette. "See it's raining at the village now! Hear it roar! See the trees bend! Oh, what shall we do?"

"We shall get a ducking, no mistake!" admitted Hamlin. "Here, put my coat around you!" He threw the garment across the casks to her. "I'm much too warm," he added, as Francette started to decline it.

The girl had barely time to wrap it about herself when the shower struck with a flash of vivid lightning, awful, rattling thunder and a blinding dash of wind-driven rain.

Hamlin was obliged to crouch in the stern; he could not stand up before the storm. Francette, in the bow, bent as low as she could, and pulled the coat over her head and face. The boat drifted off its course, and waves began to dash over the gunwale.

But the war of elements was not their greatest peril. Thus far Hamlin had not been very greatly alarmed, for he was used to the pond, and knew about what the boat would endure if he kept the stern to the wind.

But immediately a commotion aboard, inside the casks of lime, attracted their notice. Noises issued from the interior of these, and a cloud of white dust or vapor, was gushing out at the chinks. Lime-casks are never made tight; the deluge of rain and the slop of the waves had found access to the unlaked lime inside.

"Oh, I'm choking!" shrieked Francette; and indeed the fumes were enveloping her. As quickly as possible, Hamlin worked the stern of the boat around, fetching the bow into the wind, and then hastily sprang across the casks to that end—for the vapor nearly suffocated him.

The chemical commotion increased every moment. Three of the casks burst. Smoke and the odor of scorched staves mingled with the white clouds of dust that gushed upward. They had fire aboard as well as fumes.

It would not have been better to dash water plentifully on the lime; although, probably, enough to slake it would have swamped the boat. But Hamlin did not think of doing that. In fact, Francette's terror and her entreaties to be saved occupied his entire attention. The cask in the bow on which she had been sitting, was the last to become wet. When that started to smoke and fume, they were, indeed, in an evil plight, for it was close beside them. Relief became imperative, for as the boat veered round again, dust, fumes and the smoke of burning hair and cask staves enveloped them.

Hamlin turned his eyes in desperation shoreward through the still driving rain. He could swim and might have escaped from the boat to land, himself; but to swim ashore with a frightened girl clinging to him was quite another matter. But they were choking. Something he must do, and that quickly. Winding the short bit of line attached to the ring in the boat's nose about his waist, he dropped overboard at the bow.

"Oh, don't leave me!" gasped Francette, clutching at his collar.

"No, no, I'm not going to!" Hamlin exclaimed. "But you must let yourself down into the water and hold on to me."

Had there been a less urgent cause, the girl would no doubt have been slow to do so; but now she slid down into the water, clutching her companion's clothing as in a death grip. Rain and waves splashed against them and splattered in their faces; but Hamlin held fast to the line, and Francette held equally fast to him. The bow of the boat now sheltered them from the vapor and heat; and there was presented the singular spectacle of two persons over-

board, supporting themselves with the bow line of their boat, while the boat itself sent up a vast white pillar of steam and smoke as it drifted on with the squall.

They had been in the water for fifteen or twenty minutes, when the boat drifted near a small island, and they were able to wade ashore. By this time the shower had passed. Hamlin's father had been watching them in considerable anxiety from the farmhouse, when the squall struck the boat but lost sight of them in the rain.

When the sky cleared, he discovered them on the island, where the boat was now sending up a cloud of steam, and lost no time in putting off to their assistance in the smaller boat. Thus the adventure ended less seriously than at one time had seemed possible. Beyond getting very wet and chilly, neither Hamlin nor Francette was much the worse for their hazardous voyage across the pond.

Mr. Cobb supposed at first that his lime would prove a loss from being 'burnt,' on account of imperfect slaking. The boat was towed to the landing, however, and then, with the lime still in it, hauled to the house. Sand and hair were added later in the usual proportions; and Sears, the mason, declared that he never spread better mortar.

It might certainly be described as mortar, tempered with adventure and a dash of romance.—Youth's Companion.

## MYSTERIES OF THE CENTURY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.)

exhausted in the vain attempt to detect the piteous secret. Only four years old, a pretty child with bright curls, dancing eyes and winsome face, and still wearing the frocks of babyhood, the boy had been tenderly reared by his parents in their old-fashioned mansion at Germantown in the suburban region of Philadelphia. The father was a merchant of moderate means, who, after transacting his affairs in the city, returned to his home in the evening. In the early part of the summer of 1874 his wife had gone to Atlantic City with a daughter; and Charley, together with his brother Walter, who was two years older, and two infant sisters, were left temporarily in the charge of servants of the household. It was in the period of the school vacation of the boys, who romped about the grounds of their home and played in the fields and in the lane with merry zest. Several times two men who drove a buggy accosted them and gave them candy, and one day the boys consented to be taken into the vehicle. There followed a long drive to another part of the city's outskirts, where the elder boy was persuaded to go to a shop and buy some Fourth of July torpedoes. When he came back his little brother, the men and the buggy had gone. Charley Ross had disappeared forever.

On the Fourth of July, or three days after the abduction, the distracted father received a letter in which twenty thousand dollars was demanded as the price of the ransom; if the offer should be refused the boy would be killed. Moreover, if his captors discovered any attempt to approach his hiding place it would be the signal for instant death. A wave of fury swept over the land. In the midst of the popular frenzy the daring brothers coolly wrote: "We set God, man and the devil at defiance to wrest him from our hands." Compassion for the agonized parents was overshadowed by the cry that in the interest of society the first duty of justice was the capture of the kidnappers, and that there should be no surrender to their terms. Simon Cameron, who was then Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, expressed the prevailing sentiment when, on being asked for information as to such crimes, he exhorted the father to make no compromise, declaring that if the villains received any money they would have no motive to retain the boy, and that the Almighty would surely protect.

Meantime the news of the mystery spread over the continent; it was a topic of sympathetic comment in Europe, and traces of the interest which it excited are said to have been observed even in Asia. In addition to the police of every American city, it was estimated that after the reward of twenty thousand dollars was offered, no fewer than five thousand men and women had resolved themselves for the time being into amateur detectives. Yet with all the publicity which was given to the case in the newspapers, with all the extraordinary co-operation of private citizens, with all the vigilance and scrutiny on railway trains, at stations, at the wharves of steamers, and in every known haunt of crime, the abductors succeeded in carrying on a correspondence with Mr. Ross, negotiating for a conference or a ransom, and then covering up their tracks so completely that not one of the swarm of pursuers was able to do more than vaguely suspect their rendezvous. As to the child, there has never been any clue to his fate.

The nearest approach to a solution of the mystery was when two burglars, one night more than five months later, were shot while breaking into the house of Judge Van Brunt, at Bay Ridge, Long Island. One of them was slain instantly; the other who said that his name was Joseph Douglas, and that his companion was William Mosher, lived long enough to say they had stolen Charley Ross. He said: "Mosher knows all about the child. Ask him." When told that his companion was dead he exclaimed: "God knows I tell you the truth. I don't know where the boy is. Mosher knew." Soon after he died.

The unhappy father lived for twenty-

three years. During much of that time there was hardly a day when he was not seeking to fathom the mystery, or when he did not receive a letter from some part of the world about the fate of his boy. He spent sixty thousand dollars in investigations; he took part in examining into the mysterious cases of more than two hundred and seventy children who resembled his own darling, and most of whom had been abandoned by parents or were in the hands of gypsies; and in the last year of his life, ever watching, ever waiting, he still clung to the hope that some ray of light might break through the gloom which clouded his home.

## BORN.

Halifax, Apr. 11, to the wife of W. Page, a son.  
Truro, Apr. 9, to the wife of Eugene Her, a son.  
Fenwick, Apr. 10, to the wife of Ritchie Nelson, a son.  
New Glasgow, Apr. 6, to the wife of Jas. Fraser, a son.  
Halifax, Apr. 9, to the wife of Thomas Lindsay, a son.  
Halifax, Apr. 3, to the wife of Wm. Lewis, a daughter.  
Parrsboro, Apr. 2, to the wife of Irvine Yorke, a son.  
Woodstock, Apr. 7, to the wife of W. DeVeber, a son.  
Parrsboro, Apr. 9, to the wife of Burton Newcombe, a son.  
Roxbury, Mass., Apr. 7, to the wife of Jas. Crosby, a son.  
Hantsport, Apr. 6, to the wife of N. Forsythe, a daughter.  
Montana, Apr. 2, to the wife of Chas. McLeod, a daughter.  
Halifax, Mar. 25, to the wife of Dr. E. Dunlop, a daughter.  
Halifax, Apr. 9, to the wife of Howard Masor, a daughter.  
Amherst, Apr. 6, to the wife of C. Ratchford, a daughter.  
Moncton, Apr. 9, to the wife of W. Lockhart, a daughter.  
Goldboro, N. S., to the wife of Rev. W. Rutledge, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Apr. 2, to the wife of Ed. Christie, a daughter.  
Everett, Mass., Apr. 3, to the wife of C. Haddon Lewis, a son.

## MARRIED.

Rhode Island, Feb. 6, Patrick Amiro to Aline Charland.  
East Boston, Mar. 10, by Rev. O. D. Fisher, Hovey Rand to Bessie B. Banks.  
Charlo, Apr. 3, by Rev. J. M. McLeod, Thomas Hamilton to Edith G. Dickie.  
West Cape, Mar. 26, by Rev. D. McLean, Alexander Colvill to Nancy Mackinnon.  
Bonaville, Apr. 2, by Rev. G. C. Robertson, Francis L. Bell to Agnes J. Boyce.  
Advocate Harbor, Mar. 7, by Rev. L. Daniel, Owen L. Fullerton to Carrie McNeil.  
Smith's Cove, April 4, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Norman Sills to Jessie H. Merritt.  
Halifax, April 11, by Rev. Dr. MacMillan, Robert W. McDonald to Maria S. Smith.  
Jargica Plains, April 4, by Rev. George B. Dean, Willi m Phillips to Bella Graham.  
Aylesford, Apr. 3, by Rev. John B. Morgan, Leola B. Gould to Eleanor V. West.  
St. Stephen, April 11, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Nicholas McCann to Jessie T. Young.  
Charlottetown, Mar. 9, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Geo. E. Saville to Alberta Hensitis.  
Orwell, Mar. 28, by Rev. Donald M. Campbell, Murdoch Macdonald to Mary E. Ross.  
Cambridge, Mass., April 2, by Rev. Dr. Abbott, J. Frank Doherty to Trixie Rutherford.  
Calais, April 7, by Rev. Thomas B. McDonald, Frank L. Fletcher to Bala B. McDonald.  
Charlottetown, April 4, by Rev. D. B. Macleod, John W. McMillan to Eliza M. McCormick.  
Upper Musquodoboit, April 11, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, David Archibald to John J. Dunlap.  
Upper Musquodoboit, April 10, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Henry H. McFadrigue to Libbie G. Henry.

## DIED.

Pictou, Apr. 3, Andrew McKay, 92.  
Amherst, Apr. 9, Gertrude Laws, 15.  
Halifax, Apr. 12, William Spence, 80.  
Bridgetown, Apr. 3, Alice Marshall, 33.  
River Philip, Apr. 5, Charles Donkin, 81.  
Forest Hill, Apr. 5, Donald Macbeth, 97.  
Amherst, Apr. 6, Mrs. J. N. B. Kerr, 91.  
Tidnish, Mar. 28, Robt. K. Brundage, 14.  
Jordan Ferry, Apr. 4, James Purney, 81.  
Emigrant Road, Apr. 4, Charles Allen, 58.  
Charlottetown, Apr. 6, Ellen Dowling, 80.  
Millard, Apr. 5, Mrs. Paul Woodworth, 75.  
Milltown, N. B., Apr. 5, Wilson Baxter, 61.  
Lower Wakefield, Mar. 29, Daniel Shaw, 58.  
Amherst, Apr. 6, Mrs. David Ross, aged 76.  
Yarmouth, Apr. 10, Mrs. Lorain D. Cann, 91.  
St. Ann's, C. B., Mar. 25, John Morrison, 96.  
Vancouver, Me., Apr. 5, Samuel McIntosh, 49.  
Milltown, N. B., Apr. 1, Mrs. Mary Curran, 73.  
North Sydney, Mar. 22, Mrs. Ann McPhee, 71.  
New Glasgow, Apr. 5, Edith A. McDougall, 28.  
Little Bras d'Or, Apr. 5, Roderick Matheson, 29.  
Calgary, Alta., Apr. 12, Lewis C. P. Stubbing, 25.  
St. Ann's, C. B., Mar. 23, Mrs. John Matheson, 102.  
Amherst, April 10, Annie, wife of A. I. Munroe, 55.  
Amherst, April 10, Annie, wife of A. I. Munroe, 55.  
Cent-Alargyle, Apr. 2, Deacon Ezra C. Spinney, 87.  
Napton, N. S., Apr. 14, Mrs. Capt. Isaac Carter, 72.  
Boston, Apr. 8, George A., son of Mrs. Annie Hays.  
Halifax, Apr. 12, Eliza, widow of Capt. Thos. Wood.  
Bridgetown, Apr. 8, Hon. Mather Byles DesBrisay, 72.  
Marsville, N. B., Apr. 4, Katherine G. Alexander, 16.  
Munroe's Point, C. B., Jan. 4, Roderick Morrison, 84.  
St. Margaret's Bay, Mar. 4, Lydia, wife of Jas. Brigley.  
Windsor, Apr. 4, Alfred, son of Zenas and Clara Lantz, 17.  
Lunenburg, Apr. 6, Louisa, widow of William Oakes, 81.  
Lunenburg, Apr. 6, Cynthia, daughter of Jas. Stewart, 17.  
Three Rivers, P. Q., Apr. 6, Amelia Magdalene Desbriay, 48.  
Bridgetown, Apr. 8, Ninita F., daughter of Rev. J. B. Giles, 17.  
Grand View, Apr. 6, Etta, daughter of John D. Martin, 11 days.  
Halifax, Apr. 12, Conrad West, son of the late Eddy Tipper, 60.  
East Bay, C. B., Mar. 29, Mary McDonald, wife of Andrew Gillis, 60.  
Little Harbor, Apr. 1, Matilda, widow of the late Angus F. McDonald.  
Deer Island, Apr. 7, S. Loring, son of Stephen and Audie Fountain, 3 months.  
Sunnyside, Apr. 10, Gerald Roy, infant son of W. B. and Bertha Snowball, 15.  
Deer Island, Apr. 4, infant child of S. B. and Cynthia Sheldon, 3 months.  
North Sydney, Apr. 8, Catherine N., daughter of Joseph and Annie Guthrie, 14.  
Harrisburg, Pa., Apr. 9, Herbert Myles, child of Innes and Emily Henry, 2 years.  
Maple Grove, Maine, Feb. 22, Ethel E., child of Frank B. and Pearl E. Boyer, 4.  
Yarmouth, Apr. 6, Nellie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Newell, 2 months.

## GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

### Shattered Nerves AND Weakened System.

#### A Montreal Gentleman Tells About It.

Mr. F. J. Brophy, a well-known employee in the money-order department at the general post office in Montreal, tells about his case as follows:

"I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me all run down, very nervous, without appetite, and extremely weak. Very often I could not sleep at night, and I was much troubled with profuse perspiration, which naturally caused me much annoyance. Learning of the good effects of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I began taking them, and much to my gratification they have braced me up, invigorated my entire system, and made me feel like a new man. I am now all O.K., and highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering as I did."

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### 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 3:20 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., ar. Halifax 5:50 p. m.  
Lve. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Digby 8:50 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 8:20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

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P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway

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

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7:25  
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05  
Express for Sussex..... 12:40  
Express for Quebec, Montreal, Truro, and Halifax..... 17:30  
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, 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..... 1  
Accommodation from Moncton..... 1  
Express from Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7:25  
Express from Quebec, Montreal, Truro, and Halifax..... 17:30  
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22:10  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 15, 1899.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.