

## A Complicated Friendship.

"It seems strange I have never been a victim of nervous prostration," remarked Judge Corwin's wife, as she sat before her little rosewood dressing table, twisting her hair into high, massive coils. She spoke in her usual carefully calm tones, but she pushed the hair pins through the coils with fierce thrusts. Her younger daughter, Blandy, just arrived from the Palatine Academy for the summer vacation, stood and watched her. The gas-jets beside the dressing table flared and hummed; the large south room was uncomfortably warm.

"Here I have this Mission Bazaar flower booth on my hands—I suppose the carriage is waiting now,—and the luncheon for Estelle to-morrow, and the boys' Country Club reception the day after; and about two minutes ago your father remembered to tell me that he's invited a lot of his college friends here to-night to spend the evening. Men abhor flimsy edibles, yet the caterer telephones he's too busy to send up anything but cakes and ices. It's mortifying! Then your Aunt Susie's family from the West will have to be asked to come by Friday at the latest, and the new cook is nearly frantic with toothache. Yes, Estelle, I'm burying. Oh, dear, there's the door-bell!"

Blandy's mind was occupied with her own affairs.

"We all have our trials," she said, gravely. Her mother darted an amazed glance aside. The four sons, reserved and apparently indifferent, resembled problems that grew more complex every year, although their father professed to understand them; Estelle was wilful and slightly vain; but Blandy had always been the one to say something unexpected. The older girl hurried past the door and rushed down stairs with a whirl of silk and muslin. Blandy crept out and peeped over the banister.

Estelle was greeting a few of the judge's guests, shaking hands cordially all round, in place of her mother. Blandy felt sorry that she had mentally criticised her sister for having recently become "more dressy than brains," when she heard her asking a deaf, elderly gentleman if the foreign mud-cure had helped his rheumatism.

"Estelle's what they call a 'society girl,'" she remembered. "She knows how to make herself agreeable, even when she doesn't feel particularly so. She's rather graceful, too, and pretty, but not so pretty as Dot Miner. Then she sighed. Dot Miner was the uppermost of Blandy's 'trials.' Presently the younger daughter walked back into her mother's room. She herself cared nothing for society, but she cared very much indeed for Dot.

As she helped Mr. Corwin into a fluffy wrap, she said, with an almost mournful cadence, "Mamma, Dot Miner has refused for the fourth time my invitation to visit us. I hope circumstances will some time allow me to talk with you about it. She and her mother have moved East now, and live less than forty miles away—in Wherryville." Blandy followed to the lower landing, still talking, although she knew the tired mother heard only the smallest part of what was being said. "There isn't the faintest possibility of reason why she couldn't have accepted, and the unbearable feature of it is this time is that she doesn't invent a reason. I decided not to entertain them other girls, for I really shouldn't enjoy anybody but Dot."

The carriage door had hardly slammed upon her mother and Estelle before Blandy curled on the stairs, saw a string of young men, carrying banjos and mandolins, file through the gate and up the path. They were some of her brother's chums come to spend the evening on the veranda. Judge Corwin's spacious house was a kind of headquarters, not merely for friends and relatives, but for nearly all the visitors' visiting friends and relatives.

Since the days when the eldest son had toddled across the lawn attended by a French nurse, this home had been acknowledged to be the most attractive in Deepford. And up to the present time, it was a public reception or responsibility devolved upon the town, ladies said, "Let Mrs. Corwin do it. Her house is so large and she does everything so easily and charmingly!"

Blandy scampered out of sight as fast as possible. She had no intention of wasting several hours chatting with a crowd of "concoited students," but she sighed again as she settled down to china painting in a tiny studio, thinking how pleasant a summer visit could have been made for Dot, who liked even sophomores. She brought out her friend's photograph and stood it against a pansy cream jug.

Dot Miner's brunette face was not so pleasing as Blandy Corwin's, although Blandy deemed it the prettiest in the world but it was pensive and sweet and plump, it somewhat haughty, and tonight the large eyes of the picture looked straight at the troubled friend who challenged them thus, shaking her finger reprovingly.

"I'm going to begin to think some pretty mean thoughts about you, Dot—I am. You said, 'Love and trust me.' Love you—yes I do; but why trust? I declare, I believe you're spitting me because my dear, good father happens to be rich! Perhaps you're one of those dreadful people who want to see everybody else, dynamited. Perhaps you are not Dot. I have to think something."

There was a short pause. "But you don't know what your missing," Blandy ran on sootily. "Loads of Palatine girls hinted for an invitation after you left. One of my cousins has just bought a captivating little naphtha launch that's liable to explode at any minute; papa says it's sure to do it some time, and you like risks. Well, stay at home, then; but you needn't expect me to spend a day in Wherryville soon, for I never, never shall! I asked you first, remember. Yes, Dot Miner,

and I've asked you for the fourth and last time."

And Blandy, who ought for the past three years to have been called Blandina, put her head down on an expensive platter beside the photograph and wept. At the hour of nine she retired, exhausted.

She lay in the cool darkness, wondering and regretting. She could hear her father and his friends in the library laughing over amusing recollections. Everyone but herself seemed to be feeling happy. Partly from a sense of duty, and partly to kill time during the next two days, she made a few informal calls in the neighborhood. It was rarely that she talked about the Palatine Academy, being naturally of few words; but now she was sufficiently stirred to mention Dot Miner to a pleasant Deepford mother whose daughters were not at home. And in this way Blandy found herself face to face with a great discovery.

The County Club afternoon reception was in full swing out doors on the Corwin lawn, as well as indoors, and Mrs. Corwin was pouring tea for one of her son's most important visitors—a tall youth in spectacles who was understood to be a remarkable polo player—when Blandy descended upon the table and actually interrupted the conversation. The girl was red, breathless, determined.

"Mamma, she said, in a tense undertone that scattered guests and left the two apart, 'you know Dot—my dearest friend, Dot Miner? Well, it seems that her mother used to live in this very town, and went to Palatine at the same time you were there. In fact—' Blandy's smoldering indignation made it very hard to proceed politely. 'Now, think carefully, mamma, and look right at me. Did you ever know a girl named Helen Dusenberry? I'm sure you did, for I've heard you mention her.'"

Mrs. Corwin gave a smiling start. "Why, yes, indeed!" she replied, with animation. "Helen Dusenberry's the dearest friend I ever had. She married a clergyman named Miner, somewhere in the West. I want to know if she's your wonderful Dot Miner's mother!"

By this time Blandy was almost in tears again.

"Why haven't you told me, mamma? she gasped. 'Why didn't you try to remember whom she married?'"

"Why, Blandy, it isn't an uncommon name her mother replied, confusedly. 'I haven't heard from Helen in years. I—'

"Mamma," Blandy broke in sternly, "I mustn't find fault with you, of course—you're my mother; but I hope you realize how you've complicated matters for Dot and me. I won't wonder she wouldn't come here. I see it all; she didn't want to explain and hurt my feelings. I'd have refused, too, if you were poor and a widow, and her mother lived in a big house and had snubbed you!"

"I have never snubbed her," said Blandy's mother; and she lifted her eyes with the quiet, level gaze that somehow kept her children respectful. A breathless silence hovered above the tea-table.

"I suppose her mother sent her to Palatine as you did me, for the sake of old time," the daughter quavered, "and I guess our friendship must have been inherited, for it was love at first sight. When did you see Mrs. Miner last?" she demanded, anxiously, using her bat as a fan. "If you don't mind telling," she added, with a timid second thought.

"The last time I saw her," Judge Corwin's wife began vaguely, feeling more uncomfortable than she would have cared to admit. "I didn't see her, finally. She came to her aunt's just before their old home was broken up. It was when the boys were small; she was in town the week little Charley had an attack of gastric fever and we all thought he'd die. Before I could get over to call on her she had had to hurry home. I'm as fond of Helen Dusenberry—Helen Miner—as I ever was. I'm just as fond of her today as you are of Dot."

Blandy suddenly turned away and dashed up stairs.

"The very idea!" she thought. "Imagine me letting Dot come to town unnoticed, because my brother—I mean my son—had gastric fever!" She locked herself into the studio, and with cold but steady fingers drew a primrose on a soap-dish. After a while she pulled a sheet from her best stationery and wrote Dot a few sprawling lines, without introduction or signature. The penmanship was a signature.

"I think I've found out why you have refused all my invitations. And I want to say that I love you the same as ever. Only don't imagine that I can come to see you. Do you suppose I could eat in the home of a girl who disapproves of my mother?"

It seemed rather brutal to send it. A long time Blandy sat motionless before her desk. Finally, by some peculiar process, her thoughts swerved and became engrossed with her mother. Her last glance had left the familiar face weary and troubled—looking older, too, than Blandy ever remembered to have seen it.

"I don't know that it's strange she doesn't remember everything," she thought, with a sharp pang. "Her life is completely woven in with ours. She's always spending all her time and energy to give others a pleasant hour; nothing is for herself. Poor mamma! I'm sorry I added to her worries. I'll bet she'd enjoy being a girl again at Palatine. I'll ask papa if we can't arrange to give her a vacation—come to think of it, I don't know that she's ever had a real one!"

At last Blandy Corwin spoke aloud, as if registering a vow. "I'm going to help her more. I fancy Estelle is trying to help."

While the orchestra on the north terrace played "Auld Lang Syne" for a closing piece, Mrs. Corwin was smilingly shaking hands with a long procession of grateful young people, and thinking sorrowfully, "I'm afraid I have neglected Helen. So she's poor, is she, and a widow? Dear Helen—she was a pretty girl. I've never thought of myself as living in the larger house. I ought to have found time to write to her, at least. Perhaps," she concluded, hopefully, as she bowed to the last guest,

"even now I can make it right. But no, it's too late now—I'm sure it is—so many years between. I don't blame her daughter."

Dot Miner read Blandy's note the next morning at the breakfast-table. She crushed it into her belt, blushing, but she was not quite quick enough to escape the eyes of her mother, who had nobody to look at but Dot.

"A letter from Blandy," the girl explained, shortly, and then she burned her tongue with hot coffee.

A soft flush crept into Helen Dusenberry-Miner's cheeks. "How are they all?" she asked, gently.

"Pretty well I guess. Mother, dear," Dot ended, quickly, "I shouldn't think you'd always ask. It seems so strange to me that you still feel such an interest in Mrs. Corwin."

Mrs. Miner laid down her fork and stared. "Why shouldn't I feel an interest in Mrs. Corwin?"

"I've read somewhere," Dot replied, with as impressive an air as possible, "that a friend who ceases to be a friend never was a friend." And it Blandy had dropped me by the way—"

"Dropped me!" responded Mrs. Miner, scornfully. "A friend who doubts a friend's friendliness isn't a friend. You don't understand friendship; it's too sweet, too sacred to—' Her voice faltered. 'I believe Lizzie Corwin is just as fond of me today as you are of Blandy.' Her hands are crowded full; we're women now, with duties and sorrows: we couldn't be girls forever."

Dot was silenced for once, and abashed, if not permanently convinced. She felt sure that the moment was not a good one in which to confess to her mother regarding Blandy's four invitations. "They'll keep!" she said to herself. "Ahem! I guess they will, like flies in amber." Blandy's note had been at home thrust in more senses than one. "I don't care," she added, resentfully, "Mrs. Corwin did drop mother. I wouldn't go to her old house if they came and dragged me! My nice mother," she finished, with an inward sob—"so loyal and trusting! And I do understand friendship; the idea—much as I love Blandy!"

Dot's composure had scarcely ever been so jostled. She was wretchedly unhappy as she stood at a window watching her mother hurry away to catch a train to the nearest city. Twice a week Mrs. Miner assisted in the book-keeping of a large mercantile establishment.

"If I can ever get a teacher's salary," Dot thought, distractedly, "mother'll walk the streets of Wherryville in a trailing silk."

Three hours later, while sweeping an upper room, she heard a carriage draw up in front of the gate. It was the best depot hack. A tall woman in a nearly fitting cloth suit came directly toward the front door. Dot flew downstairs, thinking there must be some mistake. She opened the door, and then she met for the first time too tranquil, commanding presence that had been so long an agreeable power in Deepford.

"You are Dot," Mrs. Corwin said smiling. "I should have known you anywhere you're so precisely like your mother. Is she at home?" The question was spoken with a blushing eagerness that was almost girlish.

"No, Mrs. Corwin," stammered the bewildered girl. "I—I'm sorry to say that mother's out of town. Please walk in."

The caller seated herself in a corner of the sofa. It was impossible not to like her, for she was Blandy grown stout and becomingly gray at the temples—dear Blandy, as she would some day appear when subdued and tired and motherly. Still Dot thought it well not to be too cordial at once, so she took a chair opposite, and sat stiffly erect.

"You've no idea how strange it is," the judge's wife remarked. "As I sit here I feel as if I were talking to Helen. It seems as natural—oh, so natural! And I believe that she's never been out of my heart for one single day. A great many thoughts have piled in on top, you know; but she there, safe. But of course she wasn't aware of it."

Dot went softly over and sank down on the sofa. The speaker took a small brown hand into her gloved clasp.

"I'm to have a vacation. They want me to go abroad, but I tell them nothing would rest me so completely as to have your mother and you come to my home and spend the summer. If I could only feel that she'd be willing! It's all arranged. The boys and their father are to take a large fishing tour; Blandy's sister will be housekeeper, and I believe the parlor maid understands that I'm to be isolated somewhat as if I had small pox. Do you think your mother will come?"

And Dot said, "I think mother will come."

Her face was nearly as red as her four-in-hand tie "Mrs. Corwin," she murmured, brokenly, "I—I ought to say that mother doesn't know—I've never told her that Blandy—well, that I've been invited by Blandy. I'm intending to tell her as soon as she gets home."

Then Dot Miner looked into a pair of soft gray eyes that were full of tears, and said again, "I think mother will come." She stood at the gate when the carriage drove away.

In the evening she brushed aside her repentant tears in order to examine a queer photograph of Mrs. Corwin wearing hoop-skirts, white muslin undersleeves, and an embroidered zouave jacket.

The Corwin's great square hall was brilliantly illuminated the evening when the guests from Wherryville arrived. The girls went right upstairs; but Mrs. Corwin and the clergyman's widow spoke their first words sitting on a corner settle near the door, and it was a great moment for both of them.

"Oh, if I have ever seemed unmindful—' Blandy's mother began to say, but Dot's mother gently put a hand on the hostess's and silenced her.

"Lizzie," she answered, mildly, "I've never

imagined it. You always had a lot of relatives, and you married a man with ever so many more; your social position naturally increased the demands upon your time; you've had six children to bring up and educate. I don't know how you've managed it all. Sometimes," she confessed, tenderly, "I've been afraid—you might break down."

As the woman who lived in the larger house saw the love in her visitor's eyes, the years with their burdens—even her own misgivings—fell away; she was a girl again, with a girl's delightful self-satisfaction.

"I tell you, Helen," she said, almost gaily, "every friend we have is precious; but best of all are the old friends—the friends of our youth. They're the ones who understand us and always try to see our noblest sides. Some day—not very soon—I shall give a large party so that you can meet as many as possible of the old set. But first, I want simply to hobnob, you understand—and rest, alone with you."

Then they went up stairs with their arms around each other in the same manner that the girls had gone; only these mounted slowly, because Dot's mother was trail and short of breath, and Blandy's mother inclining to be portly.

## BORN.

Halifax, June 7, to the wife of H. H. Smith, a son Yarmouth, June 6, to the wife of A. F. Lewis, a son. Halifax, June 6, to the wife of Joseph H. Mont, a son. Lunenburg, June 6, to the wife of Albert Daniels, a son. Marlock, June 1, to the wife of Andrew Brown, a son. Amherst, June 1, to the wife of Edgar Fillmore, a son. Westworth, June 5, to the wife of Marshall Marr, a son. Demersara, May 14, to the wife of Rev Geo E. Ross, a son. Springfield, June 2, to the wife of Jeremiah Daley, a daughter. Mount Denson, June 3, to Wm. H. McKinlay, a daughter. Yarmouth, June 3, to the wife of J. M. Perry, a daughter. Moncton, June 7, to the wife of Rod. McDonald, a daughter. Halifax, June 9, to the wife of H. C. Borden, a daughter. Windsor, June 2, to the wife of James H. Mosher, a daughter. Shubenacadie, June 7, to the wife of John Christie, a daughter. Campbell, June 8, to the wife of Daniel Malloch, a daughter. Three Mile Plains, June 2, to the wife of Charles Black, a son. Kingston Village, May 30, to the wife of E. S. Mason, a son. Sheet Harbor Passage, June 4, to the wife of Levi Wambold, a son. Brockton, Mass., June 1 to the wife of P. D. Duke-shire, a daughter. Little River, Digby, June 4, to the wife of Mendal Frost, a daughter. North Kingston, May 27, to the wife of Rev. M. R. Foster, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, May 20, to the wife of Wm. Col-lishaw, a daughter. Marblehead, Mass., June 4, to the wife of William H. Blackford, a son.

## MARRIED.

Bayfield, May 20, Kathleen Randall to Rev. E. P. Hurley. Truro, June 6, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Fred Turner to Grace M. Lee. Yarmouth, June 6, by Rev. P. G. Mode, Nora C. Jaffery to Edison Smith. Yarmouth, May 31, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Jacob E. Harburt to Annie Gray. Moncton, June 11, by Rev. R. S. Crisp, James Kelly to Lyla A. Sewall. Roxbury, May 31, by Rev. C. S. Gunn, David Bryson to Abel Fulton. Oxford, June 6, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Mr. Edwin Dickie to Frances Oxley. Halifax, June 7, by Rev. E. M. Schurman, Edward B. Zinck to Eva N. Pace. Halifax, June 11, by Rev. F. H. Almon, John Vince to Emma J. Barrett. Chignecto, June 5, by Rev. R. R. McArthur, Jas. Baird to Mrs. Ellen Hector. St. Stephen, May 29, by Rev. F. W. Robertson, Ivan Smith to Olive Jellison. Pleasant Ridge, June 2, by Rev. D. R. Chowen, B. A., Jas Stewart to Emily Ross. Parrsboro, June 4, by Rev. C. R. Cumming, John-ston W. Wiles to Ellen Hoeg. Parrsboro, June 6, by Rev. C. R. Cumming, Jules C. E. Gagnon to Emma Reick. Calsis, June 6, by Rev. Chas. G. McCully, Paul D. Eargent to Sarah S. McAlister. Yarmouth, June 5, by W. F. Parker, Leonard L. Hamilton to Leta R. Nickerson. Brockton, Mass., June 5, by Rev. Father McClure, John Gillard to Miss May Malay. Windsor, June 5, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Mr. Be-ton McPherson to Mary E. McPherson. Oak Bay, June 6, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Harold A. Douglas to Lorna M. Deacon. Antigonish, June 4, by Rev. Father Phalduin, Capt. Aloize Feltmate to May Murphy. Campbellton, June 7, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Herbert J. Broome to Madeline Harrison. Malden, Mass., June 5, by Rev. J. F. Albion, Miss Mildred E. Brown to Wm. H. Grant. Andersonville, June 4, by Rev. C. J. Steeves, George Anderson to Agnes E. Taylor. Parrsboro, May 31, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Geo. C. Canning to Mrs. Alice Martin. St. Stephen, June 12, by Rev. J. W. Millidge, Edgar M. Robinson to Helena Gillespie. Salem, Mass., June 4, by Rev. T. DeWitt Clark, Joseph A. Tallow to Jennie R. McKay. St. Stephen, June 9, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, George W. Hanson to Fannie M. Williams. East Gore, Hants, May 9, by Rev. A. V. Morash, Nathan McDonald to Maggie J. Kellough. Windsor, June 12, by Rev. S. Weston-Jones, William Arthur E. Eville to George C. Wilson. St. Stephen, June 1, by Rev. Thos. Marshall, Harold Harman Thompson to Maud McKay. Linda Vista, Melvern Square, June 6, by Rev. F. M. Holden, H. S. Dusan to Miranda Carmen. Wharfedale, June 6, by Rev. Dr. Wilson, Capt. Albert McNamara to Mrs. Carrie McPherson. Selma, Hants, June 6, by Rev. R. Barry Mack, McCully to Miss Mabel L. Sullivan.

## DIED.

Milltown, June 9, James Darcas, 48. Calsis, June 5, Lucretia Ricketts, 58. Pugwash, June 7, Rufus Embree, 71. Lord's Cove, June 4, Fred Cline, 28. Waweg, June 2, Mary Ann Budd, 75. Halifax, June 9, Norman G. Leigh, 3. Halifax, June 10, Harriet S. Foley, 26. Calsis June 2, Herbert A. Thompson, 1. Nine Mile River, June 5, Jane Fraser, 37. Windsor, June 11, Charles H. Lavers, 80. St. George, June 11, Mary A. Stevens, 21. Michigan, May 25, Nelson VanBaskirk, 101. Springfield, June 4, Harold Gibson, 6 weeks. Elmville, June 6, D. Clarke Armstrong, 13. Beech Hill, May 28, Annie B. Chisholm, 19. London, Eng., May 18, William F. Houghue.

Miller's Creek, May 23, Martha C. Miller, 40. Belmont, Hants Co., June 3, Leonard Davis, 21. Campbell, June 4, Clement Henry Bateson, 35. Bocab, June 6, Matthew M. Cunningham, 33. St. Stephen, June 6, Sarah Crocker Maxwell, 10. St. John, June 8, Marion E. wife of E. F. Barnes Waltham, Mass., May 27, Alexander McGillivray Halifax, June 5, May M. wife of F. A. Simons, 21. Rear Port Hastings, June 6, Angus G. Fraser, 67. Albert, June 9, Ella, wife of Lorenzo Chapman, 20. Yarmouth, June 10, Abby, widow of John K. Ryserson, 77. Amherst, June 3, Roderick A. McDonald, 3 months. St. Stephen, June 3, Jean, widow of the late Robert Clark, 76. Amherst, Josephine, daughter of Capt. Angus McDonald, 7. Hillsid, June 1, Margaret, widow of the late Angus McInnis, 62. Upper Prospect, June 11, Dorothy C. B. wife of Thomas Hamm, 33. Jersey City, N. J., May E. Lynne, widow of the late Alexander Mitchell. Marlock, May 31, Annie M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Trenholm, 1. New River, June 1, Ruth E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Giles, 12. North Michigan, May 22, Lucy Warren, wife of Deacon J. H. Chute, 61. Fair Haven, June 6, Patience, widow of the late Thomas Wentworth, 73. Newcastle, June 4, Jane E. widow of the late Alexander Atchison, 77. St. John, June 9, Phoebe J., widow of the late Capt. Edward Gorham, 72. Eastport, June 4, Harold H. infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Leland, 2. Williams Point, May 31, Lydia, daughter of the late Hon. John Macdonald, 36. Sunbury, N. B., May 6, Hazen, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Frost, 8 months.

## RAILROADS.

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To the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11th, 1900

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Commencing June 5th, there will be a combination first class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic.

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; arr. Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3:35 p. m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:43 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5:50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 8:50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3:20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

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P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. S.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton..... 5:30 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:15 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 11:10 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene..... 13:00 Express for Sussex..... 16:45 Express for Hampton..... 17:45 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 19:35 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 22:45 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 19:35 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sydney and Halifax..... 6:00 Suburban from Hampton..... 7:15 Express from Sussex..... 8:35 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 11:50 Accommodation from Moncton..... 14:15 Express from Halifax..... 17:00 Express from Halifax..... 19:15 Express from Hampton..... 21:50 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.