

## SWANSON.

We were so thoroughly interested in discussing my voyage that neither of us noticed how late it was until Swanson came in at eleven to fix the fire for the night. The doctor watched the stalwart Swede with evident admiration as he shook down the big base-burner without making noise or dust, filled up the hopper and went out. 'Good night, Swanson,' said the doctor, heartily, as the man paused in the door. 'Good night, sir,' said Swanson, simply. 'That,' said the doctor, as he pulled his chair up nearer the stove, 'is the best man I ever saw. Where did you get him?' 'He got himself,' said I. 'How? You never told me.' 'I've never told any one. It isn't a story to tell promiscuously, and if Swanson were going with me now I wouldn't tell it to you, but since he chooses to stay here, why it may help you to appreciate him. 'It was eight years ago in January that he came to me. That was the coldest weather I ever saw in Nebraska, except the spell we are having now. For two weeks the thermometer hung steadily at nineteen below, and it seemed as if everything in the state had frozen solid. 'The major was in Chicago that winter, and I was alone in the house, except for Jack, there, who was almost as much company as if he had been human. He always slept curled up behind the stove, and I brought my bed down into the back parlor so as to be as near the fire as possible. 'It was about three o'clock one morning that Jack woke me. He was standing in the hall by the outside door, and saying "Out! out!" half under his breath, but with explosive energy. 'What is it, Jack?' I called, as I jumped out of bed and picked up my revolver. 'Out! out!' he answered. 'I ran out into the hall, and there stood the dog, with his fore paws up against the door, peering out through the little crack where the curtain did not cover the bottom of the glass. By the red firelight I could see that the hair on his back was all standing up. Just as I reached him there was a heavy step on the porch. 'Who's there?' I shouted. 'What do you want?' 'There were more heavy steps on the porch, and some one walked from the window that opened into the dining room across to the front door. Jack gave tongue with all his power, and the man stopped. 'Be still, Jack!' I commanded. 'Charge!' 'But for once he refused to obey. He stood up and kept growling. 'The man outside moved up to the door and said, "Does Major Dean live here?" 'He does,' said I. 'What do you want?' 'I want to pay on my land.' 'The reply was so absurd at that time on such a bitter morning that I laughed. The major, you know, had been the railroad land agent, and the farmers who had bought land from the company used to come to him to make payments on their contracts. But I had never heard of a man coming in the middle of a winter night. Besides business had fallen off so much that the major had given it up, and the company had not thought it worth while to get another agent. The farmers sent their own payments to the main office at Omaha. 'The man waited outside the door, so I said, "Wait a minute and you may come in." Hastily as I could I threw on my clothes. Then I lighted a couple of lamps, put one on the centre table and one on the piano, and went to the door. My revolver was in my right hand coat pocket, where I could get it in the fraction of a second. 'Jack was so eager to get at the man that it was all I could do to restrain him. I made him stand behind me, and then I opened the door. The man, who had been waiting, strode by me without a word and went to the stove. 'I turned in astonishment and watched him. He had no overcoat, and his clothing seemed worn and thin. He drew a chair up to the fire and sat down. He held his hands out to the stove a moment, and then rubbed them together. 'Ah,' he said, 'it's bitter cold.' 'All this time Jack stood at my side, ready to spring at the man. He drew his lips back from his teeth, every breath was a growl, the skin over his forehead was drawn into hard wrinkles, and his back bristled with displeasure. The man sat and warmed himself heedless of the dog. 'I took the revolver from my pocket and put it on the corner of the piano, under the lamp; then I leaned against the piano, looked at the man and waited. 'Once he shifted position in his chair. Jack sprang forward but I caught him and made him lie down. After that the man sat still only occasionally rubbing his hands and saying that it was bitter cold. He sat there so long that finally I broke the silence. 'Well,' I said, 'you wanted to pay on your land?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'Have you got your contract?' I asked. 'You know the contract always showed what payments had been made, and what was due. 'He fumbled in his pockets a minute or two, and then stammered; 'I must have come away without it. I was sure I put it in my pocket.' 'What's the description of your land?' I asked, taking another tack. 'He hesitated a minute, then he said; 'Section sixteen—no, section nineteen—thirteen—eight.' 'The whole section?' said I. 'No, of course not,' he said. 'It's a quarter.' Then after a moment, 'I don't believe that's right, after all. I have forgotten it.' 'Now imagine a Nebraska farmer forgetting the description of his land! When you forget your street number, or he forgets his name, he may do it, but not be-

fore. I tried again. 'How much do you owe?' I asked. 'I don't remember exactly,' he said. 'I think it's a little over forty dollars.' 'That would be about right for a payment on forty acres, but he had said he had one hundred and sixty acres—a quarter section. 'There was one more tack, and I tried it. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'He looked straight at me and answered without the least hesitation; 'Dave Maze.' 'Now Dave Maze had been one of my good friends, but he had been dead for more than two years. I looked at the man a minute or two, and then I told him how to find the amount of his payment from his contract, and how to send it to the general land commissioner at Omaha. He thanked me, and said he would do it. Then he rubbed his hands again and repeated that it was very cold. After that he sat by the fire and I stood by the piano, and neither spoke. 'I began to be very curious about this thief. I did not understand why he had said he wanted to pay on land, and had waited to come into the house, when he might have run away. He was a very reckless thief, else why did he try Major Dean's house, when all the county knew that the major's home had been broken up for over a year? 'So we sat, stood and growled, the man, myself and Jack, until long after the little clock in my room had struck four. Then I said: 'What is your real name?' 'He started a bit, but gave no other sign of surprise. 'Dave Maze,' he said, as before. 'On, no,' said I, 'it's over two years now since I followed Dave Maze's coffin to the cemetery. I knew him well. Besides, he finished paying on his land six years ago.' 'The man turned to the fire again and made no answer. He waited for another quarter of an hour, and then I tried again. 'What was your father's name?' 'The man looked at me a full minute before he spoke. An expression of absolute despair came over his face, and somehow I was very sorry for him. He dropped his hands by his side, and answered, 'Swanson.' 'Well, Swanson,' he said, 'what do you expect to find here? We haven't kept house in a long time, and all the silver is in the bank. I thought every one knew that.' 'Just the suspicion of a smile flitted across his face. 'I did not expect to find a big dog waiting here to eat me up,' he said. 'For you, or any other man, I did not care, but the dog—that is different.' 'What made you come?' I asked. 'Swanson made no reply. He sat and stared at the fire, and his face grew hard with the old look of despair. I waited a long time. 'I suppose,' I said at last, 'that I must give you over to the police, because you are a thief. They will put you in jail a while, and then maybe they will find out where you have robbed some one, and you will go to prison.' 'He swung around, facing me, and stood up. 'I'm not a thief!' he exclaimed. 'I—' 'The dog jumped as Swanson started. I had barely time to catch him as he sprang by me. 'Down, Jack!' I shouted. 'Charge!' He slunk back under the piano and lay down again, but his eyes blazed and his lips quivered. 'You see,' said I to Swanson, 'the dog does not believe you.' 'No,' said Swanson, 'the dog does not believe me, but the dog is wrong.' 'He sat down again and looked at the fire. 'Look here,' he exclaimed after a minute, 'I never stole a thing in my life! I meant to here to night, but that was the first time. Why not? What does anyone care for me? Nothing. What will anyone do for me? Nothing. 'I am not a beggar,' he went on. 'I am strong. I can work. Will any one give work? Not to Swanson. Why? I do not know. It is always so. I have been in this county more than a year. I worked hard, but they said, "You are no farmer. Get along!" 'Once I had work for six weeks. That was with Andrew Carlson, and I came here with him and he paid on his land. Last week I worked for Sjölander at Memphis and I heard him talking about Dave Maze, and thought he was alive. Sjölander lost his whip, and he said I stole it. What do I want with a whip? But he said I stole it. What do I want with a whip? But he says, "You are a thief! Get out before you steal more! I will keep your wages to pay for the whip. Then I knocked Sjölander down and came away. 'I walked here and it was very cold, and there was nothing to eat, and I said, "If I am a thief I will steal. Then at least I shall have something to eat. Maybe I shall get into prison, but that will be warm." But I did not think of the dog, and I was afraid, so I said I would pay on my land. But there is no land, and there is nothing to pay. Also there is nothing to eat, and I am a thief. Give me to the police quick. Then I shall eat and be warm.' 'He sat down again and waited. 'There is nothing to eat in the house now,' I said, 'but in the morning you shall have breakfast, and I will not give you to the police just yet. Perhaps you shall work for me.' 'So I put him to bed, and in the morning, after I had fed him, we talked it all over. He told me how he had been trained for personal service and I said I would try him. Then I opened the house again, and Swanson stayed here and kept it for me. You know all the rest. 'It was a long time before Jack would make friends with Swanson, but even Jack gave in at last. Now I am giving Swanson to you; but when I come back, we shall see.'

**NOVEL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.**  
A Hunter Has to Pay Damages After Being Killed By a Bull Thrown by a Train.  
A suit in the Superior court in Reinegn, N. C., against the Seaboard Air Line railway has developed one of the novel accidents known to the annals of jurisprudence.  
A vestibuled passenger train from Atlanta was bowling along toward Raleigh on a down grade at the rate of fifty miles per hour at ten o'clock in the morning. Wm. Watlington was on his way to a wild turkey blind, which he had baited, and had his double-barreled breech-loading shotgun on his shoulder, two cartridges being in the chambers. On reaching the railroad track which was on an embankment about ten feet high at this place. Mr. Watlington heard the train in the distance and stopped on the side of the track about fifty feet away. He could not see over the embankment to the other side of the track.  
Alongside the embankment, on both sides of the track, are the usual ditches, which were filled with water. Mr. Watlington was standing between the embankment and one of these ditches on the north side of the track with his gun on his right shoulder. On the other side of the track were a number of cattle nipping grass, which Mr. Watlington could not see. A few seconds before the train passed, these cattle commenced to straggle across the track to the side on which Mr. Watlington was standing. The bovines all got safely across except one small Jersey bull, which was caught on the cow-catcher and hurled away with terrible velocity.  
As misfortune and luck both would have it, the animal struck Mr. Watlington about midships, knocked him down into the ditch, and landed on top of him. The bull was stunned, and struggled, but could not get up, and the water was drowning both man and beast. The engineer was watching the cattle and had not seen Mr. Watlington. When the fireman told him what had happened he stopped the train, hurried back, and got there in time to pull Watlington and the bovine out of the ditch before they were both drowned.  
Striking Mr. Watlington and knocking him into the water saved the life of the bull, and the water prevented the blow by the bull from killing Watlington. Further examination showed that when the bull struck Mr. Watlington, the shock knocked the gun some distance away, and when it struck the ground it was discharged and killed one of the cows and wounded another so badly that she had to be killed. The gun was not injured.  
Of these facts Judge Browne held that the railroad company was not liable in damages to Mr. Watlington. Since the trial the owner of the two cows has sued Mr. Watlington and recovered \$100 in full of damages for their killing.  
Since all this happened Mr. Watlington has had a great piece of good luck. He has been working for H. N. Snow at High Point in the furniture business, and the latter who is getting old and tired of the business, retired and gave the whole plant and business, worth \$20,000 to Mr. Watlington, who was of no kin to him, but simply a faithful employee.

## Too Late.

Six-year-old Tommie was sent by his eldest sister to the corner grocer's to buy a pound of sugar. After the proprietor of the shop had given the little lad his change he engaged Tommie in conversation. 'Tommie,' said he, 'I understand there is a new member of your family?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the boy. 'I've got a little brother.' 'Well, how do you like that, hey?' enquired the grocer. 'Don't like it at all,' said Tommie; 'rather have a little sister.' 'Then why don't you change him, Tommie?' 'Well, we would if we could, but I suppose we can't. You see we've used him four days now.'

## Nipped in the Bud.

'I have called, began Mr. Forchsen Hunt 'to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us.'

No,' replied Mr. Goldrox, 'but I'm sure there will be pretty soon.'

'Ah!'

'It will be the Atlantic ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense.'

## One for the Obituarian.

The New York 'Sun's' Pekin correspondent says that once during a dry season in China the viceroy, Earl Li Hung Chang called on the American minister, Mr. Conger, and spoke of the weather. 'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in my country, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the west the people were praying for rain.' 'What?' said the

earl, 'do your people pray to their God for rain?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister, 'they often pray for rain.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it?' asked the earl. 'Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered and sometimes they are not.' 'All the same like Chinese joss, hey?' said the earl, with a grin and a chuckle.

## Necessary Consequence.

Whyte—I understand that you are going to move?  
Browne—Yes.

Whyte—What's that for?  
Browne—Well, my wife took a course of lessons in a cooking school last winter, and we have got to move now to some place where we shall be nearer to the doctor.

## Charged.

The heiress' tears were so bitter that quinine wasn't an old deuce in a new deck in comparison.

'They gathered about her and sought the reason of her weep.'

'The papers have announced my engagement to the earl,' said she, 'and one called him Doughless instead of Douglass.'

## Pain in the Joints.

may be muscular or rheumatic. The joints are hard to get at, and it requires a powerful, penetrating remedy to reach the affected parts. Polson's Nerviline exactly meets the requirements, for it is both powerful and penetrating. The pain is expelled as if by magic, for one drop of Nerviline equals in strength five drops of other remedies. You want often call the doctor if Nerviline is in the house. Price 25 cents.

## In 1904.

Head of the Household (in the year 1904)—Alfred, dear, your biscuits are very good this morning.

Young Husband (coloring with pleasure)—I am glad to hear you say so, love.

Head of the household—Still, they are not quite as good as papa used to make.

## As to Fortune.

'Ah, yes,' replied the moralist, 'fortune is a fickle jade!'

'That's so,' replied the plodder, 'but the deuce of it is Miss Fortune isn't. She sticks to me with a fidelity worthy of a better cause.'

## Cause of Their Trouble.

'I hear the Bagtons are going to separate. What was the trouble?'

'Why, I understand that he remarked to her that if she lived to be a thousand she never would learn how to play golf.'

## Served Each Meal.

Stubb—That Frenchman says America has more bone and sinew than any country on earth.

Penn—Yes; on his last tour he put up at several of our Chicago houses.

## Can't Last Forever.

Hopley—What seems to trouble your baby?

Popley (wearily)—I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night.

In Eden. Eve—'Just think! I'll be two weeks old tomorrow!' Adam—'Well my dear, you don't look like it!'

## BORN.

Arlington, March 5, to the wife of S. Easter, a son.  
Springhill, March 22, to the wife of J. Nollis, a son.  
Sydney, March 22, to the wife of J. Young, a daughter.  
Richibucto, March 21, to the wife of John Scott, a son.  
Springhill, March 24, to the wife of John Shields, a son.  
Parrsboro, Feb. 15, to the wife of John George, a son.  
Maitland, March 15, to the wife of R. McKenzie, a son.  
Cumberland, March 14, to the wife of Thos. Bowden, a son.  
New Glasgow, March 5, to the wife of Y. Campbell, a son.  
Springhill, March 11, to the wife of Chas. Goodwin, a son.  
Berwick, March 8, to the wife of John Woodworth, a son.  
Parrsboro, March 21, to the wife of Wm. McQuirk, a son.  
Springhill, March 14, to the wife of John Brown, a daughter.  
Campbellton, March 14, to the wife of D. Laird, a daughter.  
Richibucto, March 20, to the wife of B. Johnson, a daughter.  
Pictou, March 7, to the wife of Wm. Bickers, a daughter.  
Pictou, March 7, to the wife of Rev. A. Thompson, a daughter.  
Chatham, March 17, to the wife of James Vanstone, a daughter.  
Cumberland, March 18, to the wife of James E. Rogers, a son.  
New Glasgow, March 7, to the wife of Frank McGregor, a son.  
New Germany, March 3, to the wife of J. McLellan, a daughter.  
Nash's Creek, March 23, to the wife of Thomas Hayes, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Wolfville, Mar. 7, Captain Haliburton to Clara Smith.  
Carleton Co., Mar. 20, Hartley Sherwood to Ida Sweeney.  
Truro, Mar. 14, by Rev. A. D. Morton, David Lawson to Lily Murray.  
Maitland, Mar. 14, by Rev. Wm. Forbes, Capt. Jack Douglas to Alice Roy.  
Boston, Mar. 12, by Rev. A. K. MacLennan, David A. Ross to Tena B. Fraser.  
Salsbury, Mar. 20, by Rev. Abram Perry, Harvey J. Colpitts to Jennie Lewis.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 7, by Rev. Chas. Legal, Theodore Ripley to Areta Kenney.  
Colchester, Mar. 20, by Rev. W. Dawson, Norman Lonsdale to Mattie Meikle.  
Salem, Mass., Mar. 20, by Rev. S. E. Seaman, William Kingston to Janet Stewart.

Cumberland, Mar. 20, by Rev. D. A. Frame, Ainslie Argevine to Bessie Brown.  
New York, Feb. 17, by Rev. Fr. Hickey, Michael Conroy to Minnie McGrath.  
Boston, Mar. 19, by Rev. Scott L. Hershey, William Johnson to Mary Macgregor.  
Springhill, Mar. 13, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Charles W. Harrington to Nellie Farrell.  
Pictou, Mar. 13, by Rev. D. Drummond, Colin C. McLeod to Henrietta Campbell.  
Halifax, Mar. 21, by Rev. Thos. Fowler, Lewis Woolaver to Libbie Terhune.  
Springhill, Mar. 20, by Rev. Wm. Brown, William B. Embree to Mrs. Gussie Weldon.  
Woodstock, Mar. 20, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Albert L. McBride to Ellis L. Hamilton.  
Lower Bedouque, Mar. 23, by Rev. E. P. Calder, Howard MacIntyre to Helen Leard.  
Plymouth, Mar. 20, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Watson W. Rogers to Florence M. Smith.  
Stedholm, April 1, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, Chas. E. Wright to Annie Lenora Benson.  
Chatham, Mar. 27, by Rev. D. Henderson, B. Sc. Robert Smith to Alice M. Irving.  
Charlestown, Mar. 20, by Elder William Holiday Eldridge Nicolson to Bertha Sholes.  
Charlestown, Mar. 23, by Rev. J. W. Goodwill, Donald Macdonald to Mrs. MacArthur.  
Amherst Point, Mar. 26, by Rev. J. A. Huntley, George W. Cole to Mrs. Annie M. White.  
Gloucester, Mass., Mar. 20, by Rev. Frank Wilkins, Capt. Charles Malone to Edith M. Prior.  
Lewis Mountain, Mar. 27, by Rev. Abram Perry, H. Irvine Lounsbury to L. Saretta Steeves.  
Houlton, Maine, Mar. 25, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Herbert L. Stearns to Minnie M. Reed.  
Port Hawkesbury, C. B. Mar. 21, by Rev. L. J. Slaughterwhite, Samuel Byers to Martha Porper.

## DIED.

Halifax, Bridget Meagher.  
Halifax, Mar. 27, Mildred Dawe.  
Halifax, Mar. 30, Mrs. Thornton.  
Hants, Mar. 16, James McPherson.  
Hants, Mar. 13, Joseph Fielding.  
Pictou, Mar. 10, Annie McLeod, 63.  
Lunenburg, Mar. 7, Mrs. Keddy, 93.  
Shubenacadie, Mar. 18, Annie Sude.  
Halifax, Mar. 27, Henry T. Cook, 55.  
Toronto, Mar. 24, Wylie E. King, 18.  
Lockport, Mar. 10, Mary E. Payzant.  
Acacia Valley, Mar. 6, Geo. Smith, 31.  
Amherst, Mar. 23, Macrine White, 57.  
Milton, Mar. 25, Maud Fletcher, 19.  
Digby, Mar. 17, Ralph Farnsworth, 42.  
Halifax, Mar. 26, Malcolm McLeod, 70.  
Halifax, Mar. 27, George A. Roche, 58.  
Fugwash, Mar. 15, Kate McDonnell, 74.  
Windsor, Mar. 16, Hugh Richardson, 59.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 22, Harriet Lander, 72.  
New Glasgow, Mar. 16, Alex. Smith, 70.  
Guysboro, Mar. 21, Mattie Fraser, 8 mos.  
Dalhousie, Mar. 17, William Buckler, 82.  
Wolfville, Mar. 16, Blanche Weatherbe, 4.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 14, Richard Churchill, 84.  
Dartmouth, Mar. 30, Elizabeth Shortt, 70.  
Pictou, Feb. 24, Maggie Bell, Cameron, 6.  
Boston, Mass., Mar. 21, Walter Martin, 44.  
Denver, Col., Nov. last, John F. Ward, 40.  
Halifax, Mar. 24, Ethel Mand Dece, 2 mos.  
Port Williams, Mar. 18, Hannah Chase, 82.  
Weymouth, Mar. 24, Charles J. Collins, 47.  
Tusket, Mar. 27, Eleanor Jane Hatfield, 87.  
Moncton, Mar. 30, James McNaughton, 83.  
Springhill, Mar. 22, Geo. F. Robertson, 27.  
East Boston, Mar. 23, Michael C. Ahern, 60.  
Chatham, N. B., Mar. 26, Joseph Ward, 71.  
Lunenburg, Mar. 5, Mrs. G. H. Windrow, 60.  
Halifax, Mar. 30, Margaret M. Dean, 6 mos.  
San Francisco, Feb. 12, Percy B. Tolford, 58.  
Fugwash, Mar. 15, Mrs. Angus McDowell, 70.  
Yarmouth, Mar. 27, William D. Peddigh, 44.  
Colchester, Mar. 13, Mrs. Samuel Durning, 69.  
Digby, Mar. 20, Mrs. Richard Hutchinson, 92.  
Hillsdale, Mar. 15, Walter Dumeraq, 65.  
Somerville, Mass., Mar. 20, Clara Goodwin, 35.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Mar. 23, Dr. C. W. Smith, 43.  
Carleton, N. B., Mar. 24, Arthur R. Taylor, 25.  
St. Margarets Bay, Mar. 25, Geo. Dauphinee, 73.  
Fairville, St. John Co., Mar. 20, Marshal Reid, 64.  
Reserve Mines, C. B., Mar. 20, Mary B. McDonald, 16.

## RAILROADS.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
**EASTER HOLIDAY**  
**EXCURSIONS.**

## TO THE PUBLIC.

One way first class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale between all stations Port Arthur and East, good going April 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, good to return until April 9th, 1901.

## FOR SCHOOL VACATION.

To teachers and pupils on surrender of Standard Railway Vacation Certificate, tickets will be sold to all stations Montreal and East at one way first class fare for the round trip going March 29th, to April 6th, good to return until April 16th, 1901, and of all Stations West of Montreal at one way first class fare to Montreal added to one way first class fare and one third West of Montreal for the round trip, going March 29th to April 6th, good to return until April 16th, 1901.

For particulars as to train service, reservation of sleeping car berths, etc., write to

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

**Intercolonial Railway**

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.10  
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15  
Express for Sussex.....16.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Montreal.  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.19 o'clock for Halifax.  
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.00  
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15  
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Montreal.....21.35  
\*Daily, except Monday.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.  
Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901.  
CITY TICKET OFFICE,  
7 King Street St. John, N. B.