# BETWEEN CUP and LIP.

Llewellyn Whyman's heart was beating, as even the cold of a blizzard in the Ominica mountain had never succeeded in making it beat. The train had stopped at Meegton Junction. The next station was Clulow.

Llewellyn's fellow traveller suddenly thrust his head out of a carriage to watch a young lady with a bicycle. She seemed rather an overdressed young lady; the size of the feather in her hat was a trifle tell-tale. Pretty enough, however, in spite of superfluous finery.

'See this girl coming?' said the man, withdrawing his head and nodding in her direction.

Llewellyn started.

'Well, yes,' he said calmly. Nevertheless something about her kept him from dashing out to her and crying 'Miriam!'

'She's like all the rest of them—that's what she is,' the fellow-traveller continued with an unflattering hoist of the shoulders.

'How so?' asked Llewellyn, with a dull feeling. She had passed the carriage, looked in his eyes, and no doubt found a seat further on.

'How so? Why, she was engaged to a fellow named Whyman here, who went abroad to make money to keep her in style. I know for a fact that he promised to remain single if he died before claiming her. I had it from Whymans most intimate friend. And there you are! It's only about five years ago, and she's going to marry a chap whose only recommendation is his money. The meanest skinflint in the district.'

'That's very interesting,' said Llewellyn. 'What's the lucky individual's name?'

'Gabriel Solomons, the money-lender, estate agent and all the rest of it.'

'That beast!' exclaimed Llewellyn, with a flash of the eyes that astonished his companion.

'Yes; I see you know him. And it's wonderful how she has changed. Used to go to daily service at the old church, district visiting, and all that sort of thing. Now she's by way of being my Lady Butterfly. All the excitement that's on the tapis, as the saying is, Miss Miriam Evans insists on her pretty little feet having a share in."

'Perhaps the other one is dead,' suggested Llewellyn, after a pause.

'Oh, yes, no doubt he's dead enough. They've put him on the family memorial stone in the church; lost at sea, or something. But that don't affect the situation. A promise is a promise. Staying in Clulow, sir?'

'Er—just for a day or two, perhaps. I'm told the—that is to say, the air there is very healthy, isn't it?'

'Oh, very!'

The conversation then languished, Llewellyn was glad he had left his luggage in town, for several reasons.

At Clulow he waited, ere walking up to the little town, that he might look again at Miss Miriam. Afterwards he became more sorrowful than before. She had certainly changed, The draper's young son, or whatever he was, seemed right in his cheap judgement of her. She was, probably, like all the rest of her sex.

He got a bed at the 'Angel,' and nearly spoiled matters by greeting the proprietress as the old friend she was. She, of course, did not recognize him. A thick black beard may be warranted almost to transform any beardless man.

In the coffee-room were sundry framed photographs; among them one of a group of amateur actors, in which Llewellyn perceived his own portrait.

'Who's that?' he asked of the waitress, pointing to himself. The young woman's reply came pat.

"He's dead, sir. He belonged to Clulow." Then, with a certain shy expression, she added, "The young lady he was engaged to is going to be married on Friday next."

"So soon!" exclaimed Llewellyn; but he laughed it off, leaving no suspicion in the waitress's mind.

He settled to stay in Clulow until the Friday. Apart foom Miriam, there was no one to keep him there. His near relatives were dead, and his friends—well, he guessed they could do well without him.

The old church chimes at eight o'clock chimed "Home, Sweet Home," quite touchingly; they did it every four hours that day. On the morrow it would be "Pop Goes the Weasel!" Llewellyn was in High Street when they began, looking at the lighted windows of Mr. Evans, the solicitor, Miriam's father. There was a good deal of laughter in the house; the sonnd of it drifted towards him cheerfully, while the bells lazily tootled out that fine old sentimental ditty.

The next day Llewellyn left the 'Angel,' having secured rooms in a house opposite Mr. Evan's. Here, to his annoyance, he was betrayed by his nightgown—comical enough to think of! Mrs. Bundle, his widow landlady, bustled into the parlor with outstretched hands.

'I thought I ought to know your features Mr. Llewellyn," she said effusively.

But she was soon sworn to secrecy, and dissolved into sighs when she understood the harassing drama of her lodger's position.

'Don't you go vexing your head, Mr. Llewellyn,' she said coaxingly, 'about one as isn't worthy of you. She've a common heart!'

Thenceforward Mrs. Bundle drew deep sighs whenever she came into her lodger's room. They were part sympathetic and part due to devouring irritation that she was unable, in honor, to share this precious secret with certain of her friends. But she looked forward to the wedding itself with a relish that was almost wicked in its coldblooded intensity. Nothing in the world should keep her out of the church on that occasion.

Meanwhile Llewellyn sat in his armchair and watched Mr. Evans's house like a detective.

Miriam was changed undoubtedly. Only now and then did he see on her face the expression that he still worshipped as the epitome of her soul. She was so gay too. Rather a restless gaiety, to be sure. If he were Mr. Solomons he should not like it; but it seemed the very manner for the rich estate agent, whose ruddy countenance glowed with rapture when he was by her side.

Of course, Llewellyn got at the bottom of the mystery. It was strictly an affair of cash. Mrs. Bundle, indeed, was loth to say so outright, since it seemed to her more kindly conduct to disparge the young lady, and thus help her lodger to find consolation. But all the other gossip that came to Llewellyn's ears on the subject made it plain.

Miriam's father was in Mr. Solomon's hands, to break or spare, as he pleased. And Miriam was the bribe that bought Mercy for her parent.

It wasn't so very unconventional a business. What Llewellyn could not get over was the girl's more than contentment with her case. In the circumstances he by no means felt inclined to cross the street and offer Mr. Evans the use of five or ten thousand pounds that his daughter might be released from her servitude to the Jew.

And yet he loved her more and more every hour, for the sake of the past, and those glimpses in her of the Miriam whose lips he had kissed.

To be sure, he had his ironical and desperate moments. Especially on the Wednesday, after a concert at which Miriam had sung.

A lady next to him in the concert-room had thought it "so sweet" in the girl to sacrifice the precious last hours of her maidenhood in singing for a charity.

"Still there's something about her—I'm sure I don't know what it is—that I can't fathom," whispered the lady's neighbor.

Miriam's song on this occasion was serio-comic, the title, "Hearts don't break nowadays." She sang it with expansive glee up to the very last line; but though the room roared for an encore she would not even show her face on the platform again. Only those in the very front row detected the glisten in her eyes while that last line was on her tongue.

Llewellyn had taken good care not to sit in the front row; and at supper that night he was more than laconic in his replies to Mrs. Bundle's hungry questioning about his experiences at the concert.

He felt particularly ironical when this admirable gossip went on to tell of the silver afternoon tea-service presented to Miss Miriam by the old church Sunday scholars.

'And she has not been a teacher this past year or more, sir! You may see it in Rowland's window till to-morrow afternoon.

'Thank you. I will certainly give myself the pleasure of looking at it after breakfast," Llewellyn replied, almost impatiently. At twelve o'clock that night he lay awake and heard the chimes for the new day start 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?'

He almost settled it with himself ere daybreak that he would be off on the morrow (and miss the wedding); the excitement of working these gold claims of his in the Ominica mountains would be better than the excitement of his wounded heart.

At breakfast, still in this mood, he asked Mrs. Bundle to prepare his bill.

'I think I shall go to London this afternoon,' he added.

'And not see poor Miss Mariam married to-morrow, sir?' exclaimed the good woman, aghast.

'If I go I shall not see that particular wedding, as you surmise!'

Mrs. Bundle found her lodger's tone almost too much for her nerves. She did not venture to protest further.

Then Llewellyn went out. He did, in fact, glance at the tea-service—a fluted set, neat, and not very costly.

From the jeweller's he strolled to the old church, that superb building of Henry VIII's time, in which he and his forbears had been baptized, and in which most of the latter had been married and been buried. It was empty of worshippers, of course. Clulow was satisfied with a morning and evening daily service.

Llewellyn folded his arms, and read with appreciation the reference to himself on the white marble tablet beneath his elder brother's name: 'Also in memory of Llewellyn, second son of the above, supposed to have been drowned at sea."

It struck him as rather droll, and he moved away to a pew to think about it.

The chimes purred their "Should auld acquaintance," etc., while he thus sat with his back to a pillar; time had passed so quickly. He had thought, moreover, of so much while he looked vacantly at the grand east window.

And now suddenly he turned, conscious that someone else was in the church.

A woman opposite to his own family tablet!

'Great Heavens!' thought Llewellyn, as he saw that it was Miriam herself. He peered past his pillar with a heart beating as never before.

As he lived, she was on her knees by the tablet; sobbing, too, just once or twice.

Then, drawing a deep breath, and with a strong light in his eyes, Llewellyn rose and went on tip-toe towards the girl. He was quite near her when his footfall clattered a grating. She started to her feet and looked towards him.

'It is I, Llewllyn, Miriam!' he said, joyously, opening his arms to her, heedless where he was.

And she also thought only of her heart's rapture as she gave herself, sobbing for joy to his embrace.

Mr. Solomons was terribly humbled in Clulow by the abrupt postponement of Miriam's wedding; nor was he the bridegroom eventually.

When a man's business runs down the sheriff comes along and winds it up.

### NOT TO BE BALKED.

**He Depended on His own Ingenuity and is now Wealthy.**

A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

'Um-m!' said the carpenter. 'I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the differeuce betwixt those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it. If I was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer. 'But Cy!' added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. 'The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life.

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who 'made his own tools' is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.

### Biting the Nails.

A simple and very effective way to cure children of the bad habit of biting their nails is to wet the fingers with quassia tea and allow them to dry. When tasted it will be a bitter reminder to cease the practice. If there are no sore places on the finger tips, a very little colocynth powder, which is intensely bitter, may be dusted over them. When, however, dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be incased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

### Amen and Amen.

A Scotch minister while on a visit to England noticed that when the minister stopped praying the choir sang 'Amen.' The first Sunday after his arrival home he arranged with his precentor that at the end of the prayers he would drop a pea on his head, when he was going to sing 'Amen.' When Sunday came, about the end of the first prayer, the precentor felt a shower of peas fall on his head, and began singing: 'Amen! amen! amen! amen!' as fast as he could, when the minister leaned over the pulpit and whispered: 'Whist! whist! Jock; the poke's burst.'

WEAR Trade D. Mark
SUSPENDERS
GUARANTEED


## BORN.

Amherst, June 22, to the wife of Amos Cook, a son.
St. John, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pickett, a son.
Truro, June 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Guinan, a son.
Onslow, June 1, to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Blair, a son.
Getson's Cove, June 22, to the wife of John Meister a son.
Surrey, A. Co., June 25, to the wife of John Taylor a son.
Bedford, June 27, to th the wife of George Roach, a daughter.
St. John, July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen B. Bustin, a son.
Lower Onslow, May 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lewis, a son.
Liverpool, June 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Menthorne, a son.
North Sydney, June 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bissett, a daughter.
Bridgetown, onne, 25, to Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Shafner, a daughter.
Acadia Mines, June 22, to the wife of Mr. George R. Smith, a son.
Liverpool, June 22, to Capt. W. S. and Mrs. McLeod, a daughter.
New Glasgow, June 27, to the wife of J. J. McLeod, a daughter.
Newcombeville, Lunenburg, June 16 to the wife of John Hebb, a son.
Bridgetown, June 23, to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lockett, a daughter.
Long Island, Kings, June 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmeter, a son.
Moose Jaw, N. W. T., June 4, to the wife of Tupper Vance, a daughter.
Baker's Settlement, Lunenburg, June 28, to the wife of Benjamin Wentzel, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, June 21, Harry Fader to Ella Keefe.
Halifax, June 29, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Willis Kedy to Lillie Moreash.
Amherst Point, June 29, Chas. W. Holmes to Flossie B. Corbett.
Truro, June 23, by Rev. Edwin Rose, John Amy to Mary Workman.
Halifax, June 28 by Rev. H. H. Pitman, Francis Gow to Mabel Cook.
Hartland, June 29, by Rev. A. Hayward, Warren Estey to Grace Currie.
Liverpool, June 20, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, James Foster to Minnie Croft.
Gay's River, June 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, John Fraser to Mary Blades.
St. Croix, June 22, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Mr. H. Spence to Cassie Kughn.
Inverness, C.B. June 22, by Rev. A. Chute. S. P. Hubley to E. M. Frizzle.
Dorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. Mr. Gumbart F. Murfeldt to B. Moore.
Windsor, June 16, by Rev. Wm. Rees Mr. J. Parker to Mrs. A. M. Snider.
Sackville, June 26, by Rev. F. W. Harrison, Hiram Bowser to Ruth Cole.
Colchester, June 9, by Rev. A. McLeod, Thos. W. MacKay to Lillie Sinclair.
Halifax, June 29, by Rev. J. McMillan, Peter Porrier to Annie Robinson.
West Co. N. B., June 29, by Rev. Mr. Curry Chas. Armor to Ruth Newcombe.
St. John, July 3, by Rev. James Crisp, Mr. S. E. Jillet to Miss C. F. Penney.
Greenfield, N. S. June 22, by Rev. Mr. Bishop W. G. Mingo to M. E. Joudery.
Newcastle, June 22, by Rev. T. Johnstone, Mr. D. McKinley to Miss E. Ashton.
Bloomfield, June 29, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, Scott Emery to Minnie Crandelmere.
Welsford, June 30, by Rev. A. McCully, Wm. W. Fawcett to Jessie W. McCully.
Harcourt, June 28, by Rev. W. Johnson, Capt. Paul Robinson to Miss Sara Rogers.
Canning, June 20, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Robt. M. Baird to Isabella Davidson.
Bridgetown, June 21, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Frank Bent to Jeremiah Wilson.
Caledonia, June 23, by Rev. T. A. Bowen, George E. Banks to Fannie H. Harlow.
Annapolis, June 22, by Rev. E. Locke, Mr. C. T. Reigh to Miss A. L. Beardsley.
Amherst, June 28, by Rev. Father Millan, James Chapman to Elizabeth B. Savage.
Yarmouth, June 1, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Mr. J. B. Burrill to Miss E. L. Duncanson.
Grand Manan, July 2, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Mr. S. Dalzell to Miss Lillie Dinsmore.
Port La Tour, June 21, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Mr. J. W. Nickerson to Miss A. Connell.
Chatham, June 28, by Rev. Henry T. Joyner, Mr. John Wallace to Miss Katie O'Kane.
Mahone Bay, June 21, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Albert Zinck to Maggie Rodenhizer.
St. John, July 4, by Rev. Arthur S. Morton, George Harris to Margaret Chambers.
New Glasgow, June 29, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Isaac Fitzpatrick to Annie McDonald.
Campobello, N. B., June 10, by Rev. F. W. Brook Mr. John Presley and Miss A. Brown.
Douglastown, June 23, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, Mr. John Russell to Miss Jane Russell.
Lower Stewiacke, June 15, by Rev. Alex. Cameron Charles G. Smith to Clara Cruikshanks.
Brooklyn, N. Y. by Rev. J. Charles Roper, Arthur Richard Doble, to Georgie Ethel Hyde.
Amherst, June 29, by Rev. D. McGregor, Joseph Henry Croggatt to Lillie Jane Embree.
Dorchester, Mass., June 22, by Rev. E. S. Wheeler, Mr. B. F. Blake to Miss M. R. Irish.
Upper Stewiacke, June 22, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Emery Carr to Etta May Johnson.
Milton, Queens Co., June 18 by Rev. A. Braine, Frederick R. Freeman to Fannie M. Bell.
Halifax, June 23, by Rev. W. H. Heartz, Miss Bessie Legion to Mr. Chas. Wm. Fellows,
East Florenceville, N. B., June 29, by Rev. A. Hayward, John Hunter to Annie M. Hartley.
Lynnfield, June 22, by Rev. Matthew R. Knight, Matthew M. Cann ngham to Lottie Trafton.
Boulardeie Centre, C. B., June 22, by Rev. D. Drummond, John Mckenzie to Christina McRae
New Glasgow, June 20, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Charles M. Crockett to Margoret Anna Smith.
Halifax, June 29, by Rev. F. M. Webster. Jared DeWolf Chipman to Minnie Elizabeth Fishwick.
Los Angelos, Cal., May 7, by Rev. Dr. Bresee, Lieut. Alfred E. McKenzie, to Mrs. Carrie M. Tupper.
Lower Maccan, Cumberland Co. June 28 by Rev. W. H. Evans, Mr. H. Davis to Miss A. F. Landells.

## DIED.

St, John, July 4, John Burke, 75.
Bonne Bay, Nfld., John Silver, 80.
Hillsboro, June 29, Wm Ferguson, 84.
St. John, June 30, Edmond M. Daly, 3.
Amherst, June 29, Hattie W. Brundage, 6.
Canso, June 28, Ella wife of Burd Horton.
Moncton, July 2, Mrs. Malcolm Jones, 67.
St. Stephen, June 27, Atchison Cleland, 73.
Kentville, June 30, Laleah Burpee Lovett.
Barnaby River, June 26, George Bogle, 69.
Halifax, June 29, Edward P. Archbold, 85.
June 8, drowned at sea, Sandy Webber, 23.
St. John, July 5, Mrs. Sarah M. Bissett, 78.
Thomson Station, June 27, Joshua Ross, 36.
Upper Stewiacke, June 26, Wm Dunlop, 75.
Pictou Island, June 3, Charles McCallum, 70.
Salisbury, June 23, Mrs. William Steeves, 67.
Welsford, June 25, Mrs. Hannah McIntosh, 74.
Point aux Car, June 18, Finlay MacDonald, 67.
Wickham, Queens Co., June 19, Ephriam Shaw, 76.
Leger Corner, N. B., July 1, Frank Thibideau, 90.
Whishur, Kirk Road, Scotland, Grace Mulloy, 27.
Lyons Brook, June 17, Capt. Thomas R. O'Brien, 52.
Halifax, June 27, Hattie E. wife of Frank J. Outhit.
Halifax, July 1, Fanny May, wife of Joseph Holloway, 26.
Medford Kings Co., June 14, Sarah wife of Charles Robinson.
Grand Manan, June 27, Ethelbert only son of Geo. Scovil, 3½
Quoddy, June 27, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Robinson, 76.
Halifax, June 29, Mary E. child of Edward and Mary Butt, 2.
DeBert, June 15, Martha F., widow of the late James Yuill, 83.
Halifax, June 29, Raymond infant son of John and Helena Desmond.
St. John, July 2, Catherine widow of the late William McManus, 84.
West Folly Mountain, May 15, Laura C. wife of R. W. Howard, 29.
Martin River, June 15, Winnie Flo. May, daughter of Caleb Langille, 3.
Chatham, June 25, Margaret J., widow of the late Alexander McDonald, 65.
Saint James, June 20, Emma J. wife of Lorenzo Dowling 41, and infant child.


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Excursion tickets on sale July 9th, 11th and 12th, good for return until July 21st, with provision for further extension to Sept. 1st, on payment of small fee at Buffalo.

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(Eastern Standard Time.)

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Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

Stmr. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every Afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time.) Returning will leave Gagetown every Morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indiantown,
Monday at 5.30 a. m.
Tuesday at 3 30 p. m.
Wednesday at 2 00 p. m.
Thursday at 3.30 p. m.
Saturday at 5.30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton,
Tuesday at 9.00 a. m.
Wednesday at 8.00 a. m.
Thursday at 9.00 a. m.
Saturday at 4.00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 4th. 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
DAILY SERVICE.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 10 15 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.45 p. m., arv St. John, 4.30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve, Halifax 6. 30 a. m., arv in Digby 12.28 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.40 p. m., arv Yarmouth 3.16 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8.45 a. m., arr, Digby 1 35 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1 45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arv Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arv Halifax 5.45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m., arr. Digby 10.25 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.35 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arv Digby 8.30 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.30 p. m., arv Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,
BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cusine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....12.10
Express for Sussex.....16.55
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18 3
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.