THE EDITOR'S WATCH.

I was staying in Sydney for a few weeks, and I put up at the Oceanic Club. There I made the acquaintance of a colonial journalist, by name Bell Macwhinnie, a frank, clever, easy-going, handsome fellow, who had compressed a good deal of life into his forty years. One evening after dinner we sat smoking under the broad veranda that ran round three sides of the club building. Presently Macwhinnie took out his watch and held it in his hand for a few moments.

"I have an engagement this evening, but there is plenty of time yet," he said.

"I've several times noticed what a particularly handsome watch that is of yours, Mr. Macwhinnie," I said.

"Ah, that watch has a story," he replied.

"I have observed some sort of inscription on it—a presentation, I suppose?"

"Right, ; it was a presentation, but of a somehat unusual sort."

"I grow curious. Let us have the story."

"Very good. It's a yarn I have had to tell more than once. You must know, then, that I began my journalistic life in the colonies as editor of that able and distinguished organ of public opinion, the 'Burragundi Beacon.' I had been conducting it for some time to the satisfaction, I am always proud to remember, of the proprietors, when that outbreak of bushranging, which was headed by the notorious Frank Gardiner, began to keep the country in a state of continual excitement and terrorism. I need not tell you that of all the knights of the bush Frank Gardiner was in prowess and achievement second to none. For several years he and his gang eluded all efforts at capture on the part of the government, until the country people began to think that Frank, like his illustrious forerunner and prototype, Dick Turpin, bore a charmed life. At last £2,000 was set on his head, dead or alive.

"One morning I received a short letter something like the following, addressed to the editor of the 'Beacon': —

"'SIR'—I observed a statement in the 'Sydney Morning Herald' of today to the effect that myself and mates last Monday night attempted an attack upon Lawson's Station, Waondra. Will you allow me the use of your widely-read columns to say that this announcement is entirely erroneous, from the simple fact that on that night I and my party were busily engaged elsewhere?—I am, yours, etc., FRANK GARDINER.

"I was so tickled with this letter—there was something so funny in its cool audacity and the whole circumstances—that I at once inserted it in the 'Beacon.'

"About a fortnight later I received a second letter, which ran pretty much like this:—

"'SIR,—It must necessarily be the fate of all public men to encounter much misrepresentation, and I must just submit, I suppose, like others. At the same time, when there is a remedy at hand, a man is merely doing himself justice in availing himself of that remedy. I appeal, therefore, to your sense of right and fair play in requesting you to publish my flat and emphatic denial to a paragraph which appeared in the Sydney papers on last Friday; namely, that in the recent encounter with troopers, one of my mates was wounded in the arm. Nothing of the sort took place, thanks to the clumsy shooting of our opponents. The same paragraph also states that in the last sticking-up of the Binda Flat Mail we treated our prisoners with much harshness. The very reverse of this was the actual case, and this statement can only have emanated from persons wilfully and maliciously determined upon prejudicing myself and my comrades in the public mind.—I remain, yours, etc., FRANK GARDINER.'

"That letter also found a place in the 'Beacon.' Afterwards I received in all some half-dozen communications from the notorious bushranger, varying in details, but all of a similar purport, their object being to correct some blunder or mis-representation on the part of the public Press. All these epistles found a place in the paper, as I saw no harm in thus inserting them. Some of my readers did not hesitate to accuse me of aiding and abetting the bushrangers by the publication of Frank Gardiner's letters, alleging that they were merely blinds to lead the police off the real track. But I reasoned that, even if this were the case, the ruse was so simple and transparent a one that the police were not in the least likely to fall into it. But I did not think that Gardiner had any such purpose in sending the letters. I believe that their meaning was on the surface, though it sometimes struck me that, over and above this, the bushranger was himself aware, in some degree, of the humor of the situation, and that his sense of this sometimes shaped the wording of his letters. Most of my townspeople took my view of the matter, and laughed at the thing; and the circulation of the 'Beacon' in nowise suffered.

"I had received, I say, about half a dozen of Mr. Gardiner's comminications, covering a space of ten or twelve weeks when something occurred. I was sitting in my room about eleven o'clock at night, having just finished some correspondence, work connected with the paper, and had lighted a cigar and settled myself into a chair with a Homeric sigh of relief, when there was a knock at the door, and the next moment, without waiting for the least countersign of any sort, a figure entered. I tipped my chair back until I very nearly lost my balance at the unexpected aspect presented by my unceremonious visitor—a tall athletic man, with a shaggy, light-colored beard, dressed in ordinary bushman's garb, pistols in his belt, and a carbine at his back, his face hidden by a mask. Such outwardly was my visitor—a sufficiently unconventional and disquieting figure thus suddenly to present himself at the dead of night to a harmless country editor, armed with no fire-weapon more deadly than a cigar. My first thought was how the fellow had got into the house; but this and all other thoughts were quickly dispersed by my new friend addressing me;—

"Good evening, Mr. Macwinnie."

"Good evening, Mr.——, I beg your pardon, you have the advantage of me.'

"I've a little bit of business with you—never mind my name. I would have sent up my pasteboard, but I have forgotten my case.'

This system of a vein of humour—thin as it was—in my guest reassured me a little.

"'I'm very much at your service, I am sure,' I replied. 'Anything I can do to—'

"'That's it, boss. I was sure you wouldn't cut up anyway rough about the business, and we on our side'll try to make it pleasant all round for you. Well, the racket simply is, Mr. Macwhinnie, that you are to come along wtth me, and the sooner we're off, the better for all parties.'

"'I did not quite expect this, and my visitor's proposal had no great charms for me.

"'You mean that I am to accompany you wherever you are going to—now, at once?'

"'That's it; you spot it every time. That's my contract. So hurry up, Mr. Editor, and just think of others besides yourself. My neck's halfway in the halter at this blessed moment.'

"The man spoke in the coolest and most determined manner, and I at once saw that my attempt at resistance would be worse than useless. To cut a long story short, I had to submit to being blindfolded, and in this condition I was mounted on a horse, which my visitor had tethered outside along with his own. We rode for the best part of a couple of hours, very few words passing between us.

"At the end of that period I was commanded to dismount, which I did, still with the bandage on my eyes. The next moment my hirsute abductor had removed the handkerchief, when a strange sight met my eyes.

I was standing in the middle of a small clearing in the heart of the forest. The darkness was lit up by half-a-dozen flaming torches and the light of a small fire, round which five or six men were reclining on the short grass. The man nearest the fire at once caught my attention. He was about the middle height, and of a very active and well-proportioned figure, brown bearded, with particularly bright and alert eyes, and of a not unprepossessing cast of features. A few minutes' scrutiny of the man confirmed me in my identification of him. He was no other than my correspondent of the last three months—the notorious bushranger who had been harrying the country right and left for nearly two years, levying blackmail on all whom he encountered, without the slightest respect of persons or dignitaries—the redoubtable outlaw, Frank Gardiner. Various portraits of the man were abroad throughout the country, all sufficiently alike to enable me to identify the original now that he was before me.

"All the men, I need scarcely say, were armed to their lips, so to speak.

"The leader of the gang was the first to speak. 'Good evening, Mr. Macwhinnie, or rather good morning. You recognize me, I dare say?'

"'Yes, I think I do,' I replied.

"'From the several flattering portraits of me that are about, eh? If I ever catch that blackguard of a photographer who has so abominably burlesqued me in those pictures, I engage to make things hum for him. But, to come to business. Your wondering, I suppose, why you've been brought here in this somewhat unceremonious fashion?'

"'I am a little puzzled.'

"'But not afraid, I hope. You don't look that way much.'

"'No, not now. I was just a little startled at first, I must confess. But I am not aware of any wrong that I have ever done you, Frank Gardiner.'

"'That's it, my boy—you're right all the time. On the contrary, it has been all the other way; and that's why I wanted to have a word with you personally. I wanted to make the nearer acquaintance of my editor, you know. How do yon think they read? I mean those letters. Not so bad for a young aspirant in literature, eh? I'm positively thinking of getting them reprinted, if I can get any of those Sydney newspaper flats to undertake the job. "Epistles of a Bushranger." Taking title, eh?—a fortune in the very name. Would fetch the public till further orders, don't you think? But I beg your pardon for keeping you standing all this time, Mr. Editor; just bring yourself to anchor, and have a drink, will you? Young Hall, hand the editor your flask.'

"A young man, considerably the youngest of the party, handed me his flask, which I put to my lips, merely touching the liquor.

"'You drink mighty shallow, Mr. Macwhinnie; but please yourself. Now, look here. There's a cool two thousand set on my head; you know all about that? Well, there's a carbine by your side; as pretty a piece as you'll find. Now's your chance.

"I raised the gun and tried to fire it overhead, when I discovered that I was quite unable to do so. I could not move the trigger a hair's-breadth. It was some kind of trick-lock, the secret of which was probably known to the owner alone. Gardiner laughed, quietly. 'A pretty thing, ain't it? But I don't believe you would have used the weapon against me just at present, even it you could; I'll do you that credit.'

"During this colloquy none of the rest of the gang had put in a word, but smoked silently on, regarding me with stolid gravity.

I have always had a considerable admiration for the Press as an institution,' Gardider resumed, but never so mnch as since making your acquaintance as an editor, Mr. Macwinnie. You have acted towards me in the most honorable and gentlemanly manner; and while those miserable and ignorant rags, the 'Herald' and the 'Empire,' have refused to insert my letters contradicting the many lying and libellous statements they have published regarding myself and my mates, you have vindicated the claims of the Press to being a free and impartial organ of public expression. Now no man who knows Frank Gardiner ever accused him of forgetting a friend or a service. I consider, Mr. Macwinnie that you have done me a real service in this matter and acted as a thorough gentleman, and I would like to show you that I am not insensible of this. Though I am a bushranger I am not a blackguard. If you will be good enough to accept this trifle, merely in recognition of my admiration of you as an editor, and of my personal regard, you will be doing me a favor. And I may as well add, Mr. Macwhinnie, that you may receive this with a clear conscience, for it was bought with money got upon the square.'

"As he spoke, Gardiner took from his breastpocket a small morocco case and handed it to me. I opened the case and found a handsome gold watch.

"Seldom. I venture to think, in the history of presentations was one made under more singular circumstances. It seemed to reverse all precedent. Tradition was being read backwards, for instead of a highwayman taking a watch from me, I was getting one from him. To devise such a situation in fiction were, of course, easy enough; but I am relating a true incident, and as such I am inclined to think that the case was unique.

"Of course I accepted the gift; I could do no less under the circumstances; and, after hearty hand-shakings all round, I departed in the same way that I came, accompanied by my faithful bodyguard. When we reached the confines of the forest, however, we dismounted, and my companion removed my bandage. The first grey glimmer of the dawn was stealing through the bush.

"'You'll have to pad the rest of your way home, Mr. Macwhinnie; I'm like the ghost in the play. You understand—must scoot with the first light. Sorry I can't take you to your door.'

"'Don't mention it; I know every inch of the road,' I replied, being bent on answering him in the same vein.

"'You're a pretty cool hand, Mr. Editor. Didn't think you scribbling chaps were that sort. No offence. So long!'

"When I reached my rooms I found my landlady already astir. She had not been much surprised to find my bedroom empty, for it had once or twice happened that I had to spend the night at the office, although that was not a frequent occurrence, the 'Beacon' being only a bi-weekly issue. After a sound sleep and over my breakfast I examined my newly and so strangely acquired gift at greater leisure. It has been my constant companion ever since, and I don't think there is a better time-keeper out of London. Would you like to look at it closer?"

Macwhinnie handed me the watch. It was, indeed, a splendid one, very finely finished, and bearing the name of a famous London maker. Inside I read this inscription:—

"PRESENTED TO BELL MACWHINNIE, ESQ., BY FRANK GARDINER."

"You know all about Gardiner's ultimate fate, of course," my narrator resumed, "though you were not in the Colonies at the time—how he and nearly all his gang were at last taken, and how Frank himself got a long term. It could never be proved against him that he had actually killed anyone, and so he escaped the gallows. He is serving out his time now in Darlinghurst, up there, and behaving himself very decently they say. My personal acquaintance with him, however, began and ended with the presentation of the Editor's watch."

Whiskey Contains No Microbes.

It's queer how the average man who takes ever so many chances with the miscellaneous drinkables which the bar affords, worries dreadfully for fear the drinking water his town supplies him with isn't absolutely pure.

Princess May, the Royal bride-elect, will be only the seventh Duchess of York, although there have been thirteen dukes. Three dukes died bachelors, one became King, and two became Princes of Wales before their marriage, so that their wives never bore the title of duchess.

BORN.

Halifax, July 5, to the wife of Alex. Urquhart, a son.
Parrsboro, July 2, to the wife of Hugh McKinnon, a son.
Parrsboro, to the wife of Alexander McAloney, a son.
Sackville, July 1, to the wife of James Estabrooks, a son.
Dartmouth, N. S., July 1, to the wife of John Harris, a son.
Milton, N. S., July 1, to the wife of C. H. Day, a daughter.
Bridgetown, July 1, to the wife of Watson Kenny, a daughter.
Souris, P. E. I., June 24, to the wife of A. A. McLellan, a son.
Richibucto, N. B., June 22, to the wife of Philip Woods, a son.
Dalhousie, N. S., June 30, to the wife of Albert Durland, a son.
North Sydney, C. B., June 26, to the wife of J. C. Baker, a daughter.
Dalhousie, N. S., June 29, to the wife of Andrew Hughes, a daughter.
St. Andrews, N. B., July 3, to the wife of Herbert Greenlaw, a daughter.
Halifax, N. S., July 6, to the wife of Allan O'Flaherty, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bass River, June 28, Havelock McMichael to Julia A. Morton.
Chester, N. S., July 6, by Rev. T. W. Clift, Herbert Knight to Fannie Clift.
Halifax, June 29, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Maynard Covey to Ellen Maher.
St. John, July 5, by Rev. F. J. McMurray, Thos. Smith to Ella Cavender.
St. John, July 6, by Rev. R. Mathers, Howard Jones to Elizabeth Ridd.
Halifax, June 27, by Rev. Dr. Foley, Michael O'Leary to Annie Quinn.
Halifax, July 5, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Leonard George to Amelia Keans.
Amherst, N. S., June 28, by Rev. D. A. Steele, F. H. L. Nason to Jennie Allen.
Moncton, July 5, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Edward Steeves to Angie Mollins.
Chatham, June 30, by Rev. Canon Forsyth, Wm. Wilson to Sarah Rullams.
Halifax, July 3, by Rev. T. B. Gregory, James O'Bryan to Lily Hutcheson.
Sussex, July 10, by Rev. James Gray, Robert Parlee to Lucy J. Connolly.
Liverpool, N. S., June 22, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Fraser L. Craigg to Harriett Lister.
Jacksonville, June 19, by Rev. C. Comben, Fredericton Wasson to Alice Davis.
Rushagornish, N.B., July 5, by Rev. W. D. Manzer, David Phillips to Ella Noble.
St. John, July 5, by Rev. A. J. McFarland, Alex. Martin to Margaret McBeath.
Arcadia, N. S., June 27, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Albert Lewis to Jennie Miller.
Nashwaak, N. B., June 28, by Rev. T. L. Williams, John Young to Sarah McLean.
Maple Ridge, N. B., June 21, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, George Waite to Jennie Davis.
New Ross, N. S., July 6, by Rev. E. T. Woollard, Isaiah Hatchard to Elsie Calder.
St. John, N. B., July 5, by Rev. Henry Stewart, Daniel Morrison to Hattie Clarke.
Scotch Ridge, N. B., June 27, by Rev. John Hawley, Robert McDonald to Alice Haley.
Andover, N. B., July 3, by Rev. C. Henderson, Leonard Turner to Carrie Russell.
St. Mary's N. B., July 5, by Rev. W. E. Manzer, Thomas Graham to Addie Crouse.
New Ross, N. S., July 4, by Rev. E. T. Woollard, Enos Vienott to Amanda Jodrey.
Hantsport, N. S., June 29, by Rev. A. Hockin, George Spicer to Priscilla Bennet.
Yarmouth, N. S., June 28, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Manus Holden to Eliza Pendrigh.
Albert, June 29, by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Akerley H. McLean to Rebecca R. Ritchie.
Amherst, N. S., July 3, by Rev. James Strothard, Perkin Dobson to Carrie Trenholm.
New Tusket, N. S., June 15, by Rev. P. D. Nowlan, Wm. M. Grant to Effie A. Nowlan.
Lay Mills, N. B., June 28, by Rev. P. O. Rees, Thomas F. Stickles to Aggie Boone.
Scotburn, N. S., July 1, by Rev. J. W. Fraser, Robert McGregor to Amelia Miller.
Albert, N. B., June 29, by Rev. B. N. Hughes, Aubrey McLane to Freeman Ritchie.
Smith's Cove, N. S., July 5, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Wm. Cossaboom to Clara Sulis.
Moncton, N. B., July 4, by Rev. J. R. Campbell, David Purves to Mrs. Ellen Hickman.
Chipman, N. B., July 6, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, E. Forester Gale to A. Mabel Fowler.
Bridgewater, N. S., July 2, by Rev. A. C. Sweinburg, Kenneth Garber to Esther Diehl.
Port Medway, N. S., July 4, by Rev. Ackman, George Danenwhite to Mildred Dollvar.
Northfield, N. B., June 29, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, John A. Thompson to Martha Knox.
Bass River, N. B., June 28, by Rev. J. H. Camer on, Havelock McMichael to Julia Morton.
New Germany, N. S., July 1, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Andrew H. Woodworth to Flora D. Drew.
Wolfville, N. S., July 5, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund and Rev. F. H. Wright, Rev. W. R. Turner to Carrie Collins.
South Maitland, N. S., June 29, by Rev. John Cameron and Rev. Scott Whittier, Capt. William Graham to Alice McDougall.

DIED.

Halifax, July 5, Donald Campbell.
Chatham, July 6, Michael Sheyan, 80.
Fredericton, July 3, Alex. Sinclair, 39.
Halifax, July 9, Thomas H. Verge, 81.
Halifax, July 6, Mary Ann Martin, 74.
Halifax, July 10, Thomas M. Sweet, 47.
Hillsboro, July 1, Howard Halliday, 23.
Newcastle, June 29, William E. Gillis, 22.
St. John, July 8, John Cudlip Allison, 40.
Shediac, N. B., July 4, Albert Deacon, 13.
Milltown, N. B., July 2, John Clarke, 83.
Halifax, July 10, Robert W. McDonald, 54.
Truro, July 5, Mrs. William McKintosh, 72.
St. Stephen, N. B., July 1, Annie Mehan, 1.
Skye Glen, C. B., June 29, George Smith, 72.
Leicester, N. S., June 23, George Travis, 65.
Harvey Bank, July 2, Mrs. H. E. Graves, 33.
Bairdsville, N. B., June 28, Henry Baird, 84.
Dorchester, N. B., July 3, Lizzie Keillor, 67.
Jordan Bay, N. S., June 30, John Downie, 81.
Moggie, N. B., July 1, Martin Estabrooks, 84.
Newport, N. S., June 20, William McKay, 74.
Macnaquac, June 25, Mrs. Fannie Wheeler, 63.
Liverpool, N. S., July 5, Fred. T. Chandler, 28.
Meadowville, N. S., June 28, Alexander Rose, 84.
St. Davids, N. B., July 1, Caroline Dickerson, 70.
Warren, N. S., July 4, the wife of Jeremiah Embree.
Morrison's Mills, York Co., July 3, Thomas Plass, 66.
Rossway, N. S., June 30, Mrs. Howard Marshall, 60.
Kings Co., N. S., July 6, of paralysis, Elizabeth Heales.
Amherst, July 5, Letitia, wife of late Daniel Freeman, 70.
Moncton, July 10, of consumption, John A. Williams, 19.
Bristol, N. S., June 29, Margaret, wife of Hiram Marsh, 34.
Halifax, July 6, Albert, son of Thomas and Helen Anderson.
Carleton, N. B., July 6, Mary, wife of Thomas Fitzgerald.
Havelock, July 6, Sarah Augusta, wife of Geo. McKnight.
Point Anconia, C. B., Angus, son of Isabella and John Smith.
Moncton, June 27, Margaret, wife of late William Crandall, 63.
St. John, July 6, of heart failure, J. Louis McCoskery, 36.
Waterville, N. S., July 3, Phoebe, wife of late Robert Pineo, 67.
Campbellton, N. B., July 6, Elsie, wife of late John Campbell, 66.
North Sydney, C. B., June 28, Louisa, wife of F. J. Prudderham, 54.
Campbellton, N. B., July 2, Elizabeth, wife of John C. Ferguson, 28.
Halifax, July 9, Regina E., daughter of John and Mary Hurley, 5.
Fredericton, July 11, Lucy A., widow of late John A. Morrison, 69.
Halifax, N. S., July 8, Jean Grassie, wife of late Michael Tobin, 85.
Kinnear Settlement, N. B., July 9, Amelia, wife of Herbert R. Trites.
Yarmouth, N. S., July 5, George, son of Arthur and Alice Wrayton, 18.
Wolfville, N. S., June 25, Bessie, wife of Rev Atwood Cohoon, 48.
Milltown, N. B., July 3, Herbert, son of Alex. and Jannet Kirkland, 2.
Carleton, N. B., July 5, Millicent, wife of late William Colwell, 83.
St. John, July 9, Mary Jane, daughter of Daniel and Mary McCarthy, 11.
Hillsburn, N. S., July 1, Howard, son of Benjamin and Mary Halliday, 23.
Coverdale, N. B., June 26, John, son of Cornelius and Armina Ramsay, 8.
Carleton, N. B., July 8, of consumption, Mary, wife of W. H. Purdy, 33.
Carleton, July 11, Stanley P., son of William and Estelle Mabie, 4 months.
Indian Harbor Lake, N. S., June 17, Percy A., son of David and Sophia Rood.
Avondale, N. B., June 29, of consumption, Lizzie, wife of Edward Charlton, 27.
Hammond Plains, N. S., July 9, Maynard, son of James and Eliza Eisenhaur, 9.
McLaughlan Road, N. B., July 4, Ida, daughter of William and Lavinia West, 14.
Milton, N. S., July 1, of diphtheria, Lizzie, daughter of Alex. and Louisa Clark, 2.

"Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

"Isn't he pretty?"

"Call that pretty?"

"Why, Jack, you inhuman brother! Of course he is! Did you ever see a plumper, rosier, better-natured baby in your life? We feed him on Nestlé's Food, and he weighs twenty pounds."

"What's Nestlé's Food?"

"Why it's the best food in the world. We thought he was going to have Cholera Infantum this summer, and for four days he couldn't eat anything we gave him, till we tried Nestlé's Food, and since then he has been as bright as the day is long. We think we know how to take care of a baby now."

"Apparently. It makes me wish I had been brought up on Nestlé's Food."

"I wish you had. You would have been a prettier boy and a politer one, too."

(Our book "The Baby," will be sent to any one on request. THOS. LEEMING & CO., Montreal.)

EXCURSION.

STEAMER CLIFTON will, after July 1st, commence her usual Summer Excursions. She will leave her wharf at Indiantown every Thursday at 9 a. m. for Hampton, calling at Clifton, Reed's Point and other wharves on her way. Returning will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m.

☞ No excursion on rainy days.

PICNICS.

SHORE LINE RY.

Lepreaux.

Dates are being rapidly filled. Send at once for our Circular, showing rates, &c., or call at

3 Pugsley Building, - - City.

ARE YOU WEAK AND NERVOUS?

HAWKERS NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC

WILL MAKE YOU STRONG

Price 50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by all Druggists and general dealers. Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

Catarrh.

There is no complaint so offensive, disagreeable aud unhealthy as Catarrh. The offensive discharge from the disease poisons and vitiates the blood, disturb and sicken the stomach, and in many cases, induce fatal lung troubles. If afflicted do not trifle with it, Hawker's Catarrh Cure is a perfect and positive cure, try it. Sold everywhere, only 25 cents.

M. J. Henry, of Toronto, Ont., says: I have been a great sufferer for years with Catarrh, and have tried every remedy I heard of, without obtaining relief, until I tried Hawker's Catarrh Cure, which gave me immediate relief and made a permanent cure. I heartily recommend its use to all who suffer from this annoying complaint.

Geo. F. Baird, M. P. for Queens County, N. B., says: I have used Hawker's Catarrh Cure for violent cold in the head, and found it a perfect cure for attacks of this kind.

HOTELS.

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CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.
JOHN H. McINERNEY, Proprietor.
Opened in January. Handsomest, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

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The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—$1 to $2.50 per day.
J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HOTEL DUFFERIN,
ST. JOHN, N. B
FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

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Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.
F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

"Vivat Regina."

Queen Hotel,
HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 130 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w. c's on every floor.

The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit wil satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.
A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER

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DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,
(Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty.

Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility.
E. N. ABBOTT, Acting Agent,
96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.
Yarmouth, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway.

1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, 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
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago,	16.35
Express for Halifax	22.20

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6 00
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Express from Halifax, Picton and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35

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., 21st June, 1893.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WE ARE NOW RUNNING THE FOLLOWING LINES OF OUR UNRIVALLED

Tourist Sleeping Cars

West, from Windsor street Station, MONTREAL, as follows: Every

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8.25 a. m.

—TO—

DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

Every TUESDAY at 8 50 p. m. Via the "SOO LINE" to

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Every WEDNESDAY at 8 50 p. m.

—TO—

NEW WHATCOM, WASH.,

and points on the

PACIFIC COAST.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMERS.

1893. THE 1893.

YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

FOR BOSTON AND HALIFAX, via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Most Direct Route Between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time. - - - ☞ 15 to 17 Hours Between Yarmouth and Boston.

4 TRIPS A WEEK.

THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH.

Until further notice, commencing Saturday, June 24th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis' wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connection at Yarmouth with the Yarmouth & Annapolis Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, Davison's Coach line and steamer for South Shore ports, on Friday morning.

Tickets sold to all points in Canada, via Central Vermont or Canadian Pacific Railway, and to New York via Fall River line, Stonington line and New York and New England R. R.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director. W. A. CHASE, Secretary and Treasurer.
Yarmouth, N. S., June 19, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Daily Line
(Sunday excepted)
For Boston,
With Connections to all parts of the United States.

COMMENCING July 3rd and continuing to Sept. 13th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25 standard, for Eastport and Boston. TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 14.00 a. m.

Connections at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

For furtrer information apply to
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.
ST. JOHN.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury Norton, Maryaville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Wey mouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department PROGRESS St. John N. B.