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POOR DOCUMENT

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FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
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Manufacture mild STEEL RIVETS fully equal, if not superior, to the best Scotch Rivets.
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Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, Cured by
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CORNS, Callouses, Bunions, Warts, Chilblains, Ingrown Nails treated without pain. Proprietor of the Corn, Wart and Bunion Cure. My Methods are infallible.
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The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public.
No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use.
Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial.
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WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING
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BERRIES, BERRIES.
The Cheapest place to buy. Price to-day,
12c. A BOX,
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CHARLES A. CLARK'S,
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Cream Fresh Every Morning.

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Dried Beef.
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Pine Apples.
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Crates and Boxes
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Molasses.
480 Casks, 30 Tierces, 30 Barrels, } New Crop Barbados Molasses.
Arrived per bark "Thorgney" from Barbados to-day.
WHOLESALE BY
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Pork Packers,
160 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

In the Matter of The Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada and the Winding Up of the Same under the Winding-Up Act:

UPON the application of the Liquidators of the above Bank, the twentieth day of September, next, is hereby fixed as the day on or within which creditors of the said Bank and others who have claims thereon may send in their claims; such claims to be sent to the Liquidators of the said Bank at the City of Saint John in the City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

This order is made under the fifty-ninth section of the Winding-Up Act of the Dominion of Canada.

Dated at Fredericton in the Province of New Brunswick, the twenty-first day of June, A. D. 1890.

JOHN C. ALLEN,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Having obtained the right to prepare this generally well known RELIABLE TONIC and BLOOD MAKER from the original formula, it can now be obtained from your druggists in 50c and $1.00 bottles.

DR. BAXTER'S FOR THE BLOOD. CHALYBEATE
Is an effectual remedy in all cases of
General Weakness,
Nervous Headaches,
Palpitation of the Heart,
Hysterical Weakness of Women and Children,
Loss of Appetite, &c., &c.
PREPARED BY
WILLIAM B. McVEY, Chemist,
Saint. John N. B.
None genuine without Blue Stamp on the top of each bottle.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
Capital $10,000,000.
70 Prince Wm. street.
D. R. JACK - - Agent

A. MURPHY
has removed his stock of
Toys, Books, and Stationary
—TO—
No. 38 SYDNEY STREET,
two doors from the Corner of Leinster Street.
A. MURPHY,
38 Sydney street.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

Continued.

"Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that it was all true. I was Rosalind one night, and Portia the other. The joy of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrows of Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be godlike. The painted scenes were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came,—oh, my beautiful love!—and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what reality really is. To-night, for the first time in my life, I saw through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness, of the empty pageant in which I had always played. To-night, for the first time, I became conscious that the Romeo was hideous, and old, and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was vulgar, and that the words I had to speak were unreal, were not my words, nor what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which all art is but a reflection. You have made me understand what love really is. My love! my love! I am sick of shadows. You are more to me than all art can ever be. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I could not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exquisite to me. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What should they know of love? Take me away, Dorian,—take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, Dorian, you understand now what it means? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that."

He flung himself down on the sofa, and turned away his face. "You have killed my love," he muttered.

She looked at him in wonder, and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, and stroked his hair with her little fingers. She knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away, and a shudder ran through him.

Then he leaped up, and went to the door. "Yes," he cried, "you have killed my love. You used to stir my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effect. I loved you because you were wonderful, because you had genius and intellect, because you realized the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! how mad I was to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name."

"You don't know what you were to me, once. Why, once. . . . Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. How little you can know of love, if you say it mars your art! What are you without your art? Nothing. I would have made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshipped you, and you would have belonged to me. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face."

The girl grew white, and trembled. She clinched her hands together, and her voice seemed to catch in her throat.

"You are not serious, Dorian?" she murmured. "You are acting."

"Acting! I leave that to you. You do it so well," he answered, bitterly.

She rose from her knees, and, with a piteous expression of pain in her face, came across the room to him. She put her hand upon his arm, and looked into his eyes. He thrust her back. "Don't touch me!" he cried.

A low moan broke from her, and she flung herself at his feet, and there lay like a trampled flower. "Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me!" she whispered. "I am so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try,—indeed, I will try. It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me,—if we had not kissed each other. Kiss me again, my love. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Can't you forgive me for to-night? I will work so hard, and try to improve. Don't be cruel to me because I love you better than anything in the world. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown myself more of an artist. It was foolish of me; and yet I couldn't help it. Oh, don't leave me, don't leave me." A fit of passionate sobbing choked her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian Gray, with his beautiful eyes, looked down at her, and his chiselled lips curled in exquisite disdain. There is always something ridiculous about the passions of people whom one has ceased to love. Sibyl Vane seemed to him to be absurdly melodramatic. Her tears and sobs annoyed him.

"I am going," he said at last, in his calm, clear voice. "I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me."

She wept silently, and made no answer, but crept nearer to him. Her little hands stretched blindly out, and appeared to be seeking for him. He turned on his heel, and left the room. In a few moments he was out of the theatre.

Where he went to, he hardly knew. He remembered wandering through dimly-lit streets with gaunt black-shadowed archways and evil-looking houses. Women with hoarse voices and harsh laughter had called after him. Drunkards had reeled by cursing and chattering to themselves like monstrous apes. He had seen grotesque children huddled upon door-steps, amd had heard shrieks and oaths from gloomy courts.

When the dawn was just breaking, he found himself at Covent Garden. Huge carts filled with nodding lilies rumbled slowly down the polished empty street. The air was heavy with the perfume of the flowers, and their beauty seemed to bring him an anodyne for his pain. He followed into the market, and watched the men unloading their wagons. A white-smocked carter offered him some cherries. He thanked him, wondered why he refused to accept any money for them, and began to eat them listlessly. They had been plucked at midnight, and the coldness of the moon had entered into them. A long line of boys carrying crates of striped tulips, and of yellow and red roses' defiled in front of him, threading their way through the huge jade-green pile of vegetables. Under the portico, with its gray sun-bleached pillars, loitered a troop of draggled barebeaded girls, waiting for the auction to be over. After some time he hailed a hansom and drove home. The sky was pure opal now, and the roofs of the houses glistened like silver against it. As he was passing through the library towards the door of his bedroom, his eye fell upon the portrait Basil Hallward had painted of him. He started back in surprise, and then went over to it and examined it. In the dim arrested light that struggled through the cream-colored silk blinds, the face seemed to him to be a little changed. The expression looked different. One would have said that there was a touch of cruelty in the mouth. It was certainly curious

He turned round, and, walking to the window, drew the blinds up. The bright dawn flooded the room, and swept the fantastic shadows into dusky corners, where they lay shuddering. But the strange expression that he had noticed in the face of the portrait seemed to linger there, to be more intensified even. The quivering, ardent sunlight showed him the lines of cruelty round the mouth as clearly as if he had been looking into a mirror after he had done some dreadful thing.

He winced, and, taking up from the table an oval glass framed in ivory Cupids, that Lord Henry had given him, he glanced hurriedly into it. No line like that warped his red lips. What did it mean?

He rubbed his eyes, and came close to the picture, and examined it again. There were no signs of any change when he looked into the actual painting. and yet there was no doubt that the whole expression had altered. It was not a mere fancy of his own. The thing was horribly apparent.

He threw himself into a chair, and began to think. Suddenly there flashed across his mind what he had said in Basil Hallward's studio the day the picture had been finished. Yes, he remembered it perfectly. He had uttered a mad wish that he himself might remain young, and the portrait grow old; that his beauty might be untarnished, and the face on the canvas bear the burden of his passions and his sins, that the painted image might be seared with the lines of suffering and thought, and that he might keep all the delicate bloom and loveliness of his then just conscious boyhood. Surely his prayers had not been answered? Such things were impossible. It seemed monstrous even to think of them. And, yet, there was the picture before him, with the touch of cruelty in the month.

Cruelty! Had he been cruel? It was the girl's fault, not his. He had dreamed of her as a great artist, had given his love to her because he had thought her great. Then she had disappointed him. She had been shallow and unworthy. And, yet, a feeling of regret came over him, as he thought of her lying at his feet sobbing like a little child.

He remembered with what callousness he had watched her. Why had he been made like that? Why had such a soul been given to him? But he had suffered also.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HEROINE OF SIXTEEN.

Emily Lacy's Extraordinary Swim From the Wrecked "Quetta."

In the history of this century (writes L. T. Meade in *Woman*) there has, perhaps, never been known an instance of greater courage, endurance and pluck than that shown by Emily Lacy, a young girl under sixteen years of age, at the time the wreck of the Quetta. As Miss Lacy is related to some personal friends of my own, I have asked permission to publish a few more particulars about her. She and her younger sister, aged thirteen, were coming to England to complete their education. When the crash came, Emily immediately rushed to the cabin to try and rescue her younger sister, and the two succeeded in reaching the deck! where however, they were at once separated, and they never met afterwards. Miss Lacy says that as the vessel was going down a gentleman, in whose care the girls were, said to her, "You look after yourself, and I will take care of May." Both this gentleman, however, and the little sister were drowned.

"When we got aft," she writes, "the ship suddenly went down, and as I was drinking in the salt water I thought I was going to be drowned. But I came up again and was surrounded by Cingalese and sheep. I felt myself being pressed down by them; it was terrible. Then I saw a raft a short distance out, and was dragged down to it by the purser, who was very kind to me. We were attached to a bigger raft, crowded with Cingalese. When we got away some distance, as the Cingalese became very noisy we cut our raft adrift, and I remained on her with the purser for a long time, till we were, as I thought, two miles from shore; and, as he told me that he could not swim, I left him and swam for the shore, but I did not reach it, as it was so far away. I went on swimming toward the land, and saw another raft, on which were two Cingalese, to which I made my way, and got to it; but, as they were very rude and excited, and I thought they might be drunk, I left it, and took to swimming again."

When lifted out of the water she could not have kept up for another half hour. She was quite without clothes, and burnt nearly black with the sun. Before lifting her out of the water a sailor threw his jacket over her, and then laid her tenderly in the bottom of the boat. For twenty consecutive hours she had been swimming and floating, sometimes on her back, sometimes on her side. She spoke of the heat as so intense that she had continually to keep her head under water to escape sunstroke. She said that she had never any conscious fear of death, either from drowning, or from a worse and more terrible enemy, sharks, but she often felt her powers of endurance giving way and it was only the thought of the agony her death would have caused her parents which enabled the heroic girl to continue her exertions. The wreck took place at 9 p. m. on Friday, February 28, and Miss Lacy was not rescued until eight o'clock on Sunday morning. Twelve hours of that time she spent with the chief officer Grey, who had got on a raft. As he could not swim, the brave girl swam by the side of the raft and tried to tow it towards land. Finding, however, that she was making no progress, she left him, hoping to reach land, which did not seem far away, and so get food and water for herself and him. She soon, however, got into cross-currents, and when the Albatross rescued her she was drifting out to sea.

A glorious cooling draught, for these hot days is "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice, diluted and sweetened to the taste.

A TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

Flames Rage With Fury in the City of Constantinople.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 17.—The awful conflagration, which began last Saturday, continued to ravage this city till this morning with disastrous effect. The whole stock of 125 timber merchants was destroyed. Five divisions of the town, occupied exclusively by Mussulmans and principally built of wood, are in ruins. The area covered by the conflagration is enormous, and 1000 houses are burned. The building Shekul Islamut was saved only by tremendous exertions. The pecuniary loss is enormous, and many people are said to have perished in the flames. Fortunately there was no wind, otherwise half of Stamboul would have been destroyed.

The losses amount to £1,000,000. There is an insurance of £53,880 in British companies on the property destroyed.

A Free Trip to Europe.

The publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well-known magazine, *The Canadian Queen*. Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles, will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Any one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of presents, and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto.

Very Short Himself.

Smiley—Let's go to the theatre.

Dedbroke—Can't; haven't got the price of a seat.

Smiley—Well, then, let's go to the dime museum. They've got a wonderful dwarf there.

Dedbroke—Oh, pshaw! I'll bet he isn't as short as I am myself.—Light.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

Helping Mother.

Hubby—What little things change one's whole life. Perhaps I should never have married you had I not heard you say one evening—the time we went to "The Gondoliers," you remember—that you were so tired from "helping mother." Do you remember?

Wife—Yes. I had been helping her to talk papa into buying new party dresses for both of us.—Terre Haute Express.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

MORE BEARS.—And now, Mr. John Connell of Bartibog, has captured three additional bears—all killed at one time by one steel trap—to his credit. It came about differently from the two-bears-at-a-time episode. The triple catch consisted of a she-bear and two cubs of this year. The old bear was caught by one of her fore paws, and was, no doubt, maddened with pain. While thus suffering she seems to have been approached by the cubs, which she either purposely or accidentally killed, as they were both found dead near the trap in which the bear had also died.—Chatham Advance.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

AN OLD ONE OF OURS.—A Barnaby River subscriber asks us to republish, from the Portland Transcript, 'Two Hearts, a Tale of the Great Miramichi Fire.' This was written for us, published in the World, and appropriated without acknowledgment by the Transcript and other papers.—Chatham World.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

So Ingenious.

Mrs. Youngwife (soliloquitur)—I declare, here it is nearly 12 o'clock, and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely keep my eyes open! I must wait up till Charley comes home though. But how can I keep awake, I wonder! Oh, I know! Happy thought! I'll turn the clock back a couple of hours!—Lawrence American.

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

Inflammatory rheumatism through wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, but they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches.
MARY CALLBALL, Upper Gaspereaux, N. S.

Mrs. Alva Young,

of Waterford, Ont., writes, "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used.

Mr. Jesse Johnson,

of Rockwood, Ont., writes:—"Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle and the effect was wonderful, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and effectual cure does not exist.

Mothers and Nurses.

All who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentry, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

How to Live Well.

100 doses for 100 cents, Burdock Blood Bitters.
Does your Head ache? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Is your Blood impure? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Costive? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Bilious? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
Are you Dyspeptic? Take Burdock Blood Bitters.
1 cent a dose, 1 cent a dose, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Vigilant Care.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe guard.

ST. JOHN DYE WORKS
IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
C. E. BRACKETT, - 86 Princess St.

Trustee's Notice.

MICHAEL BIRMINGHAM, doing business in the City of Saint John, has this day assigned his property and effects to CORNELIUS HAYES, of the Parish of Lancaster, farmer, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who shall execute the said assignment within three months from date. The said Trust Deed is open for inspection and signature at the office of E. R. GREGORY, Barrister, Prince William St.
Dated 30th June, A. D., 1890.
CORNELIUS HAYES, Trustee.

Telephone Subscribers
PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES:
420 A., Cushing, A. & Co., Office Prince Wm. street.
420 B., Cushing, A. & Co., Mill, Union Point.
420 C., Cushing, A., Residence, Lancaster.
244 Connell, D., Residence, Gilbert's Lane.
413 Crothers, Henderson & Wilson, Carriage Factory, Waterloo street.
415 Frink, Dr. J. H., Dorchester street.
412 McKee, C., Livery Stable, Dorchester street.
411 McCoy, J., Woodside.
405 B., Pidgeon, C. B., Clothier, Main, Corner Bridge street.
Pidgeon, C. B., Public Telephone.
416 Souther & Spragg, Main street, North End.
418 Wallace, T. C., Residence, Lancaster.
417 Watson, Jas., Grocer Douglas Road.
414 Whetsel, Mrs. R. W., Ice Dealer, Office, Leinster street.
A. W. McMACKIN, Local Manager.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N. B.

COAL.

COAL.
To arrive per "Carmena" from Sydney, C. B.
200 TONS OLD MINE SYDNEY COAL Double screened.
Per "Wascano" and others, from New York:
250 TONS BEST FREEBURNING Coal in Egg and stove sizes.
250 TONS HONEYBROOK LEHIGH Coal in broken and stove size.
FOR SALE LOW BY
W. L. BUSBY,
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CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
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BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD!
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MOST ECONOMICAL
AS IT COSTS BUT
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Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best healing medicine they have.
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Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe
Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.
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Daily Trips to and from Fredericton.
FARE, ONE DOLLAR.
UNTIL further notice the steamers
'David Weston' and 'Acadia,'
alternately will leave St. John for Fredericton and intermediate stops every morning (Sunday excepted) at NINE o'clock, local time. And will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every Morning (Sunday excepted) at EIGHT o'clock.
Our usual popular Excursions up and back same day. To Hampstead and return 50c., any intermediate point 40c.
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R. D. HUMPHREY, Manager.
Office at Wharf, North End, near Street Ry. Terminus.
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International Steamship Co.,
SUMMER Arrangement.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK.
FOR BOSTON.
ON and after MAY 5TH, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, morning at 7.25 Standard.
Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.
Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5 p. m. for Eastport and Saint John.
Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—On and after SATURDAY, August Sixteenth, and up to and including SEPTEMBER 13th, a steamer will leave St. John for Boston, direct, every SATURDAY EVENING at 6.30 standard time.
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

NEW YORK Steamship Co.
THE REGULAR LINE.
THE IRON STEAMSHIP,
VALENCIA!
(1600 tons, (CAPT. F. C. MILLER), will leave
ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK
via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me. and Cottage City, Mass., every
FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.
(Standard Time). Returning, steamer will leave
Pier 49, East River, Clinton Street, New York, every Tuesday at 5 p. m.,
For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.
Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.
Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.
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WEST INDIES.
THE CANADIAN WEST INDIAN and SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMSHIP CO. (Ltd), has placed the S. S. LOANDA, (Clyde built), 1478 tons gross register on the route from St. John to Demerara, touching at Yarmouth, Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Guadaloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.
The LOANDA has elegant accommodation for forty first-class passengers and 30 second do., with an experienced staff of officers and crew.
A first-class service guaranteed and ample freight spaces for 12,000 barrels provided.
Special inducements to travellers and shippers of freight, to all above ports, offered by this line.
The LOANDA will sail from St. John about the first week of July.
GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.
N. B.—For full information apply to
GEO. ROBERTSON, Commercial Manager.

ACCOMMODATION LINE!
Saint John and Cole's Island, Washademoak,
calling at all Intermediate Stopping Places.
THE "SOULANGES" will leave Indiantown on MONDAYS at ELEVEN o'clock, and on WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS at TEN o'clock. Returning, will leave Cole's Island on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at SIX o'clock, arrive at Indiantown at Two p. m.
SATURDAY NOON AT SERVICE.
to and from LONG ISLAND, &c. Str. "SOULANGES," commencing Saturday, May 24th, will leave Indiantown every Saturday Evening, at SIX o'clock, for HAMPSTEAD, calling at all Intermediate Stops, including Westfield Wharf. Returning will leave Hampstead at 6 o'clock Monday morning, to arrive at Indiantown at 9.30 o'clock.
Fare for the Round Trip, 50 cents.
Fare to Westfield by Steamer, good to return by N. B. Railway, 65 cents.
WM. H. HUMPHREY.

For Washademoak Lake.
THE above first class swift, staunch and commodious steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will until further notice, leave the wharf Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 11 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m., on alternate days.
J. E. PORTER, Manager.

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