REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"*Joyce—Joyce——*" He repeated the name absently, with such a smile upon his stiff white lips, that his wife covered her eyes and shivered when she saw it. "What need have we to speak of the dead—here, where there has been—a wedding: a broken wedding, and—no wife?"

"Hush, Horace! Oh, in pity hush!" she cried, the words panting from her lips, and her breast heaving with stifled sobs, "Am I not your wife?"

"My wife? Oh, no!" He said it smiling, with a fierce grasp at his failing energies, and a defiance of the torture that he suffered. "No, no wife of mine—but Miss Carmichael, of Hilton Guise. Stephen, let the people welcome her—as you told her they would. Raby, won't your smiling guests rejoice to see my father's heiress reinstated in her rights? They will pity her for having been kept out of them so long, of course; and they'll tell her she makes a wise—and good—and pretty—mistress of the old house. For a hundred years—they will say—it has not had so sweet and bright a one— Fool! I've told her those same lies myself, many a time She taught me to lie. She was a true woman in that. Call her carriage, Steven—the new carriage which she liked so much—and let them take her back in state. She has never seen the old house yet, and there are—one or two things which she—will like. What's this?"

The question, in its terrible suddenness, and yet its ringing scorn, was still quite quietly uttered, as Evelyn fell upon the floor beside him, in an agony of weeping.

"There is no need for you to cry," he said. "You are a stranger to me, and—to Joyce. I am going back to my old life. Why do you not go to yours? They are waiting for you now, and Raby wants—to close the church It is over at last—my wife's funeral—poor Joyce! Raby, why are you shutting out the light?"

"This," mused the rector to himself, as, in a nameless fear, they watched the hurrying of this mental darkness, "will be a life-long separation."

CHAPTER IX.

"ROHAN, for Heaven's sake reconsider such a decision as this! To go to America, from impulse, at such a crisis!"

"There has been no *impulse* in the question. The decision was arrived at slowly—you can never guess how slowly, Steven, till you know what days and nights I have spent since——"

"I can guess," Mr. Pratman put in, hurriedly intercepting the conclusion of the reply, and turning to avoid the fierce, straight gaze of Horace Rohan's eyes. "But I cannot understand, or sympathize with, this resolution of yours. I will not say anything about my own grief at losing my old friend, for, of course, I am not discussing my own affairs or feelings. But, to speak only of yourself, it is such an—an uncomfortable plan."

The lawyer had intended to use far more forcible words, but somehow it happened that, when he looked into his friend's haggard, restless face, his thoughts fled so painfully back over the strange and miserable past, that he lost the words which were generally so ready.

"Why is it an uncomfortable plan?" asked Horace, in the rapid, absent way in which he had spoken throughout this long and painful interview, and with a brief, keen-edged laugh which made Mr. Pratman more ill at ease than any words that could have been uttered. "There is room in America for another man, I dare say. Probably a market for songs, too—though so far," he added, with a slight faltering in the bitter, cynical tone, "I have not been able to put two notes together without jarring discords—such vile, yelling, fiendish discords!"

"Horace," inquired his old friend, lowering his eyes, while Rohan's gaze, hot, and fierce, and passionate, went beyond him into a far-off space, "are your nights still what they were, dear fellow, or do you sleep?"

"Sleep!" echoed Horace, with that swift, unmirthful laugh. "I forget what it is like. The very word has a strange sound to me. Sleep? Sleep? I cannot remember when the nights were not eternal hours of darkness, thronged with words, and cries, and laughter. Old words that had no horror in them—once; and laughter that I could join in—once. And—and—above all, cries—clear and shrill, and lasting interminably. Such darkness as this, haunted by one——Sleep, do you call it? Then God grant that in that other country I may never sleep again!"

"Horace," said his old friend, laying one hand upon his shoulder, moved as such a man, in his wide and varied experience of human nature, is seldom moved, "forgive me for what I am going to say. We have been friends too long for us to mistake each other now, or—or for us to hesitate to speak the truth to each other. Horace, dear fellow, I can understand this wish of yours to go away. I can understand what these terrible six weeks have been to you since your wedding-day——You may start from me as you will, but I must speak out this once. I know, I say, what these weeks have been to you—the days of labor, dazed, bewildered labor, which have brought no result; and the nights of feverish agony. I can see what these have left the man who was so strong and happy, and so truthful then; and I do not wonder that they have changed him so. But I see, too, that the very keenness of his suffering shows the tender heart below; and—and, Horace, dear, dear fellow, listen just once to the softened, pleading tones of that angel-whisper, and—as you yourself will need to be forgiven—forgive."

"It is well you remind me what old friends we are," said Horace, very stern and cold.

"Yes; we shall neither of us forget that, I trust," Steven Pratman answered, looking fearlessly into the haggard, passionate face. "And one more question I want to ask. Is it a manly action of yours to leave your wife?"

"By Heaven!" cried Rohan, shaking his friend's hand from him as he might have shaken a poisonous touch, "you dare what no man shall dare twice to me! I have no wife. Whom do you mean by my wife? If any woman tells you she is a wife of mine, she lies—she lies as only a woman can?"

"I saw your marriage."

The words sounded calm and commonplace, as the lawyer framed them, in this new experiment of his: yet even he himself scarcely knew how hard it had been to utter them, while Horace, with that strange, fierce light in his eyes yet seemed to look far off, and see nothing near him.

"There can be no hpoe," was the thought that fell heavily on Steven Pratman's heart, while Horace stood so poor, so proud, so wronged, in this joyless room—refusing all aid, spending his last night in his own country in the very keenest (because the most reticent) bitterness of solitude. "There would be more hope if he loved her less wholly, less faithfully, even less honorably".

"You saw *what?*" queried Rohan, his lips scarce opening over the words, which ended with a laugh. "Don't you lie too, Steven. That is a woman's accomplishment—leave it to them. They do it so well—ah, so skillfuly! We are no match for them there. What did you say? You saw what (marriage? There was no marriage," he went on, the dazed look deepening in his eyes. "She went through the service—a holy service they had called it, too—using the name of a dead friend. Great God! Steven, when I recall that day, such a fire burns within my brain as— But," with a sudden weary dropping of his passionate tone, "you could not understand."

And then Mr. Pratman was silent a little, for he knew he could not understand. But when he could trust himself to speak without a tremor in his voice, he asked another question.

"Rohan, where is Miss Carmichael?"

"Where is she?" echoed Horace, with a brief, sharp laugh. "At Hilton Guise, of course. Where else should Miss Carmichael be?"

"She has not gone to Hilton Guiss yet," said Mr. Pratman, with slow emphasis; "and I think she never will go. I am to know she has her own little income, for I do not believe she will ever touch a penny of the Hilton Guise property."

"Too *honorable!*" sneered Horace.

"Then," pursued the lawyer, gravely, "can you make no guess where she is?"

"Oh, I could guess, if you wish it. She may be at Nice, concocting another little feminine deception. She may be preparing herself to carry it out adroitly, and break another fool's heart."

A hot and angry retort rose to the lawyer's lips, but there it melted. How could he rebuke *even* the *suspicion* of a man whose suffering was so far beyond *even* his comprehension?

"Horace," he said, very gravely—and Horace never guessed that the sympathy in his voice was for him, and not for the girl whose cause he pleaded with such persistency—"Horace, I cannot hear such things said of Evelyn Carmichael; nor would even you if you had heard her pitiful—ah, so sadly pitiful!—story of that night of their arrival at Nice, when Joyce Heringham died, and she was left so utterly alone—not only in Nice, but in the world. The thought came very suddenly. It was in the sunset, she said, and somehow the sin looked not so dark or heavy then. She was wishing that it had been God's will that she had been the one to die, because Joyce could never have felt so utterly forsaken; and her death would have benefited one whom nothing in her life could ever benefit. Never by any deed *except her death* could she have benefitted you. This thought flashed upon her, she said, and in one moment more—"

"I see," broke in Horace, with cold and cutting irony. "I know her, so of course I know how easy it must all have been. And afterward, day by day, and week by week, it grew easier, as I grew to love her. Fool that I was, how I loved her! Every trifling word of hers was held so precious by me, and folded so tenderly in my heart, that now they burn into my memory, and—and, day and night, torture me to madness. I—I cannot forget. Forget!" he cried, with his hand tight upon his brow. "When will that be possible for me?"

"When you forgive," said Steven Pratman, gently.

"Ah, yes—ah, yes!" cried Rohan, with a dry and sudden laugh. "And I shall forgive when I forget. Come, this is my last night, Steven. It was a pity I let you join me for so short a time. I have avoided you very dexterously, haven't I? Now and then some one told me—or was it only a thought of my own?—that you would not know me, even if you met me face to face in broad daylight, because I scarcely know my own face when I see it now. Age batters a man, I know; but there's something *else* that strides through a century while age crawls through a year, and that leaves one in the darkness of the grave without the blessing of death. What—what is it, Steven? Why do you look at me so? Go out of this vile room. It is making a coward of *you*, and you are not used to it as I am. You will not? Then let us go together. It is a boisterous night, but anything is better than staying here and talking of—old times."

CHAPTER X.

FOR two years, Horace Rohan lived his busy and solitary life out in the New World. Then, from the slow torture of those years, from the long, stern self-repression, from the unbroken tension of that defiant grip upon the heart of memory, there came slowly into birth a longing—vague, and dim, and shadowy, and yet so strong withal in every tiny fibre that, once sprung there, it held its place with sturdy resoluteness; until at last its tendrils clung resistlessly about his heart, and swayed him at their will.

Until at last, one day, from this indistinct, uncomprehended longing, there leaped into vivid, vigorous life one of those resolutions which, though they face us instantaneously, take such a fixed and steadfast hold.

He knew well then what had been the longing which for these two years he had spurned and defied; and, when he owned this to himself at last, he cried from his softened, beating heart that he must see Evelyn once again before it was too late; and, in forgiving, win forgiveness.

Poor as he was, he could still afford to travel to the Old World and back, and win a few words of pardon from her, with a farewell hand-shake. Then he would leave her in her beautiful home, with none of the sad misgivings about his own future which he—at last acknowledging to himself unconsciously how well he knew her—felt must pain her now. And then he would come back; and his work would be the lighter, and his life a little less hard, and cold, and useless, perhaps, for those last words she would say to him.

It was on one of those sweet and fair spring mornings when the air is laden with a subtle, dainty gladness, and every pulse within us throbs to a new life, rich with vague, uncomprehended thankfulness, that Horace Rohan, weary of his city life afar, weary of his years of isolation and unrest, weary of the new fears and doubts which had haunted him during his voyage—as fears, unimagined before, will start and haunt us when we have once resolved upon our path—entered the wide, fair domain surrounding his old home.

The woman who opened the park gates to him had received many a kindly word and glance from him in the old easy times, yet he passed her now unrecognized, an aged, worn, silent man. But a few minutes afterward, in the great stillness and loveliness of the park, every spot of which he once had loved so dearly—in the fair tranquil beauty of the May morning—his eyes lost their stern, inlooking gaze, and knew at last—in that one moment of supreme emotion—the rare relief of tears.

"Rohan, home again? Thank Heaven for that!"

There was a long, close hand-shake between the two old friends; and then Mr. Pratman walked on with Horace toward the old house, and chatted by the way with no appearance of the effort that it cost him to hide his great surprise.

"I'm very tired of seeing the old home empty, Rohan."

"Empty?" echoed Horace with a start.

"I dare say," remarked the lawyer, placidly, "that it looks to you exactly as you left it, but no one has occupied it since that day. I come over myself, to keep everything straight and orderly, but no one else comes. I'm delighted that this chanced to be my morning for riding over. I had just put up my horse, and was going to have a talk with the steward—old Jennings still, Rohan, for not one of the old servants has been dismissed. They are all here still, as you can see by the bright, inhabited look of the house. And they are waiting for their master."

"But Miss Carmichael is here?" queried Horace, gazing intently at the window of one certain room which, two long years before, he had made so beautiful for his young wife.

"No, she has never been here. She calls this your property, and the only authority she exercises is the ordering it to be kept prepared for your return. The whole thing is a failure," the man of law added, with a sudden change of tone, as they walked on: "yet, fortunately, we have a kind of substitute for our non-resident squiress, and so, practically, we do not miss her. I will tell you all about it, only on that subject I don't think I could stand your contempt."

"What is it?" asked Horace, wearily.

"Well, it is a most curious assertion to make, I know, Rohan, and you will naturally disbelieve it; but it is simple fact all the same. We have a little school-mistress at the Hilton School who cares for, and knows, and helps, not only the villagers, but also the people on the Hilton Guise estate. I see that you want to ask, with your usual scepticism, what a young, and not over-strong, village school-mistress can do to compensate for the absence of a ruling power at the Hall; but I tell you she does it. Simply by force of industry, and care, and denial, backed by the rare womanly advantages of tact and sympathy, and that sweet charity which seeketh not its own. There, that is enough of her," he added, rather hurriedly, as he glanced into Rohan's face, and missed the old disdain. "I have to go through the village. Come with me, and afterward I will leave you in peace here to wander alone till I am ready. Come, and, if you are not bored, I will show you what changes our school-mistress has made. Nothing in the world convinces like ocular demonstration. I might talk to you for hours about our clubs, and institutes, and societies; about our amusements (as well as instruction and benefits) for the poor; about our happy children and neat cottages; but you would not understand, as you would by a single visit. Don't interrupt me, Rohan. I'm not going to force this upon you. In old times you used to take an interest in the people, and I fancied you would still like to hear of their welfare."

"But it ought to be insured by the owner of Hilton Guise."

"Oh, never mind!" interpolated Mr. Pratman, coolly. "I dare say you won't object (when you see our school-mistress) to her rather unusual conduct. It seems to fit her so very naturally that no one could object. She is lady-like, too, which partly accounts for her influence; and she has a small income of her own besides her salary, which partly accounts for her generosity. Horace," his old friend added, with a grave and even earnest change of tone, "one of the great hopes of my life will be fulfilled when you see for yourself what this girl's life has been, and hear the blessings that follow her on her quiet, solitary way."

"Why?" asked Horace, unconsciously moved by his friend's earnestness.

"Because it would be impossible for you, *after that*, to keep your old unfaith in woman. Do you see this new building? It is our school, Rohan, and, if you don't object, I will detain you here one minute. I want this paper given to the teacher. Here come the children trooping out. Aren't they a happy-looking, as well as an orderly, little regiment? And do you notice their pretty, fresh-looking uniforms? This is all their teacher's doing, for the Rabys—kind as they are—were very content to let things be. Raby has a large family, you know, Rohan, and not the very richest living in the world——"

That will do," put in Horace, in a quick, troubled way. "Every word has a sting in it. And yet what can I do?"

Utterly heedless of Rohan's interruption, Mr. Pratman stood with him in the play-ground, while the children, each with a bow of courtesy and a smile trooped out of school. And when he let the younger ones all pass, he asked a quiet, pleasant question of the elder ones who followed.

"I often see your teacher come out and play with you at this time. Where is she to-day?"

"Her head aches, sir," one of the girls answered, with frankness as well as respect. "She says it's nothing, only she liked to be left quiet for a bit."

"Rohan," said the lawyer, as the children passed on, "would you mind just going into the school-house for me with this paper, because I want to speak to Jennings' boy? It will save me a walk round by his father's cottage. Just give these papers to the school-mistress; that is all. Hear they are, and thank you for saving me these few minutes."

The long school-room, clean and neat, and fragrant with hawthorn, seemed to be empty when Horace entered it; but still he advanced and looked around him, with that dreaminess in his steadfast gray eyes which had grown there through the solitude and sorrow of the last two years. And there, at the far end of the room, he saw a girl sitting, with her arms folded on one of the desks and her face hidden upon them. It was a small, slight, girlish figure, yet Horace never for a moment fancied this was one of the school-girls; the head lay in a real childish abandonment of grief, yet even in that first glance he knew it was a woman who was suffering there. Then suddenly his heart began to beat with a passionate, resistless pain, and his lips parted as if the drawn and quickened breath were stifling him.

"*Evelyn!*"

The name, though only a whisper, seemed in its low intensity to fill the silent room, and Evelyn Carmichael lifted her head with a dazed, questioning glance, while her hands were pressed upon her temples. Then she saw who had called her, and she stood mute a moment, her bosom heaving passionately, and her slight form tottering as she stood, her small white face so full of weariness, and yet her beautiful eyes still brave and patient.

"Evelyn! Oh, my love, forgive me!"

All the manliness of undying love and of heartfelt penitence spoke in that involuntary cry. In all his heart there nestled now no thought of blame for her. His was the wrong—his only—and his only prayer was for forgiveness.

"Horace," she said, her voice low and broken, while her eyes read so wistfully the face she loved, "have you forgiven me? If so, this day will be—the best—my life has ever known!"

"Oh, my love, it has been such a lonely and unhappy life!" he cried, his eyes growing dim with unaccustomed tears, as he looked from the delicate, weary face round the long, bare room. "Why are you here? Why do you give your life to others—so, when you could live in ease and luxury in your own home!"

"I have no other home," she answered, pressing both hands upon her beating heart. "I have no other home—unless you give me one. I shall never go from here—unless you forgive me, and—and take me to your home, as you—once—promised. Oh, Horace, I have loved you so—and suffered! Is—is it time we—should forgive—each other? And—after all—these years of——"

The words were never finished, for—folded close within her husband's arms at last—what words were needed?

"It's quite absurd," remarked Mr. Pratman, "to suppose that we can do without our school-mistress, now that we have all grown so ridiculously dependent upon her. Besides, what claim have you upon her, Rohan? You told me you never married her."

"Raby will marry us to-morrow morning," said Horace. The lawyer had been shaking hands with Evelyn, his face full of delight; but Rohan took her back into his own possession at once; adding, with deep but subdued happiness within his eyes, "You will see that it is done properly this time, Steven, though no one else need be present. Then we will go somewhere, for my wife to get a little sunburnt; and then——"

"Home," put in Evelyn, softly, when he paused. "Oh, Horace, I wish it were not hard to you to speak of Hilton Guise as home!"

"Hard now?" he echoed, startling even himself by the new ring of gladness in his voice. "It will be the dearest spot on earth to me! But you have given me, this morning, the most precious gift in all the world, dear wife, and I can think of nothing else just yet."

"But I can," observed Mr. Pratman, composedly. "I can think how very advisable it would be to give the school-children a holiday."

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KING SQUARE,

ST. JOHN - N. B.

R.ED. A. JONES, - - - Proprietor.

(Of the late Barnes Hotel.)

TORRYBURN HOUSE,

Nearly opposite the Ferry, Chatham,

JOHN McGOWAN, - - - Proprietor.

THE above Hotel, having beeen fitted up and furnished in first class style, is now open for the accommodation of Permanent and Transient Guests.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE,----------MIRAMICHI, N B

THIS HOUSE has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travelers.

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART.

Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor

Canada House,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

WM. JOHNSTON, - - - PROPRIETOR.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this House to make it a first-class Hotel, and travelers will find it a desirable temporary residence, both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing, and opposite Telegraph and Post Offices.

The Proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor, by courtesy and attention, to merit the same in the future.

GOOD STABLING ON THE PREMISES

2-52

ROYAL HOTEL,

King Square.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it, as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Provinces.

Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquor and Cigars, and superior accommodation.

☞ Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.

THOS. F. RAYMOND

St John, July 9 1877.

Law Notices, etc.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be Sold at Public Auction on WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of AUGUST next, at twelve o'clock, noon, at the Chatham Branch Railway Station, in the County of Northumberland, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Eighth day of May, A.D. 1878, in a cause therein pending, wherein John Ellis, Trustee of the property of the Chatham Branch Railway Company is Plaintiff, and the Chatham Branch Railway Company are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill and in the said decretal order as follows, that is to say:—

All the said Chatham Branch Railway and all that appertains and belongs and is appurtenant thereto, with the right of way and all lands owned by the said Company or to which they have any right, title, interest or estate and all the interest, right, title and estate of the said Company, and to all lands over which the said Railway passes; also the Station Houses, Storehouses and Warehouses, also, the Engine House, Tank House and Coal Sheds, situate at Chatham Station and at the Junction with the Intercolonial Railway, and all the Lands and Grounds on which the said Station Houses, Engine Houses, Tank House, Coal Sheds, Storehouses and Warehouses stand, and all the Lands and premises surrounding and in connection therewith in which the said Company have any interest situate in the said County of Northumberland, together with the Railway line or track, and the Rails, Sleepers and superstructures of every description, and the Cars, Locomotives, Tenders, Engines, and Carriages and Railway Plant of every description; also, all the rolling stock of the said Company or that may be hereafter acquired by the said Company and all other the Goods, Chattels and Property and Estate of the said Company of any and every description, and, also, the future Lands, Goods and other property and effects, and, also, all the tolls, incomes, and profits of the said Road, and all the right of the said Company therein and thereto as they may arise, and all grants of money or lands or other benefit, profit or advantage already or to be hereafter granted conceded, or allowed to Railway Companies in the Province by any Act of Assembly.

Dated the 21st day of May, A.D. 1878.

RICHARD CARMAN,
Barrister.

WM. WILKINSON,
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having just claims against the Estate of the Late Peter Gray, of Chatham, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to A. H. JOHNSON of Chatham, Attorney-at-Law, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to him.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Executor.

Chatham, 22nd May, 78. 5t 22

Travelers' Column.

ANCHOR LINE.

Proposed sailings to & from New York.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

From New York. Saturday.		From Glasgow. Saturday.
June 29, at 3 p.m.	DEVONIA	June 8.
July 6, " 10 a.m.	ANCHORIA	" 15.
" 13, " 3 p.m.	ETHIOPIA	" 22.
" 20, " 9 a.m.	BOLIVIA	" 29.
" 27, " 3 p.m.	VICTORIA	July 6.

From Pier 20, N. R., Foot of Dey St., N. Y.

LONDON SERVICE.

From New York. Wednesday.		From London. Wednesday.
June 26, at 2 p.m.	CALIFORNIA	June —
July 3, " 7.30 a.m.	UTOPIA	" 12.
" 10, " 1 p.m.	AUSTRALIA	" 19.
" 17, " 7 a.m.	ALSATIA	" 26.
" 24, " Noon	ELSIA	July 3.
" 31, " 7 a.m.	ANGLIA	" 10.

From Pier 46 N. R., Foot of Charles St., N. Y.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

From New York to Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, or Belfast—First Cabin, $65, $75 and $80. $130 and $140. To London via Southampton, $55 and $65. Excursion $100 and $120. Children between 2 and 12 years Half Fare. Second Cabin by the Steamers of the Glasgow Service only (including all requisites), $40; Steerage $28, Children between 1 and 12 years Half Fare.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Parties intending to visit the Paris Exposition will do well to call upon us before leaving, as we are in a position to give useful information in regard to Rates, Routes, &c., &c.

SCAMMELL BROTHERS,
Magee Block, Water Street.

Chatham Branch Railway.

SPRING 1878.

ON & AFTER MONDAY, 29th APRIL, 1878, until further notice, Trains will run on this Railway, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1 EXPRESS.	No. 2 ACCOM'DATION
Chatham,	Depart	11.35 p. m.,	11.10 a. m.
Chatham Junc'n,	Arrive	12.10 a. m.	11.40 "
" "	Depart	12.25 "	12.10 p. m.
Chatham,	Arrive	12.55 "	12.40 "

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 3. ACCOMM'TION.	No. 4. EXPRESS.
Chatham,	Depart	4.10 p. m.,	4.15 a. m.
Chatham Junc.,	Arrive,	4.40 "	4.45 "
" "	Depart,	5.00 "	5.05 "
Chatham,	Arrive,	5.30 "	5.35 "

CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.

Trains between Newcastle and Chatham run as follows—Miramichi (or St. John) time:—

	LEAVE.	TIME.	ARRIVE.	TIME.
No. 1.—	N'castle,	2.08 a.m.	Chatham,	12.55 a.m.
" 2.—	Chatham,	4.15 a.m.	N'castle,	5.10 a.m.
" 3.—	Chatham,	11.10 a.m.	N'castle,	12.20 p.m.
" 4.—	N'castle,	11.30 a.m.	Chatham,	12.40 p.m.
" 5.—	N'castle,	2.10 p.m.	Chatham,	5.30 p.m.
" 6.—	Chatham,	4.10 p.m.	N'castle,	5.17 p.m.

The above Tables are made up on St. John (or Miramichi) Time.

All the above Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery of at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges.

Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Inter colonial.

Express Train from Riviere du Loup on Saturday will run through to Halifax and St. John on Sunday.

Express Train from Halifax and St. John for Riviere du Loup will remain over Sunday at Campbellton.

☞ *Pullman Sleeping Cars run through to St. John on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Halifax on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from St. John, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and from Halifax, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.*

Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train may obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare.

Tickets for the Chatham Railway are sold at the Junction Station (as well as at the Chatham end of the line) and all passengers are requested to procure them before going on the Cars. Passengers who are not provided with Tickets will be charged extra fare.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1878. Summer Arrangement. 1878.

ON and after MONDAY, 29th APRIL, trains will leave CHATHAM JUNCTION STATION as follows:—

Express for St. John, Picton, Halifax and Way Stations at 12.00 midnight.

Express for Rivere du Loup and Way Stations and all points North and West, at 4.38 a. m.

Accommodation for Moncton and Way Stations, making connections at Moncton for Shediac and Point du Chene at 11.35 a. m.

Accommodation for Rivere du Loup and Way Stations, at 4.35 p. m.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Gen. Supt. Gov't Railways.

Moncton, N. B., April 25th, '78.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

International Steamship Company.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 3rd, and until further notice, the Steamers of this Line will make

THREE TRIPS A WEEK,

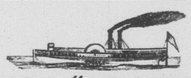
Leaving Saint John every

Monday, Wednesday & Friday

Mornings, at 8 o'clock, for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Leaving Boston same days for Portland, Eastport and St. John.

W. H. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

St. John, May 20, 1878.



STMR. "NEW ERA,"

Will run as follows until further notice.

LEAVE NEWCASTLE.	LEAVE CHATHAM.
7.30 a. m.	9 a. m.
10.30 "	12 noon.
2.