POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

ALSO A GENTLEMAN

By Leslie Stewart

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When Miss Irene Jackson left Columbus, Ohio, to pay a visit to her aunt at Hastings, New York, her mother gave her many warnings. She was to look out for collisions; she was to beware of open switches; she was to hold no converse with either young or old men; she was to hang on to her purse; she was to regard any woman who might address her as an adventuress.

All but one of these instructions were carefully followed by the nineteen-year-old girl. She was somewhat surprised and a good deal delighted to find herself in New York City at last, and she bravely followed the crowd on to the ferryboat and landed at the foot of Thirty-fourth street. There she took a cab for the Grand Central depot. It was only when she got out that she found her purse was missing. She remembered that some one had crowded her as she got off the ferryboat, but that bit of news didn't affect the hackman at all. He was a married man with a family of seven, and he had to assist in supporting five different saloons, so he wanted cash on the nail. There were tears, but they didn't move him. He had often seen them at home when he had reeled in on Saturday night without a cent in his pocket.

Miss Jackson couldn't pay the cabman, and she couldn't buy a ticket to Hastings, and for ten minutes she felt as helpless as a child. She was about to give the cabman a diamond ring as security, when a young man of twenty-five stepped into the breach. He had the long hair that some professional men affect, and he had the rusty clothes that other professional men affect, but as for his heart, that apparently was pure gold. He stepped forward, paid the cabman, and told him to be gone. The cabman smiled and winked and drove away. Then the young man introduced himself as Prof. Nordenfelt, of Columbia college—professor of languages. He asked the inestimable privilege of buying a ticket to Hastings for the young lady. He asked it because some one had rescued his sister from just such a position in Chicago a few days before.

As soon as the young man announced that he was a professor, Miss Jackson drew a long breath of relief. She had met but few of them in her life, but she knew them to be all right. Like a sensible girl, she leaned on this one. She wasn't even surprised when he said that he was on his way up to Irvington and would take charge of her as far as Hastings. She might have opened her eyes had she seen him pay for both tickets out of her lost purse, and she might have been most unhappy had she known that he had her diamond brooch in view, but as it was she felt nothing but glad relief.

That sat together on the train. Miss Jackson told the professor all about Columbus, and he told her all about Columbia. He spoke seven different languages and was learning seven others. The girl had always heard that professors were profound, absent-minded and taciturn, but she did not find this one so. He had given her an address so that she might return the money he had loaned her.

When Hastings was reached, her gratitude became profound. She insisted that he stop over one train and allow her aunt to thank him. He smiled in a curious way, thought over it for a moment and then accepted the invitation.

The aunt was no spring chicken, and she was puzzled over the professor. At first she set him down as a confidence man, but his knowledge of Columbia college and the seven languages upset this theory. His manners were good and his conversation confirmed his assertions. He was finally accepted, repaid the loan and invited to call again. The police will never be able to satisfactorily explain to themselves why "Jimmy the Kid," as his photograph in the rogues' gallery was labeled, should have made a second and a third visit to the house on the Hudson. It couldn't have been from a spirit of bravado, for Jimmy was sly. He couldn't have been "hit," for he was the one who had robbed the girl on the ferryboat and was still making use of her money.

For his second call, Jimmy had dressed up a bit. It helped him inu one way and damaged him in another. He didn't look so much like a professor in his better suit, but it did help his looks as a caller. He was still interesting too, and an hour passed away. When he had departed and the women had criticized him favorably the aunt sid to Irene:

"A professor of languages must get a big salary in a college."

"Surely he must."

"He must be received in the best of society?"

"Of course."

"And he i probably rich?"

"I don't doubt it."

"Irene, wouldn't it be funny—wouldn't it be odd—wouldn't it be romantic if something were to come of this?"

"What kind of something, aunt?" asked the girl without blushing. There was a man in Columbus. To be sure he was not a professor—but——

Jimmy's third appearance was his last. He announced that he had mastered one more language, and would soon be ready to tackle the ninth. He said something about his having helped to raise $50,000 to erect a new department at the university, and he mentioned that he had received an autograph letter from King Edward. These things were not stated in a boastful way. They simply crept in incidentally. It could not be said that Jimmy was seeking an impression, but he made one for all that, and a favorable one, too. The only slip he made, and that was not noticed until afterward, was in referring to his travels. For a Columbups college professor, engaged in teaching languages for six hours a day, he had gone around the country at lightning speed. He had also made some acquaintances that do not fall in the way of the ordinary professor. He knew Detective Johnson and Captain Flynt of the police commission, and because of his knowing them he had a surprise on hand.

There was something dramatic in the way Jimmie fished up Miss Jackson's lost purse and restored it to her. It created a sensation. Assisted by the detective, the captain and the commissioner, he had run down the desperate criminal and forced him to disgorge. The lost money was there to a cent. No thanks! it was only his way—only an incident in his study and languages. He was about ready to take his leave, but had been urged to call at his convenience in future when young Tom Blynn, who was in the city real estate office, but living in Hastings, and an acquaintance of the aunt, called on a matter of business.

He had barely been introduced to "Prof. Nordenfelt, of Columbia College—professor of languages," when the ladies noticed that Tom stared and the professor changed color. It seemed plain that both had met before. Tom's stare became a scowl. With a gesture, oddly appealing, the other man stopped him and said to the ladies:

"I have waited until the last moment to tell you that this may be my last call here. The university has decided to send me to the island of Samalong to study the very peculiar language of it people, and I expect to be gone a year or more. Miss Jackson, if I have been of the slightest service to you I am extremely pleased; Mrs. Harper, you have made my calls very pleasant and agreeable, and I thank you."

As he bowed his way out, he was followed by Tom Blynn, whose face wore a very determined look. Jimmie slipped his arm through the other's and when they were hidden by the shrubbery he squared off and said:

"Well, I am caught with the goods on."

"Yes, you got my watch a month ago on a Twenty-third street car. I had my hands on you, but you got away."

"Here is the ticker. It cost me $3 to have it cleaned and put in good running order. I hope you have not been greatly inconvenienced."

"What are you doing here at Mrs. Harpers?"

"Recalling old times, when I was a gentleman. I seldom get a chance to do it. 'Prof. Nordenfelt, of Columbia college,' isn't so bad, is it? Sounds much more genteel than 'Jimmy the Kid.'"

"Is this to be your last call here?"

"Positively the last, and I see no reason why you should give me away. Let it go as it is. I've been a gentleman again for a few days, and I don't believe the women in there would thank you for showing me up."

"Professor, I bid you godspeed on your way to Samalong," replied Tom, as he raised his hat and extended his hand, and thus they parted.

At the house the two women were very curious, and asked many questions, but Tom would not give them much information beyond saying that it was just as well that the professor was going away. An hour later, after she had time to think things over, Mrs. Harper felt that she had got pretty near the truth, but she sighed as she said to Miss Irene:

"Poor professor! He was such an entertaining gentleman."

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RICH MINING FIELD 25 MILES FROM COBALT

TORONTO, April 1.—Prof. W. G. Miller, provincial geologist who has just returned from the north, confirms the report of the existence of a mining field in the Montreal River district with characteristics similar to that of the Cobalt territory. The new district lies about 25 miles west of Cobalt, extending from about six miles north of Lady Evelyn Lake, northward to Elm Lake on the Montreal River. The discoveries have not been so rich as those which made Cobalt famous, but the deposits carry the Cobalt bloom and mallite with native silver and other minerals.

MORE ANIMALS IN AFRICA THAN THE CIRCUS CONTAINS

Sportsman Tells of a Strange Kind of Zebra, Said to be Very Scarce.

JOHANNESBURG, April 1.—The quesion is being asked here as to whether there are ether "new" arrivals in Africa beside the Okapi, whose existence has been definitely established and the white rhinoceros, which no European has ever seen, though native rumor asserts that it is not a mythical creature.

Curious reports have been brought back from Portuguese East Africa by Mr. J. E. Speares who has been spending a year trapping and shooting big game in the regions mostly near Lake Nagandi and the Rovuma River.

"One day returning to camp near Nagandi I saw," says Mr. Speares, "some zebra standing about two hundred yards off in the long grass. I fired but the bullet must have passed over them. As they galloped up the slope on the other side of the spruit I noticed that some of them were brown, while the hinder part of the body was striped like a zebra. The natives told me that they were a variety of zebra, but that they were very scarce. I followed them for miles hoping to get another shot, but did not come up with them again.

"A little later," says Mr. Speares, "while on the track of elephants I saw some of the peculiarly marked zebra I had seen at Nagandi, and this time there could be no mistake about the color. In shape it was to all appearances the same as the zebra, but the head, neck, forelegs and forehalf of the body were of a dark brown color, while the hinder half of the body, the hindquarters and the legs were striped as in the ordinary zebra.

"In this vicinity there is also a peculiar kind of antelope. This antelope, I think is similar in size and shape to the impala, the roebuck of the Boers, but with a distinct line down the center of the back, also a black line on either hind leg down to the foot. When startled they will spring into the air fully ten feet. They are very wild and exceedingly active and run together in groups of from ten to fifty.

"On another of my excursions I shot a small buck with a brilliant red coat. It was hornless and about as large as a steen buck. This is, I believe, a new variety."

DINKELSPIEL ON SALOME AND HEROD

He Sees Nothing in the Opera to Comstock About — Musical Fireworks and "Chags."

George W. Hobart, who contributes to the New York American as D. Dinkelspiel, writes as follows on "Salome," the recently suppressed music drama:

Mein lieber son, Looey Ve haf receifed your letter from Inchunapolis und ve vas glat to know dot your firm beliefs you will become von of der best commercial travelers on der road, yet.

In honor of your letter, Looey, der idea grew in my head dot I would go py der Metropolitan Uproar House to see vot is dis "Slummie" vich is making such a fuss in der newspapers.

Der vords of der opera vas so carefully covered up mit intermezzos und cadenzas und coloraturas dot none of her scandal reaches der audience eggscept through der critickisms in der papers next morning.

Slummie is a girl vich I dink must have played in der ancient vaudeville, because she was on der chob mit her dance all right.

I doan'd know yust vot der idea of her play is, but, anyvay, der scene is ouidside of Herod's palace, und in der centre dare vas a artesion vell vare der hero of der play is concealed.

Slummie comes ouid of Herod's dining room und speaks abould her indigestion in abould forty bars of nervous moosic.

Den der man in der artesion gets fussy und much more moosic is der result.

Ven he comes up from der artesian Slummie vishes to velcome him home mit a kiss on his face, but der artesian chent vaves her back in der key of A-flat.

Dis is der fairst man dot has efer refusaled to let Slummie kiss him vich is derogamatory to her rules of hospitality, so she puts her gypsy's curse on him mit abould ninety-sigs bars of concentrated top notes in der key of B-Sharp.

Der artesian dweller says to Slummie in moosic, "Vunce a chent, always a chent," und goes back to der mines.

Den Herod comes ouid of der dining room and tries to conceal his chag behind a lot moosical firevirks.

After dis Herod vishes Slummie to dance for him, but she refusals.

Den Herod, vich is evidently in der cheweler pitzness, offers her diamonds und rubies und emerals und calcymadonys und udder precious rocks, but she von't dance.

After a vile und after much moosic he promises her anything she asks, so Slummie gets busy und does der automobile dance of der seven veils.

Den Slummie tells Herod she wants der head of der artesian chent on a platter.

Herod closses his fingers to moosic und says, "Such vot you ask, Slummie, is impossibilities!"

Slummie t'rows off t'irty-two bars of anger, vich makes Herod red in der face, und he sends der butler down in der artesian for der chentleman's head.

Ven der butler brings up der papier machie understudy for der chent's head Slummie makes a fool of herself to moosic, und den you go ouid on der sidevalk und call your carriage, uddervise if you ain't got a carriage you call a street car.

Such, Looey, is der story of "Slummie."

Nefer vunce, Looey, vas dare a topical song, nefer a choke, nudding but foreign moosic vich could not speak English, and a dance vich vunce belonged to St. Vitus.

I doan'd see nuddings in "Slummie" to Comstock abould, Looey.

I dink if ve left her alone "Slummie" would soon go back to Chermany, und ve could vunce more took der vool from our ears und listen to dose sveet stories of happy homes und nice morals like Lohengrin and Faust.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RANCH IS IN MEXICO

Three Times as Large as State of Rhode Island—500 Miles of Fencing.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 30. — The largest ranch in the world, consisting of 4,000 square miles of territory situated in Senora and Chihuahua States, in the Republic of Mexico, has just been sold by J. D. Woods and F. J. Hagenbarth, of the Wood-Hagenbarth Cattle Company, W. S. McCornick and H. C. Wood, all of Salt Lake, to a syndicate of W. C. Greene, of Greene Consolidated Copper fame, John D. Ryan and Thomas F. Cole.

The immense tract of land came into the possession of the Salt Lake men about four years ago at a cost of approximately $500,000. The selling price is understood to have been 50 cents an acre, or something more than $1,000,000. There was also sold with the land about 25,000 head of cattle at prices running from $12.50 to $35 per head.

Some idea of the size of the great ranch may be gained from the fact that the territory comprised would make a ranch one and a quarter miles wide reaching from New York to San Francisco, in the form of a belt an eighth of a mile wide it would encircle the globe. It is three times as large as the State of Rhode Island, and twice as large Connecticut. It contains over 500 miles of fencing, and many square miles are under cultivation.

The great tract is subdivided into seven or eight ranches, each with its own headquarters, its houses for the cowboys and their families, its base of supplies and everything necessary for its support. Over all this is the executive headquarters, the main casienda, from which the business of the entire tract is carried on. It employs fifty or sixty cowboys at all times and has over 500 head of saddle horses on hand when needed.

The land itself is highly productive and without irritation corn, alfalfa, fruit and garden vegetables can be raised without difficulty. Two posts of Mexican regulars are stationed on the ranch all the year around as a measure of protection, although during the past two years there has been but little need of their service.

The Mexican cowboys and their families raise their own vegetables in addition to their work of looking after their stock, and such other needs as they may have are taken care of at the two general stores on the ranch, which are situated about 100 miles apart, and carry in stock everything which could possibly be required by the men.

NOTORIOUS GANG OF WIRE TAPPERS CAUGHT

CLEVELAND, O., March 31.—In the arrest here today of three men and a woman giving the names of Edward Weiss and Max Morris, of New York, and Charles Drucker and Claudia Caridon, of this city, the police believe they have caught a clique of clever "wire tappers" wanted in several cities. The arrests were made following an alleged attempt to swindle J. D. Marks, a wealthy scrap iron dealer here out of $5,000. A draft for that amount signed by Marks was about to be turned over to Weiss when two policemen, secreted near where the transaction was in progress, arrested Weiss and Morris. The others were taken in later as accomplices.

Marks told the police that Weiss told him he was in a position to procure race reports secretly in New York on the strength of which Marks was promised a large amount of money. They had planned to go to New York Monday, Marks says. Today he mistrusted the plan and sent for a policeman. A meeting at Marks' office was arranged for and the arrests ensued. Drucker, Weiss, Morris and Miss Caridon are in custody as suspicious persons.

THE REAL CHINESE GONG.

It Makes an Uproar as Awful as it is Astonishing.

By the way, did you ever hear a real Chinese gong? I don't mean a hotel gong, but one of those great moon disks of yellow metal which have so terrible a power of utterance.

A gentleman in Bangor, north Wales, who had a private museum of south Pacific and Chinese curiosities, exhibited one to me. It was hanging amid Fiji spears beautifully barbed with shark's teeth, which together with grotesque New England clubs of green stone and Sandwich Island paddles wrought with the baroque visages of the shark god, were depending from the walls; also there were Indian elephants in ivory, carrying balls in their carven bellies, each ball containing many other balls inside it.

The gong glimmered pale and huge and yellow, like the moon rising over a southern swamp. My friend tapped its ancient face with a muffled drumstick, and it commenced to sob like waves upon a low beach. He tapped it again, and it moaned like the wind in a mighty forest of pines. Again, and it commenced to roar, and with each tap the roar grew deeper and deeper till it seemed like thunder rolling over an abyss in the Cordilleras or the crashing of Thor's chariot wheels.

It was awful and astonishing as awful. I assure you I did not laugh at it at all. It impressed me as something terrible and mysterious. I vainly sought to understand how that thin disk of trembling metal could produce so frightful a vibration. He informed me that it was very expensive being chiefly made of the most precious metals, silver and gold.—From "Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn."

GEMS.

"The world raises its loftiest shaft to the man who 'delivers the goods.'"

True merit is like a river. The deeper it is the less noise it makes.

We postpone and postpone until smiling possibilities are dead.

You will not find poetry anywhere unless you bring some with you.

HE WAS RIGHT.

Father—Don't you know that it hurt your mother as much to punish you as it does you?

Son—Yes, but I'll bet the neighbors ain't as certain of it!

IMPERIAL UNION ON EQUAL PARTNERSHIP BASIS SAYS MR. BRYCE

British Ambassador in Speech Before Canadian Club Advocates Mutual Trade Arrangement and a Common Defense Fund ---- Any Closer Relations Must be on a Basis of Equality With No Individual Sacrifices.

OTTAWA, April 1.—Hon. James Bryce, British ambassador in the United States, was the guest of the Ottawa Canadian Club at a dinner in the Russell House tonight. Three hundred of the leading citizens of Ottawa, with many Canadian members and senators, were among the guests. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Hon. William Templeman, Chief Justice Fitzpatrick and Dr. MacPhatler were given places of honor at the table with the chief guest.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen To me has been assigned this evening the very high privilege of proposing to you the health of the guest of the evening, His Majesty's ambassador at Washington, the Right Honorable James Bryce. (Loud cheering).

The cordiality with which you receive the name of James Bryce scarcely conveys the hint of the warmth of the reception which is extended to him not only by those here assembled but by the whole Canadian people. (Cheers).

Mr. Bryce has been on this continent but a few weeks, and it is nothing but the literal truth to say that he has turned a new leaf in the history of the continent of America. We have to realize that John Bull has not always done his full duty to his Canadian son. If we take all the treaties from the treaty of 1783 up to the treaty of 1903, which gave away part of the Alaska boundary, we Canadians do not feel particularly cheerful with the way we have been treated by the British diplomacy. Let me say that a new leaf has been turned and it has been turned by our right honorable friend, Mr. Bryce. Mr. Bryce has something new in connection with British diplomacy in America. He has visited Canada. (Laughter and cheers.) This is the first time, as far as I know that his majesty's ambassador at Washington has visited Canadian soil. If his majesty's ambassador has visited this country before it has been as one moment seen and leaving no trace behind. Mr. Bryce has been proof against the American reporter. (Laughter.) The Canadian reporter has also tempted him, wanting him to convey information, but after the interview it turned out that the Canadian reporter had instead given information. That is what we want. We want Mr. Bryce to be informed upon the wishes of Canada. He has written a book on the United States, and he has shown that country that he knew that country better than many people living in that country did themselves. I do not doubt that some time or other we will have another book from the pen of Mr. Bryce which will reveal to the Canadian people what they are and how they look. In the meantime I may say to Mr. Bryce we have no quarrel with our neighbors, we have nothing for them but sentiments of admiration. We should deal with the United States in a spirit of concession. At the same time we think that the concessions ought not to be altogether on one side.

"I have seen and you have all seen, in an American newspaper published in New York, just a few days ago that we are yearning for reciprocity with the United States. Now, I tell you that the editor of that paper is about 25 years behind the times. At that time we would have given our right arm for such a thing, but it is now a thing of the past. We have in 1907 a changed condition of things. We are turning our hopes towards the old Motherland. (Loud cheers.) We have introduced the doctrine and the policy of a preference to great Britain and towards all the British Empire, and this is the policy by which we stand at the present time—(renewed cheers)—not for my part that I do not value the American trade, not for my part that I do not value all that I would have to gain if our relations were on a better footing, but this is a matter on which we shall have no more pilgrimages to Washington and this is simply the message I have to convey to your guest at the present moment. I know he will be a friend of Canada and if it be a fact that a new leaf be turned in our relations with out neighbors it will be a matter for great congratulation, and if it so happens that I am interested in the position I now occupy, I will propose the erection of a monument to him on Parliament Hill."

Mr. Bryce's Speech

Mr. Bryce in reply, said that it was the first duty of a diplomat to know how to hold his tongue. He did not know that he had anything to tell, but if he had it was not likely that he would do so. He conceived it to be one of his first duties after taking the position to visit Cnada and to see himself what was the wishes, thoughts and feelings of Canadians, (cheers,) If he had time he thought he could put in a more favorable light than the premier had done, what Britain had done for Canada (laughter.)

Mr. Bryce spoke of the good work done by Canadian Clubs, and added that no portion of the habitable globe had made so rapid progress and developed as Canada had during the past years. He spoke of his visit to the museum where he saw specimens of the vast mineral resources of the Dominion and to the Agricultural Department where experiments were being made to get wheat to grow in the far north. Canada was everywhere making the most of the gifts with which Providence had blessed her. He spoke of the progress which Canada was making in transportation problems and this country being the highway between Europe and Asia.

There is no need of the Canadian east being alarmed at the great development of the west, because the west would require the manufactures of of the east. Since he last visited the United States, he had noticed a growth in the friendship and respect for Canada. Evidences of this were shown in the speeches of the president and Secretary Root, which was a good augury for the future.

Mr. Bryce then spoke of the relations between Britain and her colonies, pointing out that all partics in Britain were now fully alive to and equally interested in the colonial possessions. There was no desire in Britain to interfere with the self-governing colonies. He referred to the fact that he and Earl Grey were joint founders of the Imperial Federation League in 1883, and while it might be said that it had not accomplished much he thought it had aroused great interest among Britons to the value of the colonies and had changed the ideas of the colonies as to thte view of Great Britain. In Britain there was no difference between parties as to the colonies, all desired their prosperity, all prized connection with the colonies. All recognized the self-government of the colonies should be complete. It was recognized that the colonies knew their business better than England could. Liberty and self-government had welded two races in Canada, and he expected liberty and self-government would do the same thing in South Africa. Any closer relations between Britain and the colonies would have to be on a basis of equality and co-partnership with no individual sacrifice. He hoped the mother country and the colonies would agree upon a more complete arrangement for the common defense and as to some common legislation such as that relating to commerce. He had been struck by the fairness with which the subject of better relations and the matter of the colonial conference had been discussed in his hearing by both sides of the Canadian parliament. That debate had convinced him any change in the relations must be developed slowly and after much more discussion. Britain would rather have suggestions for changes from the colonies than to make them herself. The old day when the policy of Downing street was one of indifference to the colonies, tempered with interference was over. As to his mission to the United States he would say every possible effort would be made to ascertain the wishes of Canada and to carry them out.

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McGILL STUDENT ATTEMPTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE AND IS IN A SERIOUS CONDITION

MONTREAL, April 1.—Hans Harthan, a second year student in McGill architectural department, was found lying unconscious this morning in his room in a boarding house on Union avenue. The appearances indicate that the young man attempted to commit suicide. He was removed to the General Hospital and at a late hour tonight was still in an unconscious condition, though the physicians have hope that he will survive. The young man's father was until Saturday connected with McGill Conservatory of Music, being the best pianist ever located in Montreal. His engagement with the conservatory terminated on Saturday and that night Dr. Harthan and his family started for Philadelphia, where he intends residing. The young man was left behind, and it is supposed that home-sickness was the cause of his rash act.

GOVERNMENT WILL MAKE EXPENDITURES FOR ART PURPOSES

MONTREAL, April 1.—At the opening of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art exhibition tonight a telegram was read from Hon. Sidney Fisher expressing regret at being unable to be present and adding: I especially regret this from the fact that I was prepared to announce to the Royal Academy that the government had seen its way to arrange for the establishment of an advisory council of art, on whose advice the Minister of Public Works on behalf of the government will make expenditure for art purposes. This announcement was received with much gratification. This commission will have charge of the National Gallery at Ottawa and decoration of public monuments and buildings.

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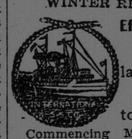

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No. 2.—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point du Chene 7.00
No. 26.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.. .. ..12.25
No. 8.—Express for Sussex 17.10
No. 134.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also Pt. du Chene....19.00
No. 10.—Express for Moncton, the Sydneys and Halifax.. ....23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
No. 9.—From Halifax and Pictou.. 6.20
No. 7.—Express from Sussex.. .... 9.00
No. 133.—Express from Montreal Quebec and Pt du Chene 13.45
No. 5.—Mixed from Moncton 16.30
No. 25.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt du Chene and Campbellton.. .. ..17.40
No. 1.—Express from Moncton 21.20
No. 11.—Mixed from Moncton (daily) 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock midnight.

NOTE.—A special train (with buffet sleeping car attached) will leave Truro every Saturday night for Sydney and Sydney Mines, after arrival of No. 34 (Maritime Express) from Montreal.

CITY TICKET OFFICE: 3 King street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

GEORGE CARVILL, C. T. A.

FOR THE
Easter Holiday, 1907
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
will sell round trip tickets to all stations on the line.

FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE.

Going March 28, 29, 30, 31, April 1st. Good for return, leaving destination April 2nd, 1907.

And to Detroit, Port Suron, Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Rouses Point, Massena Springs, N. Y., New Port, Swanton, Burlington, Island Pond, Vt., and stations east thereof, also to points on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, Halifax and South Western Ry., Sydney and Louisburg Railway, Inverness Railway and Coal Co., and Cape Breton Company.