REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mr. Rohan, you are the very person I was just wishing I could see. Do walk with me to Cliff Cottage. I want to call on the young lady who is lodging there, and I should so like to have a companion. My husband went yesterday. Do come with me."

Horace Rohan had raised his hat with a smile, when the wife of his new rector had stopped him at his own park gates, but the smile had gone before her speech was uttered.

"I will walk with you with pleasure, if you will have me, Mrs. Raby; but not to call on any young lady, thank you."

"Oh, I hope you will!" Mrs. Raby urged, as pleasantly as if she had not come on purpose to tempt him to pay this respect to the lonely girl of whose kindness and generosity to Evelyn Carmichael she had heard much from Mr. Pratman. "I promise you I will not stay long."

"Is not that promise rather unfair to this Miss Heringham?" inquired Horace, as he sauntered on at the lady's side.

"It is an inducement to you. If you come, your ordeal will be soon over."

"But if I don't come, it will be still sooner over."

"My husband thought," she persisted, rather shyly, "that, though you would not go alone, you would perhaps consent to go with me."

"If anything could induce me to go at all," said Rohan, with honest coolness, "I dare say it would be your invitation; but in this case, Mrs. Raby, even that must fail."

"I don't think it will," she smiled, as they turned from the dusty highway to the narrow cliff walk. "You surely cannot have the heart to leave me?"

"I cannot," said Horace, with composure. "But evidently you intend to leave me, Mrs. Raby."

"I am quite sure that I ought to call to-day," responded the rector's wife; "and, Mr. Rohan, do you know I could venture to apply the 'ought' to you too?"

"It is a flexible word," observed Horace, laughing slightly.

And then Mrs. Raby knew no further plea would avail; and so they talked of other things, until they reached the flag-staff on the point, and Cliff Cottage lay just before them.

"If you will promise me one thing, Mr. Rohan," she said then, with a new hope, "I will not again ask you to come in with me."

"Thank you," returned Horace, heartily. "I will promise, of course."

"How relieved you look!" she said, with a smile. "Well, what I want you to do is—you have made me the promise, remember to walk home with me in half an hour's time."

"With pleasure, where shall I meet you?"

"If I am not here, just call at the cottage door for me, please."

If it could have been courteously done just then, Horace Rohan would have declined this arrangement; but Mrs. Raby, anticipating a possible refusal, adroitly hurried away, with only a smiling remainder of his promise. Half an hour's solitude was insured to him in any case, Horace thought; and so he strolled on along the cliffs and down a rugged path to the beach, his step light and sure among the rocks, and his keen, handsome eye traversing the far horizon. There were a few words to be exchanged with the coast-guardsman, some tidings of the fisheries to hear, and the passing sails to reconnoitre. Then Horace, deep in thought, strolled back through the village, choosing the gradual assent to the cliff path, almost unconsciously, because he was so deep in thought.

The little parlor at Cliff Cottage opened to the garden by a glass door, which stood ajar as Horace Rohan followed the narrow gravelled path which led straight up to it. This was the room his tenants let to the occasional visitors at Hilton, so this was where Mrs. Raby would be waiting for him. It was a low, old-fashioned door; and while he rapped, he lazily calculated how much he would have to stoop, supposing Mrs. Raby showed herself so deficient in taste as to oblige him to enter at all.

"Come in."

Without waiting to wonder whether this was the invitation of the rector's wife, and impatient at the thought of having to go in at all, Horace Rohan stooped and entered the tiny room. Then he looked round him, a little vaguely, wondering who could have spoken, because the room seemed empty. But presently, standing upright again, he became aware of a small dark head just visible above the back of a huge easy-chair, which, with its back to him, was drawn up to face a little side lattice-window, wide open to the sea-wind.

"I beg your pardon," began Horace, involuntarily. "I understood Mr. Raby was here; and she had asked me to call or—"

"Or you would not have done so? I see."

The girl who spoke to him so coolly had risen now and turned to face him; but, though Horace did not see it, she kept one hand on the arm of the chair, almost as if she needed its support.

"No; I came simply at Mrs. Raby's request," spoke Horace, in his quiet, honest way; and, though he would have given much to leave the cottage again at once, he looked so thoroughly at his ease, that the girl, who for that moment read his face most eagerly, smiled a little in her full comprehension.

"Mrs. Raby left me quite twenty minutes ago," she said. "You must have lost count of time."

"I suppose so," returned Horace, taking out a card, and, without handing it to the new lodger at Cliff Cottage, laying it down upon the little table near her.

With an air of quiet nonchalance, the girl stooped and read the name; but Horace could not see how the soft flush rose in her cheeks as she did so, nor how her head was lifted again only when that had faded.

"Mr. Rohan," she said then, but without extending her hand or advancing a step nearer to him, "your name is familiar to me, because your step-sister was so true a friend of mine."

Just for a moment he wondered, in his honest, manly way whether this girl had not been a truer friend to Evelyn than Evelyn could ever have been to her; but he only answered her listlessly as he took the seat she offered him:

"Miss Carmichael and myself were not related at all. You must not take me on trust as a relative of your friend's."

"Very well," said Joyce Heringham. And then she took her seat in silence, and looked out through the open window just as if there had been no stranger present. And this stranger, curious as the proceedings was, seemed almost to forget he was a stranger there, as, in these moments of silence he, without even once looking steadily at her, was studying intently this girl, who sat so dreamily near him, and seemed to have forgotten his presence.

She was not pretty! He said that to himself at once, with almost a sensation of relief in his contempt. Her cheeks were too narrow and too colorless, her chin was too small, her underlip too prominent, and her nose too thin. Still, to see her low, white forehead free from the locks which had grown so wearisome to him in his professional experience, and to see the almost comical firmness and determination of the small chin and underlip, and the exquisite smoothness of the white, colorless skin, gave Horace, unconsciously, a faint, glad sensation of freshness and purity, as if he were out among the sea-breezes.

"I have heard, Miss Heringham," he said presently, feeling it incumbent upon himself to break this curious silence, as she did not apparently intend to do so, "of your kindness to my father's step-daughter."

"Evelyn Carmichael was the dearest friend I ever had," returned Joyce, her voice a little tremulous, and the hand which had lain so utterly idle on her black dress, folded together uneasily as he spoke. "I would rather not speak of her to you until I know you better,—if I ever do."

"I never shall understand," he said unwittingly relentless, "why she did not claim all she inherited by her father's will."

"No," Joyce answered, very softly; "I think, Mr. Rohan, that as you say, you will never understand."

"Did the will astonish her?" Horace went on, apparently, forgetting that he, of his own accord, now pursued the subject from which he had so long recoiled, and unconscious of the unwonted pathos in his strong, clear voice.

"It pained her beyond all words," said Joyce, looking up into his eyes with a wondering, wistful look that was scarcely more than momentary. Then she spoke again, seeming less to address any one than to breathe a thought unconsciously. "However long she had lived, the old injustice done to you—of which that will was the crowning injury—would have made her life bitter. It—it broke her heart, while she was such a girl."

"But she could not undo the will," Horace went on pitilessly. "So why did she not come and claim that which was her own?"

"She never acknowledged that it was hers; not for one single day. She said—I have heard her say—that Mr. Rohan's leaving his property to her lay like a crime upon her; yes, I've heard her call the act a crime."

"She proved it worse than a crime—a blunder," said Horace, quoting the famous words with quiet, cutting irony.

"She never, if she had lived to be threescore and ten," said Joyce, coldly ignoring his remark, "would have taken possession of Hilton Guise."

"It was too soon for you, or for her, to judge," observed Horace, gravely. "You speak from a very slight experience. She could have had no dislike for the spot; and in time—"

"If she could *ever* have come," Joyce said steadily, "she would have come at once, instead of living with me as a paid companion, and in lodgings"—the girl's voice grew a little hard here, as Horace was quick to notice. "She *need* have had no toil through all her frail and delicate girlhood; and she *might* have had every care, and ease, and luxury through her last illness; and—"

But Joyce broke off suddenly here, her voice gentle enough now; and Horace waited breathlessly a moment, fearing a flood of tears. But she only sat a minute or two utterly still, with one hand upon her eyes; and, when she dropped it and looked up again at Horace, they were even defiant, in their great effort to be courageous and calm.

"You do not answer me, Mr. Rohan?"

"You did not question me, Miss Heringham. You were only going to tell me what might have been if my father's heiress had returned to her own house."

"Your father's heiress!" repeated Joyce, with a strange, cold smile. "Your father's heiress! I understand. Well, if *your father's heiress* had cared to return to Hilton Guise, she might have brought me here as her guest; and the rooms are"—looking coolly round her—"larger than these, I dare say."

"Miss Heringham," said Horace, with an involuntary earnestness which surprised himself, when he heard it in his voice, "will you care to see the house that was your friend's. There is nothing there the intrinsic value or rarity of which could charm you; but—but—for her sake who owed all other home to you, perhaps you may care for it. It is changed, too, a great deal—I need not try to make you understand why I wished to change all I could—but the park is the same; and that, at any rate, is beautiful."

"Then, some day," returned Joyce, in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, "I will walk through it, as I have your permission.

"Then you do not care to come to the house?" His tone was a little warmer than usual, but of course Joyce was too unfamiliar with it to know that. "If you do, I will show you all there is to see."

"I can fancy you," the girl said, with a soft, swift laugh, "not at all bored or wearied—oh, no!—most conscientiously fulfilling your task, like that old guide on the Mount of Olives, who says so indefatigably, 'These are the stones that cried out.' I will spare you, Mr. Rohan."

"I don't wish to be spared," rejoined Horace, bluntly. "Will you come?"

"No, thank you. I will not disturb you in your solitude there, for I, too, know what it is to like solitude. I cannot fancy '*ce grand malheur de ne pouvoir etre seul.*'"

"So," said Horace, with that smile of his which was so rarely seen, "you read La Bruyere!"

"Were those La Bruyere's words?" she inquired, with well-feigned ignorance and indolence. "I never can be sure whose ideas I pick up. Perhaps, if you talk any more to me, Mr. Rohan, I may pick up a stray one of yours, to elaborate on a future occasion. "Are you not afraid now?"

"I can easily," said Horace, coloring duskily over his own outspoken words, "read that hint, Miss Heringham; but I have not been here long. A few minutes longer will make mine an orthodox call."

"And so you will have observed a conventionality which you had not intended to undergo," returned Joyce, with a quiet laughter brightening her dark eyes. "I feel so much obliged to you, Mr. Rohan. What shall we talk about? Something very conventional it ought to be."

"If," said Rohan, still stiffly, though the laughter now was gathering even in his grave eyes, "in this quiet spot you find you have more leisure than you provided for, and wish to choose other books, Miss Heringham, I shall be happy to lend you any."

He had made the offer as gracefully as a man could; yet, when her thanks were only a slight, silent bow, he felt at once as if he might have known beforehand that the offer was premature, and that she would naturally resent it a little.

"I suppose you are very fond of poetry," he went on, presently, feeling sure, as he looked round the little room upon her books and flowers, that this was a subject on which she would talk readily.

"Only when I understand it," she said, in a simple, straightforward way. "Most poetry is quite beyond my comprehension."

"And yet," remarked Horace, wondering over the grave lips, and wishing he might fully meet her eyes, to read her meaning there, "I could fancy it a favorite study of yours."

"But my studying days were over long ago."

Again the unusual laughter shone a moment in his eyes, but he did not answer her, and there was a little silence between them. It would have been easy for him then to take his departure, yet he did not do so. As he had been lured into this call, perhaps he felt he must perform the ceremony elaborately. So he looked round the little room once more, and hazarded another observation, because his eyes fell on the open piano.

"You play I see Miss Heringham. Are you found of music?" The question came very naturally, and yet her quick ears caught at once an undertone of weariness of the subject.

"How troublesome it is to find conversation suited to the feminine mind, and yet not too insignificant for you to originate Mr. Rohan, isn't it?" she asked, with such perfect gravity upon her thin, small face that the words, whatever they had been, could have borne no sting. "I will help you. You shall not have all the catechising to pursue. I learned to play at school—experience has taught me that most girl do—and sometimes I can even yet go through a piece without many stoppages. Certainly, I very often forget what key I'm playing in, and vary it promiscuously, while the pedals are utterly beyond me; but generally I find that people say 'Thank you' when I've finished—though, of course, they look very glad. Do I sing? Is that the next question you would put to me? Yes, I sing, but only within a very narrow compass, and most of my notes are husky. In short, my vocal landscape is inclined to be flat. But I have been very persevering, and at last have mastered one or two of Claribel's simplest works."

"I see one song upon your piano," said Horace, with a slight hesitation, "which I know. And, if you sing that, I must contradict you, and say your compass is, not very limited."

"I see which you mean," she returned, with a quick little nod, as if in haste to dismiss the subject, yet speaking gently as of something she loved, "but I sing that song only to myself. To continue our catechism, she went on, her eyes brightening again, perhaps reflecting some inexplicable brightness which had come into Horace Rohan's at her last words, "I can read a little. In fact, I have read the third volumes of most of the novels that ever were written; I've left off wasting my time over the first and second, as I've found that to be unnecessary labor. I can talk a little, sometimes, and I don't break Priscian's head oftener than the average female. Writing I don't understand. I've no one to write to, so I never try it."

"Have you," he queried, seemingly himself taken unaware by his own question, "really no friends, Miss Heringham?"

"Only one. She is certainly the best friend I could have, but she travels with me always."

"Yourself," said Horace, in his quick comprehension of the grave, harmless irony which was new to him. And then, after a little pause, he asked, "Do you ride, Miss Heringham?"

"Oh, I thought I had finished!" she cried, with a little gesture of annoyance, yet still so gently that he caught himself wondering if it would be possible for any words of hers to sound harsh or unkind. "I don't ride, and I have no horse. I entertain a strictly private opinion of my own that I should tumble off on an average twice in every mile—but that is not the *only* reason I don't ride. Is that all? No, I never drive. The weakest little pony ever driven could run away with me at his own sweet will; but—that is not the *only* reason I never drive."

"You walk, I hope?" put in Horace, with scarcely a shade of the old haughty sarcasm in his questioning voice.

"I don't walk well," was the sedate reply. "Sometimes I think I was not properly taught, and at other times I feel convinced that only my dress is to blame; it has to be so narrow."

"Has to be?" laughed Horace.

"You don't understand, I see, Mr. Rohan. Could any woman be so lost to all sense of amalgamation as to wear a full skirt when other women tie their back? We might just as well be our own grandmothers at once. What a puzzled frown you wear! What is your perplexity now?"

"I could not help wondering how it was," said Horace, answering absently, but without hesitation, "that words which would sound flippant enough from most girls do not seem at all so from your lips. It is just as if—as if I listened to one of Calverley's poems sung to—the 'Marseillaise.' But you will not understand that."

"No," returned Joyce, very slowly, as she once more raised her eyes to his face, "I do not understand. The conventional time has passed now, Mr. Rohan, and you will be glad to be released."

"I am not," said Horace, abruptly; and then once more there fell a strange inexplicable little silence between them. Joyce broke it at last, in a new, quiet, graceful way, as she rose from her big chair.

"Mr. Rohan, as you are not in haste to go, will you take tea with me? Don't look surprise, please. I shall feel so very uncomfortable if you do, because I'm ignorant of what is considered conventional in English villages. I ask, because if you were not here, I should have tea now—alone."

"And I shall be really grateful," replied Horace, quite heartily, "if to-day you will take it now, and not alone. Let me ring. Yet I ought not to stay, for I remember how unmistakably you told me you liked solitude."

"So I do; don't you?" said Joyce, coolly, as she crossed the room to give her orders to her landlady.

"Yes," he answered, with a rather long and steadfast gaze into her eyes, as she came back and stood near him; "but your resolute way of saying it made me fear," he corrected, honestly, "that you are not anxious to make new friends. Else I would try.—"

"Oh, don't!" she said, with an impulsive movement of both hands to her lips—such thin, delicate hands they were!

"Have you no trust in friends?" he asked, without knowing that it was the consciousness of his *own* want of trust which made his voice so almost pitifully earnest.

She read the earnestness only, and answered with a defiant gaiety which had no sound in it of the tears that lay so near.

"None. I always think of the Indians who brought Miles Standish those presents of furs—you remember? 'Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.'"

"What a cruel idea!" said Horace Rohan, never guessing that he spoke to her in real anger at such words.

"Is it? she asked debonairly. "Perhaps so. You have *thought* it often, I have no doubt; but then men have a right to mistrust and suspect whom they will. It is only from a woman's lips that the words sound cruel and—unnatural."

"I wish I felt," said Horace, with his old easy disdain, "that from a women's lips suspicion and mistrust *did* sound unnatural."

"You have found them come very naturally, have you?" she asked. But yet she seemed purposely to prevent his answering by turning away from him and preparing the table for tea.

To be continued.

Medical.

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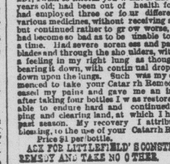

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JOHN M'CURDY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

CHATHAM, N. B.

KNOW THYSELF

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more than 50 original prescriptions, any one of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skilful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a marvel of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Dalfinch St., Boston, Mass.

HEAL THYSELF

Hotels.

PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE,

ST. JOHN, - - - - N. B.

FRED. 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, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Ætna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

BATHURST OFFICE:—two doors from store of K. F. Burns, Esq.

WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.

OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

E. P. Williston,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,

OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

1j-tz

L. J. TWEEDIE,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET
CHATHAM.

2-52

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.

Chatham, N. B.

July '9. 77

Travelers' Column.

ANCHOR LINE.

Proposed sailings to & from New York.

GLASGOW SERVICE.

From New York.		From Glasgow.
Saturday.		*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.		From London.
Wednesday.		*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. Excursion Tickets (available for one year), $120, $130 and $140. To London via Southampton, $75 and $85. 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.

SCAMMEL 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, Pictou, 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 connection 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

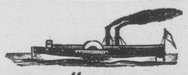
THREE TRIPS A WEEK,

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,
St. John, May 20, 1878. Agent.



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.
2.00 p. m.	3 p. m.
5.30 "	7 "

On Saturday evenings the "New Era" will leave Newcastle at 6.30 p. m., instead of 5.30 p. m. as on other days.

Will call daily on her first and fourth trips at Wilkinson's Wharf, and on her second and third trips at Kerr's mill.

May 7, 1878.

TIME