MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

COUNTRY LUCK

By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

Phil ran nearly all the way up the hill; he had not performed that difficult feat since he and another boy had raced up, in coasting time, in wild strife as to which should capture a popular girl and take her down on his sled. A letter from his father was indeed an unusual event, for the old man had not been away from home before, except when on jury duty in the county town, in many years, yet from the old lady's manner it seemed the letter must contain something unusual. As he reached the hill,top his mother placed the sheet in his hand, saying:

"I thought mebbe you'd better see it at once."

Phil took it and read aloud, as follows:

"DEAR OLD GIRL.—Your husband is about as usual, though the well water in this town ain't fit for decent cattle to drink. I've seen some of the sights, and wished more than once that I had you along; if things turn out as they look, though, I'll bring you down in style yet. I've run against the folks that looked at our south ridge with a view to making a cottage village, and, as luck would have it, they knew Mr. Tramlay, who's rolled up his sleeves and done his best to help clinch things and make a good thing out of it for me. I need Phil; Mr. Tramlay wants him too; and I wish you'd tell him to pack his bag and get back here as soon as he can. The boys can take care of the animals, and there's nothing else on the farm but can wait till I get back.

"The Lord be with you all, so no more at present, from your loving husband,

"REUBEN."

"P. S.—That gal ain't no more engaged than I am."

Phil took off his hat, rubbed his eyes, looked away in the direction of the ditch extension, and made a face at the faithful old spade.

"I s'pose you'd better be thinkin' about gettin' off at once," said his mother.

"Father's will is law," said Phil, in the calmest tone he could command. "Do you think the boys and Carlo can help you take care of the place for a few days?"

"To be sure," said his mother, "an' a powerful sight o' days besides, if it's goin' to save your father" from drudgin' away the rest of his days. An' I ain't above sayin' that I'd stand a good deal of loneliness if I thought 'twould end in my stoppin' trottin' around in a pint pot day in an' day out. An' you," said the old lady, looking at her son, "I want to see the time come when I can take them old boots out to a brush heap an' burn 'em out o' sight an' knowledge. But what does your father mean about that gal not bein' engaged? Is it that Tramlay gal?"

"I suppose so," said Phil, carelessly, though his manner was the result of prodigious effort. "When he found me he asked me about her, along with the other folks, and I told him, just as I'd heard, that she was engaged to be married. Father must have been asking some pointed questions about her. It does beat everything the interest that old men sometimes take in young women who aren't kith nor kin to them, doesn't it? I guess it's about as well that I'm going back, if only to keep the old gentleman's country curiosity within proper bounds. Don't you think so?"

"She ain't engaged," said Mrs. Hayn, ignoring her son's explanation and his attempt at joking. "She ain't engaged," the old lady repeated; so you"——

The sentence was not completed, but Phil's face flushed and he looked down at his muddy boots. For the first time since his return he had heard an allusion to Lucia that did not make him uncomfortable.

Within two hours Haynton was shaken from center—the railway station—to circumference by the announcement that Phil Hayn, in his store clothes, had bought a ticket for New York and was already well on his journey. Meanwhile, at Hayn Farm, an old woman as deeply interested as any one in the business and other possibilities that had been foreshadowed was doing all in her power to further them; she was spending the afternoon on her knees at her bedside.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER AND SON.

YOUTH has some advantages peculiarly its own in the general battle for fame and fortune and in capacity for enjoyment, but for discovering all that may be pleasing in whatever is nearest at hand it is left far behind by age. The school girl does not care for dainty flavors unless they have candy for a basis; her mother, with a palate which has been in training for half a century, will get truer enjoyment out of a neighbor's loaf of home made cake than the girl can find in a shop full of bonbons. A boy will ramble through an orchard in search of the tree which is fullest and has the largest fruit; his father, in late autumn, will find higher flavor, and more of it, in the late windfalls which his stick discovers among the dead leaves.

Farmer Hayn was old and weary; he was alone in his rambles about the metropolis and he kept close guard on his pocketbook; but no country youth who ever hurried to the city to squander his patrimony could have had so good a time. He saw everything that the local guide books called attention to, and so much else which was interesting that Tramlay, whom he had occasion to see for a few minutes each day, said one morning at the breakfast table:

"I wish, my dear, that I could steal a week or two from business, so that you and I could poke about New York, personally conducted by that old farmer."

"Edgar!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay, "I sometimes fear that old age is taking sudden possession of you, you get such queer notions. The idea of New York people seeing their own city with a countryman for a guide!"

"There's nothing queer about facts, my dear," replied Tramlay, "except that they may be right under our eyes for years without being seen. A few years ago you and I spent nearly a thousand dollars in visiting some European battlefields. Today that old fellow has carefully done the Revolutionary battlefields of New York and Brooklyn, at a total expense of a quarter of a dollar; even then he had a penny left to give to a beggar."

"I never heard of a battlefield in New York or Brooklyn," said Mrs. Tramlay.

"Nor I," her husband replied; "at least not in so long a time that I'd forgotten the localities. But that old fellow knows all about them; when I drew him out a little he made me plan of each, with pencil on the back of an envelope, and explained how we lost Long Island and New York, as well as nearly two thousand men, when men were far scarcer than they are now. Here"—the merchant drew a mass of letters from his pocket and extracted from them a scrap of paper—"here's the way it happened; let me explain"——

"I'm not interested in those stupid old times," said Mrs. Tramlay, with a deprecatory wave of her hand. "I've heard that in those days there wasn't a house above Wall street, no park to drive in, and parties began before sunset."

"Ah! to be sure," said Tramlay, with a sigh. "But old Hayn has seen modern New York too; I was intensely interested in his description of the work being done in some of the industrial schools, where hundreds of little street Arabs are cared for and taught to be good for something; the boys learn how to use tools, and the girls are taught every branch of housekeeping."

"I really don't see," said Mrs. Tramlay, as she nibbled a roll, "what there is to interest us in the doings of such people."

"They're the people," said her husband, raising his voice a little, "who generally supply us with paupers and criminals, they being untaught at home, and consequently having to beg or steal for a living. It is because of such people that we have iron bars on our dining room windows and area door, and hire a detective whenever we give a party, and put a chain on our door mat and pay taxes to build jails and asylums and"——

"Oh, Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, plaintively, "our minister told us all this in a sermon nearly a year ago. I'm sure I listened patiently to it then; I don't think it's very kind of you to go all over it again."

"No, I suppose not," sighed the merchant, hastily kissing his family good-by and starting for his office. In a moment he returned, and said:

"Just a word with you, my dear. It's nothing about farmers, or battles, or industrial—— Say," he whispered, as his wife joined him in the hall, "don't you think I'd better have the doctor drop in to see Lucia? I'm afraid she's going to be sick. She's looked poorly for days, and doesn't seem to have any spirit."

"I'm sure she's lively enough when she's out of temper," said Mrs. Tramlay, "which she is nearly all the while. She's snapped at the children until they hate the sight of her, and I can't speak to her without being greeted by a flood of tears. Margie seems the only one who can do anything with her."

"Timph!" muttered the merchant, taking much time to arrange his hat before the mirror of the hat rack.

Meanwhile the old farmer and his son were having a long chat in a hotel bedroom.

"So you see how the land lies," said the old man. "Though I never held that part of the farm at over two hundred an acre, the soil bein' thinner than the lower lyin' land, an' requirin' a good deal more manure to make decent crops, Tramlay says it'll fetch a clean two thousand an acre when it's cut up, if the scheme takes hold as it's likely to. That's why he advised me to retain an interest, instead of sellin' out an' out. I'm to get five thousand in cash for the forty acres an' have a quarter interest in all sales; that means twenty thousand in the end, if things turn out as Tramlay thinks."

"My!" ejaculated Phil, his eyes opening very wide, and going into a brown study. The old man contemplated him for some time with a smile of supreme satisfaction. Finally he said:

"Makes you feel a little bit as if you was a rich man's son, don't it, old boy?"

"Indeed it does," Phil replied. "But I don't see how I can help you about it."

"Don't, eh? Well, I'll tell you," said the old man, eyeing his son closely. "That forty acres is about quarter of the farm land in value, I calculate, counting out the house an' other buildin's. If I was makin' my will an' dividin' things up among the family, I'd leave just about that much land to you, with an interest in the house, stock, etcetery, when the Lord see fit to call your mother. So"—here the old man intensified his gaze—"I've arranged to give my quarter interest in the enterprise to you, as your inheritance; that'll make you a director in the comp'ny, with as much say as anybody else. "It'll keep you in York a good deal, though."

"Father!" exclaimed Phil.

"An," continued the old man, dropping his eyes as soon as his son looked at him, and putting on the countenance in which he usually discussed the ordinary affairs of the farm, "as it may need some money for you to keep up proper style with the people whom you'll have to deal with, I propose to put the five thousand in bank here to our joint account, so you can draw whenever you need cash."

The old man began to pare fine shavings from the tooth pick which he had cherished ever since he left the dining room, but Phil compelled a suspension of industry for a moment by going over to his father's chair and pressing the gray head to his breast.

"The other principal stockholders," said the old man, as soon as he was able to resume his whittling, "are Tramlay an' a man named Margie."

"Margie!" Phil echoed.

"You seem to know him," said the farmer, looking up from under his eyebrows.

"I should think so," said Phil, frowning and twitching his lips a great deal. "He's the man"——

"Well!" asked the old man, for Phil had not finished his sentence. There was no reply, so he continued:

"The man you thought had caught the gal!" Phil nodded affirmatively.

"Now you see what comes of goin' off at half cock," said the farmer. "Lost your expenses two ways, to say nothin' of peace o' mind."

"I heard one man telling another it," said Phil, quite humbly; "so what was I to think?"

"If you believe ev'rythin' you hear about men an' women, my boy, you'll be off your course all your life long. Take a good grip on that."

Again Phil went into a brown study, from which he emerged suddenly to say:

"It's just what you did when you supposed you learned she wasn't engaged, isn't it? You believed it and wrote it at once to me."

"Oh, no!" said the old man, with an air of superiority, as he put a very sharp point on what remained of the toothpick. "Not much. I've learned always to go to headquarters for information."

"Why, father," Phil exclaimed, excitedly, "you don't mean to say, after what you promised me, that you went—and—and"——

"Poked my nose into other people's business? Not I. Mr. Tramlay took me home to dinner—say, what an outlandish way these city folks have got of not eatin' dinner till nigh onto bedtime! an' after the meal, 'long about the edge o' the evenin', when Tramlay had gone for some papers to show me, an' the old lady was out of the room for somethin', I took 'casion to congratulate the gal on her engagement; that's the proper thing in such cases made an' purvided, you know. She looked kind o' flabbergasted, an' at last she said 'twas the fust she'd heerd of it. I tried to git out of it by sayin' if it wa'n't true it ort to be, if young men in York had eyes in their heads. But it didn't seem to work. She asked how I heard of it, an' I had to say that somebody in the city had told my son about it."

Phil frowned.

"Then," continued the old man, "she bust out cryin'."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Phil.

"Well," said the old man, "I see somethin' had to be done, so I put my arms around her"——

"Why, father!" said Phil, in alarm.

"I put my arms around her, an' said that when a gal was cryin' she ort to have her parents to comfort her, an', as neither of 'em was present, I hoped she'd make b'lieve for a minute or two that I was her grandfather. So she took my advice; an' it seemed to do her a sight o' good."

"What advice did you give her?" asked Phil.

"None—in words," said the old man. "Wait till you're my age; then you'll understand."

"I don't see," said Phil, after a moment or two of silence, "that things are much better than they were. Perhaps she's not engaged; but that fellow Margie is hanging about her all the time. From what I've heard people remark, he's been paying attention to her for a year or two. When the family were at our house last summer he was only man she talked about. I'm pretty sure, too, from what I've seen, that her mother favors him. So, putting everything together, and thinking about it a good deal, as I had to do in spite of myself since I've been up home, I've made up my mind that it's a foregone conclusion."

"So you're goin' to flop like a stuck pig an' let it go on, are you? Just because you've thought somethin' you're goin' to do nothin'. If I'd thought that of you I don't b'lieve I'd have brought you down here to be a business man in the city. A fellow that hain't got the grit to fight for a gal that he wants is likely to make a mighty poor fist of fightin' for a fortune. No, sir; you're not goin' to knuckle under while you've got a father to egg you on. I don't say she's in ev'ry way the gal I'd have picked out for you, but any gal that'll live up to the best that's in her is good enough for any man alive. If you care as much for her as you thought you did when I met you in the street that day, that gal is the one for you to tie to, unless she breaks the rope. A man sometimes gets a bad lickin' in a love fight, an' a powerful big scar besides, but both together don't do him as much harm as backin' out an' playin' coward."

"I'm not a coward, father," protested Phil, and his eyes flashed as if he meant it.

"You don't mean to be, my boy," said the old man, with a pat on his son's shoulder, "but ev'rythin' in this affair is new to you, an' you're in the dark about some things that mebbe look bigger than they are. That sort of thing'll make cowards out of the best of men, if they give in to it; that's the reason I'm crackin' the whip at you."

"I wonder what Mr. Tramlay wants of me," said Phil, a moment later.

"Reckon you'd better go down and find out," the old man replied.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW CLERK.

"YOUR mother's out, as usual, I suppose," said Mr. Tramlay to his oldest daughter, as he came home in the afternoon and roamed despondently about the house, after the manner of family men in general when their wives are away.

"She isn't back from her ride yet," said Lucia. "You know the usual drive always keeps her out until about 6."

"I ought to know it by this time, I suppose," said the merchant, "and I don't begrudge her a moment of it, but somehow the house is never quite the same when she is out of it."

Lucia looked at her father with a little wonder in her face. Then she laughed, not very cheerfully, and said:

"Father, do you know that you're dreadfully old fashioned?"

"I suppose so. Maybe it's force of habit."

Lucia still wondered. She loved her mother in the instinctive, and more intelligent way of most young people, but really she could not see what there was about the estimable woman that should make her father long to see her every day of the year and search the house for her whenever he returned. She had never heard her father make romantic speeches, such as nice married people sometimes do in novels; and as for her mother, what did she ever talk of to her liege lord but family bills, the servants, the children's faults, and her own ailments? Could it be, she asked herself, that this matter of fact couple said anything when alone that was unlike what the whole family heard from them daily at the table and in the sitting room?

"Why are you looking at me so queerly?" suddenly asked the father. Lucia recovered herself, and said:

"I was only wondering whether you never got tired of looking for mother as soon as you came home."

"Certainly not," said the merchant.

"Most husbands do, sooner or later," said Lucia.

"Perhaps I will, some day," the father replied; "and I can tell you when it will be."

"Tell," said Lucia.

"I think it will be about the day after eternity ends," was the reply. "Not a day sooner. But what do you know about what some husbands do, you little simpleton? And what put the subject into your little head?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Lucia, dropping upon the piano stool and making some chords and discords. "It came into my mind; that's all."

"Well, I hope that some day you'll find out to your own satisfaction. By the way, I wish you'd get out of that morning gown. My new clerk is coming to dinner."

"Oh, dear! then I'll have dinner sent up to my room, I think. I don't feel a bit well, and it's awful to think of sitting bolt upright in a tight dress for an hour or two." And Lucia wheeled from side to side on the piano stool, and looked forlorn and cross.

"I suppose it would be impossible to dine in a dress that is not tight" said the father.

"Pape, please don't tease me; I don't feel a bit well; really I don't."

"What is the matter, child?" asked the father, tenderly. "Too much candy!—too few parties?"

"Oh, nothing that I know of," said the girl, wearily. "I'll feel better when real cold weather comes, I suppose." She played with the piano keys a moment or two, and continued:

"So you have a new clerk. I hope he's nice—not a mere figuring machine?"

"Quite a fine fellow," said the merchant. "At least he seems to be."

"Is he—have you given him the place you intended to offer Philip Hayn?"

"Yes."

"The iron business is real good for a young man to get into, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is, since iron has looked up."

"And that stupid fellow might have had the chance if he hadn't gone off home again without even calling to say good-by!"

"Just so."

"Oh, I don't want to see him," said Lucia, pettishly. "I'm tired of young men."

"What a mercy it is that they don't know it!" said her father. "They'd all go off and commit suicide, and then merchants couldn't have any clerks at all."

"Now, papa!" said Lucia, with a crash on the lower octaves of keys, followed by a querulous run, with her thumb, over the shorter strings. "Is the new clerk anybody in particular? What is his name?"

"Philip Hayn."

Lucia sprang from the piano stool and almost strangled her father with her slender arms.

"Gracious, Lu!" exclaimed the merchant. "Your mother's family must have descended from a grizzly bear. But why this excitement?"

"Because you're a dear, thoughtful old man, who's always trying to do good," said Lucia. "It 'tween's for you that poor young man might never have a chance in the world. I think it's real missionary work to help deserving people who aren't able to help themselves; I know it is, for our minister has said so from the pulpit again and again."

"I'm real glad to learn that my daughter remembers some of the things she hears in church," said the merchant. "So you think young Hayn deserves a chance in the world, eh?"

"I only know what you yourself have said about him," said Lucia, demurely.

"Good girl! always take your father's advice about young men and you'll not be mistaken in human nature. Which cut of the roast chicken shall I send up to your room?"

"Oh, I'll try to come down, as it's only Phil; maybe I can coax Margie to help me dress."

Lucia slipped slowly from the room, but went up the stairs like a whirlwind. The merchant sat down at the piano and made as dreadful a succession of discords as that afflicted instrument had ever endured. He had to do something.

A quarter of an hour later Lucia floated down stairs in a robe of pale blue, her face as fresh and bright as dawn.

"Sunrise at sunset!" exclaimed her father. "Well, girls are possessed to upset the natural order of things, I suppose. But, my dear daughter, you've put the rouge on too thick; don't you think so?"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, and the flush of her cheeks proved to her brow.

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, who came in a moment or two after, "see how foolish you were to think Lucia ill. I never saw her looking better."

"Yes," said the merchant, dryly; "I told her the doctor was coming. That's often enough to cure the ailments of some children, I'm know." Then the merchant devoted ten minutes of business tact to the task of explaining to his wife the reasons of Philip's return to New York; he also sounded upon the Haynton Bay Improvement company, and the probability that if the Tramlays were to build the first and handsomest house on the new property, Mrs. Tramlay would naturally be the fashionable leader of whatever section or sub-section of society might select the place as a summer home. Mrs. Tramlay was inclined to be conservative on the subject, but when she learned that Margie was a stockholder and director in the company she became quite cheerful.

Phil was not so happy as he should have been while on his way to the Tramlays'. He wondered how he should be able to greet Lucia without betraying the mixed emotions which he was sure the first sight of her face would cause him. He had a firm conviction that he would feel awkward and act accordingly, and his remembrance of various men whom he had seen behaving awkwardly in the presence of young ladies made him quite certain that Lucia and Margie would laugh at him when his back was turned. He did not realize that in meeting, as well as in fighting, the burden of action does not all rest upon one person. Neither did he take into consideration the tact which some maidens acquire in a year or two spent in society. As he was ushered into the parlor, with a face which he was sure was sober and set, Lucia approached him with a pleasant smile and exclaimed, as heartily and unaffectedly as if she were a Haynton girl:

"How do you do, Phil! I'm ever so glad to see you back again."

Away went all sense of soberness, hesitation and doubt; the young man's soul leaped to his face, and he held so long the little hand offered him that Lucia, perhaps remembering some impulsive demonstrations toward that graceful member, withdrew it before any attempt to release it had begun. Then the girl began a rapid series of questions about Hayn Farm and its occupants, and Phil made cheery replies, and Tramlay, after gazing at the couple from the back parlor, retired to his library to indulge undisturbed in as much vigorous and affirmative head shaking as the situation seemed to justify.

"How do you think you will like the iron business, Mr. Hayn, asked Mrs. Tramlay at dinner.

"Greatly, so far as I know it," Phil replied. "Up to date my duties have been to go to lunch, read the morning papers and chat with a railroad company's vice president about off shore fishing."

"We always try to break in our young men pleasantly," said Tramlay, "so they'll be willing to promise long service for small money; then we begin to put on heavier chains, one by one."

"Papa's clerks have a hard time if they happen to be nice," said Lucia. "They have to get postage stamps for Margie and me when we happen in at the office, and find small change for us when we lose our pocket-books, and take us out to lunch when we come down town and don't find papa in, and sometimes they have to come to trains for us when we've been a few miles out of town on a visit and the team doesn't get in before dark."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

FIRE at Columbus, Ohio, yesterday caused a loss of $101,000.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since being again troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy."—F. B. Hassler, Editor, Argus, Table Rock, Nebr.

The deficiency in the accounts of Collector Wentzel, of Bridgewater N. S., about $1200, will be made good by his bondsmen.

Sufferers from indigestion, loss of appetite, liver or kidney complaints, rheumatism or neuralgia, would do well to give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a trial. For all such disorders, no medicine is so effective as this, when faithfully and preseveringly used.

The port of Grand Manan has been divided and Abel Wilcox has been appointed harbor master for the southern division of the island.

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea.

OPENING.

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New Cloths for Custom Trade

New Mackintosh Cape Coats.

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SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Finance and marked on the outside "Tender for Steam Service, Canada, West Indies, and South America," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Saturday, the 31st August next, for any or all of the following services, namely:—

A. From Halifax or St. John to Cuba and return, calling at Havana and Matanzas.

B. From Halifax or St. John to Jamaica and return, calling at Bermuda and Turks Island.

C. From Halifax or St. John (via Yarmouth if sailing from St. John) to Demerara and return, calling at Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Trinidad.

NOTE—For the above services other ports than those mentioned, or in addition thereto, may be made parts of call in going to and returning from the ports of final destination, subject, however to agreement between the Government or the person or Company performing the service.

D. From Halifax or St. John to Buenos Ayres and return, calling at Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio Janeiro and Monti Video, and such other ovenient ports *en route*, either in the WestIndies or South America, as may be agreed upon in the interest of trade.

For each of the above mentioned services, proper accommodation for the transport of mails must be provided.

The above services to be monthly and performed by steamships of a speed of not less than 12 knots an hour; and as regards the services marked A, B and C, of not less than 1,000 tons register, and with accommodation for at least 30 first class passengers; and as regards the service marked D, of not less than 2,000 tons register, and with accommodation for at least 50 first class passengers.

As regards the services A, B and C, persons desiring to offer to perform the same with steamers of less capacity and speed than above mentioned may submit their tenders specifying the speed and capacity of the boats which they desire to offer, although the conditions above specified are those desired by the Government.

Separate tenders to be sent in for each service tendered for.

Tenderers will state the route tendered for and the subsidy required each year for a period of five years, giving also full specifications of the vessels to be employed and naming the earliest period at which they will be prepared to commence the service.

The Minister of Finance does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

W. FITZGERALD,
Asst. Dep. Min. of Finance.

Finance Department,
Ottawa, 15th July, 1889.

STEAMERS.

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Four Trips a Week.

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ON and after MONDAY, August 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.30 Standard. In addition to above, a steamer will leave every SATURDAY EVENING at 6.25 standard, for BOSTON direct. Also, a steamer leaves Boston same evening for ST. JOHN direct until Sept 14.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 standard, a. m., and Portland at 5.30 p.m for Eastport and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

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ON and after 1st June, the "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will sail from Her Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

7.45 a. m., local, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS Returning same days, and due here at 6.45 p. m.

Excursion tickets will be issued on Saturdays at St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare.

Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be entitled to return tickets free, on application at the Purser's office on board.

H. D. TROOP,
Manager.

For Washademoak Lake.

THE above first class swift, staunch and comfortable steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf, Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 a. m., local time, and call at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.

Parties wishing to enjoy a pleasant sail on this favorite steamer and return same day can go as far as Oak Point or more distant and return on down steamers for the small sum of 50cts.

J. E. PORTER, Manager.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company, (Limited.)

FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston.

S. S. ALPHA

Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 7.30 p. m., calling at WESTPORT when clear. Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with Steamer City OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.

CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON, Agents.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips to and from Fredericton.

UNTIL further notice the splendid Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA" alternately will leave St. John for Fredericton, and intermediate stops every morning (Sunday excepted) at 9 o'clock, local time. Returning, will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc. every morning (Sunday excepted) at eight o'clock.

Our usual popular excursions "out of the Hurly Burly," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, up and back same day, to Hampstead return 50c., any intermediate point 40c.

Tickets to Fredericton, etc issued on Saturday at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.

F. S. See our Time Tables with map of River.

R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager,

Office at wharf, North End, near foot Car Terminus.

H. CHUBB & CO. Special Agents, Prince Wm. st.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,

248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro.

One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

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Domville Building,

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Orders left at the National by telephone or otherwise promptly attended to.

FREE Sewing Machine FREE

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RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Fa Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express From H'f'x and Co'pellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx. Pictou Mulgrave	23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Moncton are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect July 8th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.

8.45 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c. Fredericton, Gardner Creek, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p. m.—Except Saturday night, express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock. Presque Isle &c.
Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m.; 3.35 p. m., Parlor Car attached; 7.45 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday.
Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO ¶ 1.15, 10.55 a. m. 7.10 p. m.;

WOODSTOCK 7.50, 10.30 a. m., 8.20 p. m.;

HOULTON 7.40, 10.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;

ST. STEPHEN 6.00, 11.40 a. m., 3.15 10.20 p. m;

ST. ANDREWS 7.55 a. m.; 3.25 p. m.

FREDERICTON 6.00, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN ¶ 5.45, 8.20 a. m., 2.10, 7.10., 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

7.55 a.m.—For Fairville, and points west.
4.40 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.45 a. m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.
5.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Eastern Standard Time.

ON and after MONDAY, June 24, Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.30 a. m., on Carleton at 7.50 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.35 a. m.; St. Stephen 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 6.00 a.m., St. George 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.20 p. m.; St. John at 12.40 p. m.

Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.—all large merchandise and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. John, N. B., June 17, 1888.

sun, tel.

Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

ON and after MONDAY, June 10th, trains will run as follows:

No. 1.			No. 2.		
Lv.	Buctouche	7 30	Lv.	Moncton	16 45
	Little River	7 48		Lewisville	16 49
	St. Anthony	8 04		Humphreys	16 53
	Coalspring	8 20		Irishtown	17 15
	Norte Dame	8 22		Cape Breton	17 25
	McDougall	8 30		Scotch Sett	17 33
	Scotch Sett	8 50		McDougall's	17 45
	Cape Breton	8 56		Notre Dame	18 01
	Irishtown	9 08		Coalspring	18 03
	Humphreys	9 30		St. Anthony	18 19
Arr	Lewisville	9 34		Little River	18 35
Ar.	Moncton	9 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 53

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R trains Nos. 6 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

C. P. HANINGTON, Manager.

Moncton, June 9, 1889.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SPECIAL EXCURSION

—VIA—

"CANADIAN PACIFIC SHORT LINE,"

Montreal and Return

$10.00

Good for going passage on August 23rd, 24th and 26th and for return passage up to Sept. 9th.

H. CHUBB & CO., Agents,

Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

CONFUSION

of thought, a defective memory, a vitiated circulation to labor, and a distorted vision are the symptomatic results of Nervous Debility, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by Seminal Weakness and Impotency. The necessary consequences are Consumption and Death. "Lanice's Specific Remedy," an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of these diseases. Sold at One Dollar per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge.

THE LANE MEDICINE CO.,

MONTREAL, QUE.

☞ Young Men should read Lane's Essay, "Nervous Diseases," mailed free to any address.

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Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.

Office, Warehouse and Manufactory:

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Maritime Varnish and White Lead Work

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