MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

Under False Pretenses.

By RETT WINWOOD

[CONTINUED.]

Early next morning the lumbering yellow stage coach drew up in the shadow of the drooping elms growing beside the farmhouse gate. This was a nondescript vehicle which made daily trips to the nearest railway station, twelve miles away, for the transportation of passengers and a limp leather mail bag—limp because the Chesterfield people were never great letter writers, and there were no large business concerns to call forth an extensive correspondence.

"Going to visit your rich old grandmother, eh?" the genial driver said to Vera, with the cordial familiarity of an old friend. There are no family secrets in these country towns, and the girl's prospects had been discussed at nearly every supper table for miles around, the evening before. "It's high time she sent for you. Her own flesh and blood, as one might say, and she rolling in riches, with only one other relative in the world! Now I hope she'll make amends by adopting you and leaving you all her money."

There was a tearful parting between Vera and her mother; and at last the former was well started on the twelve mile journey over the hills to the little inland city where she would take the train for Boston.

She reached her destination late in the afternoon. The cab stopped before a large house in the Back Bay region, which loomed grandly against the blue gray sky.

Vera's heart beat quickly as she climbed the stone steps and rang the bell. A messenger boy came up just behind her, bringing a yellow envelope.

Vera was conducted through a lofty hall to a reception room whose gold flecked walls, multitudinous mirrors, carved chairs and costly bric-a-brac fairly dazzled her unaccustomed eyes.

A hot feeling of indignation went over her as she gazed around. How many comforts might have been purchased for her poor care burdened mother by the money any one of these elegant trifles must have cost!

But not selfish, worldly Mrs. Wallingford had never forgiven her son's "low marriage," as she was pleased to term it. All these years, up to the present time, she had ignored the very existence of his widow and orphan child.

"But for the hope of making my little mother's last days pleasanter, I would go away this minute!" Vera thought, her eyes flashing, her breath coming thick and hurried.

The "other relative" to whom the stage driver had referred was her cousin Viola Lyndon, a Baltimore beauty and belle.

Vera had never seen Viola. As the latter was rich in her own right, there could be little community of feeling between the two. But, if justice were done, they would share and share alike in Mrs. Wallingford's large fortune.

"Though that is too much to expect," Vera told herself, "I shall be quite satisfied if grandmother settles a few thousands, that will never be missed, on little mamma. Then she could enjoy life a little and need not work so hard."

At that moment the rich portieres draping an arch at the lower end of the apartment were swept aside, and a strikingly handsome young man came toward her with outstretched hands.

"You are Miss Lyndon," he said, in a mellow voice, smiling down on her in a way that instantly inspired a feeling of confidence and trust. "Welcome to Roselawn. I must, perforce, introduce myself. I am Herbert Falconer. Of course you have heard of me."

Yes—though she had quite forgotten, for the time being, that there was such a person.

Mrs. Wallingford had been married and widowed twice. Herbert Falconer was her last husband's nephew—therefore no relation of Vera's. Now she distinctly recalled having heard it rumored that the young man was a great favorite of Mrs. Wallingford's, and had long resided at Roselawn.

"A telegram has just arrived from the other Miss Lyndon, your cousin," he said, displaying the yellow envelope left by the messenger boy. "Aunt Wallingford took a sudden whim to send for you both at the same time. Strange as it sounds, she has never made the acquaintance of either grandchild. She wishes to judge between you, and decide which shall be the heir, it may be," with a careless laugh. "But your cousin sends word that she has been unexpectedly prevented from coming."

Vera looked relieved as she glanced wistfully up to the young man's frank, handsome face. She was quite sure Viola must be proud and haughty, and had no desire to meet her.

"May I go at once to grandmother's room?"

"Certainly. She doesn't expect you until to-morrow, but that makes no difference. Come with me, please."

Three minutes later Vera was standing before a wrinkled, yellow old woman in black velvet, whose cold gray eyes keenly scrutinized her from head to foot.

"You have the Lyndon look," Mrs. Wallingford said, graciously, at length. "I am sure we shall get on very well together. I like your dress. Such simplicity is refreshing in these days of ruffles and rich apparel. It might make a difference, only everybody knows you can afford to do as you please in such matters."

Vera gave a little gasp. What did the old lady mean? She had no idea how pretty and lady like she looked in the soft clinging gown of steel colored cashmere, relieved by little knots of scarlet ribbon here and there. Not the least like a country girl!

Before she could recover herself to reply Herbert Falconer had produced the telegram and was reading it aloud.

It was signed, "V. Lyndon;" but by some oversight the name of the place from which it was sent had been omitted.

"From that New Hampshire girl," Mrs. Wallingford muttered, half contemptuously, sinking back upon the soft cushions with a sigh of relief.

"Of course," said Herbert, serenely.

"Well, I must own I'm glad she isn't coming. No doubt she is a bold, forward creature, with the manners of a savage, who would put me to the blush a dozen times each day. What better could you expect of a child brought up by such a mother? I never forgave the designing creature for entrancing my son into marrying her; though I did think of relenting enough to do something for the daughter. Well, I am sincerely glad to be spared the ordeal. I should have hated the girl because of her origin."

Vera's blue eyes flashed indignantly. She tried to explain—to resent in some way the insult offered her gentle mother—but there was such a choking in her throat she could not utter an audible sound.

"Come, dear, and give me a kiss," she heard Mrs. Wallingford say, coaxingly, in the midst of her tumultuous excitement. "I have taken a real fancy to you, just as I expected. An old woman like me feels the need of some one to love and lean upon. You and I will be all the happier for being spared the affliction of this country cousin's society."

Vera flung her hands over her face, and held them there a moment. Like a flash came a sudden thought that made her head whirl and her heart throb faster than ever.

Mrs. Wallingford was a woman of violent, deeply rooted prejudices. She seemed willing enough to take Viola to her heart. Why not profit by the very natural mistake that had been made—assume her cousin's identity, be Viola until she had won her whimsical grandmother's love?

"The deception can harm no one," she reflected. "Of course I shall disclose the truth as soon as my purpose has been accomplished. If I could only bring this proud old lady face to face with my sweet mamma, how quickly she would feel ashamed of her silly dislike!"

When Vera raised her head at length, Herbert Falconer was gazing at her curiously. Not even attempting to analyze that look, she touched her lips to Mrs. Wallingford's wrinkled cheek. Somehow thoughts of her dead father stirred her strangely.

"Only be kind to me, and I will always love you, grandmother," she said, tremulously.

The mistake had been allowed to pass unrectified, and retreat from her anomalous position was no longer possible. But when she found herself alone in her elegant boudoir, with bath and dressing room attached, she walked restlessly about, scarcely deigning a glance at her luxurious surroundings.

"I can never, never keep up the deception! I shall betray myself a dozen times each day. O why, why did I make the attempt?"

But it was easier than she would have believed. She had acquired many graces and accomplishments in her country home. Her dress was always so neat, pretty and becoming one never thought of the material, but only noticed the effect.

And Mrs. Wallingford had not the faintest suspicion that this lovely, lady like girl was the simple country maiden she had secretly made up her mind to dislike.

It was astonishing how quickly a week flew by—the happiest Vera had ever experienced. Had she thought to analyze her feelings she must have realized how much Herbert Falconer had had to do in causing the days to pass so very pleasantly.

There was only the fact of the false part she was playing to mar her perfect happiness. How she hated herself now for that weak yielding to temptation!

"Everybody is so good and kind to me I shall never have the courage to confess the truth," she often moaned in the solitude of her chamber. "How shall I ever be able to persuade grandmother it was all the impulse of the moment, and not a deliberately laid plan? What will Mr. Falconer think of me when I tell him I am not Viola—only poor, despised Vera? And a vivid crimson would suffuse her cheeks.

One evening Mrs. Wallingford sent her into the conservatory to gather a few roses, her favorite flower. The fragrance breathing bower was dimly lighted. As Vera glided under the trailing green arches she heard the sound of suppressed voices in a shadowy corner. These suddenly ceased at her approach a glass door opening on the terrace closed sharply, and Ann Briggs, one of the maids, a bold, forward girl, glided out of the obscurity.

"What are you doing here?" Vera demanded, struck by the maid's evident terror and guilty looks.

"I came for this," Ann stammered, displaying a crimson blossom she had snatched from one of the potted shrubs in passing.

"You were not alone. I heard voices. Some one has just gone away. Mrs. Wallingford would be greatly displeased if she knew you received visitors here."

Words of denial were upon the girl's lips, but she thought better of it, and did not utter them.

"My brother saw me through the window, while on his way to the kitchen door, and stopped long enough to deliver a message," she answered, insolently tossing back her head. "Go, tell my mistress, if you like, Miss Lyndon. I don't imagine she will think I have committed a capital crime."

Vera instinctively distrusted the girl. Something told her she was both cunning and unscrupulous. Of course she was keeping the real truth back. But it would be wiser, perhaps, to overlook this transgression.

"See that you are not guilty of a second offense, and I shall not betray you," she said, hastily gathering the roses for which she had come, and turning to retrace her steps.

Just then a suppressed sound caused her to look quickly around. She saw a masculine figure rise suddenly from the shrubbery beside the terrace door, and hurry across the lawn. The man's hat was drawn over his eyes, but Vera caught a momentary glimpse of his face in the moonlight.

"Capt. Haxton! Can it be possible?" she murmured, reeling giddily backward against one of the pillars, as if struck a sudden blow.

"Capt. Haxton! Can it be possible?"

Ann had hurried up to her, and was peering curiously into her face.

"What is the matter, Miss Lyndon? Are you ill?"

"No, no." Vera made a mighty effort, and recovered herself. A glance through the glass side of the conservatory into the grounds showed her that the man had disappeared. "I—I—am a little fanciful! That is all. I will go now."

Ann stepped aside. But her lips were ominously compressed, her eyes shone with a lurid light.

"I must have been mistaken," Vera said to herself, as she slowly retraced her steps to Mrs. Wallingford's room. "Capt. Haxton here, holding a stolen interview with that vulgar girl! Impossible! He expected to remain some time longer in the country. Of course the man was a stranger. My imagination exaggerated a passing resemblance."

But she was absent minded and ill at ease all the rest of the evening. Once or twice it was on her lips to ask Mrs. Wallingford if she remembered Capt. Haxton, but she refrained. Such a question might lead to explanations that were better postponed.

Next day, as she was sitting alone in the back parlor, Ann unceremoniously opened the door and said with a demure drooping of the corners of her mouth:

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Lyndon. Shall I show him in here?"

Vera sprang up, trembling with excitement.

"No, no! You have made a mistake. The visitor must have asked for your mistress. I have no acquaintances in Boston"——

"I think Miss Lyndon will make one exception to the sweeping assertion," interrupted a musical, well remembered voice; and thrusting the maid aside, Capt. Haxton stepped forward with outstretched hands.

Vera sent one quick, frightened glance into his smiling, handsome face. If she had felt any lingering doubts as to the feelings he inspired, they were now set forever at rest. She shrank from his touch with an irrepressible shudder of disgust.

The maid had discreetly withdrawn.

"The country lost all attractions for me the moment you went away," Vera's unwelcome visitor said, in a significant tone. "Pardon me for following you so soon. The impulse was so strong upon me I could no longer resist it."

The girl's dismayed eyes flew in the direction of the door. What if Mrs. Wallingford should enter? or Herbert Falconer? This man knew who she really was. He would certainly betray her. And to have the revelation come first from his lips would be ruin.

"Please go and leave me, Capt. Haxton," she cried, clasping her trembling hands. "Go at once. Indeed, indeed I cannot see you here!"

"Why not? I have so much to say to you, Vera."

She did not wait to hear it, but flew past him to the door, her one desire to escape as quickly as possible from his hated presence.

He was too late to intercept her. Livid with disappointment and rage, he could could only call out, as she fled wildly up the staircase:

"I won't be baffled like this! You must appoint some time and place when and where you are willing to grant me an interview."

Vera sped on to her own room without replying. Locking the door, she flung herself on the couch, where she wept and sobbed miserably for many minutes.

"O what shall I do? I can't have that man coming to Roselawn. Something tells me he is not an acquaintance of whom grandmother would approve. And just now I would not for the world do anything to offend her. At the very least, he would expose the deception. Indeed he may have done that already!"

She started up in affright at the thought; then fell back again, weeping more bitterly than ever.

Her apprehensions were somewhat allayed when she stole timidly down stairs an hour or so later. Mrs. Wallingford greeted her just as usual.

The respite was of brief duration. The old fears returned with redoubled force the next time she met Ann Briggs. The girl's manner, with its curious blending of insolence and patronage, told her plainly that her secret was known to one inmate of the house.

Of course Digby Haxton had told her; and, if so, the two were allies.

"I will go to grandmother and make a full confession," she resolved. "There is no help for it now. But not today. I feel half sick—I am not equal to the effort."

The following afternoon she was in the back parlor with Mrs. Wallingford. Vera looked pale and nervous—she had made up her mind to improve the opportunity and clear her guilty conscience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating 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 diarrhoea, 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.

The schools re-open on Monday, 19th inst. It is important that pupils entering for the first time attend the at the beginning of the term. Considerable repairing and improvement has been done in some of the school buildings.

Do You Drink Ice Water?

That cool refreshing drinks in warm weather are delicious is undeniable. That drinking ice water in copious draughts when a person is overheated is injurious, not to say dangerous, is also undeniable. But that the free drinking of water in some form in hot weather must be avoided, is desirable, and is one of the greatest popular errors extant. When a person is perspiring freely from every pore, a vast amount of water is drawn from the body, which must be resupplied, or great injury is being done the physical health, and the foundation of some of the worst forms of kidney disease is being slowly, but surely laid. Why? someone will exclaim, that is just what causes kidney troubles, drinking water freely which contains so much lime. Wrong again! So long as the water drank is freely carried through the system, and converted in its passage to the naturally acid reaction of the urine and perspiration, no danger can occur by deposits of urea or lime in the kidneys and bladder, because they remain perfectly in solution, and are carried out of the body instead of remaining in it. Literally, they are washed out of the body by the copious draughts of water (that most perfect of all known solvents), same as a series of pipes are "flushed" with water to clean them. A clean body is never diseased.

Do not drink ice cold water, but pure cool water; a little lemon juice will improve the effectiveness. Plain soda water with a little acid is also excellent. If from drinking too much ice water you have stomach cramps, or are "water-logged," as it is called, or are attacked with Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, or Dysentery, do not resort to alcoholic stimulating drinks, which irritate rather than soothe and allay the inflammation which has caused the trouble; but adopt the precaution of taking daily if not before retiring, during July and August, one teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in a little sweetened water, which will prevent all such attacks and ill effects from ice water. In fact a little pamphlet sent free to anyone, by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., contains a vast amount of information about treating these Summer troubles.

Dr. Dyde, of the University, has been offered a chair in Queen's college, Kingston, and it is understood that he has accepted it. A meeting of the senate of the N. B. University will be held on the 15th, to consider the appointment of a successor.

Much injury is done by the use of irritating, griping compounds taken as purgatives. In Ayer's Pills, the patient has a mild but effective cathartic, that can be confidently recommended alike for the most delicate patients as well as the most robust.

An excursion train with several hundred passengers, which left Halifax at midnight Thursday night ran on a side track at Emsdale and into a granite train occasioning considerable damage, but no one was killed or seriously wounded.

No medicine in the world is in better repute or more widely known than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. As a safe and certain remedy for all manner of blood disorders, leading physicians and druggists everywhere recommend it in preference to any other.

I. M. Butler has been appointed a preventive officer of customs at Annapolis.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Hair Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the growth of the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

HELP WANTED

By all who suffer from dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache jaundice, liver complaint, rheumatism, dropsy, etc. Lose no time in procuring Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's regulator and tonic. It is a prompt and permanent cure for all diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach.

AN OLD FAVORITE

That has been popular with the people for thirty years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. It seldom or ever fails to cure cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery.

ON THE INCREASE.

So increasingly prevalent has scrofulous diseases become that we call the attention of our readers to the best blood purifier and alterative known, viz., Burdock Blood Bitters, which unlocks all clogged secretions and removes all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

A BABY IN DANGER.

My baby was taken very bad with diarrhoea; nothing did any good until I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I am certain nothing equals it, and could not do without it in time of summer complaint and diarrhoea. MRS. A. L. BUSH, Shell River, Man.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

I used one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and loss of appetite and it cured me. I would not be without it at six times the price for it excels all others. WILLIAM WALTON, Galt, Ont.

MYSTIC WORDS.

I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for chronic diarrhoea, as I have used it for two years and can get nothing else that helps me like it. JANE TAYLOR, Mystic, P. Q. This medicine cures all summer complaints.

The city seal is rusticating at Hovey's lake for a brief period.

For DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

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Save 35 per cent by buying your groceries for cash.
Prices as follows:

STAR FLOUR Bbl	$5.6
BUTTER, choice, lb	20
NEW CHEESE lb	12
COLMAN'S STARCH lb	12
CORN STARCH, package	10
BIRD SEED "	8
WHEAT GRITZ bag	25
PICKLES bottle	10

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They will also retail Sugars at nett cost.
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CONFUSION
of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for the society of females are the symptomatic indications of **Nervous Debility**, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by **Seminal Weakness** and **Impotency**. The necessary consequences are **Consumption** and **Death**. "Lane's Specific Remedy," an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at **One Dollar per Package**, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of Charge.
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NOTICE.

Is hereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Honorable E. Dewdney as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not as Minister of the Interior, or to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
SUMMER Arrangement.
Three Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, June 17th, the Steamer of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.30 Standard.
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.
☞ Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

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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., boat for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS returning same days, and due here at 4.45 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 commodious 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 calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.
N. B.—Excursionists going up Saturday can return Monday free.
This Steamer can be chartered for excursions on Afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday at much less rates than at any other time.
J. E. PORTER, Manager.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company,
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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.
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[illegible]TON LINE.
[illegible] and Fredericton.
[illegible]r notice Steamer ACADIA will [illegible]antown, for Fredericton, Gibson [illegible] TUESDAY, [illegible]URDAY MORNINGS, at [illegible] WEDNESDAY and [illegible]AY, WEDNESDAY and [illegible]INGS at EIGHT o'clock.
[illegible]—Commencing WEDNESDAY, [illegible]th, the splendid, fast and commodious [illegible] "DAVID WESTON," the steamer par[illegible]ence of the River St. John, having undergone very extensive repairs, being newly timbered, treated and planked, in effect having been rebuilt, and having had extensive repairs effected to machinery and boilers, and also being elegantly furnished and painted! will take her place on the route, leaving Indiantown on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at nine o'clock. Returning, to leave Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at eight o'clock. Steamer Acadia running on the alternate days as above. Our usual popular excursions to Hampstead and intermediate points, "out of the Hurly Burly," on Wednesdays and Saturdays, up and back same day.
Tickets to Fredericton, etc issued on Saturday at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.
☞ See our Time Tables with map of River.
R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager.
Office at wharf, Indiantown. Special Agency at H. Chubb & Co's, Prince Wm. street.

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248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
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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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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	16.25
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 Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou and Mulgrave	23.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal 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, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Boston.
8.45 a. m—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Andrews, 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; 7.30 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 9.00, 11.40 a. m., 3.15 10.50 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. ST[illegible] JOHN
Eastern Standard Time.
ON and after MONDAY, June 24, Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
LEAVE St. John at 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.36 a. m.; St. Stephen 11.55 a. m.
LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a.m., St. George 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.30 p. m.; St. John at 12.40 p. m.
Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—and large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 9 a. m.
Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where freight will be in attendance.
W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.
St. John, N. B., June 17, 1889.
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 46	
St. Anthony	8 04		Humphreys	16 53	
Cocagne	8 26		Irishtown	17 11	
Notre Dame	8 32		Cape Breton	17 23	
McDougall's	8 36		Scotch Bett	17 29	
Scotch Settlement	8 50		McDougall's	17 45	
Cape Breton	8 58		Notre Dame	18 03	
Irishtown	9 06		Cocagne	18 03	
Humphreys	9 30		St. Anthony	18 19	
Lewisville	9 34		Little River	18 33	
Ar Moncton	9 38	Ar.	Buctouche	18 53	

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.
C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.
Moncton, June 9, 1889.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Short Line Trains
Leave St. John daily at 3 p. m. (Except Sunday) for Montreal without Change.
Connections are made at Montreal with trains for Ottawa, Toronto, Detroit and Chicago and the West.
ALSO "SOO LINE" TRAIN TO
Saint Paul and Minneapolis,
—AND—
PACIFIC COAST TRAIN,
for Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria and the Pacific Coast.
For sleeping car berths and all information apply to
H. CHUBB & CO., Agents,
Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

Removal Notice.
JAMES S. MAY & SON,
Merchant Tailors,
HAVE REMOVED TO THE
Domville Building, Prince Wm. St,
premises formerly occupied by the Bank of Montreal, and are now ready for business.
Stock Complete for Summer Trad
and will be added to from time to time with the Latest Incoming Novelties.

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BRANCH.
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St. John, N. B.
Telephones 222 Portland, 222c City.

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Maritime Varnish and White Lead Works.
JAS. ROBERTSON,
Manufacturer of all Kinds of Varnishes and Japans, White Lead, Colored and Liquid Paints and Putty.
Factory, Corner of Charlotte and Sheffield Sts.
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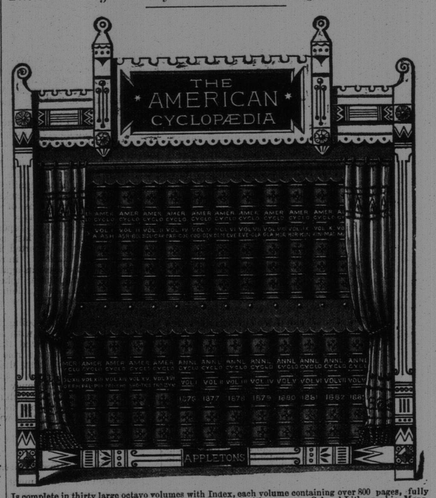

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MOST ECONOMICAL!
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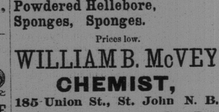

TENDERS FOR STEAMSERVICE
Canada, West Indies and South America.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Minister of Finance and marked on the outside "Tender for Steam Service, Canada, West Indies, and South America," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including Saturday, the 31st 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 ports of call in going to and returning from the ports of final destination, subjects however to agreement between the