MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

A RIDE ON A CYCLONE.

Extraordinary Story of a Ranchman's Aerial Experiences.

By W. H. BALLOU.

CHAPTER I.

"Hello! help! What in the name of wonder does this mean? Sam, I say! Come here, you black varmint!"

The shouts and cries of the man had an immediate effect. A scuttle was heard to raise near at hand and a frightened negro, followed by several chambermaids, passed through the opening.

"Come here you, Sam, and explain this mystery. How did I get into this strange predicamant? How"——

"Now you hole on, sah! I's not Sam. I's Jonas, I is. What you doing on Mars's roof? That's what I want to know. I'll call the purlice, I will."

The man half arose in his bed and looked around in a bewildered way. "You black varmint! what do you mean by saying you are not Sam and that you will call the police? Well, by Jove, you are not Sam. Go and call my man, will you? That's a good fellow."

"I'll jess call Mars John, I will, and we'll trow yer off de roof, we will."

The excited black turned to carry out his threat, when a gray head and stern face appeared above the scuttle; then a tall, dignified gentleman emerged and surveyed the scene in amazement. He advanced a little, looking at the bed, or rather mattress, and the face of the man under the clothing, growing more and more indignant.

"My name is John de Land," he said, as if the announcement ought to be sufficient to cause the culprit to take to his heels in a panic. "What species of vagabond is this? A man in bed on my roof in the broad light of the morning! Explain yourself, if you can, sir, before I call the police."

"I'm not on your roof, you old hypocrite! I am in my own bed, on my own roof, if anybody's. My name is Franz Porzig, baron. May I inquire what you and these gaping servants are doing here, and why my valet, Sam, let you in before I am up?"

The situation was interesting, and when the baron gave his name, so well known in financial circles as the head of an immense cattle syndicate in the West the old gentleman appeared amused. "My dear Baron," he remarked, "rise a little and look around and repeat if you can that you are on your own roof. So many houses join that you may have moved your bed during the restlessness of a hot night."

The baron arose again and gazed about him, more and more dazed. The sun scorched his eyes and he was bewildered by the vast network of wires, brown stone mansions and spires visible far around him on all sides. He rubbed his eyes, beat his head, gave it up and reclined again. "Oh, well!" he murmured, "it's a dream; I'll sleep it out."

What do you say?" demanded Mr. de Land kindly.

The baron opened his eyes, "It's a dream. Go away, spectres. This is not New Dresden nor Idaho, nor the Porzig ranch; there are no cattle visible, no horses, no sheep. Go away. I dream."

"Baron, arouse yourself! This is the city of New York. You are on the roof of a stranger, though not a stranger to your fame. New Dresden, Idaho, has filled many pages of the morning papers for two days. It was destroyed night before last by the most terrible cyclone ever known. Every inhabitant is supposed to be dead, and your name heads the death-list. Every vestige of your buildings, every head of your stock has been wiped out. Arouse, I say, and explain yourself."

The affrighted baron sprang from his bed like a madman and gazed at De Land, his night-gown blown by the fresh ocean breeze. "Impossible, sir! I went to bed in New Dresden last night, 2,500 miles from New York. How could I have been transported so far in so short a time? Go away! I am no lunatic."

"But look around you?"

Porzig's gaze again swept the horizon, and he gasped for breath. It is New York," he sighed. I am mad, then, not dreaming."

"No, my friend, you are neither mad nor dreaming. You are sane, and what is better, by happening to be away from home you alone have escaped the fury of the cyclone. Come. You have had a jolly night of it somewhere in this vicinity, and your companions have played a practical joke on you. Let me give you some clothing and breakfast, and then we can talk calmly over the situation."

The party descended, and after Porzig had bathed and donned a suit, which was too long for him, he joined the family at breakfast. He was presented to Mrs. and Miss de Land, each as tall as the father. These stately, magnificent women received him with ease and grace. No mention was made nor any hint offered concerning his strange appearance in the house. In such a circle his high breeding asserted itself, and he conversed as a man of the world who had been invited there for the pleasure of his company. For the time being he apparently forgot his perdicament and only remembered that he was in the presence of a young woman, who, he now recalled, was the most famous beauty of the day. When the ladies retired, Mr. de Land produced the morning papers and handed them to Porzig. The Baron glanced at them, his face showing signs of increasing horror. Mr. de Land who was watching him narrowly, suddenly sprang forward and snatched the papers from his hand.

"Porzig!" he commanded, "look at me! Rouse yourself! Some of your hairs are turning white. Daughter!" he shouted, "come here."

Miss de Land entered with stately grace, and at a signal from her father seated herself beside the unfortunate baron. She began to converse with him gently. The soothing, magnetic tones of her voice gradually roused him until his intense black hairs no longer whitened with terror. The magnetism of the woman soothed the wild tumult in his brain, but still Miss de Land noticed that he seemed absolutely unnerved by reason of emotions and sensations, as yet unknown to her, which were convulsing his being. She naturally surmised that he was crazed with liquor, which, to all appearance, he must have been indulging in for some time past.

"Baron," she said sweetly, "do you ever take advice, and would you take it from a lady so young as myself?"

"Mademoiselle de Land," he replied, with a shiver which ran from his head to his feet, "there are times when advice cannot save the ship beating upon the rocks and doomed to swift destruction. Even in that predicament it would be sweet to die listening to anything so fascinating a woman as yourself might say. Believe me, however, it is not what will be said by you to which I can listen, but that subtle quality of your voice which will relieve me of the miseries into which I am plunged—miseries such as no man ever before endured. Only speak and I can be calm."

"Baron, however few my years, I have found that the will can hold contemptuously at bay any emotions, sensations and trials possible in human experience. Try to look on what has passed with contempt. That is the only course for us who live in these modern times, when the veils which hide so many mysteries have been torn away, showing what is behind them."

"Madamoiselle," he replied, rousing himself, "such advice sounds strangely, coming from an American to a Prussian, at least a Prussian by birth and instincts, though I am a citizen of this country by long residence here. My native empire has done most to lift those veils of which you speak, and we Prussians have never been accused of a lack of fortitude. Remember that Goethe forecast evolution long before the time of Darwin. Still your advice is good. But, Madamoiselle, how can a man who went to sleep in New Dresden and awoke thirty-six hours afterward in New York, over twenty-five hundred miles away, look with contempt on the mystery, the destruction of property and terrible loss of life which make up the situation I am now called upon to face?"

"Baron!" exclaimed both father and daughter. "don't entertain such preposterous fancies."

"My friends," said the baron, earnestly, with an effort regaining his accustomed composure, "there are the dailies showing that my New Dresden property, worth a million is wiped out and myself killed. I have millions remaining, every dollar of which I will give to you if you can show that I slept in New York last night, that I did not retire in New Dresden the night before."

The father and daughter stared.

CHAPTER II.

"Baron," said Miss de Land, beginning to laugh, "pardon me if I say that you must have had an enjoyable night of it somewhere, or a week of it, perhaps, with your boon companions. Come, now do not dwell on such absurd fancies, lest your imagination drive you mad."

"Either what I say is true, or else I am mad now. I have no boon companions. I drink wine only at my meals, and then sparingly."

"Then," said Mr. de Land with a peculiar warning glance at his daughter, "we must investigate the case, and ascertain where you really did pass the night. I propose now that you become our guest until we can get a wardrobe for you. I will send for my tailor if you wish, and meantime look over the hotel lists."

The Baron acquiesced in the plan with profuse thanks. Mr. de Land sent out a messenger, who soon returned with a file of the Daily Hotel Reporter containing every arrival at the hotels of New York. A careful scrutiny of two weeks of arrivals failed to show the name of Baron Franz Porzig.

"This is mysterious," remarked Mr. de Land;" perhaps you were the guest of some friends."

The old terrified look for an instant came into the Baron's eyes. The strange events of the past thirty-six hours, which he had believed must be dreams, began to recur to him. "Mr. de Land" he, said, with an effort, "you have been kind enough to begin an investigation. Can I induce you to continue it? I will give you a list of those associated with me in business in this city, and in fact the only people I know in New York. You can interview them, apprise them that I live, and inquire if they have seen me in New York for months."

"I shall take pleasure in accepting the commission and as the tailor has arrived I will leave you with him while I go down town."

The tailor having been disposed of, the Baron again sought Miss de Land, as one fascinated with a spell which would not down. She was at the piano playing one of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies. He entered the drawing-room silently and listened. Having finished this she performed the overture to "Tanuhauser," causing tumultuous emotions in the man. Then, as if inspired she played the grand fantasie of "Die Welklire," ending with Schumann's "Traumerei." During these recitals of the grandest products of his native land, in fact, of any land, the man's loftiest emotions brought him entirely back to reason, while the ending calmed him beyond further terror. He advanced timidly to this beautiful creature, more beautiful, it seemed to him, than woman, and took her hand for an instant.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with all polish and grace, "you have completely restored my reason. I was not aware that any woman living not of the profession, could play those grand works as you have just done. I am now ready to believe that I came to New York naturally, and I hope your father will produce the proof."

Her face flushed with gratified pleasure.

"This is the highest compliment a woman ever received." she declared. "How could you ever believe that you went to sleep in New Dresden and awoke in New York?"

"It was a singular delusion, was it not? Do you recall any similar instance of so singular an effect on one's mind, as the result of a mere dream? Certainly, I am a strong healthy man. I do not know of any weak minds or constitutions in our family, on either side, as far back as our genealogy goes. There can, then, be no hereditary reason for such a dream or such an effect. Yet I could swear that I went to bed in New Dresden last night or the night before. In this dream I had wonderful experiences. I sailed through the air; I saw the destruction of my ranch and all on it, exactly as depicted in the papers. Can it be that there are occult psychologic forces which affect some susceptible minds, so that under certain comatose conditions they are endowed with a second sight? Now I remember, I dreamed everything that is described in the papers, and more of the effects of the cyclone of which I am supposed to be a victim. If I merely dreamed, where did I have the dream, and how is it that the correspondents described me as dead? Did they not, like myself, believe I was in my house at the time of its destruction? If I was not there, where have I been of late, and how is it I cannot recall being elsewhere than in New Dresden? How can I convince myself of an alibi? There are a thousand questions like these, dear Mademoiselle. If you have really restored my reason, perhaps you can offer a reasonable explanation."

"I think, Baron, that as you recover from the effects of the dream, your recent whereabouts will all come back to you. It was indeed a startling, terrible dream, and the shock was such that it will require time for your mind to assume its normal state. It is no unusual thing for New Yorkers to sleep on their roofs during hot nights and you, having retired on some house in the vicinity, naturally moved about under the influence of your dream, finally resting on our house. You should be thankful you did not fall to the pavement and meet a horrible death."

"But what think you of the dream itself, its accurate picture of actual events?"

"Such dreams, less startling perhaps, have been recorded. I read of a man who dreamed of reading an account of the Franco-Prussian war. He awoke to behold the morning paper with the identical headlines, and an account of the opening of the war, which read exactly as he had dreamed. The servant, it seems, had at an early hour in the morning placed the paper on his bed, and by some psychological influence its contents were conveyed *verbatim* to the sleeper underneath it. There is a case also, which I read in the North American Review, of the patient of a celebrated dental surgeon of this city. The patient could not speak the French language, although her ancestors were French. When in the operating-chair under the influence of ether, she spoke fluently in French, the language of her ancestors. Here were psychological influences at work through hereditary channels."

"Those are indeed remarkable incidents," said the Baron, humbly, "yet not so remarkable as mine, in which I dreamed all the extraordinary details of this slaughter by a cyclone."

"Had you better not retire, Baron, and get a new and refreshing sleep? You have aged much within a few hours, and sleep may restore your weakened brain-cells."

"No doubt it would be best," he murmured feebly, not liking to leave her and be alone, "and yet there is nothing more restful than your presence."

He retired, however, and immediately slept, not awaking until the next day at noon. Left alone, Miss de Land, arose and stood for a moment thinking of his last words, and then catching sight of herself in a mirror, detected on her face a burning, speaking blush.

Mr. John de Land was not idle. He took the list of names which the baron had given him and went to each one personally with the statement which each one declined to believe, namely, that the Baron Porzig was at his house, under his care, awaiting their arrival to identify himself and discuss the loss by cyclone. All laughed at the absurdity of the baron being in New York and alive. However, they were all glad enough to be guests of Mr. John de Land, and accepted without hesitation his invitation to lunch on the following day. Mr. de Land reported the success of his efforts to his family and the general suspicions that the Porzig in hand might be a fraud.

'But Father,' pleaded the sympathetic Miss Marie, 'so long as his associates are coming here tomorrow, let us wait the results without casting suspicion on this poor man. We have made him our guest, and we saw his hair turn white; this alone ought to convince us that this is genuine Baron Porzig. His manners, too, are these of a gentleman and a nobleman.'

'Well, I have pledged myself to afford him a fair chance, and he shall have it. If he prove to be other than the baron, and I strongly suspect that he will, I shall turn him over to the authorities as a madman in need of a ward at Bloomingdale.

"He is not in the least dangerous father. Even if he were a fraud—and nothing shall convince me of that—he would still be a proper subject for our most humane treatment. I believe him to be neither a fraud nor a madman, and you know I will believe nothing I hear against any one until I have heard both sides of the question. If the person were a friend of mine I should not care even if the undesirable things charged against him were true. My friends may fall into error, but that makes it all the more necessary for me to be true and help them. Once a friend I am a friend forever—with the exception. A single disbelief in me, or an act or word against me, and the friend goes out of my life forever. One who is false once will be false again. I believe in being true to those who are true to me, and there must be absolute evidence that the friend has not been true to me before I dismiss the friendship; nor will I even then until the friend has had a chance for self-defence. We have taken the baron under our protection, father, on account of the astounding circumstances which have thrown him upon our generosity. We must be true to his interests until he prove untrustworthy, which I do not believe he will."

"You are a peculiar, proud child, my daughter. I thank you for a lesson in duty; it explains so much that has been inexplicable heretofore in your life. I suppose if you had a lover and you did not hear from him for years, you would believe him true to you until he himself proved to you that he had been false."

"I certainly should, father. Above all men the lover should have a chance for self-defence against rumor, statements of a malicious press or evil tongues, circumstantial evidence, or whatever seems to weigh against him."

[To be continued.]

Memoriam.

LENA WALLACE BROWN.

No murmur e'er escaped her lips
Though quivering oft with pain
When anguish great her brow would cloud,
Her smile would still remain.
I am tired—oh take me home,
Was all we heard to show
She suffered more than tongue could tell
Or human heart could know.

I saw my darling quiver—
And start with sudden pain—
But her lips were closed forever,
As they held her throbbing brain.
While I saw far out in the distance
The scene of a great white throne,
And I knew the angels were singing
The Lord but takes his own.

Then came like a glorious sunset
The Christian's triumphant death,
As sadly we gathered around her
To list to her dying breath.
But another awaits us in heaven
To brighten our welcome there,
Is our only thought of comfort
As we gaze on her vacant chair.

Yes, another passed on to the land of the blest,
And ah, but we miss her sore,
When we think through the grievous trials of life
She can never be with us more.
But farewell dear sister, friends farewell—
What selfish mortals we be?
For alas, our grief is all for self,
Tis, not at all for thee.

FANNIE HAMILTON.

A Crisis Averted.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A pained expression flitted across the face of the young husband.

"It is time we understood each other Elfieda," he said, as he drummed on the table with trembling fingers. "I think I have a right to know the cause of your dissatisfaction, your averted looks, your fits of abstraction and gloom."

"Have I ever made any complaint, Callithumpian?" said the young wife, looking in a wistful, melancholy way out of the window.

"You have not, Elfieda," returned Callithumpian. "If you would only say what it is I would see if I couldn't fix the thing up somehow," he continued desperately, "even if it cost me $4!"

"It wouldn't cost more than—but no matter!" exclaimed Elfieda, hopelessly.

"Then you confess that it is something that might be healed by the disbursement of a little filthy lucre?"

And Callithumpian W. Magruder took out a lean and billious-looking pocketbook.

"I confess nothing."

The young husband replaced the pocketbook with great promptness and presence of mind.

"Elfieda," he entreated, "won't you tell me what it is that ails you? I know you are not happy."

"I cannot deny it," and a tear stood in her eye, "I don't even enjoy my gum."

"If you can't trust me Elfieda, whom can you trust?"

"Give it up!"

"Av ye plaze, mem?" remarked Norah, putting her head in through the doorway, "what'll yez have fur dinner the day?"

"Anything that's in the house, Norah," replied the dejected mistress; "it doesn't make any difference."

"Elfieda." vociferated Mr. Magruder, as the kitchen lady withdrew, "has this trouble of yours anything to do with victuals?"

"Callithumpian," replied the young wife in a voice of misery, "it has! I don't know why I should keep it a secret any longer. Think of me as you will, but I cannot help it. My heart is breaking, Callithumpian," she sobbed, "for—for a—for a m-mess of—of—of c-c-cabbages!"

The devoted young husband took the hysterical form of his cherished Elfieda on his lap.

"Is that all?" he whispered in her ear. "My own, I have a confession to make myself. I have not been the gay light-hearted creature I have seemed. When outwardly calm and cheerful I have many and many a time been wretched and miserable on account of an unsatisfied longing for onions! I did not dare to speak of it. I did not know how you stood on the onion question. I sternly repressed the longing, I suffered in silence. But now we will suffer no more, my darling. The shadow of domestic discord is lifted from our home. Hi, there, Norah! Norah!"

"Yessir!"

"Cabbages and onions for dinner, Norah, and plenty of them! Do you hear?"

"Yes sir."

And while the afternoon waned and the shadows grew longer and longer and the winds of early autumn blew softly through maples whose leaves were ripening for their fall the happy Callithumpian W. and Elfieda Magruder sat hand in hand in the cosey parlor and sniffed sublime contentment of the soul the cheerful New England odors that stole upward from the kitchen and permeated all the hallowed precincts of their home.

A "Dog Man" in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Police Officer McDonald noticed a colored man who acted in a suspicious manner, darting in and out of alleys and running through yards and across lots. He caught up with the fellow and questioned him. Before the negro, whose name is John Siler, had uttered three words he began to bark like a dog and run around in a circle, moaning and whining. The "dog man" fought the officer like a bull terrier, biting and tearing his clothes almost completely off. When arraigned in court Siler began to howl and whine like a dog.

How He Escaped.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

Chief of lynching party—We will give you just one minute to say your prayers.

Captured horse-thief (appealingly)—May I say them in my own way?

Chief—Certainly.

Horse-thief—You promise not to interpose any obstacle?

Chief—We promise.

Horse-thief—(with dignity)—Then I must have a prayerbook. Will some gentleman in the crowd please lend me one?

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 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.

Are Your Hens Healthy?

Owing to extreme heat, moisture, and other causes, there has been much dullness and disease among poultry the past summer, and especially among chickens and young pullets expected to lay this fall and winter. For this reason, it would be a great mistake to kill off all the old hens when the moulting season is at hand and the hens have stopped laying, got fat, and seemed to be eating their heads off; because it is a fact that a year-old hen, if properly cared for and helped at the moulting season to get her new coat quickly, so she can be got to laying early, will lay more and better eggs than young pullets, particularly if the pullets are weakened by diarrhœa, cholera, gapes, etc. Many people have learned by experience that Sheridan's Condition Powder given once daily, in the food, will supply the needed material to strengthen and invigorate sick chickens or moulting hens and get them to laying earlier than anything else on earth. Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., says: "I could not do without Sheridan's Condition Powder when hens are moulting. It is the only thing to keep them healthy. I use it for gapes and diarrhœa; for when chickens are small they often droop and die. To a pint of clabbered milk I add a teaspoonful of the powder, mix well, and let the chicks eat all they will once a day, it does seem to be just what they need, they soon become so vigorous. People laughed at me when I began to use Sheridan's Powder, and I had no idea I should win a premium. "They laugh best who laugh last," however. I got more eggs than any of my neighbors, and some of them had over 100 hens. We hatched 66 chickens from 77 eggs, obtained while forcing our hens to lay with your powder; so you can see there was no trouble about eggs hatching." I. S. Johnston & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), will send, post paid two 25-cent packs of powder and their Poultry Raising Guide, for 50 cents. The book alone costs 25 cents. For $1.00 five packs of Powder and book; for $1.20, a large 2 1-4 can (regular price) and book; six cans $5.00, express prepaid. Send stamps or cash. Interesting testimonials sent free; also, for 5 cents, a sample copy of the best Poultry paper published.

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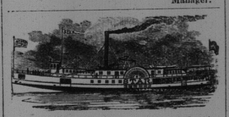
376. Court Brothers, victuallers, Main street, north end.
373. Furness Line warehouse, Water street.
372. Schofield & Co., Ltd. ship brokers, Prince Wm. street.
208. Shephard, W. A. & Co, Employment exchange, 134 Prince Wm. street.
A. W. McMACKIN,
Local Manager.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
WHISKY,
MACKIE & CO'S
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old
DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, LAPHROAIG, ISLAND OF ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,
FALL Arrangement.
Three Trips a Week.
FOR BOSTON.
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 7.25 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.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
(LIMITED.)
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
3 TRIPS PER WEEK. 3
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday,
COMMENCING 2nd October, and until further notice the "S. S. CITY OF MONTICELLO" will leave Reed's Point Wharf, St. John, N. B. at 7.45 a. m., local time, on the above days, for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with W. C. Railway for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations, also with the W. & A. Ry. for Halifax and Intermediate Stations; returning same day.
All Summer Excursions will be discontinued after 1st. October.
HOWARD 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.
Persons wishing to enjoy a pleasant sail on this favorite steamer and return same day can go as far as Oak Point or nearer landings 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 6 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—Fare One Dollar.
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 NINE o'clock, local time. Returning, will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted) at EIGHT o'clock.
Our usual popular excursion "out of the Hurly Burly," up and back same day. To Hampstead and return, 50 c., any intermediate point, 40c.
Tickets to Fredericton, etc., and from Fredericton to St. John, etc., issued on Saturdays at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.
Change of time of leaving Fredericton on Saturdays.
For better accommodation of persons desiring a delightful sail and to have opportunity to pic-nic at Hampstead or one of the other beautiful spots on the River, the steamer DAVID WESTON will leave Fredericton on SATURDAYS at 10.30 a. m., (local), to arrive at St. John at six that evening. This will also give tourists, etc, on Saturdays the unusual opportunity to make the full Round Trip to Fredericton and back in one day, viz: leaving St. John at 6.45 standard by N. B. Railway, due in Fredericton at 9.20 and coming down River by stmr DAVID WESTON as above.
R. D. HUMPHREY, Manager,
Office at wharf, North End, near Street 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.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM CLARK.

FACTS!
"ATHLETE"
—AND—
"DERBY"
CIGARETTES
The Sweetest of the Sweet.
The Purest of the Pure,
The Finest of the Fine,
The Cheapest—The Best.

BEEF,
LAMB,
MUTTON,
DEAN'S SAUSAGES.
VEAL,
HAM,
BACON,
LARD,
POULTRY,
VEGETABLES.
THOS DEAN.
13 and 14 City Market.

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
Fn 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 & Mulgrave	23.30

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 Superindendent.
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 Sept. 16th, 1889. Leaves St. John International 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. Stephen, Houlton Woodstock.
3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the west; 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. Stepuen, 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 7.15, 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 10.20 p. m;
ST. ANDREWS 6.45 a. m.
FREDERICTON 6.00, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN 7.45, 8.20 a. m., 2.10, 7.10., 10.50, 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 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 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 12.20 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 larger weights 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