

Running the Avalanche.

In Byron Kelly's hunting party, that lingered usually late in the wooded region above Lake Tahoe, was Ross Kelly, Byron Kelly's son, a lad of fifteen, who went badly astray one forenoon in trying to cut across the hills and reach camp, after a long hunt.

He wore skis. The traveling was very difficult because of the forest wreckage left by the lumbermen, and Ross was very tired and much discouraged when finally he came out on the side of a shaggy mountain, and started about him in hopes to get his bearings. Above him, piercing the clouds, the mountain lifted a vast white wall of light snow, the very sight of which gave the boy a sense of uneasiness.

There was an abandoned lumbering camp on the slope. The roots of some of the logs were crushed in by snow. Near the doorway of one hut was one of the peculiar log wagons common to the Sierras, and beyond this wagon showed the upper end of a long slide, or large, sloping, wooden trough, which was strengthened by bands of iron. It dipped down the mountain at an angle of nearly thirty degrees. Ross noted that the slide, at a place far beneath him, spanned a small valley at whose bottom lay a canyon; and it ended, of course, at the river, now frozen over, nearly a mile below.

Ross had seated himself near the head of the slide on a log for a few minutes' rest, and was wondering how he was ever to reach his father's party, when his attention was caught by something going on high up the side of the mountain, where the flaky wall of snow seemed heaviest. He noticed that the wind, which was not felt by him, was lifting the snow and pouring it in a white, cataract over the brow of a snowy cliff.

The youth, putting off his skis, watched this for some time with a curiosity, not thinking it meant peril for him. He observed the little hill made by the snow blown over the crest grow larger and larger. Then to the right and to the left of the cataract snowy cascades began to play, piling up a whole range of little hills, while the big one in the centre continued to increase in size with astonishing rapidity.

Suddenly a trembling seemed to run through the mountain, and a sighing sound came down from the heights. If there had been pines on the slopes Ross would have thought the sound that of wind sighing through their tops, but on that sky-reaching expanse there was not a tree. Then the hill, the cataract and the cascades appeared to leap together in a white smother and shoot outward and downward with a jarring grumbling roar.

Although Ross Kelly had never seen a snowslide, he knew now what it was as well as if he had witnessed hundreds. The top of the mountain appeared suddenly to have forsaken its place in a wild dive for the canyon and the river. A sense of deepest terror gripped the boy's heart, stilling it, holding him for a moment rigid in his place, with lips apart and cheeks blanching. Flight seemed impossible. He was sure that in another minute he should be overwhelmed and buried beneath the snow, so deep that the sun of a hundred years could not resurrect him.

Nevertheless, after that first shock of heart-stopping fear he started up, took a hurried step, caught up one of his skis and scrambled on across the logs with frantic haste to the top of the slide, with some idea that he might shoot down his back with the skis under him; but he found himself jerked outward and downward suddenly, for he had stepped on a log which had lain with more than half its length in the log slide, and his movement and weight had tipped it and set it in motion. It ground icily on the snow for a moment, then away it went with a lurch that almost threw him off.

Impelled by fear, and with thoughts too chaotic to be called reflections, Ross dropped down on the log and clasped it in his arms and legs. Unthinkingly or mechanically he had placed his skis under his breast, and crosswise of the log, so that it somewhat resembled a balancing-pole.

The roar of the avalanche was now more than a roar; it was involved with a whistling shriek, with a wail like wind blowing through a network of wires, with a snapping, crashing and rending, as if tall stumps and meshed boughs, torn from their places, were flung down the mountainside. The mountain itself appeared as if dissolved in a cloud of snow that thundered and crashed, boomed and exploded.

After the first lurch the log went on more slowly for a moment or two, its seeming hesitation being caused by much friction; then its velocity became so great that the sensation to the terrified boy was like that of falling. He could not look; he could but shut his eyes and hold on, yet he was aware that the skis touched now and then the edge of the slide trough. Probably this kept the log from rolling, for the least touch is enough to balance a cylinder rushing swiftly.

Fast as the log sped, the snowslide seemed to follow faster. A snowy scud tanned out in its front, enveloping the flying log and the boy. The avalanche seemed demonomically possessed with a desire to capture the helpless bit of humanity that fled on before it with such lightning speed. Its roar resembled a deep growl of hate and rage.

The boy scarcely knew when he crossed the valley. In helpless terror he realized that the foot of the mountain awaited him below, and felt that death awaited him at the foot of the mountain. He could not distinguish the roar of the avalanche from the roar of the log on the slide. The journey seemed very long, just as when one leaps from a height the descent seems to take more time than the leaper expects. Ross had begun to think a little, and

to wonder on his chances of escape, when he was torn from the log and hurled upward and aside blindly through the air. The skis had struck some obstruction, perhaps a spike, on one edge of the trough. He felt himself sailing up and up, then descending like the falling stick of a rocket, still he doing work of a rocket, still he doing work of a rocket, still he doing work of a rocket.

With the fall return of his senses, which was probably hastened by the chill of the snow against his hands and face, he seemed to be standing on his head. He sought to turn round and extricate himself, but this was a difficult matter. However, at last he contrived to turn end for end in his snowy bed, and began to dig, like a gopher towards the surface. When he had dug his way out, after perhaps ten minutes of the hardest work of his life, there was absolute silence in the air.

He looked about. The avalanche had filled the valley across which the slide had borne him, and its crest had run high up the lower side, but only its crest. The great bulk of the snow mountain lay in the valley and in the canyon.

Ross climbed up into the slide and went cautiously down it afoot. His log had not left the trough, for he saw that it had reached the river, only a short distance below where, striking end on, it had pierced the thick ice like an arrow shot through a pine board. Now it stood, with one end protruding, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

It took Ross an hour to travel through the heavy drifts three hundred yards to a trail he knew, where fortunately he was found by his father's party that afternoon, having suffered little more than a nervous shock from his singular adventure.—John H. Whitson, in Youth's Companion.

WHITEHOUSE HOUSEKEEPING.

The Daily Routine of Life in the Executive Mansion in Washington. The housekeeping side of the White House is a sealed book, not only to the people at large, the hundreds who daily visit the President upon missions affecting the nation and individuals, but even to the guests at the splendid state dinners which are the chief events of the social season at the capital. Constantly besieged by an army of officials high and low, and others who want to be, the marble halls of the executive mansion still form the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley. And the few, principally relatives of the family, who are admitted within the home circle know that it is a home in reality.

With a host of servants at the command, the mistress of the White House exercises a general supervision over the housekeeping affairs, and throughout the regal apartments there are bright touches which show the hand of a mistress. Housekeeping after all, forms a highly important part in the world's affairs and housekeeping at the executive mansion is necessarily carried on upon a most elaborate scale.

The chief personage connected with the domestic side of the Presidential residence is the steward. The present steward is William T. Sinclair, a colored man, and the first of his race to hold the office. Next to him comes the housekeeper, Marie Barbary, a rather pretty young New Yorker. These two are practically responsible for everything.

The President's home life is a model of regularity, simplicity and comfort as its main features. He is always up by 8.30 in the morning and Mrs. McKinley seldom sleeps later than 8 o'clock. Their bedroom is the same one used by Mr. Cleveland and his wife. Like all the living rooms in the White House, it is on the second floor and looks out on the rear grounds. The beds used by the President and his wife stand side by side. They are medium sized, comfortable looking white enameled beds with sheets of pure linen and covers of plain white Marseilles.

A private bathroom adjoins the bedroom, and the first thing the President does in the morning is to take a tepid bath. At 8.45 o'clock every morning family prayers are said by the President in the drawing room across the main corridor from the bedroom. Breakfast is served in the private dining room on the first floor at 9 o'clock.

Immediately after breakfast the President begins work. His busiest hours are from 10 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Luncheon is always ready by one o'clock, but frequently the President does not sit down to the table before two. When his business is urgent Mr. McKinley generally lunches alone or with some visiting friend. This is especially so on Cabinet days. Usually after a Cabinet meeting one of the members will take luncheon with the President and discuss whatever may be pressing in affairs.

During the week dinner is served promptly at seven o'clock in the evening, and on Sundays an hour earlier. After dinner the President goes to his work room and dictates correspondence. Midnight is his regular hour for retiring, but during the war it was often long after daylight before he sought rest.

In the language of the Washington Market dealers, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley are "good liverers, but not high liverers."

There are many private families in Washington who spend more money on their tables, but few who live better. The daily expense of the President's private table does not average quite \$25. This is, of course, exclusive of special or state dinners, but it includes the entertainment of over 300 guests a year, invariably there are one or more guests to luncheon and dinner.

The active part of the domestic duties falls upon the housekeeper. Her health will not permit Mrs. McKinley to assume the active management of such a laborious household. Yet she is not idle a moment during the day. The quantity of mail she receives is enormous, and she opens and personally answers nearly all of it.

Charity appeals come to her from all parts of the country. Women beg for her influence and mediation in behalf of their condemned sons or husbands. These pathetic appeals for pardons are very trying upon her, because she is compelled to decline to interfere in such matters.

The President very decidedly prefers colored help. His steward, cook, coachman, footman, and waiters are all colored. William T. Sinclair, the present steward, comes from New York. He is considered a most careful buyer. He served ex-President Cleveland eight years, and Mr. Cleveland recommended him to Mr. McKinley. His salary fixed by the law, and paid by the government is \$1,800 a year. He is responsible for all the property of the United States within the White House and is bonded for \$20,000. The value of some of this property from an historical standpoint, is incalculable. Sinclair has an office in the basement of the White House, but lives with his family on Sixteenth street a few blocks distant.

The steward is furnished with a Dayton wagon and driver and generally drives to market about 8 o'clock in the morning. At the end of each month the dealers from whom he buys send in their bills, and he carefully looks them over. The ones he approves go to Mr. W. H. Crook, who is a bonded paymaster and a sort of second assistant secretary to the President. Mr. Crook submits an itemized account of the monthly expenditures for the table, &c., to the President. The latter never pays cash for anything which goes on his table. He pays for everything in checks, drawing them up as the bills are presented.

Mrs. Barbary, a typical South Carolina negress, is the regular White House cook. She comes from Senator Tillman's old home and is a mile a minute on fried chicken, hot bread and pies. The President likes her conception of pie crust better than the French pastry. In fact, he would not give her up for forty French cooks. On special occasions, though, the steward engages a Frenchman from New York.

The domestic help furnished for the White House by the Government is not half enough. President McKinley hires out of his own pocket his housekeeper, bedroom maids, cook, coachman, footman, stablemen, waiters, helpers around the kitchen, and the extra help for special occasions. The linen, silverware, glass and china is all furnished by the government, through the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, an army officer. He promptly honors all requisitions made for alterations and additions, but Mr. McKinley has not asked for any change in the accommodations. He has accepted them just as Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland left them.

The steward is responsible for the stables and horses, but he does not personally superintend them. The Government provides a stable building with about a dozen stalls and a carriage room. It also hires a stable boy and one helper. Mr. McKinley provides his own footman and coachman and additional helpers. The present coachman is a young smooth-faced negro, quite a fast but a very good driver. The McKinley livery is modest. It consists of black silk hats long, light, tan coats, which are silver-buttoned down to black boots. The carriages three in number, are handsome, but not ultra swell. The harness is silver mounted to a degree and the horses, six in number, are fairly well bred. The main pair comes from West Virginia, a heavy pair from Pennsylvania and a third pair is made up of a Kentucky saddle horse and a horse presented to Mr. McKinley by Mr. Fleischmann of Cincinnati. O. The President has been in his stable but once, the first day of his administration, and he does not seem to take much interest in his horses.

Frederick, Jan. 19, to the wife of Oswald Crockett, a son.

Talbot, Dec. 24, to the wife of L. D. Sweeney, a daughter.

Widdow, Jan. 7, to the wife of Frank Ward, a daughter.

Chaveria, Dec. 28, to the wife of H. E. Drysdale, a daughter.

Hazyout, Jan. 15, to the wife of Henry Staton, a daughter.

Truro, Jan. 14, to the wife of Prescott Holman, a daughter.

Mississippi, Jan. 12, to the wife of Wm. Weston, a daughter.

Amherst, Jan. 24, to the wife of Thomas Lorette, a daughter.

Hallax, Jan. 16, to the wife of J. B. Mitchell, a daughter.

Hansby, Jan. 9, to the wife of Edmund McCarthy, a daughter.

Spraghill, Jan. 12, to the wife of Wm. Elson, a daughter.

Chatham, Dec. 22, to the wife of C. Thompson, a daughter.

Truro, Jan. 9, to the wife of Wm. Clarke, a daughter.

McKinley, Jan. 12, to the wife of Edward L. Erickson, a daughter.

Seal Island, Jan. 12, to the wife of Charles Seely, a daughter.

Charlottesville, Jan. 14, to the wife of H. S. Lordy, a daughter.

Widow, Jan. 19, to the wife of Rodrick Thompson, a daughter.

Upper Falls, Dec. 24, to the wife of the late James Lockhart.

Arden, Miss., Dec. 20, Dorothy G. daughter of Wm. F. Barber.

St. John, Jan. 21, E. M. wife daughter of James S. Frazier 9 months.

Eronda, N. B., Jan. 22, Mary J. daughter of the late Thomas Davidson.

Upper River, Meads Co., Jan. 1, Isabelle, widow of the late Susan McClure 7.

Upper Falls, Dec. 24, to the wife of the late James Lockhart.

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MARRIED.

Colchester, Jan. 6, by Rev. E. W. Smith, Jas. Harrison, to E. A. Tappin.

Boston, Dec. 29, by Rev. John Pickett, William Hawley, to Flossie Barnhill.

Hallax, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. McCarthy, Michael Sues, to Rose McClain.

Parsboro, Jan. 11, by Rev. E. K. MacLean, John Milltown, Jan. 15, to Miss E. Rice, Frank Armstrong to Susan McClain.

Richmond Corner, Jan. 14, by Rev. A. W. Todd, Alfred Hill, to Ada Stewart.

Calden, Dec. 28, by Rev. C. G. McCully, John C. O'Brien to Nellie Magowan.

Rochester, Mass., by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Wm. A. Logan, to Cassie McClain.

Hallax, Jan. 11, by Rev. Wm. Ainley, L. Logan Barhall to E. W. Ray Neville.

Amherst, Jan. 10, by Rev. W. M. Brown, Agnes R. VanEmberg to Ida L. Goodwin.

North by day, Jan. 12, by Rev. J. Sharp, Chas. Pike to Mary Isabel McKean.

Hill Grove, Jan. 5, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Archibald Vastassal to Helen Sparrow.

West Pubnico, Jan. 9, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Mr. Denis Amlin to Irene O'Brien.

Freepore, Jan. 16, by Rev. E. H. Hwa, Mrs. John F. Hervey to Miss Sara E. Ewing.

Midco Mequohob, Jan. 11, by Rev. E. Smith Sydney S. Taylor, to Sarah Ervin.

Midco, Mass., Jan. 8, by Rev. Geo. A. Grant, Henry Hall to Mrs. Nancy Asaley.

Port Hope, N. S., Jan. 10, by Rev. F. Gallant, William Paine to Mrs. J. O. Jack, B. A. Daniel McLean and Mrs. E. Muirhead.

Fort Milland, Jan. 14, by Rev. E. Crowell, M. A. Alvin E. Sanderson to Anna Irene Byron.

Arlington, Mass., Dec. 31, by Elder Richard Bullard, Mr. Harry Wood to Miss La Troese.

Passover, Cal. Jan. 4, by Rev. Frank W. Woods, Mr. A. L. Crosby, to Miss Adeline D. Crowell.

Mars Hill, Jan. 17, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson, Frederick Pierpont Shaw to Bessie Watson Gibson.

Burrell's Island, Jan. 11, by Rev. J. B. C. Dupuis, E. F. John Alfred Barrette to Fanny A. Amrault.

Lower Norton, Jan. 19, by Rev. C. F. Hannington, Northrup to Minnie M. Frost.

Point Pleasant, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. F. Carr, assisted by Rev. K. C. Quinn, George Albert Crosswell to Cora M. Tamson.

DIED.

Essex, Jan. 21, James Carr 69.

Sussex, Jan. 19, Oliver Haley 89.

St. John, Jan. 21, Thomas Quinn.

Portage Cove, Benjamin Power.

Hallax, Jan. 13, Ada M. Ross 19.

Amherst, Jan. 14, Mrs. O'Keefe 91.

Moscon, Jan. 19, Charles Legere 73.

Chatham, Jan. 13, Helena C. Groggin.

Falmouth, Jan. 9, Benjamin Gray 74.

St. John, Jan. 22, Susan A. Parry 83.

Antigonish, Dec. 25, Flora McLellan 82.

Deerfield, Jan. 15, Hannah Porter 82.

Scott Hill, Jan. 7, Lavochia McLean.

St. John, Jan. 18, Howard Marshall 66.

St. John, Jan. 17, George McWilliams.

St. John, Susan, wife of Joseph Finley.

Waterford, Jan. 18, Wm. G. McNair 83.

Moschelle, Jan. 12, Jasper W. Linn 92.

Newcastle, Jan. 2, Thomas A. Fallon 82.

Rockville, Jan. 15, Mrs. Joseph Huskins.

Stellarton, Jan. 16, William R. Crowe 73.

Hallax, Jan. 17, Mrs. Ann McCawley 88.

Diligent River, Jan. 18, Charles Satter 40.

Chicago, Jan. 16, Catherine M. Morris 91.

March 10, Jan. 12, Mrs. Jos. Crockett 81.

Lynnfield, Jan. 9, Marjory D. Crockett 71.

West Pubnico, Jan. 14, Falconer Amies 90.

St. Stephen, Jan. 9, Aubrey C. Fike 6 weeks.

St. George, Jan. 7, Pearl Bradshaw 6 months.

St. John, Jan. 10, Alma V. wife of E. Logan.

Hallax, Jan. 13, Elias C. wife of John Rose 57.

St. John, Jan. 15, Jane, wife of John Foster 87.

Beaver Harbour, Jan. 10, Mrs. Wm. D. Cross 69.

Alma, A. C. to Wm. William T. McCann 59.

Edmon, N. W., J. Jan. 12, David Watson 90.

Pankey's Point, N. S., Dec. 6, Prospera Sarsate 94.

Bellefleur, Ontario, Jan. 18, George C. Ritchie 10.

Hallax, Jan. 20, Miss C. daughter of John Quinn.

Richfield, Dec. 27, 1898, wife of Isiah Whitehouse.

Marlboro, Mass., Dec. 28, Capt. George Jacques 69.

Mill Village, Dec. 29, Jennie, wife of John McKenna 20.

Wallace, Jan. 14, H/Ch M. daughter of R. B. Thompson 1.

London, England, Jan. 12, Mary, wife of Dr. John Dixon.

Upper Lake, Sophia, widow of the late Michael Hogan.

Hallax, Jan. 25, Mary, wife of Wm. H. Chamberlain 54.

St. John, Jan. 21, Joseph, son of the late Thomas O'Grady.

Bedford, Jan. 17, Rhea, daughter of James R. Nicholson 58.

Truro, Jan. 19, Martha, widow of the late Timothy Archibald 65.

Green Hill, Dec. 31, Castle G. daughter of Mrs. Blair 7 weeks.

Spokane, Washington, D. C., Jan. 9, Edward J. Fitzgerald 50.

Green Village, Jan. 19, Minnie, daughter of Dr. J. L. Peppard 24.

Red Head, Shelburne Co., Dec. 29, Orel son of James Doane 2.

West Pubnico, Jan. 11, Jerome, son of Lanchin B. Currie 5 months.

Windsor, Jan. 10, Mary E., daughter of P. A. Rooney 2 months.

Clydeville, Jan. 12, Margaret, widow of the late John Chisholm 84.

Waltham, Mass., Jan. 11, Elizabeth, daughter of James D. Farnam.

St. John, Jan. 14, Christiana, daughter of Robert G. Lane 6 months.

Trade Mark SUSPENDERS, GUARANTEED.

BORN.

Truro, Jan. 12, to the wife of Lewis Cooke, a son.

Hantsport, Jan. 9, to the wife of Joseph Cole, a son.

Truro, Jan. 11, to the wife of Simon Fraser, a daughter.

Winepeg, Jan. 7, to the wife of Jerry Russell, a son.

Clarence, Jan. 13, to the wife of Edwin Whitman, a son.

Campbellton, Jan. 16 to the wife of Joseph DeGrace a son.

Amherst, Jan. 13, to the wife of Henry Horseman, a son.

Woffville, Jan. 19, to the wife of Alfred Weatherby, a son.

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Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, near the Post), November 14th, 26th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, FIRE, and NORTH RIVER (Battery Beach, November 30th, 10th and 25th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through freight arrangements [both by rail and water] we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, in a position to handle all the business of our PATRONS WITH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

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Dominion Atlantic Ry.  
On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward,  
Monday, Thursday and Saturday.  
Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.40 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 5.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS  
Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lvs. Hallfax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.20 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.43 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11.45 a.m., arr. Hallfax 5.45 p.m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a.m., Mon., Tuesday and Saturday.  
Lvs. Digby 5.20 p.m., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

S.S. Prince George,  
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W. B. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.  
F. GIFFINS, Superintendant.

Intercolonial Railway.  
On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou	12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal, and St. Louis	12.20
Express for Boston	12.40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney	1.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 6.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Halifax	9.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal	11.20
Accommodation from St. John, Pictou and Sydney	1.30
Accommodation from Moncton	2.30
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.	

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St. John, N. B.

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Montreal to Calgary.....\$7.00  
Montreal to Revelstoke.....\$8.00  
Montreal to Vancouver.....\$9.00  
Montreal to Seattle.....\$9.00

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Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,  
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