

The Retired Burglar.

'One of the queerest experiences I ever had' said the retired burglar, 'was in a house half a mile from nowhere; that is to say half a mile from the next nearest house on the outside skirts of a village that I was on the way to visit. As on a previous occasion that I have told you about I thought I could take this house in incidentally, just as a flyer; something that could be turned off in a minute without interfering with the other job, and as on the other occasion it turned out to be very different from what I expected. I didn't even reconnoitre this house by walking around it to see if there was anybody up, the house itself at this hour or still and quiet away out there in the lonesome fields, that it didn't seem possible that there could be anybody awake inside of it, so I didn't look around it at all. The result went to show for about the millionth time in my experience that you can't always tell I walked up the path from the road, and on the steps and tried the front door; just on a chance. I have known people to lock up their windows very carefully and then long the front door. Just that had been done here. This door had been left unlocked, and I opened it without the slightest trouble and simply walked in and closed the door behind me. 'It was a plain, substantial, old-fashioned home, with a narrow hall running back half way through it, with doors opening off. There was a rather narrow stairs that came down almost to the front door. I prospected the lower part of the house without finding much that was any good to me, and gradually worked around again to the front room door, opening on the hall where I'd started in. As I came near to that door it seemed to me that I could see some signs of light in the hall, where there had been absolutely none when I came in. 'When I got to the door the light in the hall was plain enough, and also where it came from. It was from some room upstairs, the door of which had been opened after I had gone into the front room and off around that part of the house down stairs. I moved out swiftly into the hall to the stair railing and looked up. As I looked the light grew a bright light shed from a lamp carried by a woman who had come out of that room, wherever it was, and across the hall so rapidly that she was standing there, leaning over the stairs railing looking down at me, before I had a chance to get away. She stood with the lamp, a kerosene lamp, without any shade on the chimney, held up higher than her head, so that the light would get into her eyes, and so she could see me, and it brought her out just as plain to me as though we had been sitting opposite to each other in a room. In that sort of a situation I got just as clear an impression of her in a second as if I had looked at her for half an hour. 'She was more than middle aged, gray haired, but not old counting by what she could do. She was rather spare, but perfectly straight and trim and resolute; a little hard, maybe, but a firm and able woman and a better man than I was, as I did not for a moment hesitate to admit to myself. Still as I'd been downstairs, and there couldn't anybody have been any stiller, she'd heard me all the time, and followed me with her ears. She opened that door upstairs and she came out to meet me when I'd come around to the hall. 'And now she was standing there, looking at me, and she called down to me, with a pretty hard sort of voice, but just as calm and cool and collected as anybody could be. 'Burglar come up!' 'She hadn't the slightest fear, not the least bit. I don't suppose she gave at that moment any thought at all to my occupation, except to identify me with it; just as if I'd been a locksmith, and at work in the daytime she might have called me 'Locksmith!' She needed help for some reason or other at just this time and she called on me without the slightest hesitation. So far as I was concerned, I responded without the slightest question because she was the boss. 'She led the way into a front room upstairs, where there had been no light before, or I should have seen it, coming up the road, and told me briefly that she wanted me to witness a signature. Then she took me into a room at the back of the house. There was lying in bed an old man very clearly the woman's husband, and the person whose signature I was to witness. He was a great deal older than she, but, like her, always resolute; narrow minded maybe, but a man with a strong grip; not a miser, but a money maker, and a man that liked to hold on to his money and hated to let go of it. But he got to let go of it now, pretty soon that was clear enough. He wasn't dying, not a bit of it; but he was called for, and it was only a question of time, a few days, probably, and he hadn't signed his will. He knew he was going, well enough, but still he hated even the idea of letting go of the money, and so he kept putting off signing. 'But he wasn't quite so resolute now as he was. He was just stubborn now, and obstinate, and sort of fugal, and he had times when he softened, or weakened, or let go, or whatever you might call it, and was ready to sign, and then finally, when it came to the actual signing, wouldn't sign, after all; but now had come a time when he talked about signing, and maybe when he would sign. This was at 2 o'clock in the morning, and half a mile from the next neighbor. Then I came in. 'All this, you understand, in the main, I guessed but I don't doubt that it was substantially correct and I suppose that whether the man left a will or not would make a heap of difference to the widow. There was another lamp in this room, one with a shade on it, standing on a table. When she

came in the woman put the lamp that she was carrying up on one end of a shelf behind a screen that was evidently placed there for this lamp to stand behind. There was in this room, too, another man; an old man, not quite so old in years as the man in the bed, but, even though he was apparently well and up, and around and able to work, yet actually more bent and broken. He was a help around the place, somebody who had been with these folks always, and was now an old man. He was to be the other witness. 'We two got the man in the bed up so that he could write, and we were going to hold the will in front of him on a book, but he insisted on leaning around, with his feet out so that he could sit on the edge of the bed and sign the will lying on the table. We fixed him so, doing up his legs and feet after we got him around. And then he signed. He was an old man, but he knew what he was about. He might have wondered a little at me, faintly, but in his way about me, he was just like his wife was, in her. He was more concerned about his own affairs. He groaned when we slowed him round again, and got him straightened out and covered up in bed again. The help signed and I signed as witnesses. I put down for an address, after my name, a street and number that looked all right, but that to tell the truth I had put down just as they happened to come to me. The old lady was the boss just the same, but I'd got used to things there a little in the fifteen or twenty minutes that I'd been there, and I couldn't leave her my real address on that paper. 'After the signing there wasn't much to do. The straight old lady told me, in the front room again, where we'd gone, she picking up that lamp from the shelf as she passed it, that when he should die the will would in the course of time have to be proved; and then she would want me to come and swear to my signature as a witness. Then she gave me some good advice and \$10, and let me out the front door, and she didn't lock it either. 'Well, now, as a matter of fact I never expected to hear from the old lady again because that address I'd left wouldn't help a letter to reach me very much, and then if I had heard from her I should have been very doubtful about appearing, anyway. So when I turned away from that house, I thought to myself that that was at about as strange an experience as I had ever had, but I thought that that was the end of it right there, that it was complete, as you may say, in one chapter; but eleven years, mind you, and this was more than six years after I had retired from business, I read this advertisement one day in a newspaper: 'Witness—Please call for letter at General Post Office. 'Now there was about one chance in a million that I'd happen to see that advertisement, and I thought about the same chances that that letter was for me; but I went and asked for a letter to my name, and got one and it was from the old lady; she tried my address and got the letter back and then advertised and written this one; and the old gentleman had only just died after all. Now the will was to be opened and she wanted me to come on a certain date and hour, to go with her to the country seat where the court was and verify my signature. Well, don't you see I could do this now. I had a name now, my real name, that I had signed and I had a home and an address. I was a respectable citizen and I went up. 'The old lady was softened a little; she was gentler, but not weakened a bit; she was straight and resolute as ever. I'll bet she'd die that way if she isn't dead yet. The other witness had long been dead. He died only a year or two after the signing, long before the signer did. But there wasn't any trouble in getting reasonable proof of the other witness's signature. Plenty of people had seen it and knew it well. I could have sworn to it myself, though I never'd seen it but once. When I came to look at it, after all these years, every crook and turn in it was as familiar as though I had seen it every day since. I swore to my signature, and that's all there was to it. I guess in this case, anyway, it was all more or less a matter of form. There wasn't anybody to contest the will, and I guess it would have gone through somehow all right anyway, but they had to find the witnesses if they could. 'Well, that was the last of the business for me, except that three days after I got home I got a letter from the old lady, a kind letter, with more good advice and a check for \$500. It was the most money I ever made out of one house. I've gathered up and carried off as much that cost a good deal more money, but I never got that much out of it. And it always seems kind of curious whenever I think of it, to think that I made my biggest haul after I'd gone out of business. 'He could Cuckoo, too. 'A well known townsman, who is fond of a good story whether it is at his own expense or some one else's tells this: 'I got permission of my wife to go out to a little stag party the other night. Her parting admonition was to get in not later than midnight, and of course, I said I would. The gentleman who gave the stag was an old friend of mine, and the party was given in celebration of his forsaking the care-less, Bohemian ways of bachelorhood. He had promised to give us a warm time, and his word proved as good as gold. He gave us a hot time, and the result was that when I managed to tear myself away the clock had struck 2. I finally reached home, unlocked the door and tiptoed in in a manner which I believed was very quiet. But it was not quiet enough for the ears of my wife. 'Is that you, dear?' she asked sleepily. 'Yes, my dear, it's me,' I replied. 'Something in my voice must have ex-

cited her suspicions for her next question was: 'What time is it, dear?' 'It's just about 12, my dear,' I answered. 'Just then the cuckoo clock in the dining room began to strike, and the cold preparation began to bespangle my brow. After the blasted thing had struck once a happy thought struck me. The clock wound up on the third cuckoo and I cuckooed the other nine. I must have been in fine voice or my wife must have gone to sleep, for the bluff went, and I went to bed with out an angry word.

KNIGHT OF THE GRIP.

Mr. W. H. Bowser of St. John, N. B., Uses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Cure of Kidney Pain in the back—Found it easy to do as recommended—Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills to be a beneficial tonic. ST. JOHN, N. B., Jan. 29.—One of the best known commercial travellers in the Maritime Provinces is Mr. W. H. Bowser of this city. Mr. Bowser represents a confectionery house and has been on the road for nearly twenty years. His portly figure and bluff hearty manner are known in almost every town in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Mr. Bowser is one of the many knights of the grip who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills with entirely satisfactory results. He states that Dodd's Kidney Pills according to his experience do what they are recommended to do. His trouble was backache and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him of it. Commercial travellers seem peculiarly liable to disorders of the kidneys. Nor is this remarkable when the circumstances of their occupation are taken into consideration. Constant change of diet, variation in drinking water, damp bed clothing and in a hundred and one little hardships and exposures common to the life of a professional traveller cannot help but have a serious effect on the kidneys. They are the most delicate organs in the body, the most susceptible to cold. Change of drinking water is especially severe on those organs, while alcoholic drinks do more to bring about Diabetes and other forms of kidney disease than any other cause. Dodd's Kidney Pills are in great demand among commercial travellers. Being such a sovereign remedy for Backache and all other kidney diseases, including Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Dropsy, and Blood Disorders, it is only natural that travellers who generally know a thing of merit when they see it, should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Bowser says: 'Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I beg to state that I have used them for pain in the back and I have found them to be all you recommend, viz., a positive cure for all kidney trouble. I believe they are a splendid tonic—good enough for me anyway.'

Regularity in the Order of Injuries. A queer fact, well known by medical men connected with hospitals, is that the doctors can tell with almost absolute certainty which classes of fatalities and accidents fit in with given days and even hours. One of the doctors connected with a leading hospital in the centre of New York said the other day. 'We will begin with Monday. That day furnishes by far the highest proportion of mishaps to work people, but I must say that this proportion is rapidly diminishing. Nearly all the attempted suicides come in during the early part of each day, and the first accident batches early in the day have a large number of men who work on scaffolds among them. Hardly a morning goes by without a scaffold casualty case. After 11 o'clock in the morning most of the cases arise from street accidents, and when evening comes cases arising from drunken rows and deliberate assaults begin to come in. Nearly all the domestic cases—where wives have been assaulted and so on—are late night and Saturday ones. It would take me a long time to group the regular order of accidents as they come in day after day.'

'Don't you think it's very rude to talk during an artist's musical performance?' said Willie Washington. 'Yes,' answered Miss Cavenne; especially when one considers that the music is designed to give relief from the stupidity of conversation. 'Do you like living in the city, Aunt Marietta?' 'No; it's too lonesome. Why, when our new hayrack came not a soul in the neighborhood came over to try to find out what it cost!' 'Murray has had his voice trained.' 'Yes, I understand folks can listen to him sing now with comparatively little danger. 'Stage-struck husband—Is that a dagger that I see before me? Humdrum wife—No, Henry, it's a snow shovel.

BORN. Oanning, Jan. 17, to the wife of N. Eston, a son. Truro, Jan. 20, to the wife of B. Pearson, a son. Yarmouth, Jan. 18, to the wife of M. Shaw, a son. Wolfville, Jan. 18, to the wife of A. Stubb, a son. Halifax, Jan. 22, to the wife of Capt. Suttis, a son. Pictou, Dec. 11, to the wife of Howard Gould, a son. Pictou, Dec. 21, to the wife of Henry Allan, a son.

DIED. New York, Jan. 20, Jas. Fife, 57. Hastings, Jan. 18, Jos. Gray, 61. Florida, Jan. 18, John Lynch, 80. Truro, Jan. 21, James Spears, 22. Halifax, Jan. 24, Alice Hensworth, 29. Yarmouth, Benjamin Murphy, 87. Chatham, Jan. 24, A. H. Holland. Halifax, Jan. 25, Ralph Trenaman. Halifax, Jan. 25, Peter Shortell, 64. Guysboro, Jan. 7, Lizzie Sibley, 19. Halifax, Jan. 24, Margaret Lewis. St. John, Jan. 21, Samuel Price, 64. Boston, Jan. 14, Albert D. Morse, 66.

Lowell, Jan. 4, to the wife of Guy Hutchins, a son. Digby, Jan. 18, to the wife of Capt. McKay, a son. Mrs. Deason, Jan. 20, to the wife of E. Shaw, a son. Kenyatta, Jan. 20, to the wife of G. McDougall, a son. Bridgetown, Jan. 8, to the wife of L. Stronach, a son. Hanstport, Jan. 16, to the wife of A. Pittison, a son. Parraboro, Jan. 14, to the wife of E. Gillespie, a son. Yarmouth, Jan. 7, to the wife of Elisha Gavel, a son. Queen's, Jan. 8, to the wife of Bartley Corbett, a son. Port DeReris, Jan. 18, to the wife of Alex. Sanders a son. North Kingston, Jan. 7, to the wife of Clark Poster, a son. New Glasgow, Jan. 8, to the wife of Peter Williams a son. Brookfield, Mass. Jan. 22, to the wife of J. Marsh, a son. West Brook, Jan. 18, to the wife of Minor Roscoe a son. Margerville, Jan. 8, to the wife of D. McLean, a daughter. Five Islands, Jan. 10, to the wife of J. Fulmore, a daughter. Milton, Jan. 13, to the wife of Bernard Freeman, a daughter. Montserrat, Jan. 14, to the wife of Wm. Murray, a daughter. Somers, Jan. 11, to the wife of Randall Halsey, a daughter. Lunenburg, Jan. 9, to the wife of Alex. Hiltz, a daughter. Bridgetown, Jan. 19, to the wife of Rev. J. Giles, a daughter. Hampton, Jan. 21, to the wife of Henry Chute, a daughter. Yarmouth, Jan. 18, to the wife of W. Pandrich, a daughter. Amherst Point, Jan. 21, to the wife of John Callcut, a son. North Sydney, Jan. 14, to the wife of Henry Scott, a daughter. Truro, Jan. 23, to the wife of Thomas Dunlap, Jr. a daughter. Jorgin Bridge, Jan. 12, to the wife of Harry Bell, a daughter. Halifax, Jan. 22, to the wife of H. St. Clair Silver a daughter. Diligent River, Jan. 22, to the wife of Charles Gibbon, a son. Ladbroke, B. C., Dec. 31, to the wife of Neil McDermid, a son. Dilligent River, Jan. 2, to the wife of Hallet Canling, a son. Port Monty, Jan. 16, to the wife of Ethebert Stuart, a son. Bridgewater, Jan. 17, to the wife of Wsk. field Kinsor, a son. North Sydney, Jan. 2, to the wife of Michael McDonald, a son. Bridgewater, Jan. 15, to the wife of Amos, Joudrey, a daughter. Harrigan's Cove, Jan. 14 to the wife of Fred Atkinson, a daughter. Liverpool, Jan. 11, to the wife of Stannage Publicover, a daughter. Lunenburg, Jan. 17, to the wife of Anthony Brennan, a daughter. Bridgewater, Jan. 4, to the wife of Twining Ebdon, a daughter. Summerville, Jan. 2, to the wife of Henry Mosher, a son and daughter. North West Harbor, N. S., Jan. 14, to the wife of Rev. J. Smith, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Shediac, Jan. 23, Philip Gould to Agnes Budron. Amherst, Jan. 22, William White to Pauline Corvina. Halifax, Jan. 17, Alford Boyman to Maud Hannah Miller. River Herbert, Jan. 10, Alex. J. McNeil to Rebecca Oxford, Jan. 8, by Rev. A. F. Baker, Maynard King, to Mary Macdonald. Hanstport, Dec. 31, by Rev. G. R. White, Terrence Patton to Rosa Cookless. Hibernia, Jan. 17, by Rev. T. Eaton, Llewelyn P. Rawling to Jessie Parker. Sprimfield, Jan. 16, by Rev. David Wright, James O'Rourke, to Isabella Hyde. Beckton, Jan. 8, by Rev. R. B. Finley, Campbell South to Jennie McKenzie. Parraboro, Jan. 13, by Rev. W. G. Lane, W. F. Henderson, to George Lane. Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 24, by W. F. Parker, Eberhart, to Amy E. Farnham. Sydney, Jan. 18, by V. A. Archdeacon Smith, George Buffett, to Bertha Matthews. Yarmouth, Jan. 1, by Rev. J. M. Wilson, Arthur M. Donson, to Hattie Frost. Garsfield, Jan. 18, by Rev. J. W. Turner, Thomas A. Cunn, to Amalia L. Cunn. Barrington, Jan. 8, by Rev. W. H. Eddy, A. L. Welsh, to Annie L. Hamilton. Wolfville, Jan. 16, by Rev. H. B. Hatch, John W. Ebbett, to Leah Blanch Shaw. Annapolis, Jan. 10, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Watson Hardwick to Mary Edwards. Lower Granville, Jan. 11, by Rev. J. O. Vince, Walter Hinton to Ellen Bent. Springhill, Jan. 17, by Rev. W. J. Doodly, David Merritt to Margaret McMullin. Weymouth, Jan. 1, by Rev. Geo. D. Harris, Benjamin Johnson to Margaret Monahan. Yarmouth, Jan. 18, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Daniel P. Stoddard, to Ida D. Raymond. Lunenburg, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. F. Pentlow, Daniel I. McDonald, to Mary J. Crosby. Pembroke, Jan. 24, by Rev. Eileen Crowell, James H. Miles, to Edna J. Lyons. Middle Annapolis, Jan. 20, by Rev. J. W. Frown, Fletcher A. Kemp, to L'one Wood. Louisa, Jan. 17, by Rev. J. F. Pentlow, George W. Fletcher to M. Townsend. Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 4, by Rev. M. Ackley, Edward E. Armstrong to Lizzie Wilson. Bradford, Mass., Jan. 4, by Rev. J. D. Kinsbury, Joseph S. Crowell to Alice M. Boyd. Port Maitland, Jan. 10, by Rev. E. Allaby, Mrs. Hannah Corning to Ca. T. Israel Goudey. Weymouth Bridge, Jan. 4, by Rev. E. A. Griffin, George O. Hamilton to Maud E. Gates. Springhill Mines, Jan. 17 by Rev. J. W. Barcroft, Chas. W. Stevens to Estie M. McAloney. North East Harbor, Jan. 6, by Rev. J. A. Smith, Benjamin D. McKenzie to Elm M. Downe. Yarmouth, Jan. 17, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Dr. B. B. Killam, to Josephine Langmaid Vickery. Middle Marguodobott, Jan. 20, by Rev. Edwin Smith, John James Campbell, to Rosa Warr. Wallace Bridge, Jan. 4, by Rev. E. J. Fram, James Henry Crocker to Carrie May Patrician. Lower Granville, Jan. 11 by Rev. J. O. Vince, Howard S. Croscup to Addie May McKenzie. Windermer, Kings, Jan. 3, by Rev. H. D. Simpson, J. Watson Hutchinson to Minnie McKenzie.

DIED.

New York, Jan. 20, Jas. Fife, 57. Hastings, Jan. 18, Jos. Gray, 61. Florida, Jan. 18, John Lynch, 80. Truro, Jan. 21, James Spears, 22. Halifax, Jan. 24, Alice Hensworth, 29. Yarmouth, Benjamin Murphy, 87. Chatham, Jan. 24, A. H. Holland. Halifax, Jan. 25, Ralph Trenaman. Halifax, Jan. 25, Peter Shortell, 64. Guysboro, Jan. 7, Lizzie Sibley, 19. Halifax, Jan. 24, Margaret Lewis. St. John, Jan. 21, Samuel Price, 64. Boston, Jan. 14, Albert D. Morse, 66.

Jeddore, Jan. 23, Henry Mitchell, 31. Tidnish, Jan. 10, James Crawford, 29. St. John, Jan. 20, Ann Jane Leach, 82. Pictou, Jan. 17, Mrs. John Archibald, Woodstock, Dec. 29, Frank Clark, 9. Fa Har, Jan. 23, John J. England, 65. G's River, Jan. 19, Fred Walker, 18. Moncton, Jan. 3, Mrs. Wm. Ferguson. Amherst, Jan. 19, Bedford McKenna, 61. Teabody, Mass. Mrs. Frank E. Connor. North Sydney, Jan. 12, Wm. Roberts, 74. Amherst, Jan. 10, Bedford McKenna, 61. Waverly, Jan. 23, Mrs. S. F. Farnham, 40. Yarmouth, Dec. 22, Willard Thompson, 4. Pope's Harbor, Jan. 19, Mrs. John H. Hickey. St. John, Jan. 23, Mrs. Denis F. Griffin, 25. Dayton, Jan. 22, Mrs. Hannah Keenab, 57. Hibernia, Jan. 24, Mrs. Josiah Saunders, 59. Bridgeown, Jan. 21, Emma White, 59. East Pictou, Jan. 17, Mr. David Lusk, 53. East Pictou, Jan. 22, Charlotte Amiro, 14. Moncton, Jan. 25, Mrs. John MacNamara, 79. Yarmouth, Jan. 24, Mrs. Josiah Saunders, 59. Yarmouth, Jan. 23, Roy Ethebert Crobie, 30. White's Mountain, Jan. 22, A. M. O'Sullivan, 46. Vancouver B. C., Jan. 9, Robert D. McLean. Brunwick, Ga., Jan. 23, Mrs. Samuel Raymond. Yarmouth, Jan. 23, Mrs. Catherine White, 74. Cansas, Cumberland, Jan. 21, Mrs. Jesse Hinton, 85. Willimdale, Cumberland, Jan. 22, Wm. Jackson, 52. West Pictou, Jan. 21, Mr. Francis D'Estremon, 93. Brighton Station, Jan. 23, Miss Eliza Yeoman, 93. Dartmouth, Jan. 23, Richard, child of Richard and Emma Wainbolt, 1. Richibucto, Jan. 21, Bertha, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Johnson.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express. Lv. Halifax - 7:00 a.m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat. Lv. St. John - 4:10 p.m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat. Ar. Montreal - 8:35 a.m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. Ar. Vancouver - 9:45 a.m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. Ar. Los Angeles - 12:30 p.m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su. A TOURIST SLEEPER On above train every Thursday from MONTREAL and return to HALIFAX, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.00; Calgary, \$8.00; Vancouver and Seattle, \$8.00. For passage rates all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to A. J. HEALD, D. E. A. C. F. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 21, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, ar. Digby 10:00. Returning lve. Digby same days at 12:50 p.m., ar. at St. John, 3:35 p.m. Steamship "Prince Arthur." St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p.m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10 a.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6:30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p.m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2:30 p.m. Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a.m., ar. Digby 11:45 a.m. Lve. Digby 11:50 a.m., ar. Halifax 5:00 p.m. Lve. Annapolis 7:50 a.m., ar. Digby 8:50 a.m. Lve. Digby 8:20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

S.S. Prince George. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Special connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899. Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:25 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05 Express for Sussex..... 12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 12:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... Accommodation from Moncton..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VOL. XI The Here is a paragraph in one of the daily papers that is not the least of the very current on that a prominent citizen of a equally prominent of the letter's author-these have not even works. At a first glance a complete denial was trouble but ever some expression it is anything but The story was Progress printed was told with much truth of it is known they are very clever. But many were leak out and appeared in haste to seize the for denial. The gentleman is not really a collector. It is of this date because which the disrupted, but to place there is a tendency to thro that gives the names, in process of denia odium of denia com of late. S figure in these episodes will be of a denial. T Munchausen a gentlem who office and cor xas is informe the dispute—the in the denial. But the curio this, an attempt pear that it was tractor who was stated. He was ed that his name as he was absent the states when It is said that tion, but that ed as a joke. That light remain of his told Pro seek legal advi The Penckr pany at its nee to the Conting many of the su cerns might we Filed Sergeant J chief of police quite ready as a good one, ev self. This was ing. On Mond pair to a flag He left the ag He left the ag against the st Next morning the flag of the majestically lost, needless of the national Earth, but the riers had set police officer, is being berat wise by his harbor. The joke known that time engaged laborer who sly about Que Saturday 3rd most As is usual actors, the h now playing come the idol seven weeks the more imp theatre going other than the of them. The Vale particularly stage presen