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LADY PATTY.

A SKETCH.

By THE DUCHESS,

Author of "MOLLY BAWN," "PHYLLIS," ETC.

Synopsis.

A letter to Caroline from Patty Gifford. Lady Patty and Caroline Cholmondeley were sincere friends. Mrs. Cholmondeley had one son, Tom. Lady Patty, a daughter "La bella Helen?" Third proposal of marriage to Helen by Sir Rufus Greyly, the richest baronet in England. She, without a penny; Lady Patty thinks this proposal the best yet, and urges Mrs. Cholmondeley to try and persuade Helen to accept. Helen thinks him an atheist and will not consent.

Helen goes to a ball; meets Lord Vysely, who is engaged to Miss Chester, also Sir Rufus is there. Miss Chester is called good looking and has charming manners, yet Helen thinks Lord Vysely the chief worshipper.

Next day while Tom and Helen are in deep conversation, Sir Rufus Greyly and Lord Vysely enter. Vysely with tickets for a concert, which he presents to Helen. While Sir Rufus has taken Tom into his confidence and implores him to use his influence in the matter of reducing Helen to reason, that is, to an appreciation of his personal charm and his estate, at the earliest opportunity. Lady Patty entering at this juncture receives Vyseley and Sir Rufus gladly. Helen gives Lady Patty tickets, who has had a previous engagement for that evening, but she consents to Helen's going.

Lady Patty wishes Helen to go to the ball with her, as Sir Rufus is to be there. Helen will not consent, but desires to go to the concert.

Lady Patty, in conversing to Mrs. Cholmondeley, seeing her plans cannot be carried, says: Oh, if Lord Vyseley had not been swallowed up by that Chester girl, I know that Helen, with her philanthropic tendencies, would have enslaved him; but Helen arrived too late. Sir Rufus is the best party on our cards at present.

Lady Patty goes to the ball; she informs Helen that Lord Vyseley was there, Lord Vyseley calls next afternoon, but Lady Patty is out. Helen receives him. He expresses his disapointment on her not being at the ball. When taking his departure, on the hall-door steps he met Sir Rufus Greyly. Sir Rufus presents Helen with a gigantic bouquet. Sir Rufus expresses the deep love he entertains towards her, and asks if she won't be his wife? Helen declines and wishes him to take his departure. Tom Cholmondeley enters. He addresses Sir Rufus: "I presume your visit here is at an end." Lady Patty returns and informs Helen after her death all her money goes to a distant cousin. You know an old maid's fate is a sad one. Sir Rufus adores you, he will give you position, name, and fortune. Oh darling consent. The ensuing week the servant ushers Sir Rufus into Tom's presence.

(CONTINUED.)

"The present age is full of wonder," says he, thoughtfully. "But to be born all over again, just to oblige you, makes one——"

"Pshaw! Nonsense, now!" says Sir Rufus, with his high-pitched laugh that always aggravates the listener. "You know what I mean. It is just this, Cholmondeley. I'm desperately in love with Helen Gifford, and I want to marry her."

"And Miss Gifford,—does she want to marry you?" asks Tom, flicking the ash of his cigarette, and laying his little emphasis with care.

"I don't know; and that's the centre of my trouble. And you needn't be hard on a fellow," says Sir Rufus. "To call her Helen, Gifford is not like calling her plain Helen, you know.

"No; I don't suppose even you could do that," says Tom, in a lowered voice, having a vision of the girl's calm beautiful features and trusting eyes before him. "Well? And—"

"I'm afraid she doesn't care for me," says Sir Rufus. "She—she's young, you know, and she can't see——"

"The advantage of your offer," says Tom. "That's a pity."

"Well, yes! "You take the right view of it. Of course I could raise her up a bit, and——"

There is a little movement, a smothered ejaculation. Cholmondeley's eyes are on him.

"Oh, you know what I mean. That mother of hers"—aggressively—"hasn't chosen to lay aside a penny for her: she has been most culpable,—most——"

"I will ask you to remember you are talking of my aunt," says Tom.

"Well, I know that," says Sir Rufus, sulkily. "You needn't make yourself so precious nasty,—especially as I am willing to take her——"

"Who? My aunt?" asks Tom, breathing a little quickly and flinging his cigarette into the empty grate.

"No, by George!—your cousin, and that without a penny!" says Greyly, with a truly noble burst of generosity. It is sad to relate that this touch of virtue in him is grossly misunderstood.

"Damn you, sir," cries Cholmondeley, getting slowly to his feet, "what do you mean by that? Do you imagine there is anything wonderful in your proposal! Do you suppose you are the only man who can see my cousin's charms?—who wants to marry her? You money, sir! Take your money elsewhere. My cousin is not for sale. She will require something more than money when she makes a choice."

"Well, I'm sure I've done all I can," says sir Rufus, thoroughly subdued by the other's outburst. "You misjudge me, Cholmondeley. Miss Gifford is more to me than you think. I didn't for a moment suppose she was to be bought, — except through—— There, — there, now," seeing Tom's teeth setting again. "I meant nothing disparaging. But Lady Patty has given me hope from time to time."

A wild desire to chuck him out of the window forthwith is all that Tom can set his mind to. Great heaven! that Lady Patty should have countenanced such a suitor for even a moment! How did she endure him? And yet money,—money,— what a power it is! How it sways men's hearts,—and women's feelings!

If he had been born with this fellow's silver spoon in his mouth would there have been a chance for him, with her? Well, yes,—perhaps! He loves her honestly, and love counts, and—— He has watched her closely, yet could never see one sign on her part thot she prefers this man or that above another. "Lovers' eyes are sharp to see," and therefore he, if any one, would have noticed a preference; but certainly there was none. She is heart-whole untouched, as yet. And what wonder? Such a child as she is, though launched upon a London season, could hardly dwell on love!

Life—fresh, strange, novel—is, as yet, all-sufficient for her. Her mind is only now opening to the vast griefs and joys that may await her. Her wakening intelligence is fully occupied in dwelling on all these and wondering at what the years may bring to lay at her feet. She has no time to consecrate to love.

Of that he feels sure. Her heart is still her own. Therefore had Fate but dowered him with even half the goods bestow upon this fellow here (now so blatantly pleading his right to that sweet love of hers), surely she would have listened to him. Yes, love would win the day for him; and yet——

Why, this man claims that he loves her, too, and yet she will not listen to him. Is love nothing, then? What moves a woman's heart? Not this love nor that, but only her own. And if she could have loved him at all, would she not have loved him penniless, as he is now, as well as if he were possessed of all the mines of Golconda?

"I think you might listen to a fellow," breaks in Sir Rufus rather sullenly upon his revery. "If you are her cousin, you might have her interests a bit at heart, I think. You might spare her five minutes out of your valuable time."

"That's sarcasm, I suppose," says Tom. He has lit another cigarette, and is gazing indolently at Sir Rufus through the tiny cloud of smoke that uprises from his lips. "Sarcasm always terrifies me. Don't overpower me with it. You think I ought to have my cousin's interests at heart? By which you mean, I suppose, that I ought to encourage her to marry you?"

"Well, yes, if it comes to that," says Sir Rufus, doggedly. "I'm ready to go a long way. I'll make settlements on her that will be called handsome, I take it, and—er—as I've said, I want nothing in return."

"Except herself," says Cholmondeley, casting a rather queer glance at him. That's a mere nothing, of course; hardly counts. Well, is that all? Why don't you go and win, then?"

"Ah! that's it," ruefully. "Her mother is willing enough, but—by Jove! I can't understand it, you know—but I don't seem to get on with the daughter."

"'Tis strange!—'tis passing strange!" says Tom, softly.

"And what I've come here for to-day is to consult you," says Sir Rufus, growing more confidential. "Come, now, Cholmondeley, you know her: what would you advise me to do?"

"Give her a diamond necklet," says Tom, promptly but deliberately, leaning back in his chair and flickering the ash off his cigarette. "That'll fetch her."

He doesn't himself think so even for a moment, but, with a knowledge of his visitor's parsimonious inclinations full in view, it seems to him about the most unpleasant suggestion he can think of.

"Eh? You think that?" says Sir Rufus, reddening perceptibly. He fidgets nervously with his short broad feet. To give a present of that sort, without being sure of getting something in return, is unpleasant to him. "Diamonds!" says he. "But your cousin—er—has always seemed to be such a simple sort of a girl, quite above all such extravagant desires, eh? Simplicity is her chief charm, as it seems to me,—eh? eh?"

"There never was a woman yet so simple that she could not admire diamonds," returns Tom, sententiously, not looking at him this time, but following slowly, lovingly, the trail of the smoke he had just emitted from his nose.

"D'ye think that?" says Rufus, fidgeting even more openly now. "It's—er—don't misunderstand me again, Cholmondeley, but—it sounds a little mercenary, doesn't it?"

"Very distincly so," replies Tom, remorselessly, "but, for all that, clever. Women are mercenary to the heart's core, and they love an open hand. If you really desire to make my cousin love you, Greyly," turning upon him an encouraging smile, "shower diamonds upon her. I have suggested a necklet as a beginning; but don't stop there: follow up the adornment for her slender neck by equally sparkling ornaments for her arms, her fingers, her toes. Don't spare them. You can afford it, you know, lucky dog."

"But——"

"You fear you might bore her with so many diamonds! Just so! Women are not only mercenary, but capricious. But there's always a way to square them. The moment you see she fails to grow enthusiastic over the diamonds, begin on rubies, and from them go on to emeralds, and after that there's always pearls and topazes and—— You can get a jeweller's list, you know. It will carry you on a long time. That's why some fellows marry in a hurry: they can't afford the constant change. By the bye, I've known amber very effective as a last resource. Amber is expensive. They all like being given it, though they seldom wear it. But to begin with, Greyly, I should suggest the diamond necklet."

"Well, I'll give it," returns Sir Rufus, loudly, as if bracing himself for an immense undertaking. "Of course I know," in a surly tone, "you have been chaffing me about the rest of it. But I'll give your cousin the necklet." How—er—how much d'ye think it will cost, eh?" This with a view to see how far Tom expects him to go.

"Streeter will tell you that in five seconds," says Tom.

"True," —disconcerted. "But"—pertinaciously—"what would you think, eh?"

"I should think a little light one, suitable for a girl so young as my cousin, might be had for five thousand pounds or so," says Tom, airily, "but really I don't know. I'm not a rich baronet, my dear fellow. I dare say I have a good deal underrated it."

"Five!" echoes Sir Rufus. "Five! I should have thought that——"

"A word," says Tom, interrupting him quickly, and wheeling round on his chair the better to see him. "Make it a good one, whatever you do. Girls nowadays are connoisseurs in precious stones. Give a good price for it, or leave it alone all together."

"I see," says Sir Rufus, faintly.

CHAPTER XIII

But the air was a long sweet dream,
And the earth was a sweet wide smile.

When Vyseley at last came up with her, it was in the elephant-house, where she was throwing biscuits to a huge brute, and looking so pleased and happy and without care that he felt almost angry with her. For longer hours, as it seems to him, he has been searching the grounds for her, going in and out of the lions, houses a dozen times,—she having expressed an open admiration for them,—and all to no avail. He had suffered, through suspense and disappointment, more than he cared to confess even to himself, yet here (when at last he finds her) is she as calm as though such a person as he were not in existence.

It is all unjust, of course. How could she know he had thrown up Goodwood at the last moment, finding it impossible to forego the chance of a tete-a-tete with her, the hope of seeing her alone?—for of course the sedate Prim would count as nothing, being too well bred not to know when to efface herself. Unjust, and yet it seems to him that all the anxiety he has been feeling lest he should entirely miss her should have awakened some answering agitation in her breast. But her face is a picture of mere intense interest in the huge brute before her, and of how accurately she can send the broken biscuit into his expectant trunk.

Prim, tired of elephants, has moved to the upper door, and is watching the passers-by.

"I wonder if the elephant enjoys it as much as you do," says Vysely, leaning his arms on the railing close to Helen, and looking at her.

She starts violently, gazes at him blankly for a moment, and then—slowly, slowly—a most lovely smile grows upon her lips and a delicate glad little blush colors her cheeks. She is so openly, so unreservedly delighted to see him that the small sense of injustice that has been oppressing him dies forever.

"You!" says she. "Why, I thought——" Then, "Why aren't you at Goodwood?"

"Sometimes a man has business to attend to," says Vysely, prevaricating shamefully. "Even Goodwood occasionally must give way to it. Mine once accomplished, it occurred to me that you had said something about coming here to-day. And as I felt lonely, and as you and I are the two sole people in town, I thought I would come here and see how you were enjoying yourself."

"Oh! so much!" says she, enthusiastically. "We have been here all the morning, Prim and I. But now I am afraid Prim is tired: so we must go home."

"Oh, not just yet, surely. I haven't seen anything yet. Wouldn't Prim like to go to the place where they sell tea?—they"—doubtfully—"do sell tea, don't they?"

"Oh yes. We've had some."

"But Prim might like some more, and while she is having it you might take me to see the lions."

"I'll ask her," says Helen, hopefully. With a light, eager footstep she goes up to Prim, and says something to her, and that matron, having cast one glance at Lord Vyseley, decides one more tea, but gives it as her opinion that it won't take more than ten minutes to drink it, and that after that she thinks Miss Gifford ought to come home. "My lady might be angry if Miss Gifford overtired herself; and she specially warned her—Prim—not to keep Miss Gifford out beyond——"

"Very well, very well, Prim; I'll be ready then. Lord Vysely has only just come, as you see" ("No I don't" thinks Prim to herself), "and I want to have a last look at the lions with him. He is very anxious to see them, he says."

"He looks it miss," says Prim demurely.

Helen runs back to Lord Vysely.

"It is all right. Yes! She will sit in the luncheon-rooms and have some tea," cries she aloud to him, speaking while still a yard or two away from him in the exuberance of her joy.

She returns to his side with that pretty springy step of hers. She is smiling. Her eyes are soft and bright. She is gowned in a charming frock of pale-blue zephyr, and is looking about fifteen. Such a child! She has even lost that little touch of thoughtfulness he used to regard as so charming; and yet he cannot bring himself now—looking at her in all her youthful gayety—to remember it as a loss. Truly, variety is charming. Miss Gifford is a direct illustration of the truth of that old saying.

Together they set off gayly, to inspect the lions, having first made Prim comfortable at one of the tables in the luncheon-room. Vysely has placed in her hand a coin big enough to give her tea for many weeks to come.

"Just imagine your being in town," says Helen, chattering happily to him, "when all the rest of the world is away Such luck!"

She laughs merrily, but now stops short and colors hotly. "That's very selfish of me," says she. "After all, I shouldn't rejoice over your misfortunes. I'm glad you are here, but of course you are sorry you aren't there. One thing doesn't always make two people happy!"

This profound fact evolved out of her inner consciousness makes Vysely look at her with an expression too ardent by far. But providentially she is looking at a camel that has just passed by them.

"Not always," says he: "you are right there. But now, if you are happy at this moment, Helen, so am I;" then, quickly, "I may call you Helen?"

"Yes, yes, of course." She seems disturbed, however: a little breath from yesterday, from that usual thoughtfulness that distinguishes her, descends upon her now. "I am sure mamma would not mind," says she presently, very distinctly.

"Thank you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A JOKE ON THE CHIEF.

A Green Policeman Who Turned the Tables on Him Nicely.

The Jersey city police think they have a good joke on chief Murphy. Since Christy Smith became superintendent and head of the department Chief Murphy's duties have been those of an inspector and he takes an occasional ramble over the beats of the officers to see that they are attending to their business. He was unable to find a Tenton, who had recently been appointed, anywhere on his post the other night. Glancing into a saloon, however, he discovered his man at the bar guzzling beer.

The chief called for a glass of beer, and then, edging up to the officer, inquired why he was not on his beat.

"Dot vos no pizness of yours," was the impudent reply.

The chief straightened up severely. "Do you know whom you are talking to?" he asked. "No! und I don't garo," returned the man of the billet.

"I am Chief Murphy, sir, and I want you to know that you are violating the rules in being in this saloon drinking beer."

Chief Murphy was in citizen's clothing and the officer had not recognized him. He was only a second recovering from his surprise. Glancing at the chief's glass of beer, he became confidental.

"Say, chief," he said. "of you don't say nodings about our taking beer, I wont say nodings."

The chief took in the situation at a glance. If it was wrong for the officer to drink beer while on duty it was equally wrong, the officer thought, for the chief to do it. Neither wanted to make terms of mutual silence for mutual protection. The situation was so ludicrous that the chief has abstained from telling on the officer except as a good joke.—New York Times.

HE HELD THE BABY.

While His Wife Left Him "Just for a Minute."

"Hold the baby, please; I'll be back in just a minute," said she. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. Baby awoke and yelled as if seven ghosts were after it. Taking the child, he went to find his wife.

"She isn't here," said the neighbor. "She has gone to the dressmaker's. But she left her parasol here and said she would call for it in just a minute. Have a chair."

"Thanks." Baby screaming, head thrown back, face red, eyes shut, back stiff, kicked off one little red shoe and made its mouth and hands go like Talmage's. Half hour, no wife. He carried the child to the dressmaker's, where he was told:

"Your wife isn't here. She has gone to the milliner's. But she left a dress pattern here and said she'd call for it in just a minute. Be seated."

"Thanks."

He trotted the screaming child on his knee, laid it on its back, rolled it over on its stomach, tossed it in the air, stuffed a handkerchief in its mouth and hummed "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." He asked for a rattle box, but the dressmaker got mad and said she wasn't married. Half hour, no wife. He took the child to the milliner, who said:

"Your wife isn't here. She has just left for home. Oh, what a cute little mouth; that child has been crying!"

"Hain't it!" He started for home and met his wife on the street. Tossing the child into her arms he strutted away, muttering:

"I'll be back in just a minute."

"Chicago or New York, time, dear?"

"Your time!" he thundered.

That was two years ago, and she hasn't seen him since.

A Thoughtful Wife.

Tussell—My dear, had we not better remain away from the golden wedding at the Brown's? Really, I can't afford to buy a present.

Mrs. Tussell—My dear, you forget those beauiful golden rods I gathered for just that purpose.

HAVE YOU READ

this description of rheumatism and neuralgia? "Put your hand in a vise, turn the vise until you can't bear another turn. and that's rheumatism; give it another turn that's neuralgia." And still you'll suffer these tortures when for 25 cents you can buy a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT and be relieved.

Mrs. Francis Rogers, of Eastern Passage has had James White, of the same place, summoned on a charge of assaulting her with his fist. The case comes up for hearing before County Stipendiary Griffin to-morrow.—Halifax Echo.

Queen Victoria has a remarkably fine head of hair, for a lady of her age; but her son, the Prince of Wales, is quite bald. Had he used Ayer's Hair Vigor earlier in life, his head might, to-day, have been as well covered as that of his royal mother. It's not too late yet.

"There has been considerable in the papers about tall boys lately," writes an Oxford correspondent, "but they haven't mentioned that we have a boy in Oxford that is 19 years old and is 6 feet 4½ inches tall.—Parrsboro Leader.

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful alterative to thoroughly eradicate it.

The firm of Robb & Sons, Amherst, founders, is to be turned into the Robb Engineering company, capital quarter of a million, in hundred dollar shares. The manufacture of all electrical appliances will be added to their business.

The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

The potato bugs are so numerous in parts of P. E. Island that they even enter the cellars and are swarming the roadsides.

Dr. William's Pink Pills bring joy and health to all who use them. For all the ills that afflict the female system they are a specific, enriching the blood, building up the nerves, and converting pale and sallow complexions into the rosy glow of health. Try them. Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or 5 boxes for $2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Two well known Halifax couples are evidently not satisfied with married life, at least the fair ones are not, judging from communications received by Registrar Barres of the divorce court. The writers of the letters are desirous of being divorced from their husbands on various grounds. They wish to become acquainted with the mode of procedure. —Halifax Mail.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The feature of the floral show at the Yarmouth exhibition was a magnificent lilium auratum, with 120 blooms on one stem, grown in the open air by John H. Killam. There is probably not such another unique specimen on the continent. The authorities say the fruit shown is the finest ever seen in the county. There are now over one thousand acres of orchards in Yarmouth.

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

Miss Ascenath Goodwin, of Pubnico, N. S., picked a mayflower on the 2nd inst.

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season, when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

Living and Learning.

Angelique—Do you love me as much as ever, George?

George—Oh, yes; but I am just beginning to find out how much that was.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough, in perfect fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A Gentle Stab.

Ethel—It is rather too bad that in marriage the nicest girls get the worst husbands.

Clarissa—It is; but you needn't disturb yourself dear. You are not likely to get a poor husband.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Crazy Fellow.

Tomson—Tawker's wife had the lockjaw once and what do you suppose that crazy husband of her's did?

Johnson—I can't imagine. What was it?

Tomson—He went for a doctor.

The housewife pins her faith to it, and well she may. She had to use the old washing powders that destroyed her clothes. She had to use chemical compounds which made everything a dirty yellow. Then "Lessive Phenix," came along with its incomparable virtues. It takes the terror out of the work, for it makes the water soft and the clothes beautiful, and saves 50 per cent. in soap. Then it cleans everything in the house—from the silverware to the pots, pans, and the bath.

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A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North end every morning, Sunday excepted, for the Celestial City at 9 a. m. Returning will leave Fredericton at 8 a. m. Fare $1.00.

Steamers of this line connect with Stmr. Florenceville and Railways for up-river counties.

On the romantic line Belliele Bay, Stmr. Springfield will leave St. John, N. end, for the above place every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 o'clock, noon, calling at all way landings, returning on alternate days.

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International Steamship Co., FALL ARRANGEMENT. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

Commencing September 16th, the steamer of this company will leave St John for Eastport, Portland, Boston, —EVERY— Monday, Wednesday and Friday Morning, at 7.25, standard. Returning will leave Boston at 5.30 p. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. ☞On Wednesday's trip the steamer will not call at Portland.

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THIS Steamer will on and after the 12th SEPTEMBER, and until the 15th NOVEMBER, sail from the Company's Pier, Reed's Point, St. John at 7.30 a. m. (local time), on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Returning will sail from Annapolis, upon arrival of the Halifax Express, due at 1 p. m., on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, calling at Digby each way.

Travellers to Halifax will please take notice that by this route they can reach that city inside of ten hours, have a greater variety of beautiful scenery, the pleasure of a delightful sail across the Bay of Fundy, and choice meals served at reasonable rates on board the steamer.

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NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO. Steamship "CITY OF COLUMBIA" —LEAVES— SAINT JOHN FOR NEW YORK via Eastport, Me., and Yarmouth, N. S. Every FRIDAY at 2 p. m. (Local Time.) Return Steamer will leave NEW YORK, from Pier 40, East River, every TUESDAY at 5 p. m. for Yarmouth, N. S., Eastport, Me. and St. John, N. B. Freight on through Bills of Lading. Holders of tickets entitled to stateroom, berth and meals. H. H. WARNER, President. N. L. NEWCOMB, Gen. Manager, 63 Broadway, New York. J. H. SHERMAN, Agent, St. John, N. B. Telephone call No. 540.

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RAILROADS.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CHEAP Fall Excursion —TO— BOSTON, —WILL BE RUN ON— OCT. 13th, 14th and 15th

TICKETS on sale at St. John, Fairville, Westfield, Welsford, Hoyt, Fredericton Jc., Harvey and McAdam Jc. to Boston and return at $8.00 EACH.

Good going on above dates only; returning, good until Oct. 31st, 1891.

For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass Agent, Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Asst Genl Passr Agt, St. John, N. B.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY, WINTER ARRANGEMENT. Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen; NEW PASSENGER CARS.

No Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess Baggage.

The Road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the Bridges replaced by new ones.

Commencing Thursday, Oct. 8th, 1891, TRAINS RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Leave St. Stephen at ..... 7.30 a. m.
Arrive at St. John ..... 11.55 a. m.
Leave St. John East ..... 3.04. West 3.20 p. m.
Arrive at St. Stephen at ..... 8 p. m.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Office, No. 3 Pugsley Building. Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Chas. Philips, 79 Prince Wm. street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen.

F. J. McPHAKE, Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1891 Summer Arrangements, 1891

ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.00
Fast Express for Halifax	14.00
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	16.35
Night Express for Halifax	22.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton. Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.10
Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Day Express from Halifax	18.30
Fast Express from Halifax	22.20

The train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.20 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec 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., 17th June, 1891.

PEOPLES POPULAR ONE WAY PARTIES —TO THE— PACIFIC COAST —IN— CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleeping Cars, leave Montreal from Dalhousie Square Station at 8.40 p. m.,

Sept. 30th, Oct, 14th, 28th, Nov. 11th, 25th, Dec. 9th and 23rd, 1891.

For further particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Agents.

D. McNICHOL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Montreal. C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't. Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

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