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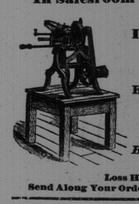

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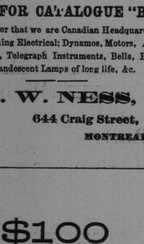

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THREE IN CHARGE.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

It is an episode of ocean life, now a good many years old, but human nature was the same then as it is now, and indeed, the older I grow the more I find human nature the same now as it was then.

Business had carried me to the East Indies. I had visited Madras, whence I had proceeded to Calcutta and from Calcutta I had made my way to Rangoon. I stayed in that place a month, by which time my health had suffered so greatly from the climate that I made up my mind to return to Europe in a sailing ship that I might spend many long weeks among the fresh breezes of the sea and get all the benefit I could out of the incessant changes of climate which a voyage down the Indian Ocean and round the Cape of Good Hope and up the Atlantic provides you with.

There was a full-rigged ship lying at Rangoon, called the Biddy McDougal, I heard, that would suit my convenience, and as she looked a comfortable, stout ship, I enquired the owner of the agent, called upon him and asked if I could get a passage to England by his vessel. He answered "Yes." She was bound to London; she was not a passenger ship, but the captain would no doubt be glad to accommodate me with a cabin. The charge would be so much. I forget the figure, but I recollect that it was moderate, something short of £40. For this money I was to live on such provisions as were served up at the captain's table, but the spirits and wine I might need I must myself lay in.

Next day I went aboard the Biddy McDougal to inspect her cabin accommodation. On climbing over the gangway I was received by a tall, rather good-looking man, with a face remarkable for its expression of sternness. His skin was blackened by the sun and weather, and another shade of dye would have qualified him to pass for a native. He frowned as he surveyed me, and inquired my business on board.

"I am going to England in this ship," I said, "and I have come to see what sort of a cabin I am to sleep in."

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he exclaimed, but without relaxing his stern expression. "I thought"—he broke off and muttered behind his teeth.

"Who are you?" said I; "the mate?"

"No sir, I am the captain."

"Oh indeed!" I exclaimed. "Pray what name?"

"Mr. Wilson," he answered. "It is a fashion among merchant seamen who obtain command to style themselves captain. It is a piece of impertinence. The only captains at sea are in the Royal Navy. A merchant skipper is a master mariner. I am plain Mr. Wilson, at your service, sir."

He spoke with considerable heat, but I was willing to attribute his temper to the weather, which was certainly very trying. And then, again, his men might have given him trouble, for numerous and deep are the worries and anxieties of the British shipmaster. Much is expected of him and little is given. His crew is slender and ignorant; it charges upon him every outrage that is perpetrated by the owner, and often would the men be glad to cut his throat before the land is out of sight; he has no professional prospects, and when at last he runs his ship ashore or loses her in a gale of wind or by fire and is compelled by a court of inquiry to withdraw from the vocation which he has pursued, if not adorned, man and boy, for perhaps forty years, there is no other port under his lee for him to bring up in than the establishment at Belvedere, which, I regret to say, is always in want of funds and always inconveniently full.

Therefore it was that when Mr. Wilson spoke with heat about ship-masters styling themselves captains I made "allowances," as the phrase goes, and, after briefly acquiescing in his views, requested to be allowed to see the cabin, the agent had offered me. I viewed that cabin, and found it small and ill-lighted, but, on the whole, it was a better cabin than I had expected to find on board such a ship as the Biddy McDougal. The stateroom, in which the meals were taken, was a tolerably cheerful interior, very plainly furnished, with a large skylight over the table, a stove for cold weather, a lamp, a clock in the skylight, and a big telescope in the companionway. There were three cabins forward and two cabins abaft. My cabin was forward, on the starboard side.

Mr. Wilson and I went on deck, and we stood conversing a while under the shelter of an awning. I inquired as to the number of the crew, the time the ship had occupied in making the outward passage, and so on, and then went ashore, understanding that the vessel would not sail for another week.

Three days later I paid a second visit to the ship, for by this time I had purchased what I needed, and I wished to see where the cases and parcels had been stowed. On stepping on board I beheld an immensely stout, red-faced man with a wide straw hat on his head, dressed in white drill, seated in a chair with poles attached to it under the short awning, which sheltered a portion of the quarter-deck. Two or three sailors were lounging in the forepart of the ship. There was no work apparently doing. I looked for Mr. Wilson, the master, and seeing nothing of him I directed my eyes in search of any person who might resemble the mate.

"Pray, what's your business?" called out the stout, red-faced man, without attempting to rise.

"I wish to see the captain," said I.

"Well, you are looking at him," he answered.

"I do not see him," I exclaimed, casting my gaze around.

"Why, ye can't be as blind as all that!" cried the stout, red-faced man in a noisy, roaring, yet greasy voice, which he followed on with a succession of hearty chuckles.

"I want to see the captain," said I feeling much too hot and tired to be made a fool of by a rough, shapeless, red-faced lump of a man such as was he who gazed at me out of a little, weak, moist, blue eye, set in the midst of a countenance as round and inflamed as the newly risen November moon at its full.

"I am the captain," said he.

"What is your name?" said I, approaching him.

"Capt. Timothy Punch," he answered. "What is your business, sir?"

I informed him that I had taken a passage in the Biddy McDougal for England.

"Oh, you're the gent!" he cried, and his manner immediately became respectful. "You'll excuse me for not rising. I'm full flush to the hatches with gout, and the pain ain't going to improve the manners of a plain sailor. If I'm a bit rough in my speech, you'll excuse me. What can I offer ye, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"A ship's fok'sle was my college," he continued, giving expression to his enjoyment of the matter of his speech by a succession of silly chuckles, "and I comes from a rough stock, sir. Ye may have heard of the famous Capt. John Punch, him as was a terror to all wrong-doers in the West Indian waters. He couldn't read or write, but he was a captain in the Royal Navy for all that, as you may ascertain by consulting the Admiralty lists of his day. His not being able to write was nothen; but his not being able to read was a bit inconvenient now and again, as for instance, when he was sent away nuder sealed orders, or when he'd get an official letter marked 'confidential,' the inside of which he was to keep strictly secret."

He was proceeding, but I cut the garrulous wheezy old man short.

"I may take it," said I, "that there has been a fresh captain appointed to this ship since I visited her a few days ago?"

"You may take it," he noisily wheezed, "that the captain of this ship is Timothy Punch. He brought the Biddy McDougal out and he's going to take the Biddy McDougal home."

I viewed him with astonishment, but held my tongue, never doubting that the "Mr. Wilson" whom I had met and who might have happened to be on board as a guest or as a sightseer when I arrived, had entertained himself at my expense by a deliberate falsehood.

Capt. Punch again apologized for not being able to rise, yet made an effort to stir in his chair for no other purpose, however, that I could see than to force a groan that sounded like an execration. He told me that my private stock of private wine and other matters I had laid in were safely housed in the berth adjoining mine, a berth that was unoccupied, and was, therefore, at my service, as well as the cabin I had paid for. Nevertheless, I went below to make sure. In Mr. D.'s cabin I found a young fellow cleaning some glasses.

"Are you the steward?" said I.

"I waits upon the Captain," he answered.

"The Captain?" I exclaimed.

"Capt. Punch, sir," said he.

"Then it is all right so far as Punch goes," thought I; and that fellow Wilson—if I should happen to meet him!

"Is there a regular steward?" I asked.

"I does all the waiting at this here table," answered the young fellow.

On this I told him that I was the passenger, bade him see that my cabin was clean and comfortable and in readiness for me, slipped a few rupees into his hand, and after looking at my purchases, returned on deck.

The captain told me that the ship would certainly sail on the following Wednesday, at some hour in the afternoon, and bade me be on board not later than nine.

"We ought to have got away three weeks ago," he exclaimed; "it's all owing of the Rangoon port authorities, as they call themselves. Every snivelling creature whose dirty little soul is wrapped up in a white hide is a boss in this flaming country, and the more snivelling he is and the dirtier the little soul what's wrapped up in him the more aggravatingly does he go to work in his bossing jobs. Punch knows 'em. They've got Punch's hump up often enough, and lucky it is for these here port authorities that Punch ain't no longer the man he was," and here he looked at his immense, gouty fists, then fastened his eyes significantly upon his bloated, seemingly, helpless knees.

CHAPTER II.

I sent my baggage to the ship on Tuesday afternoon, and at 9 o'clock on the following morning I repaired on board the Biddy McDougal as she lay in the river of the town. On gaining the deck I perceived a number of seamen employed upon the ground tackle, and I seemed to catch sight of the man who had called himself "Wilson" and "captain" standing in the ship's head and gazing down over the bows, but his face was but partially revealed, and the shadow of his wide straw hat darkened and obscured the little of his countenance that was visible. A man stood near the gangway, clothed in blue serge, with a white cover to his naval cap. He was a sullen-looking fellow, with a reel of white beard and whiskers running down his cheeks under his throat, a sour mouth and a dry twist of face which, rounding into one eye, made it look smaller than the other. As I had not yet met the mate of the ship, I supposed that this man might be that officer, and, approaching him, I said:

"Are you the mate?"

"No," he answered, leisurely bringing his eyes down from aloft, and fastening them upon me. "I am neither the mate, nor the man that cooks the mate."

"Who are you?" said I, nettled by his brusque manner.

"Who are you, first of all?" he answered.

"I am a passenger going home in the Biddy McDougal."

His manner changed. "I ask your pardon," said he; "I took you to be another gent; some one I don't want to have nothing more to say to. You're amazingly like him, surely."

"Are you the mate?" said I.

"No, sir," he replied. "I am the captain." I eyed him steadfastly, and then looked round the deck, scarcely knowing as yet but that I had taken my passage aboard a ship full of lunatics.

"The captain?" I cried.

"Ay," he answered, with an emphatic nod, "Capt. Parfitt."

"Pray, how many captains does this ship carry?" said I, again looking around the deck in search of any sign of old Capt Punch.

"One only," said he, "and I'm that man."

"I have been aboard this vessel three times," said I, "and on each occasion have met with a new captain. The first time it was Captain Wilson; there he is," I exclaimed pointing to the forecastle where the man Wilson who had called himself the master now stood looking towards me, and plainly visible. "Next it was Capt. Timothy Punch, a gouty, red-faced man who sat helpless in a chair on this quarter-deck. And now it is you."

A sour smile curled the man's lips.

"They haven't been quite above board with you, sir," said he. The long and the short of it's this: Cap'n Punch was in charge during the outward voyage right enough; but he was took very bad with gout a month afore Rangoon was reached, and the command of the vessel was given to his chief mate—that there gent as you see, for'rards. The ship was to sail home in charge of Mr. Wilson; but the port authorities say: No. Mr Wilson don't hold a certificate as master,' The ship could'nt be cleared till a proper 'master was had. I was asked to navigate the vessel home, and here I am. So ye may take it from me that I'm captain and nobody else."

"Well," said I, "if there's truth in the saying that there's safety in numbers, the passage should be comfortable and speedy," and with that I went below to look after my traps.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Etiquette of the Hat.

One of the simplest instincts of good manners would seem to be that a man should uncover his head while eating his dinner with his family; yet it is pretty certain that the first gentlemen of England two centuries ago habitually wore their hats during that ceremony, nor is it known just when or why the practice was changed, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. In Pepys' famous Diary, which is the best manual of manners for its period, we read, under date of Sept. 22, 1664: "Home to bed, having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner and sitting with the wind in my neck."

In Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age he says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself except at dinner. Lord Clarendon died in 1674. That the English members of Parliament sit with their hats on during the sessions is well known, and the same practice prevailed at the early town meetings in New England. The presence or absence of the hat is therefore simply a conventionality, and so it is with a thousand practices which are held, so long as they exist, to be the most unchangeable and matter-of-course affairs.

At Vassar.

Penelope—Every tongue in college was wagging yesterday. You ought to have been here.

Cousin Dick (in a tremor of curiosity)—What over?

Penelope quietly—Gum.

Modern Miracles.

A singer for breath was distressed
And the doctors all said she must rest,
But she took G. M. D.
For the weak lungs you see,
And now she can sing with the best.

An athlete gave out on a run,
And he feared his career was quite done;
G. M. D., you observe,
Gave back his lost nerve,
And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer who wrote for a prize,
Had headaches and pain in the eyes;
G. M. D. was the spell
That made him quite well,
And glory before him now lies.

These are only examples of the daily triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in restoring health and reviving wasted vitality. Sold by all druggists.

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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.

Bar Harbor Record: As a rule we do not like superfluous letters in spelling of a word, but there is something in the looks of the word "program" that suggests a cat with her tail cut off.

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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.

Workmen at Gardiner unearthed a rare old cannon the other day. It consisted part of the armament of a famous Maine vessel of former days, the old "Washington," carried for protection against pirates. It is a relic of the glory of the merchant marine.

A Business Transaction.

"Have you seen the marriage notice of Miss Moneta Dimmond to Count Rakstag."

No, my dear; but Moneta showed me the bill of sale—something the minister called a certificate.

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Hostetter McGinnis—It is mean of you to be always abusing your friend Jones behind his back.

Gus de Smith—I can't see it that way. If I abuse him to his face he will pound the life out of me.

You don't need the Chinaman, nor the laundry. You can do your own washing now and instead of a terror it will be a pleasure to you. And all because of "Lessive Phenix." It is a washing solutive. It does away with the use of soap on clothes. It doesn't raise a sudsy lather, which burns and hardens your hands, and injures the clothes, like the old chemical powder. It is so emollient you can use it in the bath; and it will produce soft, fair skin. You can use it on almost anything. Directions with every package. Ask your grocer.

Mr. J. B. Stearns, the millionaire citizen of Camden, is building an observatory about twenty rods from his cottage "Norumbega," which is to be used as the home of his large telescope. The dome of this observatory is to revolve at will, so that the whole heavens may be viewed on a cloudless night with the least amount of friction.

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.

We were shown an old coin the other day on one side of which could be deciphered the superscription Georgius III, and on the other Britain 1071.—Woodstock Press.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the first approach of that 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. It never 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.

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"Mr. Spencer's poems in the Watchman are full of individual character and suggestiveness."—*William Cullen Bryant.*

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Life.

How brief are life's joys,
How lasting its sorrow,
'Tis sunshine to-day
And gloom to-morrow.
'Tis a gift of priceless worth
Given by heaven above;
'Tis the shattering to the earth
Of this idol of our love;
For every laugh of pleasure
Is echoed back with pain,
From the early break of day
Till night's shadows fall again
And so we live, oft know not why
Unless to suffer and then to die.

GEORGE FREDERIC HEYDT.

Thought His Mother Beautiful.

Says a recent American lecturer:—"We bemoan sometimes to others, oftenest to our mirrors, the decline of youthful charms. I doubt if the fondest husband of the best wife who hears me would, after twenty years of wedlock, select and marry—for look's sake—her who was the fairest of created things in his eyes in that far-off time. Did ever the man live who did not think his mother beautiful? I asked that question once in a studiously impersonal way of a man of 53, whose 70-years old mother was a miracle of human homeliness. She mangled the English language at every half-breath; she was an inveterate snuff-taker, and, although a godly woman, carried the food to her mouth with the blade of her knife. My fellow-colloquist—a lawyer politician, a shrewd citizen of the world, and a ripe scholar—mused a moment and said, 'I am hardly a fair judge in such a case. My mother is, as you know, a queen among women.'"

Thoughtless Man.

She was very rich, but slightly passe, and he was poor.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered, as they sat out in the lambent light of the harvest moon, and the languorous music of the orchestra in the distant ballroom was wafted to them, sweet and low, on the evening air, says the Detroit Free Press.

She did not take her hand away as she felt the warm pressure of his upon it.

"But beauty fades," she sighed, regretfully, and there was a touch of bitterness in her tones.

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, "I had noticed that."

She snatched her hand from his, and, with a scornful look, froze him to the spot, so that the iceman picked him up with his tongs in the morning and delivered him at the kitchen door.

Couldn'tSee It.

Cashly.—There! now that I have given that poor woman a quarter, I ought to have luck.

Flashly.—Don't follow, my dear man; nothing to do with it.

Cashly.—Why?

Flashly.—I went to the races one day and gave a blind man standing at the gate a quarter for luck. Lost every cent I had. When I came out I tried to borrow a quarter of the blind man, but he couldn't see it.

His Last Request.

"I'd like to ask just one small favor," said Erysipelas Jake, "before Im' swung off."

"Well, what is it?" growled the leader of the vigilance committee.

"I wisht you'd stand me on a whiskey bar'l 'stead of this flour bar'l. I'd like to die as a Kentuckian and a gentleman, seein' as I've got to go."

Read his Thoughts.

"My wife can tell my wishes by the very expression of my eye. I never need speak."

"Nonsense! That will do in novels but in real life——"

"Fact, I assure you. I know she must guess my wishes, because she always goes and does just the contrary."

Rev Plink Plunk on Sleepers.

De man dat shouts aloud to de opening prayer, deah breddern, an' den falls asleep an' doan wake up until it's time to respond amen to de conclusin' ob de services, will wake up on de great day, jes' in time to hear de gates ob hell slammin' shet, wif kim on de inside.

Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.

I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take great pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

True Faith.

"I have great faith in Burdock Bloon Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recomend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Harry G. James.

Harry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

Victory At Vivian.

"In our family faithful work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhœa dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it to all as a family friend, always true and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishop, Vivian, Ont.

Mrs. George Rendle.

Mrs. George Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recomend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price 35c.

Aunt's Advice.

"My brother had severe summer complain about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelaide Crittenden, Balewin, Ont.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

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HARD COAL
LANDING,
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O. M. Sydney,
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R. P. & W. F. STARR,
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COAL.
Landing ex Harry Bailey:
1,150 Tons RESERVE COAL,

Owing to the great rush of orders on this vessel, there has been some delay in filling orders, and for this reason we would like our customers to leave their orders as early as possible and we will send the RESERVE COAL to them as quickly as we can unload. All persons who have not yet tried some of it should do so at once or ask their neighbors about it, and then they would find out that it makes a quick, clean, lasting fire, is free from slate or shale and will not slack in the bins.

MORRISON & LAWLOR,
COR. UNION AND SMYTHE STS.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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WILKINS & SANDS,
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We are showing the largest line of
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PRICES ARE RIGHT,
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PICKFORD & BLACK'S
West India Steamers.
(CARRYING THE CANADIAN MAILS.)
ST. John, N. B. to Demerara
—CALLING AT—
Halifax, Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitt's, Antigua, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, and Trinidad.
—AND RETURNING TO—
St. John via same Ports, except Halifax.

STEAMERS.	TONS.	LEAVE ST. JOHN.	LEAVE DEMERARA.
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	July 8.	Aug. 1
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	July 22.	Aug. 22
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	Aug. 26.	Sept. 19
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	Sept. 17.	Oct. 16
DUART CASTLE,	1,180,	Oct. 10.	Nov. 2
TAYMOUTH CASTLE,	1,172,	Nov. 3.	Dec. 2
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(And regularly thereafter.)

These Steamers are of the highest class (100 A 1) at Lloyds; have superior accomodations for Passengers and carry Stewards and Stewardess.

Freight and Passage rates furnished on application.

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Agents at St. John, N. B.

On the Rhine of America.
STAR LINE
FOR FREDERICTON, &c

A STEAMER of this line will leave St. John, North end every morning, Sunday excepted, for the Celestial City at 8 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 blue Bellisle Bay, Stmr. Springhill 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.

G. E. BAIRD, St. John. J. E. PORTER, Indiantown.

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

Commencing September 16th, the steamers 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 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. On Wednesday's trip the steamers will not call at Portland.

Connections at Eastport with STEAMER for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

For further information apply to
C. E. LAROCHELLE, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia
BAY OF FUNDY S. S. Co. (L'td.)
CITY OF MONTICELLO.
CAPT. ROBERT FLEMING, Commander.

THIS Steamer will on and after the 19th 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.

Staterooms at reduced rates.

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Boston Brown Bread
Every Saturday.
Families Supplied with
CAKE AND PASTRY
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Fresh every day.
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General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and packages of every description; collect notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

Special Messengers daily (Sunday excepted) over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Boral, Nagasaki, Tamworth and Belleville Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Chatham Branch Railway; Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.

Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the Continent.

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DYSENTERY
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY!

1891—Winter Arrangement—1892

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of October, 1891, the trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.