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with the advantage of having a large number oats to select from.
We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.
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GOLD OF PLEASURE.

By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Author of "An Echo of Passion," "Newport," "Would you Kill Him?" "Afterglow," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Martha Dane, aged 20, the daughter of the Lizard Rock, near the Thames River, and Raima Garnett, a wealthy heiress, aged 22, who owns a beautiful pleasure yacht called the Halcusia, are introduced. Raima has left the rock after making her first visit there. Hardy North, the only male acquaintance beside her father that Martha has, calls soon after and old Mr. Dane tells why Raima called.

Long years previously, Martha and Hervey when children, saw the body of Raima's father floating near the shore and they called assistance. The body was rescued from the sea, Mrs. Garnett wishing to reward the children, placed a certain sum in the savings bank for their benefit. Raima had called to tell them about it, and that with interest it now amounted five hundred dollars each. Martha does not feel happy, not having earned the money. Hervey feels joyous. The lighthouse tender, Cactus, is expected at the light.

[CONTINUED.]

"That ain't a fair answer," Twysden said, aggrieved. "Now I tell you what, Patty, I'm no hand at making concealment. Last time Hervey was here, he says to me—well, you remember, Patty, anyhow. He and me talked, out on the landin'; and he said, next time tender come, he was a-comin' too. There's a little matter that he and Mart are interested in.',

Here the captain, laying down the razor, lathered his chin up to the lips, with startling energy, and then added, speaking from one corner of his mouth through the soap-suds, as if he were really too much occupied to talk at all, "He's a-goin' to marry her, if he can." And scrape, scrape went the wiry steel once more.

"One minute, Twysden," Mrs. Dane interposed. "You'll have time enough to shave afterwards. If Mart agrees to marry Hervey, can he come out and stay with us on the Rock?"

Her husband completed the circuit of his chin with extreme attentiveness, hardly venturing to breathe until the ordeal was over; after which he said, with great blniffness and vigor, as if the thought had that moment occured to him, "This ain't no place for a young fellow like Hervey to begin on. Look all the years I spent under sail, afore I settled down! He'll have to make his cruises, same as I did; and while he's doin' that, Mart will stay here, of course. What comes afterwards—why, we'll see!"

"Well, it's some comfort, anyway," his wife rejoined, with a sort of distressed patience, "that I dont have to part with my now. Twysden, when I think of losing Martha, it seems like death." Her voice shook; and she turned to gase out through a window that gave upon the sea-channel with its endless prospect of water and sky. "Maybe it's selfish; but I almost hope I shall die before she's called upon to leave us."

Twysden was touched. A little more, and the brine would have been in his eyes. So he stontly plunged his face into a bowl of cold water, as his custom was, took the opportunity to rub and fortify his eyes with a rough towel, and then answered, "Don't talk like that, Patty. Ain't no need to think about partin', or dyin'. Who knows? maybe she won't take him, after all."

Thereupon Mrs. Dane raltied to a point of cheerful perversity. "But if she loves him, she must take him!" she declared. "Only she ought not to marry him until he's settled in a good berth.',

"That's practical," exclaimed Twysden, overjoyed for the chance of agreement; though it ain't over and above commonsense for a man to have an anchor at home as well as aboard ship. Let a gal say, 'I'm your wife,' and the fellow's heart gets kind o'magnetized so it'll help him steer straight on the home passage."

The morning hour of wisdom was now ended. Twysden and his wife went down to the little dining-room, where Martha was already putting breakfast on the table. So soon as the meal was over he loaded a pipe with tobacco, and went roaming around the room as if looking for a light,—which, apparently, he could not find. Meanwhile, he hummed the tune of the only song he knew, "The Betsey Dole, of Middletown." Martha left them for a moment, and the bold captain said to his wife, quickly, "You tell her that Hervey's comin', won't you?"

Then he lit his pipe, and stepped fearlessly out into the open, conscious of duty well performed, and wailing aloud, to a peculiarly vivacious melody,—

"With masts all gone
And bulwarks torn,
The Betsey Dole of Middletown,
All hands aboard, went sinking down."

Just outside of the main door there was a sheltered corner, formed by a short abutting wing of the house, with a jutting roof to ward off rain or snow and make a protected breathing-place against inclement weather. Here Twysden sat down on a low bench fixed against one wall, with broad flagstones under-foot. The day was clear and fine. But long experiences had taught him that, by taking a certain number of whiffs at the pipe on that bench, and a few more while mounting the stairs of the tower, the tobacco would be half smoked out when he reached the top. He never smoked while cleaning the lamp, the revolving lens, and the great glass plates of the lantern-cage. So, when that work was done, he always had a half pipe-full left, which, being relighted, would last him all the way down the tower-steps and hold out for a few more puffs on the bench again.

By the time he had begun the ascent, this morning, Martha learned from her mother that Hervey was expected.

Her eyes brightened; and the wind, sweeping in through the door, rippled out a sudden music of harp-tones, like a prelude.

"I think," Mrs. Dane went on, watching her daughter keenly, "he means to go a cruise."

"What! Leave us?"

Mrs. Dane nodded gravely.

Then to Martha it seemed that the wind's harp-tones were sinking away to a mournful cadence, through which the ghostly voices echoed. She left the house, with a buoyant step, but her face was pensive.

IV.

ON THE TOWER-TOP.

Seeking the flowery hollow of her garden, she lay down, with arms folded under her head, and remained motionless, concealed, gazing up at the soft blue sky and those soft loose tangles of drifting white cloud that shifted across it.

Now and again the dark shape of a speeding bird would come between her and the sky, and throw a momentary shadow.

Yet there was another shadow upon her, more serious in its effect. "He's coming!" she repeated to herself. "And I know he's coming to see me!" That thought swept over her like sunshine. But then, close after it, would come the darkening fear, "He's going away for a cruise. He will leave us."

Old Captain Twysden emerged upon the narrow gallery around the lantern, and began to rub the glass. Martha could see him outlined against the sky, on his dizzy perch; but she was aware that he, at such a height and distance, would not be able to detect her presence in the little sunken garden. Therefore she did not stir until her father disappeared, crawling in through the iron-plated aperture by which he had previously come out. She knew, then, that he had finished his task and was now descending the stairs inside the tower, with his pipe relighted. Rising up and stepping on a higher ledge, she stood at full height, scanning the open surface of the Sound anxiously. Sure enough, there was the little bulk of the lighthouse tender, spotted on the water, far off, like the black side of a domino, with a faint stream of coal-smoke issuing from the funnel; and the bow was headed towards Lizard Rock.

A bright smile, shy but joyful, played round Martha's lips and irradiated her face. Living openly as she did on this little island amid the waters, with no obstacle between her and the heavens and nothing to bar her gaze on any side, the mere sight of the coming steamer made her feel that she was already in Hervey's presence. She almost persuaded herself that he was watching her now, as she left the rocky garden, passed westward, and made a bend around the slope, which brought her to the entrance of the the tower. All the way she thought of Hervey. Yet she so timed her steps that she did not reach the tower until her father had left it, had completed his smoke on the bench, and gone in-doors again. Calculating all this nicely, she crossed through the covered iron bridge, entered the tower, and lightly mounted the stairs.

The steamer Cactus came up towards the landing,—a short, fat little craft, carrying on her deck two or three big buoys of uncouth form that were painted with orange-red and resembled fabulous pumpkins or giant squashes. A large boat laden with supplies was lowered, and started towards the landing-platform. Martha, peeping from the glass cage seventy feet above, saw that Hervey was in the boat. When the boat went back for a second load, Hervey remained. But another man also remained on the platform, who was entirely unlike the rest. He was a handsome, sturdy man, of moderate height, yet extremely graceful, dressed in a suit of gray that seemed to stamp him at once as a person of society, a civilian, a man of more or less leisure. He stood around, talking wih Lieutenant Hapgood, the commander of the lighthouse tender, and seemed to have nothing else to do. Who could he be?

Inside the house, far below Martha's airy point of view and out of her sight, Hervey North sat talking with Twysden Dane and his wife. "Yes," Hervey said, "I've about made up my mind. Fishing and coasting I've followed, and they don't bring me to anything. Old Colcraine's ship sails in a few days from New York for Calcutta. The pay ain't much; but part of my five hundred dollars gets me a second mate's berth, and that will lead to something better. I've shipped with Colcraine."

"Is it all settled?" asked Mrs. Dane, timidly.

"Yes; all settled," Hervey answered.

But, from the moment when he came in, he had been uneasy; and now, unable any longer to conceal his main object, he asked, "Where's Mart?"

"Haven't seen her for an hour," said Mrs. Dane. "I don't know where she's slipped to."

Hervey's face fell. "Didn't she know the Cactus was coming?"

"Yes, sir!" Twysden affirmed, valiantly. "We told her."

"Maybe she's up at the garden," said Hervey. He had been swinging his soft hat in his hand. He now clapped it on his head and sauntered out, with elaborate carelessness.

When he had searched the, "garden" and the whole round of the island, in vain, his disappointment deepened into gloom. But, as he returned to the house, he glanced up to the iron-railed gallery of the tower and perceived Martha there. He thought she was smiling.

Waving his arm, "Come down!" he shouted; and, fearing that the wind would carry his words away, he made a gesture to help his meaning.

Martha, however, shook her head, and beckoned him to come up to her.

"I'll be hanged!" muttered Hervey, surprised and mortified. "I've come over just to see her; and now she won't meet me. She don't care."

He took a stride towards the house-door, intending to enter and to wait for her there. But the temptation of the iron bridge, opening on his other hand, was too much for him. He changed his mind abruptly, darted through the bridge, and began climbing the spiral stair within the tower.

Many a time he had gone up those winding steps without effort and without care. But now his heart was beating loudly; and the sound of his footsteps rang back from the circular masonry with a hollow clang, as if mimicking the heart-strokes of his excitement. A strange feeling came over him, that he was a prisoner in this gloomy tower. Would he never reach the summit? or, if he did gain it, would he encounter there only the defeat of his fondest desires?

At last, however, as he neared the narrow hatchway opening up into the watch-room, he heard a sweet, girlish laugh, and Martha called down to him, "Is that you, Hervey?"

He was so glad to be near her again, that his anger vanished. He shouted back, "You bet it's Hervey!"

Crouching, he climbed into the watch-room, stood upright there again, and beheld her peering down through an opening that gave access, by a short ladder, to the iron-floor of the lantern-cage, above.

"Look here, Mart," he demanded; "what do you mean?"

The girl's eyes danced with merriment. "I only ment, if you want to see me you'd better come where I am."

She withdrew her face from the aperture instantly. But Hervey, as though he were pursuing a vision, rushed up the ladder almost at a single leap. "Oh, Martha," he cried, reproachfully; "didn't you hear me, 'way down there on the rock, when I called to you?"

"How could I hear you," she asked, demurely, "when the wind was blowing?"

"But you saw I ment you to come down." he persisted.

"Yes. And you saw I ment you to come up."

Hervey began again: "It seems kind o' hard, when I've took——"

"Taken," interposed Martha, smiling.

"Taken the pains to come over to the Rock," he proceeded. "Seems kind o'hard that you shonld try to hide.' Receiving no answer to this, he went on pathetically: "Suppose I had waited below and had gone away without talking to you. You might have been sorry then."

"Perhaps," Martha confessed. "But you'd have been sorry, too."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BORN, BUT DID NOT SEE LIGHT.

Medical Experts to Examine Mrs. Zucker's Sightless Babe.

[N. Y. World.]

At a recent meeting of the Eye and Ear Infirmary the story of a remarkable case was presented to the medical authorities which is almost without a precedent in the history of surgery. It is that of a child being born without eyes, but otherwise perfect in every respect, and while its body develops evenly and normally, no material improvement has taken place with regard to its eyes. It may be destined to be blind for life.

When born the nurse and father were surprised that, instead of well formed eyes, there were merely two sunken hollows. No line of division appeared in the eyelids, which seemed one continuous film. For several days the mother was not allowed to see her child, but finally it was brought to her in response to repeated entreaties. When she became aware of its deformity her grief was extreme. Shortly afterwards, however, signs of improvement began to appear. A thin line began to mark the place where the closed eyelids would naturally part, and this deepened and expanded rapidly.

The father took his little son to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, and Dr. Weeks made a thorough examination of the defective organs. He found that the eyelids could be expanded with the finger, but when drawn apart only sightless sockets were disclosed. In the centre of the right eye was a small blue spot like a rudimentary pupil, but there was no sign of eye-ball or pupil on the left eye. Dr. Weeks said that time might show some improvement of the right eye, but that the probabilities were that the child would never see the light of day. Both mother and father are young and well developed and it was apparent that the deformity of their son was not hereditary.

In speaking of the case Dr. Neir, of the Infirmary, said: "Sometimes cases are brought here of children born without the anral passage or in, which it is covered by a membrane. Instances have been known where the nose was closed up, but never the mouth so far as it is recorded. These abnormal conditions are nearly always due to prenatal disease, as ulcers, that destroy the organs that would otherwise be perfectly developed."

When last seen by a World reporter Adolph Zucker, the father, said that there was still hope for his son, and that in the course of three or four weeks, as its body developed, the defective organs might show a steady improvement. The baby, he said, in all other respects was a healthy one.

The scientific expedition of Bowdoin college, Maine, which has for its object a thorough and scientific examination of Labrador, both on the coast and inland, started from Brunswick Me., yesterday.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

No Corn Doctor.
Polite Waitress—Tea, doctor?
Doctor, No, coffee, if you please.
Waitress—Roast beef, doctor?
Doctor—If you please.
Waitress—Corn, doctor?
Doctor (indignantly)—No, madam, I am a dentist.

Answer This Question.
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros. Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Reversed Arms.
"I am very old," said the veteran, 'and I have seen many a fight.'
"Did you bear arms in 1812?" asked the boy.
"No, my boy," returned the old man "it was just the other way. Arms bore me."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal inhaler for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Suitor—"I have come, sir, to ask the hand of your daughter." Wealthy Merchant—"Well, which?" Suitor—"Between our two selves, now, which would you recommend me to have?"

"How's your family?" "Pretty well, thank you." "Any of your daughters married yet?" "No, I can't understand why they don't go off; they use power enough, goodness knows!"

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 causes of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

"Now when you have finished your theme," said the professor of elocution to the young man in the graduating class, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe." "Why on tiptoe?" queried the star orator of the class. "So as not to wake the audience," replied the professor.

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.

Mrs. Bingo (to the minister)—'Won't you have another piece of pie?' The minister—'Thank you, no.' Tommy (who has been warned not to ask twice) —'I guess we are both in the same boat.'

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

Maiden, who had been reading of the French way of conducting matrimonial alliances"—Mamma, you knew papa quite well before you married him, didn't you?" Mamma—"I thought I did."

How well we remember grandmother's attic, so fragrant with medicinal roots and herbs! Poor old soul, how precious they seemed to her! And yet, one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would do more good than her whole collection of "yarbs."

TEACHER—"Now, boys, who can tell me why the sea heaves up and down, and throws up shells and seaweed? Well, Thomas William?" Tommy—"Please, sir, because it's seasick."

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable preparation.

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

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.

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SHE SAT UP IN BED.

The News in the Paper That Finally Interested a Carping Critter.

"If there's any important news," said the newspaper man's wife, "wake me up when you come home and tell me about it."

And the next morning as he was walking home he hastily reviewed the news of the night to put himself in shape, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Wake up," he said, when he got there. "There's a war with Italy on."

"About what?" she asked, as she yawned and stretched her arms.

"Why, you know, in that New Orleans affair."—

"Oh, that old thing?" she interrupted. "What else?"

"Well, at one of the Harrison meetings to-night."—

"Oh, yes, of course. Politics—always politics."

"Lyman Gage has refused"—

"Who cares. Give me some news."

"Chauncey Depew has been indicted by"—

"That railroad accident, of course."

"Well, then, the princess"—

"A European scandal. There's one every day."

The newspaper man sighed, thought a moment, and then said:

"I don't think of anything more except a little local paragraph about Mrs. Brown having left her husband."

"Mrs. Brown! No! you don't mean it?" and she sat up in bed. "Why, she only lives a few blocks from here. I see her go by nearly every day. What do you suppose is the matter? Will either of them apply for divorce?"

"I don't know," he said. "There isn't much about it."

She looked at him scornfully for a moment and then said:

"And you pretend to get out a newspaper. Bah!"

Pale and listless girls and prematurely aged women would soon give place to bright, healthy; rosy females if Dr. Williams' Pills were used in the life to which women are peculiarly liable. They enrich the blood, build up the nerves, and restore the shattered system, regulate the periods etc. Try them and be convinced. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for $2—by addressing The Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

A TENEMENT building at Woodstock belonging to James Hayden was burned yesterday. Loss $700, fully insured. The tenants were uninsured.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $200; two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.* Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during the competition, which closes April 30th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, OUR HOMES PUB. CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE BUSTLE has become a thing of the past. While we did not admire the full grown one we must admit our influence would be readily given to the extension of a medium or slightly built one.—Sydney Reporter.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.
For several years I suffered so severely from Neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head, which entirely cured my neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly and now I have as good a head of hair as I ever had.
Springhill. WM. DANIEL.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT of the Shore Line railway has issued invitations to many citizens of St. Stephen, Milltown and Calais for a trip to-morrow, to St. John and back, by the fast express now running daily on the road between St. Stephen and St. John.—St. Croix Courier.

Free to Ladies.
Every lady reader of this paper sending at ONCE her address on a postal card will receive a FREE copy of THE LADIES (Pictorial) NEWSPAPER, containing full particulars of their old-fashioned English Prize Competition. Over $6,000.00 in prizes will be given away between now and June 1st, with special daily prizes of value for each locality. THE LADIES NEWSPAPER is one of the largest and most profusely illustrated publications in Canada, and the Competition offered by them is to be conducted in a strictly fair and honorable manner without partiality to persons or locality. Anyone can secure a GOOD prize by a little work. ALL CHANCES WILL BE EQUAL. If you think you nothing for full information and a sample copy, if you send AT ONCE. Address: THE LADIES NEWSPAPER CO., Canada Life Building, Toronto, Ontario.

John G. Nichols, of Dumfries Settlement, Gloucester Co. N. B., and formerly a resident of Ayrshire, Scotland, died on Friday morning last aged 93 years. Funeral took place on Sunday last and was well attended, something like 70 carriages being present.

"A Back Number."
This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a "back number." It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it is returned. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Fair maiden (a summer boarder)—'How savagely that cow looks at me.' Farmer—'It's your red parasol, ma'am.' Fair maiden—'Dear me! I knew it was a little out of the fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.'

MUCH IN LITTLE!
Healthful and refreshing sleep, a complete freedom from all nervousness, headaches banished, a retentive memory, buoyant spirits, and a vigorous, healthy digestion, are only a few of the many blessings that follow the use Paine's Celery Compound. It is the safest remedy for old and young of both sexes, and its reputation stands so high today that the best physicians, recommend its use, and speak highly of it. It is within the reach of all, and certainly worthy of a trial. It is endorsed by clergymen, lawyers, bankers, merchants and mechanics in all sections of Canada and its mighty sales amply prove its value and popularity.

ST. JOHN DYE WORKS
IS THE PLACE TO GET
Ladies' and Gents' Wear Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed.
C. E. BRACKETT, - 86 Princess St.

TRY MONAHAN'S
Hand Made Boots and Shoes.
162 Union St., St. John, N. B.
(Next door to No. 3 Engine House.)
Every Pair Warranted.
Repairing Neatly Executed.

STEAMERS.

PICKFORD & BLACK'S
WEST INDIA
STEAMSHIP LINES.
(CARRYING THE CANADIAN MAILS.)

STEAMSHIP "BETA"
will leave Halifax on WEDNESDAY, 1st July, for Havana direct.

STEAMSHIP "ALPHA"
will leave Halifax on WEDNESDAY, 15th July, for Bermuda, Turks Island and Jamaica.

STEAMSHIP "DUART CASTLE"
will leave St. John about MONDAY, 6th July, for Demerara, calling at Halifax, Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Trinidad.

These Steamers have superior accommodations for Passengers, and each steamer carries Stewards and Stewardess.
For freight or passage apply to
SCHOFIELD & CO. (Ltd),
Agents at St. John, N. B.

International Steamship Co.,
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
DAILY LINE,
(SUNDAY EXCEPTED)
FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING June 22nd and continuing until Sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.35 (standard) for Eastport and Boston. TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 11 a. m.
FARES—St. John to Boston $4.50; Portland $4.00. Return tickets at reduced rates.
Connections at Eastport with STEAMER for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
For further information apply to
C. E. LAMBERT, Agent,
No. 1 Reed's Point Wharf.

New Brunswick AND Nova Scotia
Bay of Fundy S. S. Co. (Lt'd.)
"CITY OF MONTICELLO," Robert Fleming commander, will, on and after 22nd June, and until the 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the Company's Pier, St. John, at 7.30 local time, for Digby and Annapolis, connecting at the former with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and points west, and at the latter, with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning is due at St. John 6.30 p. m.
HOWARD D. TROOP,
Manager.
St. John, N. B.

STAR LINE
FOR FREDERICTON, &c
STEAMERS of this line will make daily trips between
ST. JOHN and FREDERICTON,
leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m. and Fredericton at 8 a. m. Fare to Fredericton $1.00. Steamers of this line connect with the Florenceville and Railways for up river counties.
SATURDAY EXCURSIONS.
A steamer will leave Indiantown every Saturday at 5.30 p. m., for Hampstead and all way stops; returning due here Monday morning at 8.30.
FARES—Hampstead and return 50cts.; Oak Point and intermediate stops 40 cts.
Persons going up river and returning same day on regular trips 40 and 50 cts.
Steamer Soulanges having been rebuilt and remodelled is the most staunch and best excursion steamer on the river, can be chartered every day at very low rates.
G. F. BAIRD, St. John. J. E. PORTER, Indiantown.

NEW YORK
Steamship Co.

THE PIONEER LINE.
THEIR NEW STEAMSHIP
"CITY OF COLUMBIA,"
(1900 TONS.)
The most complete and elegant ship on the Eastern Atlantic coast.
—LEAVES—
SAINT JOHN FOR NEW YORK
via Eastport, Me., and Yarmouth, N. S.
Every FRIDAY at 3 p. m.
(STANDARD TIME.)
Return Steamer will leave NEW YORK, from
Pier 40, East River, Pike Street,
every Tuesday at 5 p. m.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAP FARES AND LOW RATES.
All holders of tickets are entitled to staterooms, berth and meals.
H. H. WARNER, President.
N. L. NE