

THE FAIR REPORTER.

"But if you won't talk to me, I shan't be able to make anything out of it, and I shan't get any money," said she, with a pout.

I believed she knew that she was good-looking. She was, in fact, a pretty girl. But had she been Venus herself, I should have pursued the same course.

"I am overwhelmed with regret," I observed, stiffly, in reply to her remark.

"It's very ill-natured of you," said she. "It's the merest self-defence," said I.

"Now, that tiger-skin?" she suggested, inquiringly.

"I'm sure a tale hangs to that!"

"Of course a tale hangs to it," I replied, irritably; "most tigers have tails. What are you writing there, madam?"

"Only that your conversation abounds in flashes of bright wit, Mr. Pottinger—really that's all."

"All? Oh, Lord!" I groaned.

"I should have thought you'd have liked it, you know. Most people do, especially when I do it. Now those oriental vases? I suppose one of your ancestors brought them home from—"

"Bought 'em of a Jew in Whitechapel."

"Ah, you poke about in old shops? How interesting! You may often be seen, I expect, peering in at the—"

"Never, madam."

"Oh, what a love of a cat! He's your great companion and friend, isn't he? I'm sure he is."

"It's the lady's, and I kick the beast out whenever I see it."

"Ah, perhaps you suffer from nerves? Most poets do, of course. You must have perfect rest and quiet to—"

"I'm as strong as a horse, thank you."

"And you live quite at home in these lovely rooms?"

"When I can command solitude, madam, I enjoy it."

"O, thank you so much! I'll just put that down. It's so characteristic of genius, isn't it? You love to be alone with your thoughts, don't you? I know the feeling so well."

"You do not appear, however, to appreciate it in others."

"Not quite so fast, please; I can't get it all down."

Controlling myself with an effort, I said in firm tones: "I distinctly forbid you to put in a word about me."

"Oh, there'll be nothing you can possibly object to, Mr. Pottinger—there won't, indeed. Do any of your family write poetry besides you?"

"Do any of your family besides you do interviewing?" I retorted. "If so, I should think you're an orphan."

She laughed gleefully, and wrote hard for a minute or two.

"There, I've got that," she observed, cheerfully. "Now, is there anything else that you'd like to tell the public through me?"

I opened the door and stood with my hand on the knob.

"About your books, for instance. I mean how much you get for—"

"No, thank you, said I, with emphasis.

"Or your favorite pursuits?"

"Good morning," said I, opening the door wider.

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Pottinger. Oh, who's that over the mantel-piece? What a sweet face! I'm sure it must be—oh, a secret, is it? Then I mustn't ask, must I? How charming, interesting, though; I must just refer to it."

"If you do—"

"Well, good-morning. Thank you very much. I'll be sure and send you a paper."

The above is a full and true record of what passed. The following is an extract from what was published:

"Mr. Pottinger, when he is chez lui, dwells in the daintiest apartment. At a glance you can tell that you are in the sanctum of a skilled collector of objects d'arts, and your host's deep-blue eyes light up with a radiant gleam as he lovingly fondles his priceless oriental pottery. The wall is decked with the skin of a magnificent tiger (the Pottingers have always been mighty hunters, and Mr. Pottinger himself can handle a rifle as deftly as he can earn a sonnet). On the cushions of a luxurious sofa there reposes a splendid Persian cat, evidently the companion, friend and pampered pet of its gilded master. Over the mantel-piece hangs the portrait of a beautiful girl, and it is easy to see that this exquisite gem is not the least of Mr. Pottinger's treasures. Space forbids us to catalogue the thousand and one delightful objects which adorn this choice retreat. The tout ensemble is fragrant of lettered taste and wide culture. Nor is the genius surroundings which his matches taste and untiring diligence in the search of curios have gathered together from the four corners of the earth. Mr. Pottinger's slight figure tells, indeed, of a delicate physique and of the sensitive, ever-nervous temperament always associated with supreme poetic gifts. But the brain of the man imparts boundless energy to its frail tenement; the soul looks out, alert, passionate, indomitable, through the large eyes, new so strangely keen, now so ineffably sympathetic. Sayings full of penetration, hints of overflowing sympathy with all the sorrows and troubles which afflict the world mingle and alternate with the most brilliant flashes of wit or the rapier-thrusts of the most refined and courteous badinage. Mr. Pottinger's, indeed, is a personality which must be encountered to be appreciated; for, although he may be studied to some degree in his own priceless poems, yet the man himself seems something above and beyond even the finest of his work—an Presence, an Influence, in a word, a Soul, such as it is refreshing and inspiring to meet amid the greys and drabs of this prosaic age. Never shall we forget the precious hours which Mr. Pottinger so kindly spared to us, and we trust that we have not altogether failed to communicate to our readers something of what we were privileged to enjoy when Mr. Pottinger made us welcome to his home."

This appeared one morning. In the afternoon I strolled, according to my custom, down to the club. A circle of men sat round the fire. No sooner had I entered (which I tried to do in an unconscious manner) than I was greeted in this way:

"Excuse my courteous badinage, Pottinger, but how's the fruit tement?"

"Blue eyes of color a bit, old man?"

"Here, come and be ineffably sympath-

tic. I've come an awful howler over the Jubilee."

"I say, Pot, old man, you must have made yourself dashed pleasant to that girl; what did you say, now?"

"Out with it, Pot! One of your infernal rapier-thrusts, you know."

"Take care, Tom, he's passionate and indomitable."

"Who's the party over the mantel-piece? Oh, you old thief!"

"Waiter, bring a cat for Mr. Pottinger. He wants a companion and friend."

And then, from all of them, a low chorus, a subdued chant:

"A Presence, an Influence, in a word, a Soul!"

I suppose nothing can do more.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

"Give me time," murmurs Minnie. This is part of Minnie's plan. She always requires time. She is, in fact, such a good-natured girl that she never says anything so cruel and ugly as a downright "No." To be positively negative is, in fact, to be impudent.

"Have'n't you had time enough already?" says Trelane, Trelane of Clare—a large, simple, open-air sort of person, with a permanent perplexity on his honest face. "You must have seen that I cared for you ever so long. I'm no good at hiding my feelings—never was. Not clever, you know, like some chaps. Not good enough for you in any way—I know that. But I want you to tell me—now—if there is a chance for me."

Minnie is quite calm and reflective and unembarrassed. She looks—sweetly pensive—at the bow of her pretty shoe.

"Give me till to-morrow," she says. She sensibly reflects that the May Week will be over to-morrow, and with it the chief use of any admiring undergraduate.

"He would only be in the way in town," she thinks in her capable manner.

"He is so absurd, and downright, and impulsive. He cannot be so ridiculous as to think that I should marry him. One must marry upon something. The son of a country parson—and country parsons are always poor. No thank you!"

No! Assuredly Trelane has no chance. Minnie, however, leaves a cool smooth hand quite a long time ago in Trelane's over-powering grasp, before she discovers where it is, and withdraws it hurriedly. Minnie is quite fresh, and pretty, and trim, though the ball is a very light one, and the daylight is creeping through the foliage of the thick Clare trees.

Trelane is her brother Jack's great friend. "An awfully good chap," Jack has muttered more than once with his pipe between his lips, and his legs on the mantel-piece. "A first-class good chap," he sometimes adds. "Too good for any girl I ever saw—including you. Girls are so beastly mercenary."

Jack is twenty-one; a man of the world, and a cynic.

Trelane misses the cool, smooth hand. He looks rather wearily up to the sky, which is pearly grey. He has been bowling all day; besieging impregnable wickets for his "varity." He is tired and desperately in earnest.

"It is to-morrow now," he says. "Can you tell me now?"

Minnie shakes her head. It is "No," but she does not want to say it. A country parson's son, as Jack had told her, carelessly, "No—thank you! There is no question of caring two straws about him. Minnie knows her own mind about that; she uses the expression mentally, to herself, without pausing to reflect that two straws fairly represent the value of that which she has to bestow upon any man.

"I know it's asking a good deal—you're so pretty—prettier than anybody—and clever—clever than any girl I know."

Minnie shakes her head in pretty negotiation. But she thinks that he is quite right. She esteems herself cleverer than other girls.

"Whereas," he goes on, "I've got so little to recommend me, I'm a stupid sort of a chap—rough. But I care—I care for you more than anybody else ever could."

Minnie smiles and suppresses a little yawn. "What an awkward thing he is," she reflects. "He does not know how to say pretty things."

"Jack and other fellows are very kind," he goes on in an honest endeavor to hide nothing. "I have a lot of friends among the cleverer chaps, but I think sometimes that they only tolerate me because I'm rich."

"Rich?" says Minnie. The exclamation seems to escape her against her will. But the perfect repose of her attitude and her fair face shows no signs of surprise or agitation.

"My father was a rich man, although he was a country parson. He died last year. I believe I have six thousand a year."

Minnie does not seem to be listening. She is looking behind her into the bushes. He thinks she has not heard his last remark.

"I thought I heard something moving in the trees," she says, rather breathlessly.

"No," he answers reassuringly, "it is all right. We are quite alone. Won't you tell me now?"

Minnie turns and looks up to him with a new expression. She has bestowed this expression upon many other persons—town persons with something to marry on—but on Trelane never before.

And Trelane has his answer—the answer he wants.

"Then you really cared for me all the time?" says the honestest foot in the world.

"I suppose," answers Minnie softly, "that I did."

But, despite her cleverness, she turns away from him with a sort of blush.

Hex Fugit.

It was in Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence "Hex Fugit," which with a painful slowness of emphasis, he had rendered. "The King flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb fugit be found?" asked the teacher.

A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it, then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put 'has' in it."

Again the tardy emphasis drawn out: "The King has flees."

Young Widow—Herr Lebrecht, I have now dreamt three times that you were my husband. Lebrecht—Really? Then after I have dreamt three times that you are my wife, we will get married.

FOUND WHAT IT WAS WASTED, ANYWAY.

Ironmonger (to customer, just entering): "Good-morning, sir."

Customer—I want one of those things that you fasten on a door to make it shut itself.

"Oh, yes; an automatic door closer."

"That's it; and not too high priced."

"Yes, sir; a cheap automatic door closer."

"And not too complicated either."

"I understand. You want an automatic door closer of simple design and small cost."

"Exactly. But not one of those confounded things that slam the door to with a bang."

"That would be a nuisance, of course. You want an automatic door closer of simple design, small cost, and with an easy spring."

"That's right. But I don't want it to close the door too slowly either."

"Briefly what you are looking for is an automatic door closer of simple design and small cost, that is neither too slow nor too fast."

"That's all right. And, besides, it mustn't be like some I have seen, where a man needs the strength of an ox to open the door."

"Now, let's understand each other. You want to buy an automatic door closer, simple, cheap, neither too slow nor too fast, and easily operated."

"Correct. Show me one."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I don't deal in automatic door closers."

Temperance Orator—Even an innocent baby has a wonderful influence over a man. Man on Back Seat—Right you are, stranger. That's what drove me to drink.

BORN.

St. John, July 12, to the wife of H. A. Harvey, a son.

Wolfeville, July 10, to the wife of W. H. Evans, a son.

Halifax, July 14, to the wife of Claude H. May, a son.

Dartmouth, July 8, to the wife of A. F. Dillman, a son.

Woodstock, July 3, to the wife of Owen Kelly, a son.

New Glasgow, July 10, to the wife of James Rhind, a son.

Parabro, July 9, to the wife of Andrew Wheaton, a son.

Hillburn, July 5, to the wife of James H. Halliday, a son.

Hershey, July 11, to the wife of W. E. Brack, a son.

Prospect, July 6, to the wife of William McKee, a daughter.

Amherst, July 8, to the wife of Ernest E. Boyce, a daughter.

Hopewell, N. B., to the wife of Chas. Gavong, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 5, to the wife of Harry Webb, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 8, to the wife of Jas. Sullivan, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 7, to the wife of Geo. Barron, a daughter.

Waverly, July 9, to the wife of John Brady, a daughter.

Dartmouth, July 8, to the wife of H. Wallace, a daughter.

St. John, July 13, to the wife of Capt. J. Mowry, a daughter.

Lakeland, July 11, to the wife of Timothy O'Regan, a daughter.

Waterside, N. B., to the wife of Avery C. Anderson, a daughter.

Sheffville, July 2, to the wife of Obad Stanenwhite, a son.

Leppan, N. B., July 4, to the wife of John A. Wynn, a son.

New Glasgow, July 7, to the wife of Richard Bradbury, a son.

Port Greville, June 29, to the wife of Russell Hatfield, a daughter.

Guyborough, N. S., July 13, to the wife of E. B. Smith, a daughter.

Fredericton, July 14, to the wife of James Curran, a daughter.

Beaver Harbour, July 9, to the wife of James Wessell, a daughter.

Sober Island, N. S., June 29, to the wife of John Wessell, a daughter.

Springhill, N. B., July 5, to the wife of Daniel C. McNeil, a son.

Mental, A. Co. N. B., July 9, to the wife of Albert Newcombe, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 10, to the wife of Capt. Harvie Mitchell, a daughter.

Liverpool, N. S., July 11, to the wife of Rev. A. M. Harley, M. A., a son.

Halifax, July 11, to the wife of Clarence P. Elliott, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a daughter.

St. John, N. B., July 15, to the wife of Hon. Curzon Howe, of H. M. S. Cleopatra, a son.

MARRIED.

Bolestown, July 9, by Rev. E. Bell, Walter Green and Beattie Scott.

Calest, Me., by Rev. A. S. Ladd, S. H. Cross and Edna A. Smith.

Truro, July 12, by Rev. W. F. Parker, David Elms and Minnie Borden.

St. John, July 18, by Rev. Job. Shenton, Wm. J. Chisholm and Jessie Kiggs.

Amherst, July 11, by Rev. J. H. McDonald, Milford Baxter to Clara Fae.

Oromocto, July 11, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Omar S. Stodolm, July 11, by Rev. W. H. Little, Marjorie Boulter to Agnes Farnie.

Bolestown, July 11, by Rev. E. Bell, Abraham Newell to Lennie A. Burritt.

Weymouth, July 1, by Rev. Father Parker, Alexander Martell to Mary Sautier.

Hantsport, July 10, by Rev. H. Campbell, Richard Evans to Beattie Boulter.

Milton, July 9, by Rev. G. W. Ball, Ingram F. Kyles to Sarah Louise Campbell.

Maryville, July 11, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, F. W. Smith to Jennie Robinson.

Maryville, July 11, by Rev. W. W. Lodge, James Spence to Margaret Love.

Parabro, July 4, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Sillas A. Cooke to Beatrice Hatfield.

Milton, July 12, by Rev. E. D. Millet, Wm. H. Russell to Lennie A. Burritt.

St. John, July 18, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Robert S. Baird to Agnes A. Whitrow.

Peel, July 11, by Rev. E. H. Kearney, Robert A. Morrell to Emma C. Harmon.

Woodstock, July 12, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Emory Anderson to Sarah Jessie Webber.

St. John, July 18, by Rev. Dr. Macrae, Albert O. Hanson to Emma Armstrong.

Stanley, N. B., June 27, by Rev. A. B. Murray, Fannie Good to Bella Wangh.

Fredericton, July 11, by Rev. J. A. Porter, Roderick Morhouse to Jessie Carter.

Springhill, July 10, by Rev. H. B. Smith, M. A. Ezra Gilroy to Lucy M. Bacon.

Bridgetown, N. S., July 16, James A. Godard of Annapolis, Me. to Madeline Hoyt.

Yarmouth, July 11, by Rev. J. R. Foshey, John S. Harding to Mrs. M. E. Stanley.

Weymouth, July 10, by Rev. J. W. Sheppardson, Sanford John to Augusta Bell.

Canning, N. S., July 4, by Rev. E. Crowell, Lee Russell to Alice B. Woodworth.

Fort Monson, N. B., July 10, by Rev. J. W. Smith, George Friesen to Mary E. Long.

New Glasgow, July 5, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, Charles H. Taylor to Sarah Jessie Webber.

Oxford, N. S., July 12, by Rev. C. Munroe, Archibald Macmillan to Mary Highest.

St. Stephen, July 11, by Rev. D. S. Newman, Eimer Anderson to Sarah Jessie Webber.

Black River, N. B., July 24, by Rev. S. B. Ackman, Hottam Atwell to Henrietta Long.

Brown, N. B., July 10, by Rev. J. E. Donk, Nelson Fettes to Eliza C. Murphy.

Halifax, July 17, by Rev. J. W. Smith, A. G. Blackman to Alice B. Woodworth.

St. John's N. S., July 12, by Rev. N. L. McInnes, Chas. A. Baker to Jessie M. Deal.

Fennel, N. B., June 24, by Rev. H. S. Van, John F. Eldridge to Mary C. McDowell.

DIED.

Sackville, July 6, T. W. Stanley.

Halifax, July 17, William Hart, 74.

Woodstock, July 12, Nebert Brewer.

Halifax, July 15, Patrick O'Toole, 74.

Havlock, July 4, George Mallett, 67.

Halifax, July 16, Thomas McDevine, 46.

Oromocto, July 16, Zachariah Foot, 81.

St. John, July 5, Robt. W. Nowlin, 84.

Halifax, July 12, Alexander Fraser, 71.

St. Stephen, July 6, George Christie, 27.

St. John, July 14, Margaret Kelleher, 70.

Windsor, July 11, Chas. E. Chisholm, 58.

Scott's Ridge, July 9, Minnie Getchell, 22.

Carrville, A. Co. N. B., Mrs. Mrs. Hawke, 80.

Sackville, A. Co. Bower, of Dorchester, 42.

Kingsclear, July 8, Mrs. Frank Kilburn, 68.

Charlottetown, July 5, Simon D. Fraser, 68.

New Glasgow, July 4, Florence Painley, 40.

Grand Lake, July 8, Charles W. Albright, 72.

Newtownville, N. S., July 6, Robert Nowlin, 82.

Alma, A. Co. N. B., July 6, Charles Kyle, 76.

St. John, July 18, Mrs. John H. Hennigan, 58.

Lower LaHave, July 6, Edward Romkey, 68.

West Caledonia, July 1, Bernard McGinty, 45.

Clark's Harbour, June 30, Wm B. Symonds, 58.

Kouchibouguac, N. B., July 5, Janie Clark, 19.

Woodstock, July 9, infant child of George Laird.

Moncton, July 17, wife of George Budd, 41.

Liverpool, N. S., July 10, Mrs. Mary R. Smith, 65.

Petrie Riviere, July 8, Rev. Jonathan C. Ogden, 44.

Woodstock, July 9, Harry, son of Mrs. Archibald, 14.

St. John, July 12, Lucy M. daughter of W. H. Beer, 17.

North Middleboro, July 5, Thomas B. Chisholme, 76.

Halifax, July 11, Elizabeth, wife of Peter Wambolt, 74.

New York, July 13, David Emerson, formerly of St. John.

Central Newton, July 13, John Baxter, son of E. A. Hayes.

Yarmouth, July 17, Hugh Cann, son of E. Bradford Cann, 5.

Redbank, July 5, Mary Mann, daughter of James Parks, 16.

Milton, July 10, Florence, daughter of Rev. J. J. Douglas, 28.

Douglas Broom, N. B., July 4, Peter Crussack, of St. John, 53.

St. John, July 12, Katie Jean, daughter of Douglas M. King, 15.

Greenock Settlement, July 9, Annie, wife of Harry L. Small, 39.

Halifax, July 12, Charles, second son of W. H. Donovan, 15.

Lime Rock, N. S., July 7, Catherine, wife of Alex. McClelland, 74.

Col. Geo. J. B. Catherine, widow of the late John O'Neil, 77.

Yarmouth, July 17, George M., widow of the late J. A. Nickerson.

St. John, July 13, infant daughter of Thomas L. and Kate E. Belyea.

Milton, July 14, Lenore, daughter of H. B. and Augustus B. Bly.

Bufo's, N. Y. July 6, Capt. Germaine Letson, of Chatham, N. B. 52.

Tanook, July 4, Amos Howard, son of Wesley and Salome Stevens, 1.

St. John, July 12, Richard G. son of Henry J. and Maggie Sullivan, 16.

Carlisle, July 11, Edward J. R., son of Joseph and Martha Wells, 8.

Bathurst, July 6, Rebecca Caroline, daughter of the Col. Geo. M. and Mrs. M. J. Richards, 5.

St. John, W. E., July 15, William, son of John P. and Mary A. Wells, 19.

St. John W. E., July 15, John Byron, son of James P. and Annie B. Bly, 24.

Haverhill, Mass., July 6, Fannie R. Hammond, of St. Andrews, N. B. 58.

Halifax, July 16, Mary Stewart, daughter of Alex. and Anne Campbell, 12.

Chelsea, Mass., Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. Alex. Rowley, 12.

Jacksonville, July 6, Annie, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Loomer, 48.

Fogwash, Mrs. Janet Sutherland, widow of the late James Sutherland, 7 weeks.

St. John, July 19, Alma Geraldine, daughter of St. John and Julia J. Ward, 1.

St. John, July 18, John Alexander, son of Thomas and Mary A. Earle, 6 months.

Moncton, July 15, Dean Fawcett, son of Roderick and Emily McClelland, 7 weeks.

Maryville, July 8, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, 6 weeks.

Fredericton, July 13, Helen I. daughter of F. D. Kingville, July 18, Emma F. daughter of William and the late Elizabeth McCutcheon, 20.

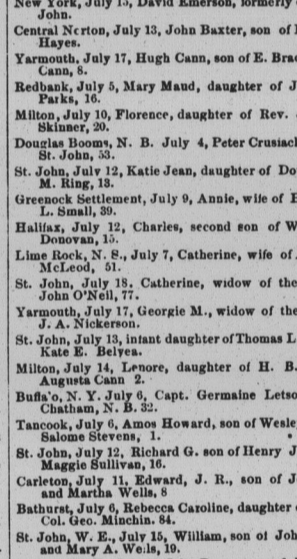
Milton, July 13, Mary Edith, 4; Tess Richards, 5; Hugh Farish, 6; children of Hugh and Deborah Allen.

GIVE

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My turn now!



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Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

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Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894.

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FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Banquet—\$1.25
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Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer.

This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

All Yarmouth Excursion Steamer will be accompanied by owner, in which case it can be called for at home on Monday following.

All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.

No return tickets less than 40 cents.

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GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

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For further information apply to—
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On and after Monday June 25th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. and 1.55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11.45 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 6.10 p. m.

LEAVE ANAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m. and 7.45 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 6.10 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the New Brunswick Railway, and at Yarmouth with Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool through tickets may be obtained at the Halifax, St. John, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Yarmouth, N. S. J. BAIRDWELL, General Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indian Point on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Mass. Glen Hill, New Brunswick, Moncton, and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton the same day at 5 o'clock for St. John and returning points.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED.)

The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

The Quickest Time!
Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours.

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston leave Yarmouth on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday evenings after arrival of express from the East. Returning will leave Yarmouth on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamers from St. John will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg, and will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894.

ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE AND SALMON RIVER.

And all intermediate stopping places.

"THE reliable steamer 'MAY QUEEN' C. W. BRANWELL, Master, having received the usual overboard, will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m. for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Grand Lake and Yarmouth.

FARE—St. John to Salmon River or Banquet—\$1.25
Or return tickets good for 30 days on intermediate points—\$2.00
Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer.

This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

All Yarmouth Excursion Steamer will be accompanied by owner, in which case it can be called for at home on Monday following.

All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following.

No return tickets less than 40 cents.

Wm. McMULLEN, Agent at Indian Point. G. R. BABBITT, Manager.

STAR LINE STEAMERS.

For Fredericton and Woodstock

MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landing, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every THURSDAY at 6 a. m. for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation is open. Steamer Ontario will leave St. John every SATURDAY at 6 p. m. for Fredericton and will leave Fredericton every MONDAY morning at 5 a. m. at Indian Point at 8.30.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Summer Arrangement. Daily Service, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND BOSTON.

Until further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 7.30 (Standard) for Eastport, and every Tuesday and Friday mornings for Eastport and Portland at 11 a. m. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais, St. Andrews and St. Stephen.

For further information apply to—
C. E. LAEGHELIER, Agent.

RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

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Yarmouth, N. S. J. BAIRDWELL, General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway

1894—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1894

On and after MONDAY, the 25th June, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Accommodation for Point St. Charles..... 12.10
Express for Halifax..... 12.10
Express for Quebec, and Montreal..... 12.55
Compassing Sea Ferry, Express to Halifax 21.50

A Parcel Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 12.45 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Mon. - Fri.)..... 8.20
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 8.30
Accommodation from Point St. Charles..... 12.55
Express from Halifax, Fugwash and Campobello..... 12.50
Express from St. John, Express to Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are headed by cables from the Point St. Charles and Campobello, and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FORTINER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton N. B., June 18, 1894.