

THE LIVING SKELETON.

It was Alice Robbins who named him the Living Skeleton, and probably remorse for thus having given him a title so descriptively accurate caused Robbins to make friends with the Living Skeleton, a man who seemed to have no friends.

Robbins never forgot their first conversation. It happened in this way: It was the living skeleton's habit to leave his hotel every morning at ten o'clock if the sun was shining, and to shuffle rather than to walk down the gravel street to the avenue of palms.

Every bone in his face stood out against the skin, for there seemed to be no flesh, and his clothes hung as loosely on him as they would have upon a skeleton. It required no second glance at the Living Skeleton to know that the remainder of the week was numbered by days or hours, and life was numbered by weeks or months.

"Oh, I hope it is not as bad as that," said Robbins; "the climate is doing you good here, is it not?"

"I have no more interest in climate," said the skeleton; "I merely seem to live because I have been in the habit of living for some years; I presume that is it, because my lungs are entirely gone. Why I can talk or why I can breathe is a mystery to me. You are perfectly certain you hear me?"

"Oh I hear you quite distinctly," said Robbins. "Well, if it wasn't that people tell me that they can hear me, I wouldn't believe that I am speaking, because, you see, I have nothing to speak with. Isn't it Shakespeare who says something about when the brains are out, the man is dead?"

"I have seen some men with me, but I don't think it is generally wrong in his diagnosis, but are gone a man is dead. To tell the truth, I am dead already. You know the old American story about the man who walked around to save funeral expenses; well, it isn't quite that way with me, but I can appreciate how the man felt. Still I take a keen interest in life, although you might not think so. You see I haven't much time left; I am going to die at 8 o'clock at night, on the 30th of April—eight o'clock at night, not in the morning, just after table d'hote is done with."

"You're going to do what?" cried Robbins in astonishment. "I'm to die that day. You see, I have got things to such a point that I can die at any time I want to. I could die at this moment if I wished. If you have any mortal interest in the matter I'll do it, and show you that what I say is true. I don't mind much, you know, although I have fixed on April 30th as the limit. It wouldn't matter a bit for me to go off now if it would be of any interest to you."

"I beg you," said Robbins, very much alarmed, "not to try any experiments on my account. I am quite willing to believe anything you say about the matter; if course you ought to know."

"Yes, I do know," answered the Living Skeleton, sadly. "Of course I have had my struggle with hope and fear, but that is all past now, as you may well understand. The reason I have fixed the date for the 30th of April is this: You see I have only a certain amount of money—I do not know why I should make any secret of it—I have exactly 240 francs today, over and above the 100 francs which I have set aside for another purpose. I am paying eight francs a day at the Golden Dragon; that you see, will keep me just thirty days, and then I intend to die."

The skeleton laughed again, without sound, and Robbins moved uneasily on the seat. "I don't see," he said finally, "what there is to laugh at in that condition of affairs."

"Don't you?" said the skeleton. "Well, I don't suppose there is very much, but there is something which I consider very laughable, and that I will tell you if you will keep it a secret. You see the old Golden Dragon himself—I always call our innkeeper the Golden Dragon, just as you call me the Living Skeleton."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Robbins, stammering. "Oh, it doesn't matter at all. You are perfectly right, and I think it a very apt remark. Well, the Golden Dragon makes a great deal of money by robbing the dead. You didn't know that, did you? You thought it was the living who were robbing them when he has a chance. Well, you are very much mistaken. When a man dies in the Golden Dragon he, or his friends, rather, have to pay very sweetly for it."

"The Dragon charges them for refurbishing the room. Every stick of furniture is charged, all the wall-paper, and so on. I suppose it is right to charge something, but the Dragon doesn't abate a penny of his bill on that account."

"Now, I have inquired of the furnishing man in the street behind the hotel, and he has written on his card just the cost of mattress, sheets, pillows, and all that sort of thing, and the amount comes up to about fifty francs. I have put in an envelope a fifty-franc note, and with it the card of the furnishing man."

"I have written also in the letter, telling the old Dragon just what the things will cost that he needs, and have returned him the card of the furnishing man who has given me the figures. This envelope I have addressed to the Dragon, and he will find it when I am dead. This is the yoke that old man Death and myself have put upon the Dragon, and my only regret is that I shall not be able to enjoy a look at the Dragon's countenance as he reads my last letter to him."

"Another sum of money I have put away in good hands, where he won't have a chance to get it, for my funeral expenses, and then, you see I am through with the world. So that is why I laugh, and that is why I come down and sit on this bench in the sunshine and enjoy the posthumous joke."

Robbins did not appear to be able to see the humor of the situation quite as strongly as the Living Skeleton did. At different times after that, he had offered the skeleton more money if he wanted it, so that he might prolong his life a little, but the skeleton always refused.

A sort of friendship sprang up between Robbins and the Living Skeleton—at least, as much of a friendship as can exist between the living and the dead, for Robbins was a muscular young fellow, who did not live at the Riviera on account of his health but merely because he detested an English winter.

Besides this it may be added, although it is nobody's business that a nice girl and her parents lived in this particular part of the south of France.

One day Robbins took a little excursion in a carriage to Toulon. He had invited the nice girl to go with him, but on that particular day she could not go. There was some big charity function on hand and one necessary part of the affair was the wheeling of money out of the people's pockets, and the nice girl had undertaken to assist.

She was rather good at it, and she rather prided herself upon it, but then she was a very nice girl, pretty as well, and so people found it very difficult to refuse her. On the evening of the day there was to be a ball at the principal hotel in the place, also in connection with this very desirable charity. Robbins had reluctantly gone to Toulon alone, but you may depend upon it he was back in time for the ball.

"No, not from him at all; the very last person you would expect from your friend, the Living Skeleton."

"Oh!" cried Robbins, in alarm. "What, I found him on the bench here usually sits, in the avenue of palms. I told him all about the charity, and how useful it was, and how necessary, and how we all ought to give as much as we could toward it, and he smiled at me in that curious way of his. 'Yes,' he said in a whisper, 'I believe the charity should be supported by everyone; I will give you eighty francs.' Now, wasn't that very generous of him? Eighty francs—that was ten times what the duke gave, and as he handed me the money he looked up at me and said, in that awful whisper of his, 'Count that over carefully when you get home and see if you can find out what else I have given you. There is more than eighty francs there.' Then after I got home—"

But here the nice girl paused when she looked at the face of Robbins, to whom she was talking. That face was ghastly pale, and his eyes were staring at her, but not seeing her. "Eighty francs," he was whispering to himself, and he seemed to be making a mental calculation in his traction. Then, noticing the nice girl's amazed look at him, he said:

"Did you take the money?" "Of course I took it," she said. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Great heavens!" gasped Robbins, and then he turned and fled, leaving the nice girl transfixed with astonishment and staring after him with a frown on her pretty brow.

"What does he mean by such conduct?" she asked herself. But Robbins disappeared from the gathering throng in the large room of the hotel, dashed down the steps and hurried along the narrow passage toward the Golden Dragon. The proprietor was standing in the hallway with his hands behind him, a usual attitude with the Dragon.

"Where," gasped Robbins, "is Mr. Mr.—and then he remembered he didn't know the name. "Where is the Living Skeleton?"

"He has gone to his room," answered the Dragon. "He went early to-night. He wasn't feeling well."

"What is the number of his room?" "No. 40," and the proprietor rang a loud, jangling bell, whereupon one of the chambermaids appeared. "Show this gentleman to No. 40."

The girl preceded Robbins up the stairs. Once she looked over her shoulder and said in a whisper, "Is he worse?"

"I don't know," answered Robbins, "that's what I have come to see."

At No. 40 the girl paused and rapped lightly on the door panel. There was no response. She rapped again, this time louder. There was still no response.

"I am afraid to," said the girl. "Why?"

"Because he said if he were asleep the door would be locked, and if he were dead the door would be open."

"When did he say that?" "He said it several times, sir, and about a week ago the last time."

Robbins turned the handle of the door; it was not locked. A dim light was in the room, but a screen before the door hid it from sight. When he passed around the screen he saw, upon the square, marble-topped arrangement at the head of the bed, a candle burning, and its light shone on the dead face of the skeleton, which had a grim smile on its thin lips, while in its clenched hand was a letter addressed to the proprietor of the hotel.

The Living Skeleton had given more than eighty francs to that deserving charity—he had given his life.

How He Raised The Fare Mr Archibald Forbes, when making a lecture tour in America, told an amusing story, rather at his own expense, of his gratification at the apparent desire of the "man and brother" for higher intellectual culture.

On arriving at the station at West Chester, Pennsylvania, where he was to lecture, a colored cabman offered his services to convey him to his hotel.

On arrival, Mr. Forbes asked the extent pecuniary remuneration expected for the manufacture.

"The darky replied— 'Well, sah, if you'd jes' gib me a ticket to de lectur', sah, I'd be right glad.' This unusual request from a cabman struck him not only as singular and laudable, but as quite complimentary to him, so he said—

"Certainly. And haven't you got a miasa?" "Oh, yeh, sah—I's got a miasa."

"Well, you shall have one for her." And he requested his agent to hand to the knowledge-seeker the requisite cards.

On reaching the lecture-room he cast a glance over the audience to see his color-ful friend but he had not arrived, nor did he get put in an appearance.

Next morning, on getting into the same gentleman's palanquin to go to the station, Mr. Forbes said—

"I didn't see you at the lecture last night." "No, sah; I werr not dar." "But, you know, I gave you tickets for yourself and wife." "Yeh, sah—I know dat; sah; but you see, sah, I jes' sold dem tickets for a dollar, sah, 'cause I don't know much about lectur', and thought I'd rather hab de cash, sah!"

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Facts Which Were the Foundation of a Famous Novel.

Very few people may be aware that Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend" was founded on the cruelties practised in Birmingham gaol in the years 1852 and 1853.

Indeed, the original of the character of Evans, the humanitarian, still lives, and is now in the service of the prison authorities. He is Mr. Wm. Brown, a chief warder of Winslow Green Gaol, Birmingham, and many times he has been offered a large remuneration to appear on the stage to play the part of himself in an adaptation of Reade's novel.

In 1852, Lieutenant Austin was appointed governor of Winslow Green prison. He had formerly been in the navy, and in that service had forced himself to the conclusion that discipline was everything. He took a delight in severe punishment, and considered that a breach of prison discipline was a crime almost greater than that for which a prisoner entered a gaol. He pinned his faith to constant threats of punishment, and an almost perpetual use of those barbarous tortures, and collar, strait-jacket, dark cells, and crank labor.

It was proved beyond doubt that strait-jackets were constantly used as punishment for the smallest offences, such as the inability of a prisoner to fulfil the amount of crank labor set him, or for talking to another prisoner, or for using bad language.

These jackets were provided with perfectly rigid collars, 13 in. long, 3 1/2 in. deep, and 1/2 in. thick. The prisoner was first muffled in the jacket, his arms were tied together on his breast, and then strapped so tightly at the back that it was impossible to insert a finger between a strap and the flesh. The leather collar was then fastened on in such a manner that it cut the chin and neck, and prevented any movement of the head. Then the prisoner was fastened up to the wall of his cell in a standing position. This punishment was terribly painful, and yet it frequently lasted for hours, and on occasions boys of fifteen were kept in such positions from nine o'clock in the morning until ten at night!

Amongst the labor boys had to perform was the turning of a crank handle with a 10 lb. pressure upon it for 10,000 revolutions between sunrise and night. So many revolutions had to be made before breakfast, so many before dinner, so many before supper. If the required number was not completed before breakfast, no breakfast; if not completed before supper, no dinner; if not before supper, no supper, no dinner, and so on. A weak man or boy would go a whole day without food, and would think himself lucky, if, at ten o'clock at night, he got eight ounces of brown bread and a pint of water.

At length, at the demand of the inhabitants of Birmingham, a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the truth of the allegations. The whole of them were found to be true. Several shocking cases of cruelty were made public, and altogether the Commission sat thirteen days, and sixty-four witnesses were examined.

One particularly pitiable case was that of a boy named Edward Andrews, a boy whom, in the name of Josephus, Reade gives a true and heartrending account. Mr. Brown has a vivid recollection of this poor boy. He was sent to gaol for three months for stealing four pounds of beef. He was very weak, and to the crank. Very often he was unable to perform his task in consequence of sheer inability, and he was ordered by the governor to be fed on bread and water only.

One day the chaplain, Mr. Sherwin, was attracted to the boy's cell by cries of "My heart is broken, the boy crying piteously, and he said he was being starved. He was in the strait-jacket at the time, and the chaplain tried to insert one of his fingers between the collar and the boy's neck, but failed. Mr. Brown happened to be passing at the time, and he slackened the straps on his own responsibility and greatly relieved the little sufferer.

Several times after this the boy was punished by order of Austin, and on many occasions, buckets of water were thrown over him. Once Brown found the boy strapped to the wall, and on being released fell to the ground insensible. On April 27th he was taken to his sufferings by "booming suicide in his cell.

In another case a boy, aged fifteen, was put in the jacket for simply wishing another prisoner "good-bye," another was similarly treated for reading the Bible aloud.

There were scores of such cases, but it will suffice for this article to say that Austin was adjudged to have introduced a punishment "not only utterly illegal, but most objectionable from its painful, cruel, and exasperating character, which he practised with a frequency distressing to hear of, and offences often too trivial to call for any severity of punishment to be subjected to it."

With regard to Mr. Brown, the Commissioners said that he had "exhibited considerable sympathy with the prisoners under punishment, and to have, not unfrequently, relaxed its severity so far as to relieve them from the extreme of suffering."

Austin was afterwards tried at Warwick against his diabolical ill-treatment, and was sent to gaol for three months.

He is now, like the majority of the actors in this dreadful drama, dead, but Mr. Brown still officiates as chief warder in the prison, and takes a most kindly interest in any prisoners who are desirous of reforming themselves.

"Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

THE HAWKER PREPARATIONS AND THEIR GREAT SALE.

What the Leading Druggists say of the Demerol—Good Words for a Home-Company and Good Results for Home Capital.

(Frederick Gleaner.) Mr. H. Percy Chestnut, representing the Hawker Medicine Company, of St. John, was in the city recently. He says the company are doing a splendid business, far exceeding their expectations.

The preparations are justly regarded as the best in the market. Testimonials innumerable have been published. Now comes the experience of the druggist. They know the preparation which sells best; they sell all the medicines, and therefore have the best opportunity to know the public demands. Here is what the druggist says—

Mr. George H. Davis, corner Queen and Regent streets, has been in the drug business in Fredericton for years. Mr. Davis says the Hawker Medicine Co. remedies are selling rapidly. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, Hawker's liver pills, Hawker's tona and wild cherry balsam are leaders with him. He has received a number of testimonials from customers in the city. They all speak highly of the health-restoring and building-up properties of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

Mr. Geo. C. Hunt, Queen street, is one of the oldest and most reliable druggists in the maritime provinces. Mr. Hunt says Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, liver pills and catarrh cure are selling in good form. He has sold Hawker's tona and wild cherry balsam for years and considers it an Al article.

Mr. C. Fred Chestnut has one of the finest drug stores in the province. Mr. Chestnut has been connected with the drug business for 16 years, carries a full line of the Hawker Medicine Company's preparations, and says there is a steadily increasing demand for Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's catarrh cure.

Mr. W. H. Carten is securing a good share of business in the drug line. Mr. Carten has been connected with the business in Fredericton for ten years and says Hawker's remedies have the best record for sale in this city. During that time he placed an opening order last March and has had several repeat shipments. Customers in the city are sending him testimonials daily for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's balsam and catarrh cure.

Mr. J. M. Wiley, proprietor of one of the largest drug houses in the province of New Brunswick, says he never buys patent medicines in advance of demand, but departs from the regular course last March and gave Mr. Chestnut an order for a whole shipment. He has now placed his third repeat order and considers the medicine has come to stay as his travellers are sending in repeat orders from all sections of the province. Mr. Wiley's manager in the retail department reports large sales. He has received a number of testimonials from customers in this city for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills.

Messrs. Davis, Mack & Co. have one of the best established retail drug stores in Fredericton. Mr. Mack of this firm was connected with Mr. C. P. Clarke, druggist, of St. John, for upwards of twenty years, and is a thorough druggist and considers Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic a standard remedy, he carries a full line of the Hawker Medicine Co's preparations and finds sales are rapidly increasing.

Mr. Alonzo Staples, who has lately moved to the new store two doors below the People's Bank, has been connected with the drug trade in Fredericton for 20 years. He has a large connection through York county and receives a good share of trade. Mr. Staples says Hawker's preparations are leading in this district. He has testimonials and repeat orders from all parts of the country for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic and Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's tona and wild cherry balsam.

She Knew His Style. Wife—I'll warrant there's a letter written by the woman in your pocket now. Husband—Impossible, my dear! You know—

Wife—I know I wrote one and gave it to you to mail three days ago.

A Little Something. Hotel Proprietor—I hope to make a little something for myself at the seashore. Young Lady (taking out her bathing suit)—Mine's made already.

BORN. Windsor, July 23, to the wife of Clifford Stand, a son.

New Glasgow, July 21, to the wife of John Barr, a son.

Annapolis, July 22, to the wife of H. Lombard, a son.

Shediac, July 20, to the wife of J. P. Boudreau, a son.

Halifax, July 26, to the wife of William W. Pickings, a son.

St. John, July 19, to the wife of Edward Keefe, a son.

Halifax, July 23, to the wife of Charles H. Schwartz, a son.

Amherst, July 24, to the wife of Joseph Tarrlo, a daughter.

St. John, July 23, to the wife of B. J. Dowling, a daughter.

Halifax, July 26, to the wife of J. McCallan, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 2, to the wife of J. Willis Caldwell, a daughter.

Ell-rhous, N. S., July 30, to the wife of Lewis Cook, a son.

Parvboro, July 29, to the wife of Robert Blenkhorn, a daughter.

Yarmouth, July 21, to the wife of William Eustikin, a daughter.

Truro, July 31, to the wife of Fred Gordon Smith, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, July 28, by Rev. W. F. Parker, W. Edson Ryan to Mary Kemp.

St. John, July 26, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Sterling B. Lordly to Aster A. Woodly.

Little River, July 26, by Rev. E. C. Corry, Clarence W. Booth to Flora L. Purdy.

Moncton, July 27, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Arthur A. Stevens to Clara A. Stevens.

Cambridgeport, July 25, by Rev. H. D. Steele, Albert Martin to Florence J. Smith.

St. John, July 26, by Rev. W. J. Halse, Wm. J. Morley to Jennie Anderson.

Pictou, July 24, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Alex. Hingley to Jennie McPherson.

Granville Ferry, July 26, by Rev. L. Daniel, James Halliday to Emma M. Guest.

Northfield, N. B., July 20, by Rev. W. E. McLartyre, George Wilson to Annie Mullin.

Dugby, July 28, by Rev. S. W. Frestwood, Charles F. Lewis to Carrie Holdsworth.

Woodstock, July 22, by Rev. T. L. Williams, J. S. Judkins to Josephine Simonsen.

Wolfville, N. S., July 23, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Charles Smith to Mary Stearns.

Falmouth, N. S., July 24, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Joseph Taylor to Isabella Bacon.

Bathurst, July 24, by Rev. A. F. Thompson, R. H. Lee Young to Annie M. Ferguson.

St. John, July 24, by Rev. W. W. Ralnie, William L. Patterson to Maggie E. Russell.

Fredericton, July 27, by Rev. William MacDonald, Elizabeth McBean to Isabel Anderson.

St. John, July 5, by Rev. J. C. Tomcome, James T. Brown to Frances M. H. Hendon.

Carleton, N. B., July 19, by Rev. G. A. Warnford, Henry Turpin to Annie Richardson.

St. Patrick, N. B., July 12, by Rev. S. H. Rice, John M. Brown to Lucy J. McKay.

Merigonish, N. S., July 19, by Rev. A. Campbell, Wallace Copeland to Fannie L. Roy.

Carleton, N. B., July 20, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Edward Dickenson to Liza A. Boyd.

Beaumont, N. S., July 15, by Rev. William Haldy, David Connell to Bertha Black.

St. James, N. B., July 19, by Rev. John Hawley, Edward Dickenson to Liza A. Boyd.

New Maryland, N. B., July 19, by Rev. Mr. Manzer, Fred Bailey to Sarah Morgan.

Stanley, N. B., July 25, by Rev. R. W. Woodall, Alfred W. Wilkins to Sarah A. Spencer.

Wicklow, N. B., July 19, by Rev. J. G. Harvey, James A. Summers to Fannie D. Gregg.

Norton, N. B., July 23, by Rev. G. A. Warnford, Frank E. Schofield to Lavinia S. Froman.

Sandy Cove, N. S., July 28, by Rev. L. E. Bill, Frederick Phillips to Mary E. Henderson.

St. Mary's, N. B., July 25, by Rev. W. D. Manzer, Edward N. Reynolds to Henrietta Phillips.

RAILWAY.



Low Rate EXCURSION TO THE World's Fair!

Tickets will be good to leave St. John on Aug. 10 or 11 only.

Returning to leave Chicago at any time up to Aug. 21st, and good only for continuous passage in each direction.

\$26 Each.

Further information of C. P. Ry. Ticket Agents.

D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

MONTREAL. ST. JOHN, N. B.

YARMOUTH & ANNOPLIS R.V.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Friday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.30 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.35 a.m.; Passengers arrive at Annapolis on Monday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.25 p.m. LEAVE ANNOPLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m.

LEAVE WEDNESDAY—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 8.15 a.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windward and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Montserrat for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evening; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windward and Annapolis Railway. Yarmouth, N.S. General Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

1893—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT—1893.

On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily—Sunday excepted—as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene..... 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 13.10 Express for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago..... 16.35 Express for Halifax..... 22.20

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)..... 6.00 Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 6.30 Express from Montreal..... 8.20 Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 22.55 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30 Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.25

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Montreal, N.S., 21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS.

THE 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 in commission.

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday,