MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

COUNTRY LUCK

By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

He would like to meet her again; he certainly must attend that party. But if he bought evening dress, what should he do with it when he left the city? No young man felt more freedom than he to do as he liked in Haynton, but to appear in a "swallow tail" at church or anywhere else in the village would be simply impossible; the mere thought of it made him tremble and then laugh. A suit of clothes merely to wear two or three evenings—perhaps only one—would be a shocking extravagance; they probably would cost half as much as a new horse, or two or three dozen of the books he had for years been longing to buy. He would give up Miss Dinon's party; the thought of doing so made him doleful, but do it he must.

Almost immediately after forming this virtuous resolution he boarded a horse car, on which were several couples, evidently returning from a party somewhere, so again Phil found himself studying dress attire. Gradually it occurred to him that his own appearance was attracting attention. This was not a new experience; he had encountered it several times in Haynton with calmness; indeed, although he was not vain, he had never feared comparison, in church, of his appearance with that of any summer boarder from the city; for, as his mother has already intimated in these pages, his Sunday coat had been cut from the same piece of cloth as the minister's. But now he felt ill at ease while being eyed, not at all impertinently, by the young people who sat facing him. First he thought the mildly critical glances were directed to his hard rubber watch guard; then he was sure the cut of his vest was not being approved; he detected one very pretty young woman in the act of suppressing a smile as she looked at his shoes. Thirdly, he was obliged to believe that an admirably dressed fellow opposite entirely disapproved of his Sunday coat—the coat cut from minister's cloth and made by Sarah Tweego, and with a real silk velvet collar, too!

Little by little Phil lost his self possession; he could scarcely look in any direction without encountering the eyes of some one who seemed to regard him as a curiosity. An attempt to ignore the attention by reading the advertising signs above the windows of the car was a dismal failure, for he somehow felt that several pairs of eyes were upon him, and this was rather more annoying than seeing them. The strain became unbearable; so he suddenly looked through a window, as if to see where he was, then hastily went to the rear platform and asked the conductor to let him off. As he stood there he heard a young man whisper—

"Country!"

Then he heard a young woman softly ejaculate—

"Te-he!"

The street was as dark as gas lighted streets usually are; it was almost deserted, and the autumn evening was quite chilly, but Phil felt as if his blazing eyes were illuminating everything—as if the walls had eyes to look disapprovingly at Haynton fashions, or as if his own blood were hot enough to warm the entire atmosphere of New York. He knew what he would do; when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop he would remain aboard until she sailed; then he would go back to Haynton and remain there forever. He could exist without New York, if New York found him unsatisfactory. He didn't care ever to see again anybody in New York, except, perhaps, Lucia. As for her, hadn't even she—

Before the next car arrived, Phil had entirely changed his mind. Nevertheless, before continuing his journey he cautiously peered in to see if any of the passengers were likely to prove critical. There seemed to be no one to fear; at one end of the car was a shabby looking peddler with his pack, evidently arrived by a late train from the suburbs; at the other an old man seemed inclined to doze, and directly opposite the newest passenger sat a plain, modest looking person, whom a New Yorker would have rightly identified as a waiter at a restaurant or cafe. Apparently three persons less qualified or inclined to criticise personal appearance could not have been found by careful search; yet within five minutes Phil was sure that all of them had noticed him and studied him. As he was disinclined to squander another car fare on his feelings, he sought the dusky seclusion of the rear platform and engaged the conductor in conversation, which on Phil's part consisted solely of questions; yet he was astonished, as well as indignant, when the conductor remarked, at a moment when the talk showed signs of lagging:

"You're from the rural district, I s'pose?"

"What makes you say that?" asked Phil, indicating a sense of injury.

"Oh, I didn't mean nothing out of the way," said the conductor. "I only kinder thought I was sure—why, I come from the country myself; yes sir, as' I ain't ashamed of it, neither."

The explanation was not satisfactory; so Phil completed the trip in gloomy silence, and he felt a sense of great relief when he reached Sol Mantring's sloop and made his way into the little cabin, where, of the three men lying at ease, no one took the pains to intimate that Phil was anything but city born and city bred.

CHAPTER VI.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PHIL devoted part of the next day to studying well dressed business men in the streets. Thanks to well trained perceptive faculties, and also to some large mirrors which he accidentally encountered, he soon learned why his attire had attracted attention. Then he compared clothing stores for an hour, finally entered one and asked how long it would take to make a well fitting every day suit. The salesman looked him over, and replied:

"Fit you at once, from our ready made stock. Never any trouble to fit a good figure."

Phil could have hugged that salesman. Here, at least, was some one who did not intimate that he was from the country; and yet, perhaps, a good figure was a country product. He would think about this, as soon as business was off his mind. The salesman certainly fitted him to perfection. Phil scarcely recognized himself when asked to look in the glass.

"Don't think you could do better," said the veteran salesman, surveying Phil from rapidly changing points of view, "if you were to have yourself melted and poured into a suit. The tone of that goods is rather cold, but you've plenty of color. I think, though, to set it off to the best advantage you need to change your black tie for a scarf with a touch of red or yellow in it; if you don't happen to have one, you'll find a fine assortment in our gents' furnishing department. Needs a somewhat different style of shirt collar, too; lets some furnishing goods man cast his eye over your neck. You always wear your hair pretty long, I suppose? Well, it's a pity it don't set off a man's clothes as well as it sometimes does his face."

Phil resolved at once to have his hair cut. Under the guidance of the salesman he had his neck wear changed; then the old man said:

"Those low crowned, straight brimmed hats used to look exactly right with the clothes of that season, but somehow they don't harmonize with the cut of this year. Hats are cheap, though, and there are two or three good dealers on the other side of the street, a little farther down. Keep this suit on, I suppose? All right, sir; I'll do up the others. H'm!"—here the old man scrutinized the material of the coat made by Sarah Tweego—"that's splendid stuff. Great shame 'twas cut sack fashion. There isn't much stuff as good as that in swallow tails nowadays."

"Couldn't it—I suppose it couldn't be made over into a party coat?"

"H'm!—scarcely—scarcely," said the salesman, controlling his features as well as if the question were the most natural in the world. "Not enough stuff, you see; too short; sleeves not full enough; button holes in wrong places; lapels too narrow. Besides, velvet collars have gone out. Any time you need a dress suit, though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. 'Tisn't often he gets a good figure to spread himself on."

Again Phil was profoundly graceful. He wanted to do something for that salesman, and after some thought he astonished the old fellow by thanking him for his attention and promising to send him a barrel of selected Newtown pippins. Then he placed himself in the hands of the boss artist, who studied him as if he were a model, measured him, and asked him if he needed his dress suit at once.

"Yes, right away," said Phil. "I can't get it too soon. I want"— He had begun to tell that he meant to dress himself in that suit and practice before a mirror until fully satisfied that he did not look unlike other men. The boss artist told him to return in three days; then the old salesman, who had remained in attendance, remarked:

"You have a thin fall overcoat, I suppose?"

"Oh, I won't need an overcoat for a month yet. Why, there hasn't been a bit of frost in our way." Phil was already appalled by the extent of his order.

"True enough," said the salesman, "but it doesn't do to go out in a dress suit without an overcoat, you know, unless you're merely stepping from your door to a carriage; and it's hardly the thing even then."

"Why, Judge Dickman"——

"Oh, yes, those old judges, who wear swallow tails day in and day out, can do it; nothing wrong about it, of course—only a matter of taste; but a young fellow don't like to make himself conspicuous, you know."

Phil meekly purchased an overcoat, and hurried away with a heavy load on his conscience. More than three-quarters of the hundred dollars his father had given him was already gone or mortgaged; he had meant to spend none of it, except for some things which he knew his mother craved. Fortunately he had brought some savings of his own, and, as he informed himself, hair cutting was not an expensive operation, and the clothing salesman had told him that new fashions did not cost much. He had nothing else to spend money for except a watch chain; his father had told him to buy one. Indeed, had not his father told him to buy clothes!—"lots of them" were the old gentleman's exact words. But could his father have known about evening suits and fall overcoats!

Phil continued in this vein of thought after he had dropped into a barber's chair, but was startled out of it by finding a lather brush passing over his face. He struggled and exclaimed:

"I wanted my hair cut."

"Yes, sir, so I heard you say; but when shaving has to be done too we like to have that out of the way first. But I beg your pardon; perhaps you were raising a beard?"

"No," said Phil, settling himself again in the chair. At Haynton young men shaved only on Saturday nights; Phil himself had shaved only three days before, yet here was another unexpected expense imposed upon him by New York custom. Half an hour afterward he emerged from that shop with the not entirely satisfactory assurance that his oldest friend would not know him at sight; and when he had bought a new hat and surveyed himself in a long mirror he was not certain that he would know himself if he were to encounter another mirror by accident. The replacement of his hard rubber watch guard by a thin chain plated with gold completed the metamorphosis, and a bootblack whose services he declined set his mind at rest by calling him a dude.

What next to do he scarcely knew. An inclination to go back to the sloop and see how Sol Mantring was getting along at discharging the cargo was suppressed by the thought of what Sol and the crew would say if they saw him in his new suit. The countryman has some grand qualities that denizens of cities would do well to imitate, but not all his moral courage can keep him from feeling uncomfortable when first he displays himself in new clothes to old associates. Country youths have sometimes run away from home—gone to sea, the city, the devil—anywhere—rather than undergo this dreadful ordeal.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not far from Tramlay's office; he might make a call, if only to show that he could, with proper facilities, look unlike a countryman. Besides, he wanted to know all about the iron business, about which he had seen so many contradictory assertions in the newspapers.

He entered the store and walked back toward the railed counting room in which he saw the head of Haynton's recent summer boarder. A clerk asked him his business; he replied that he had merely dropped in to see Mr. Tramlay. The head of the establishment looked at Phil without recognition when this information was imparted, and advanced with a somewhat impatient air, which suddenly changed to cordiality as he exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow! excuse me. I didn't recognize you at first; we can't all of us have young eyes, you know. Come in; sit down; make yourself at home. I'm glad you dropped in; I'm going out to lunch pretty soon, and I do hate to lunch alone."

Phil soon found himself coaxed and assisted to a high office stool at a desk by the window and all the morning papers placed before him, while Tramlay said:

"Look at the paper two or three minutes while I straighten out a muddle in a customer's letter; then we'll go out."

Phil took up a paper; the advertising page—which happened to be the first—was very interesting; nevertheless Phil's eyes wandered, for his mind was just then curious about the iron trade. He looked around him for indications of the business; but the only bit of iron in sight was a paper weight on the desk before him. Closer scrutiny was rewarded by the discovery of a bit of angle iron, a few inches long, lying on a window sill. In the meantime the proprietor had scribbled a few lines, assorted some papers, and closed his desk by drawing down the top. Then he said:

"Now let's go in search of peace and comfort."

"I shouldn't think you'd have to leave your office for that," said Phil, who had found the counting room greatly unlike what he had expected.

"There's no peace where business is going on," Tramlay replied; "although I don't know, after careful thought, of any noisier place than a New York restaurant. Here we are. Come in."

Phil found himself in one of the very large and noisy places where New York business men herd about noonday. Phil protested, in the usual rural manner, that he was not at all hungry, but Tramlay ordered so skilfully that both were duly occupied for an hour, Phil found his host attentive, yet occasionally absent minded. He might have spared himself the trouble of making a mental memorandum to study out the why and wherefore of this apparently ungracious pair of qualities had he known that, Tramlay was cudgeling his brain to know how to dispose of his rural visitor after dinner, without offending. While Phil was drinking the coffee—a beverage which Phil had never before tasted in the middle of the day—Mr. Margre lounged up to them, looking exactly as intelligent, listless and unchangeable as he had the night before.

"How are you, Margo?" said Tramlay, Phil afterward wondered that his host could smile so genially on so odd a person.

"As usual," replied Margre with a slight inclination of the head. "Good morning, Mr. Hayn. Don't let me interrupt conversation. I merely meant to say I've nothing to do this afternoon and would be glad to show Mr. Hayn about town a little, if he likes."

"That's ever so good of you," said Tramlay, "for the truth is, I was wondering how I could find time to do it myself, and fearing I couldn't."

"Entirely at his service," said Margo, as listlessly as an automaton.

"And both come and dine with me this evening," suggested Tramlay: "entirely informal, you know."

"I should be delighted," said Margo, in his unvarying manner.

Tramlay hurried to his office, after the briefest of leave takings, and Margo began to conduct Phil about New York. Soon, however, there developed a marked difference of taste between visitor and guide. Margo wanted to show the young man the Stock Exchange, which to the many minds composing a very large class has no rival attraction except the various institutions on Blackwell's Island; Phil exhibited abject ignorance and indifference regarding the Stock Exchange, but wanted to go through the sub-treasury and assay office—two buildings in which Margo had never been. Margo made a special trip to show the young man the outside of Jay Gould's office, but Phil identified Trinity church from pictures he had seen, and wanted to make a patriotic tour of the tombs of distinguished men of the revolutionary period. Margo offered to introduce Phil to Russell Sage, but was amazed to learn that the young man had never heard of that distinguished individual. When, however, Gen. Hancock, passing by, was casually pointed out by Margo, Phil stopped short and stared respectfully. Margo showed the Field building, but with though, we've got a boss artist who can cut it so as to do you justice. 'Tisn't often he gets a good figure to spread himself on." through the trees in front Phil correctly surmised he saw Castle Garden, and desired at once to go there and be made acquainted with the method of receiving and distributing immigrants.

On the Produce Exchange they fairly agreed, Margo admitting that in importance it ranked next to the Stock Exchange, while Phil was able to regard it as a great business necessity. Pretending to search, by Phil's request, for the building in which Washington bade farewell to his generals, Margo succeeded in getting back through Broad street to the vicinity of the Stock Exchange, where he tried to atone for his failure by pointing out through a window the head of Mr. Henry Clews; but Phil had no eye except for the statue of Washington, standing, as he knew, on the site of the first president's first inaugural. The two men exhibited equal interest and the lady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might without harm grant an acquaintance who never had been offensive.

That Mrs. Tramlay wanted Lucia to become Mrs. Margo was one of these confidences—not spoken, but none the less distinctly understood—and it had taken all of Margo's adroitness to maintain his position with the family, since Lucia's "coming out," to avoid being brought to propose. Several years earlier he had fully intended to make Lucia his own when she should reach marriageable age, and many and acceptable had been the attentions by which he had endeavored to secure the first place in the girl's regard. But somehow, as his prospects gradually yet distinctly brightened, the profits of the iron trade as gradually and distinctly waned; Margo was not in the iron trade himself, but Lucia's father was, and bachelors at 45 generally expect something with a bride besides a father's blessing. What the girl's father thought of him Margo had never taken time to wonder, for he was satisfactory to himself; but how could he be otherwise to a plodding family man! His social position was good; his name had never been part of a scandal; he had no debts; he never borrowed money, and, although a club man, no one had ever seen him drunk or heard of his being fond of actresses. If all this did not make a man not merely irreproachable, but highly desirable as a son-in-law, what did parents expect?

The arrangement of seats at the table seated Lucia also. She took her mother's matrimonial intentions regarding her. She was not in love with Margo, but girls in her set did not think it good form to be very fond of men they intended to marry. If, however, Margo meant business, she wished he would be more attentive to it. She felt that she was missing a great deal of pleasure for lack of proper escort. Twice in the course of the last season Margo had taken her and her mother to the opera; Lucia adored opera—that is, she liked to look about the house, and see who was with who, and how the prima donna dressed, and to have gentlemen call at her box between acts—but two operas were merely sips at a cup she longed to drain, and only once had she been able to persuade her father to mitigate the privation. If apparent interest in Phil at table could have any effect upon Margo's intended offer, the provoking fellow should not lack stimulus. To have to devote herself for a whole hour to one young man, in his long hair and country garb which regained their awkwardness in her mind's eye when her father announced that Phil was coming to dinner, seemed a hard task; but when the young man made his appearance Lucia was so agreeably surprised that what had seemed a task at once became by anticipation a positive pleasure.

The evening soon opened promisingly for Margo, for Phil took soup a second time—a proceeding which inflicted upon Mrs. Tramlay several moments of uncontrolled annoyance and caused Lucia rapidly recovered; desperate cases required desperate remedies; so she said:

"Phil, do you remember that dinner you once made us in the grove by the beach?"

"Indeed I do," said Phil. "I never shall forget it." And he told the truth, for Lucia's look of horror when he brought from the fire a piece of board piled high with roasted clams had been one of the few great mental dampers of his life.

"You made us forks from dried twigs," said Lucia. "I kept mine as a memento; it is hanging over my mantel now, with a bow of blue ribbon around it."

Margo frowned perceptibly; Mrs. Tramlay looked horrified; but Phil's face lightened so quickly that Lucia's little heart gave a gay bound.

"Why didn't you ever give a clam bake on Sunday—the only day I could be there?" asked Tramlay. "I'd give more for such a meal out of doors than for the best dinner that Delmonico could spread."

"Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Tramlay. It did not reach him, though the look that accompanied it passed in its full force from the foot of the table to the head.

"Why, Sunday?" said Phil, with some hesitation. "Sunday is—Sunday."

"Quite true," said the host. "It is in the country, at least; I wish 'twas so here."

"Edgar," said Mrs. Tramlay, "don't make Mr. Hayn think we are heathens. You know we never fail to go to service on Sunday."

"Yes," said Tramlay; "we're as good Pharisees as any other family in New York."

"And after that dinner in the woods," continued Lucia, "we went for pond lilies, don't you remember? I do believe I should have been drowned in that awful pond if you hadn't caught me."

Again Margo's brows gathered perceptibly.

"He merely drew her aside from a muddy place," whispered Mrs. Tramlay.

"Well, this is interesting," said Tramlay, at the other end of the table. "Hayn, are there many places out your way where silly girls are likely to be drowned if they are allowed to roam about without a keeper?"

"Quite a number," said Phil, as seriously as if his host expected a list of the Haynton ponds and their relative depths. "For instance, Boddybanks pond is about"——

"Oh, that was the pond where we went canoeing—that pond with the funny name! My! I wish I was in that very canoe, on that very pond, this very minute."

"Lucia!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay.

"I know 'twas dreadfully impolite to say before company," said Lucia, with a pretty affectation of penitence, "but everybody knows I can't be there, and that "twould be too cold for comfort; so it doesn't do any harm to wish it. And I should like that canoe trip over again; wouldn't you, Phil?"

"I certainly should," said Phil. "That pond is very pretty in summer, when everything around it is green. There are a great many shades of green there, on account of there being a great variety of trees and bushes. But you wouldn't know the place at this season; and I think it's a great deal prettier. The ground—the water, too—is covered with leaves of bright colors; there are a lot of blazing red swamp maples around it, in spots, and three or four cedar trees with poison ivy vines"——

"Ugh!" ejaculated Mrs. Tramlay.

"Poison ivy leaves, you know, are the clearest crimson in the fall," Phil continued, "and they're so large and grow so close together that they make a bit of woods look like a splendid sunset."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her hands, "let's go out to Haynton to-morrow, just for two or three days."

"Lucia," said her mother severely, "you forget all your engagements for the next few days."

"Her father's own child," said Tramlay. "She forgets everything but the subject before her. She would make a good business man—if she weren't a girl."

"I saw some couples out canoeing at Mount Desert, last season," drawled Margo. "It seemed to me dreadfully dangerous, as well as very uncomfortable for the lady."

"Oh, our canoe wasn't one of those wretched little things; was it, Phil? 'Twas a great long pond boat, made of beech bark"——

"Birch," suggested Phil.

"Birch bark, and so heavy that I couldn't upset it, though I tried my hardest."

"Lucia!" The voice was Mrs. Tramlay's, of course.

"Why, mamma, the water wasn't knee deep; I measured it with the paddle."

Mrs. Tramlay sank back in her chair, and whispered that if the family ever went to the country again she would not dare leave that child out of her sight for a single instant, but she had hoped that a girl 20 years of age would have enough sense not to imperil her own life. As for that farmer fellow, she had supposed he was sensible enough to——

"You wouldn't have tried that trick if I had been in the canoe, Miss Trumlay," said Phil.

"Why not?" asked Lucia. She know how to look defiant without ceasing to be pretty.

"Well, I would have been responsible for you, you know—your instructor in navigation, so to speak, and it's one of the first principles of that art not to take any risks unless something's to be gained by it."

"Oo-oo!" exclaimed Tramlay.

"Not bad," assented Margo.

"But I'd have got something if I'd succeeded in upsetting the boat," said Lucia; "I'd have got a ducking."

Then everybody laughed,—everybody but Mrs. Tramlay, who intimated to Margo that Lucia was simply being ruined by her father's indulgence.

The dinner ended, the host and Margo retired to the library to smoke. Phil was invited to accompany them, but Lucia exclaimed:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

AT HER SIDE.

THE arrangement of the guests at the dinner table that evening suited all concerned. Phil sat at the right of the host, with Lucia directly opposite, where her face was before him all the while. Margo sat at the right of the hostess, where he could closely observe the young man from the country, and, not less important, Tramlay's manner toward the younger guest. He could also note the effect of the young man and his ways upon Mrs. Tramlay; for did he not know how to translate every expression of her face? It was his own fault if he did not, for he had been one of her suitors nearly a quarter of a century before, and the lady had never ceased to be mildly grateful for this compliment, and to repose as much confidence in him as a loyal wife might without harm grant an acquaintance who never had been offensive.

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The Issue.

It is no longer a question between religions, but between the Christian religion and no religion at all. All that is left of Buddhism, apparently, among the educated classes in Japan is its agnosticism and its pessimism; its avowed ignorance respecting God and the future life, and its despair of doing anything for man here or hereafter except by delivering him from the laws of existence in the rest of unconsciousness. Buddhism as a religion is no longer a competitor, even in the Indies where it has been dominant, with Christianity. If the world is to know anything of God and the future it must acquire its knowledge from the gospel of Jesus Christ.—Christian Union.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Lieutenant Chatteway of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Halifax, has been missing since last Friday night, when he changed his clothes, and went out from the officers' quarters. Foul play or accident is suspected to be the cause of his otherwise unaccountable absence.

To keep the beard from turning gray, and thus prevent the appearance of age, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best dye made.

At the special meeting of the members of the Mechanics' Institute last evening a motion proposed by Recorder Jack that the directors be required to wind up its affairs at an early day as possible, was carried after some animated discussion.

A perfect complexion, free from pimple or blemish, is very rarely seen because few people have perfectly pure blood. And yet, all disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Try it, and surprise your friends with the result.

Yesterday the Misses Adams, Miss Bayard, Miss Burpee and Miss M Smith and R G Grant, H Smith, G McLeod and Craig R Dewdney as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and Assistant Commissioner of the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads,
FINISHING NAILS.
Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c.
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GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

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Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

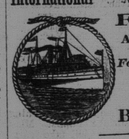
Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.

Rev. John C. Titcombe is away to Nova Scotia on a trip for the benefit of his health.

The best men Canada has offered as photographers have operated in St. John, but Climo still remains a powerful proof of his skill and service to the public. 85 Germain St.

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co.,



FALL Arrangement.

Four Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON.

ON and after MONDAY, August 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave Saint John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard. In addition to above, a steamer will leave every SATURDAY EVENING at 6.25 standard, for BOSTON direct. Also, a steamer leaves Boston same evening for ST. JOHN direct until Sept 14.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 standard, a. m., and Portland at 5.30 p.m for East port and Saint John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO.
(LIMITED.)

SUMMER SAILINGS.

ON and after 1st June, the "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will sail from Her Company's Wharf, Reed's Point, on

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

7.45 a. m., local, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS Returning same days, and due here at 5.45 p. m.

Excursion tickets will be issued on Saturdays at St. John, Digby, and Annapolis, good to return either way on Monday, at one fare.

Tourists and invalids paying full one way, and desiring to return same day, will be allowed a return ticket free, on application at the Purser's office on board.

H. D. TROOP, Manager.

For Washademoak Lake.

THE above first class swift, staunch and commodious steamer, having been rebuilt and refurnished under the strictest government requirements, will, until further notice, leave her wharf Indiantown, TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 10 a. m., local time, and calling at all intermediate landings. Returning is due at Indiantown at 1 p. m. on alternate days.

Persons wishing to enjoy a pleasant sail on this favorite steamer and return same day can go as far as Oak Point or nearer landings and return on down steamers for the small sum of 50cts.

J. E. PORTER, Manager.

The Yarmouth Steamship Company.
(Limited.)

FOR YARMOUTH, N. S. and Boston.

S. S. ALPHA

Leaves St. John for YARMOUTH every TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS at 7.30 p. m., (railing at WESTPORT when clear). Connecting with S. S. YARMOUTH for Boston, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS and with steamer City OF ST. JOHN, for Halifax, South Shore Ports on THURSDAY MORNINGS.

CHAS. McLAUCHLAN & SON, Agents.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips to and from Fredericton.

UNTIL further notice the splendid Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA" alternately will leave St. John for Fredericton, and intermediate stops every morning (Sunday excepted) at 7 o'clock, local time. Returning, will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc. every morning (Sunday excepted) at eight o'clock.

Our usual popular excursions "out of the Hurly Burly," on Wednesday and Saturdays, to and back same day. To Hampstead and return 50c., any intermediate point 40c.

Tickets to Fredericton, etc issued on Saturday at one fare, good to return free on Monday following.

P. S. See our Time Tables with map of River.

R. D. HUMPHREY, Manager,
Office at wharf, Union Depot, foot of Union St.
near Street Car Terminus.

H. CHUBB & CO. Special Agents, Prince Wm. st.

HOTELS.

New Victoria Hotel,
248 to 252 Prince Wm. Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
J. L. McCOSKERY, Pro.
One minute's walk from Steamboat landing Street Cars for and from all Railway Stations and Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five minutes.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Pool Room in Connection.
WILLIAM CLARK.

ALWAYS ASK FOR
THE ISLAY BLEND
REGISTERED
WHISKY,
MACKIE & Co's.
VERY OLD.
See Analytical Report on Each Bottle 6 Years Old.
DISTILLERIES:—
LAGAVULIN, ISLAY and ISLAY, ARGYLESHIRE.
LAPHROAIG,
OFFICE, 5 DIXON STREET, GLASGOW.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given that all communications in respect to matters affecting the Department of Indian Affairs, should be addressed to the Hon. Craig R. Dewdney as Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and not as heretofore to the undersigned. All Officers of the Department should address their official letters to the undersigned.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 11th May, 1889.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1889.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Day Express for H'f'x and Campbellton	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	11.10
Fast Express for Halifax	14.30
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou and Mulgrave	22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

ALL RAIL LINE TO BOSTON &C.

"The Short Line" to Montreal &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS; in effect July 8th, 1889. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north. Parlor Car for Fredericton and Parlor Car for Boston.

8.45 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.; Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, "via Short Line," for Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and the west; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car for Montreal.

4.45 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p. m.—(Except Saturday night)—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock. Presque Isle &c.

Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN.

FROM BANGOR, 6.00 a. m.; 3.35 p. m., Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.

MONTREAL, "via Short Line," 8.30 p. m. daily except Saturday.

Canadian Pacific Sleeping Car attached.

VANCEBORO 8.15, 10.55 a. m. 7.10 p. m.;

WOODSTOCK 7.50, 10.30 a. m., 8.20 p. m.;

HOULTON 7.40, 10.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.;

ST. STEPHEN 9.00, 11.40 a. m., 3.15 10.20 p. m;

ST. ANDREWS 7.55 a. m.; 3.25 p. m.

FREDERICTON 6.00, 11.20 a. m., 3.20 p. m.;

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN 7.45, 8.20 a. m., 2.10, 7.10, 10.30, p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON.

7.55 a.m.—For Fairville, and points west.

4.40 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

8.45 a. m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

5.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

Eastern Standard Time.

ON and after MONDAY, June 24, Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

LEAVE St. John for St. Stephen at 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 a. m., St. Stephen 11.55 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 3.00 a.m., St. George 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.30 p. m.; St. John at 12.40 p. m.

Freight up to 500 or 600 lbs—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 9 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a hackman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. John, N.