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THE FIRST WRINKLE

Concealment was impossible. Subterfuge availed nothing. Besides I wanted neither. She had run straight into my arms, there in broad day-lit Regent street And the place she had run from was the "The Beauty Shop," as Daniel Woodroffe calls it. In other words, she emerged (I like "emerged;" properly read it spells mystery, dark alleys, secret doors in panels, furze-fringed commons, assignation's masks, highwaymen, romance)—she emerged from a narrow passage that led to an office where, with a child-like pretence of knowing nothing at all about each other, six or seven businesses got themselves conducted by one meagre staff. The businesses were:

1. The Artemis figure improver.
2. The cells Tablet (for reducing embonpoint).
3. The Athenian System of Physical Culture.
4. The Turkish Bath Cupboard.
5. The ——I forget the others, but I know that one of them was the company for helping people not to get drunk.

In less intimate circumstances I should have looked the other way. But when a lady is in your arms it does not much matter to her which way you look. To pretend that I had not seen her would have been idle; to pretend that I did not recognize her impossible, as well as disingenious, for she had changed, in those six years, almost as little as my thoughts of her.

So I said, "You!"

And she said, "How you frightened me!" Then she began to walk along the pavement, and I walked beside her.

"I have just been to see my dressmaker"—she spoke very fast. "The number of times one has to be fitted—" She broke off because she saw that the lie was wasted. She was never one to be extravagant in her untruth.

"Our old friendship," I said.

She laughed then.

"Oh, well, our old love," said I.

"Your old love," she corrected. "Well, what about it?"

"Does it—I'm very stupid about these things, you know; I've no experience—does it give one the right to ask questions?"

"No," she said, decisively, "but you may if you want to all the same."

"Then," said I. "let me ask whether you'll come and have tea with me? I've been away for nearly six years. I suppose one still has tea? One used to once upon a time. You remember; and——"

"Certainly," she said, sweetly. And we went. After the tea question I asked no more.

"But," she said over the teacups, when we had said all we wanted to say, and a good deal more, about Central Africa and my six years, and Gilbert Chesterton's poems, and Sutro's latest play, and the unemployed, and the Russian revolution—"but didn't you want to ask me something?"

"Yes," I assented; "but I won't if you'd rather not."

Of course she protested that she did not mind in the least. I knew she would.

"Well," I began. "I should like to ask you whether you've taken to secret drinking?"

I wish I could paint her face for you. But that can't be done with just ink.

"But" I persisted, "it really must be that—because all the other trades that are plied in that place can't have anything to do with you. You don't want the Sells Thinning Tablets, or the Athenian Beauty Restorer, or the Artemis figure——"

"Don't" she interrupted; "if you'd be nice instead of being horrid I'd tell you. I'd dearly like to tell someone," she added, musing.

"You've long longed to betray the secret but you couldn't find the right person to betray it to? Yes? Tell me!"

"I have"—she spoke very solemnly, and I don't know what I expected her to confess that she had—"I have * * * *a wrinkle."

"It is invisible."

"That's because I've got a veil on. And the light in these tea shops was invented on purpose for wrinkled people and people with dyed hair and brand new fancy complexions. Besides, it doesn't show very much, really. Only * * * I know it's there."

"The case doesn't seem very desperate," I said, eating muffin discreetly.

"Ah! but it's only the beginning. Don't you see? It means that I'm growing old."

"'You've got a long way to go,'" I quoted.

"Don't be vulgar. I know I'm not old yet, but I'm getting old. And I'm afraid, afraid."

"You've nothing to be afraid of. Old age is dignified, beautiful."

"I know all that! Do you think women want to be dignified and beautiful—just dignified and beautiful—with nothing else?"

"I should have thought so," I said. "I confess I looked forward to seeing my wife old, and dignified, and beautiful, and beloved——"

"Oh, you're married?" she cried, and paused on a falling inflection. She spoke again, though, almost at once. "Oh," she repeated, in quite another key. "I'm so glad. Now I can talk to you. And you won't think * * * * And you won't tell your wife. 'Beloved!' That's just it—that's what women want—not any of the other things."

"Well, and aren't you?"

"I don't mean that I want it now. At least * * * No—but really, I'm a little sick of it, too. One's always being beloved by the wrong people. But I don't want to get into the cold old world—the world where nobody loves anybody."

"But even if you have 500 wrinkles," I answered, "you'll still have the fine brain, the tender heart that people love other people for, that I loved you for once."

"And much good they'll do me! Don't I know? So long as you're young and good to look at your brain and your heart are able to se faire valoir. And when you're old—you may be St. Teresa and Plato rolled into one, and who cares?"

"I care," said I.

"Oh! you," she said. "What is your wife like? Is she fair?"

"She's dark," said I; "as dary as you are. But we weren't talking about wives. We were talking about love."

"No—about youth and beauty," she contradicted. "Don't you see that youth and beauty are like the magic-lantern screen? Without them you can't show the world any little bits of cleverness or niceness you may happen to have."

"And you want to show the little bits of niceness and cleverness?"

"Well—one wants to be liked, you know."

"You mean," said I, "that unless a man is a little bit in love with you he can't see your good points?"

"No, I don't," she said crossly; "but if you're nice to look at people trouble to find out whether you're nice in other ways. And then you get friends. But when you're old—Look at Mrs. Basingstoke. She's cleverer than I am—cleverer than you are—and as good as gold, and people turn from her to——"

"To yonder girl that fords the burn. Yes. By people you mean men, I suppose."

She hesitated a moment—her elbows on the table, and her eyes through her veil shining. Then a little defiantly:

"Yes," she said, "I do. You know quite well that men are better friends than women. They understand things better, and they chatter less."

"Yet," said I, "come of my dearest friends have been women."

"Isn't that exactly what I am saying? There's something about the friendship between men and women that makes it quite different from other friendships—makes it more alive, more real."

"Of course there is," I acquiesced; "and that something is—Danger."

"Danger?" she scoffed; "oh, well, of course, people do fall in love with you sometimes, even if they're your friends. But that's not what I mean. I've been friends with people that I couldn't think of as lovers without a shudder—people I wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs."

"I don't believe you," I said; "you shake hands with your friends, don't you?"

"You know what I mean—I mean people one couldn't marry if one were the last woman in the world, and they were the last man. Danger, indeed. No, it's not that——"

"But," I persisted, "if you have—and you know you have—such heaps of friends, and many of them people you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs—because its pleasanter and simpler to touch their hands with yours—why worry? You've won your friends by your beauty. You'll keep them by—all your other gifts."

"Oh, no I shan't," she said; "don't you believe it! Some girl will come along, and then all my other gifts won't be worth one of her silly smiles. Don't I know? Look at Mrs. Simmons."

"I don't want to look at any one but you," I said, and I leaned my arms on the table. "Mrs. Basingstoke ought to be contented with the love of her husband and her children."

"She hasn't any," she said triumphantly; "she's no more married than I am—not so much really."

"My dear Lady——"

"Well, her husband's dead, and when he was alive she never looked at anyone else; and she hasn't any children. And she never was fond of him."

"And you have been fond of some one? Yes. That gives you the advantage. And so you went to the beauty shop to get the wrinkle taken out, so that for a few more years you might show your wit, and your goodness on the magic-lantern screen of your beauty."

"I do want people to go on liking me," she admitted plaintively.

"Wouldn't one person do?"

"If he were the right one of course he would. But when he wants to be he never it. I'm talking nonsense," she said, and rose. "Let's go."

"Don't you want a hansom?" I said, on the pavement outside.

"I don't want anything," she said, "Goodby."

But we took the hansom. One cannot talk well in hansoms. We did not speak another twenty words till we were in her drawing room and she had taken off her hat and fluffed up her hair before the mirror. Then I said, "It's six years since——"

"I know," she said. "I'm nearly thirty. Go home to your wife and bairns, laddie."

"I am more than forty," I said; "it's a chill age. And I haven't any bairns."

"Then I pity you," said she.

"I've been out of England a long time. You haven't changed half as much as you ought to have changed."

"That's because I've always had some one to like me."

"Show me the wrinkle," I said.

She pushed her hair back from her white forehead.

"There!" she said; "now go. I wish I hadn't said all the things I have said. Go home to your wife and forget them."

"I haven't any wife," I said.

"But you told me——"

"I only told you that when my wife was old I expected her to be delighted and beautiful and beloved. Do you think she will?"

"Oh——" The pause was long. I said something.

"Yes, I believe I do," she said, "and you have, all the time—really?"

"With interludes," I owned, "but—well—yes, all the time."

"But it's impossible," she urged, and it was the last defence. "You know so much about me—now."

"Don't you think," I said, "that that's rather an advantage?"

"And the interludes?" she began.

"Are mine the only ones?" I asked, coming nearer.

"Ah, don't!" she said; "all that doesn't count."

"Exactly," said I.—Westminster Gazette.

PIN YOUR FAITH ON FERROZONE

A Time Honored Cure for Spring Ailments That Every Physican Recommends.

But every year has seen the popularity of Ferrozone increase, and today it is used by the people of many nations for weakness, debility and the characteristic ailments of spring.

Let Ferrozone help you!

It enriches the blood supply and thereby vitalizes and quickens the whole body. Humors and impurities are driven off. Disease germs of every kind are destroyed.

Nutritious material is supplied for restoring the waste, and day by day the process of rebuilding goes on till health that outlasts old age is established.

Mr. W. A. Renwick, of 285 Hunter St., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "A year ago I became run down and lost my health. My strength was greatly reduced and on account of the weakness of my heart I was afraid to take up work.

"On going up stairs or walking fast my heart would beat like an engine. I would gasp for breath and get exhausted quickly. At night I would wake up in an excited condition and find my heart going like mad.

"In this terrible state nothing helped me but Ferrozone. Such good it did me I can hardly explain. It built up my strength, put new life in my heart and made me feel like a new man."

Even in advanced cases of weakness Ferrozone is unfailing. Your druggist sells it, 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A and Kingston, Ont.

TOO KEEN A MEMORY.

A lawsuit had arisen out of a dispute about a right-of-way, and counsel for the defendant was cross-examining a venerable laborer who had testified that to his knowledge there had been a right-of-way over the disputed land since he was a boy five years old.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty-five."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred 80 years ago?" said the lawyer, in affected credulity.

"'Deed I can, sir. And I can mind a year afore that when your father ——"

"That will do; you may go," said counsel reddening.

"Get an awful wallopin' frae Jean Macintosh——"

"That'll do!" roared the lawyer wrathfully.

"For cheatin' her 2-year-old lassie——"

"Do you hear. You can go, I say."

"Oot o' the change o' a thruppeny bit," concluded the venerable witness triumphantly, as he slowly left the box.

DON'T USE GREASY LINIMENTS

A century ago they might have been popular.

Today people want something easy to apply, certain in results, and above all a clean liniment.

When Nerviline is applied aches and pains disappear as the pores absorb its soothing, healing properties.

Nerviline penetrates to the core of the pain, eases instantly, and leaves no oily bad smelling memory behind. Good to take in, capital to rub on, and five times more powerful in destroying pain than ordinary oily liniments. Don't fail to get a large 25c. bottle.

NEW LIGHT ON SCRIPTURES

A former bishop of the Episcopal Church of Indiana once preached to a black congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse several of the negroes crowded about the preacher and praised his sermon, saying it was the best they had ever heard. One enthusiast exclaimed:

"Bishop, you tol' us things we nevah knew befo'."

"Indeed," said the bishop, gratified at the praise. "What was it I told you that you never knew before?"

"'Bout Sodom an' Gomorrah. Why, bishop, I always thought they was a man an' his wife."—The Reader for April.

Keeper—Yes, it'll cost de State t'ree hundred dollars to electrocute you.

Cohenstein—I tell you vat I do—I'll shoot myselluf fer a hundred an' fifty.—From Puck.

A Gin Pill Reason

Many people are veritable human interrogation points. They invariably want to know why?

They ask why Gin Pills are superior to other Kidney remedies. One reason is that Gin Pills are antiseptic in their action, cleansing, healing, purifying from the start, thereby effecting a speedier and more certain cure. The effect is immediate. All Druggists, 50cts. per box, 6 boxes for $2.50 or direct from

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Trial box free. Mention this paper.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF GIN PILLS DO NOT CURE.

IN THE LABOR WORLD

Twelve years ago one hundred and three German cities each boasted a Central Labor Council. In February of this year there were in existence five hundred and six Central Labor Councils in as many cities in the German Empire.

The Trade Union Bank of Chicago, where 671 unions and their members will be asked to deposit their funds, was opened May 15th, with a capital of $500,000. This bank has been chartered under the laws of Arizona, so that the shares could be put upon the market at $5.50 each.

Over four thousand linemen and other electrical workers in the employ of the Southern Bell Telephone Company in the States of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, went on strike recently to enforce a demand for increased wages.

According to the returns received by the British Board of Trade from the distress committees under the Unemployed Workmen Act, and from the local correspondents of the department, the amount in February was less than in the previous month, and much less than a year ago.

The eighth annual convention of the Georgia State Federation of Labor will convene in Augusta, Ga., Wednesday, June 20.

An agreement has been signed between the Chicago masons and Builders' Association, and the Hodcarriers and Building Laborers' Union, which provides for an increase in wages that will mean nearly $1,000,000 a year in the aggregate to the men.

According to a preliminary report published in the journal of the German Labor Department, 369 strikes and 41 lockouts came to an end in Germany in the last quarter of 1905.

The street car strike, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, recently ended, the men getting an advance of one cent per hour in pay. They asked two cents.

A year's agreement was signed recently by committees representing the Diamond Manufacturers' Association of America, and the Diamond Workers' Protective Union. Under the new agreement, which became effective at once, an increase of about 10 per cent in wages was secured by the Union.

The Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals in the case of the Richmond Typothetae against the Richmond Typographical Union, has upheld the right of picketing so long as violence and disorder do not result. The decision affirms the Chancery Court of Richmond, which dissolved a temporary injunction to prevent alleged interference by strikers with the employing printers.

Friendly relations which have existed between the Chicago building contractors and the building trades unions since the close of the lockout of 1900 have been seriously strained through the recurrence of sympathetic strikes.

The coal miners' suspension, it is thought, will soon be amicably adjusted.

The house of representatives recently passed the personal liability bill. The bill makes both parties responsible for their own negligence. It also renders void any contract intended to restrict the liabilities of the employer for the negligence of employees.

Paris, France, postal workers are still striking.

"Picketing" defended by labor unions for half a century has been abandoned by the Associated Building trades, composed of the oldest labor organizations in Chicago. This body has decided that in the future it will allow non-union workmen who take the places of strikers to go to and from their work without interference.

A new way of settling industrial difficulties, is being tried at Cambria, Wyo., where coal miners and operators disagreed over hours of work. The operators wanted the men to work nine hours, while the minors insisted on eight. Instead of striking the miners employed lawyers, who discovered an old state law which marked eight hours the legal workday for miners.

The railway conductors, who some time ago met in Chicago, pronounced against government rate making.

By admitting 3,000 members of the Bricklayers' and Stonemasons' Unions to affiliation, the Associated Building Trades of Chicago and Cook county, has increased its membership to nearly 40,000 members.

The annual Saturday half holiday and general wage and working agreement was signed by the Boston Plasterers' Union and the employing plasterers.

All the metal-working establishments of Dresden, Germany, have agreed to a lockout of employes belonging to unions, owing to the alleged frequency of strikes. There are 25,000 workers affected.

Encouraged by the signal success of the Building Trades Council of San Francisco, in collecting the whole labor ticket, and having now complete control of the city government, steps have been taken at the recent state convention of California Building Trades Council, to organize a State Labor Party and capture the state government.

THE MODERN VIEW.

Wife (greatly pleased).—"Doesn't my new spring gown make people gaze. They probably think I got it from Paris."

Hubby—"More likely they think I've been grafting somewhere."

Mr. Staylate—You used to say I was the light of your life.

Miss Pert—Yes, but papa says all lights must be put out at 10 o'clock.—From New York World.

Not Milk for Babies

Don't risk baby's life by feeding city milk. Be on the safe side. Give

Nestle's Food

The perfect substitute for mother's milk. Always the same. Sample (sufficient for 8 meals) FREE.

THE LEEMING, MILES CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

ETIQUETTE IN EVERYDAY LIFE

No one invention so intimately connects itself with every-day life in the twentieth century as does the telephone. Its wires are the network which unite both the business and social worlds of today, and its constant use has evoked certain rules of etiquette which cannot be overlooked.

It is well to remember, for instance, that because your friends have a telephone is no reason why you should take up half their time talking with them over it. Nothing is more tormenting to a busy person than to be continually called to the 'phone to hear a round of inanities which have no connection with the affairs of the day.

Don't think because your friend pays for her telephone by the year that you can save up all your calls and deliver them over her wire. You would have to be pretty hungry to ask her to give you something from her larder, so remember that the telephone bill is quite as much a part of the household expense as is the grocer's bill. If you haven't a 'phone of your own, try to make your calls over a public wire.

When you take off your receiver remember that there is a human being who answers to the call of "Central," and she never fails to respond more quickly to a "Please." She also learns to know your voice if you have a private 'phone, and an occasional "Good morning" is appreciated in her routine work more than you can imagine.

On the other hand do not try to burden this same "Central" with too many of your personal secrets. No matter how busy she may be there is always a chance of her catching some of your conversation, and if you value your intimate affairs you will reserve them for the mail or face to face confab.

Having obtained the party called, make sure to whom you are speaking. Never trust your ears when it comes to sounds over the 'phone. In nine cases out of ten you can be mistaken in voices which vibrate over a long or short distance wire, so it will pay you to always repeat the number asked for when you hear the answering "Hello."

If you have been called unexpectedly or by some party who was farthest from your thoughts, you will know how perfectly at sea a person feels at such a time. Hence it is manifestly unfair to announce who you are and then expect the person at the other end of the wire to carry on the conversation.

If you are giving an invitation over the 'phone, make it in such a way that the invited one will not be obliged to abruptly refuse or accept. The story of the girl who asked a man to dinner is a very apt illustration of the embarrassment which may result from an insistent invitation over a wire. He refused for Monday night, then for Tuesday, and then for Wednesday Finally, when the girl asked him for Thursday's dinner, he replied impatiently: "Well, I'll come Monday."

THE CHURCH

Rev. W. T. McElveen, D. D., pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church, preached Sunday on the subject: "The Church Twenty-five years from Now." He said: "The Christian Church, like every other institution, is a growing and improving institution. It is better than it was; it will be better than it is. The Christian Church is almost nineteen hundred years old, and yet it has not realized Christ's ideal. The Church overtops every other institution in the world, but it is not without spot. The Church of twenty-five years from now will be catholic; it will include in its membership all of every race, clime and sect who love Christ and are trying to duplicate his life. Christianity is larger than the Greek Church, better than the Roman Church and finer than the Protestant Church. No one denomination has a monopoly of its spirit. All the denominations combined do not possess all its truth. Denominationalism is rapidly becoming an obsolete word. The new Church will be democratic. Too many of our churches are class churches. God has no prime favorites. The future Church will be a place where all classes, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, will mingle."

"Twenty-five years ago," he said, "there were Christian sects that were more anxious to make converts to their particular 'ism' than to make citizens for the kingdom of God. They were more desirous to make men and women Baptists or Methodists than to make them Christians. Twenty-five years ago there were so-called Christian denominations that hated each other more than they hated the devil. Twenty-five years ago the hedges which separated the Church into sects were high and thick. Each year since then the hedges have been clipped a little, and as many years from now there will be no hedges."

The TERRIBLE PANGS OF DYSPEPSIA CAN BE CURED

To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irresolute, drowsy, languid and useless.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, belching of wind, faintness, and fullness and distention of the stomach are a few of the many distressing symptoms of the poor, weary dyspeptic.

Dyspepsia is a disease that in one way or another resembles nearly every other disease, and the only way to get rid of it is to tone up the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. This will be quickly done by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast loosing flesh owing to the run down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

YOUR MISSION.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself, and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

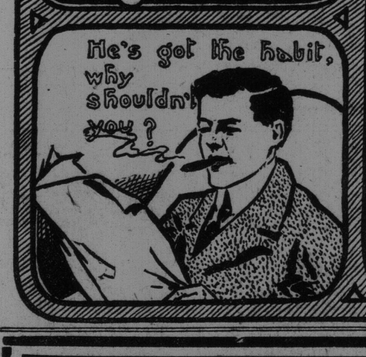
If you are dreaming of a future goal,
When, crowned with glory, men shall own your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home; there lies a lifetime's toil,
Weed your own garden, fair for all men's sight,
Before you plan to till another's soil.

God chooses his own leaders in the world,
And from the rest he asks but willing hands—
As mighty mountains into place are hurled,
While patient tides may only shape the sands.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

IRVING



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—Smoke IRVINGS
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NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

Love had just laughed at the locksmith.

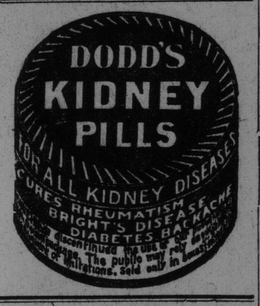
"Why don't you laugh at the milliner and the landlord and the grocer?" asked a bystander.

"Because," replied Love, "they always make me feel mighty serious.'—Houston Post.

OUR PROGRESS

'Whither are we drifting?' asked the platitudinous orator.

"We ain't drifting anywhere," said the man in the back row who fears the corporations. "We're being pushed."—Washington Star.



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We give this very handsome, fully guaranteed American Watch, latest model, in boys or men's size, for selling only 24 large packages of fastly blooming fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the finest mixtures in the world at 10c a pckg, or ladies' size, double hunting case, for selling only 36 pckgs. The cases superbly engraved, equal in appearance to $25 Solid Gold Watches. Write to-day for Seeds. No trouble to sell them. Return money and we will promptly send you the Watch exactly as shown in the picture. The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 819 Toronto

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—BETWEEN—
Glasgow and St. John

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(Completes Winter Sailings.)
Freight and passage rates furnished on application to the following agents:
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FINEST AND FASTEST
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18,000 Empress of Britain 14,500
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May 10, Thur . . . . . Lake Manitoba
May 19, Sat. . . . . Empress of Britain
May 24, Thur . . . . . Lake Champlain
May 31, Thur. . . . . Lake Erie
June 14, Thur . . . . . Lake Manitoba
June 23, Sat. . . . . Empress of Britain
June 30, Sat. . . . . Lake Champlain
July 7, Sat . . . . . Empress of Ireland
July 12, Thur. . . . . Lake Erie
and weekly thereafter.

Montreal to London Direct
May 26, Montrose, (One Class)... . . $40
May 27, Mount Temple, 3rd Class . . $28.50
June 17, Lake Michigan, 3rd Class . . 28.50
July 1, Montrose, (One Class) 40.00
July 3, Mount Temple, 3rd Class . . . 28.50
S. S. Lake Champlain & Lake Erie carry only ONE CLASS of Cabin passengers (Second Class) to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the steamer at $40.00, $42.50 and $45.00.
LAKE MANITOBA—1st, $55 and upwards; 2nd, $40.00.
EMPRESSES—1st, $80.00 to $500.00; 2nd, $45.00 and $47.50; 3rd, $28.75.

Stmr. May Queen,
R. H. WESTON, Mgr.
Until further notice will leave her wharf at Indiantown for Upper Jemseg and intervening points. TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 10 a. m.
Freight received every day.

Crystal Stream
Will leave her wharf, Indiantown, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY for COLE'S ISLAND, 10 a. m. Returning, will leave Cole's Island, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 a. m. Freight received at warehouse at Indiantown at all hours.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE.

The Summer Train Service on the Canadian Pacific Railway will go into effect Sunday, May 6th. After that date the train service out of and into St. John, will be as follows:
6.45 a. m.—Day train for Boston, connecting at Fredericton Jct. for Fredericton, and at McAdam Jct. for St. Stephen and St. Andrews, also Woodstock and points north.
6.40 p. m.—Montreal Express.
5.50 p.m.—Boston Express, connecting at McAdam Jct., for St. Stephen (and St. Andrews after July 1st), also for Woodstock.
6.10 p. m.—Fredericton Express, making all suburban stops.

As the Intercolonial Railway will not change time until June 24th, the Canadian Pacific Montreal Express will be unable to leave St. John for the West until 5.55 p.m., and the Boston Express 6.05 p.m. Fredericton Express 6.10 p.m. between May 6th and June 24th.

In addition to the above, Suburban Train Service will be operated between St. John and Welsford commencing June 4th as follows:-
Lv. St. John 9.25 A. M. 1.10 P. M. 5.05 P. M. 10.30 P. M.
Ar. Welsford 10.33 A. M. 2.10 P. M. 6.00 P. M. 11.35 P. M.
Lv. Welsford 6.45 A. M. 7.55 A. M. 11.10 A. M. 2.20 P. M. 9.00 P. M.
Ar. St. John 7.50 A. M. 8.55 A. M. 12.10 Noon. 3.20 P. M. 10.00 P. M.—Daily, except Sunday.

It is expected that this Suburban Service will be continued until September 20th.

On May 24th extra trains will be run to and from Suburban points, particulars of which will be given later.

From the above it will be noticed that the Fredericton train instead of leaving at 5.05 as at present, will, after May 6th, leave at 6.10 P. M. and there will be no train from St. John at 5.05 P. M. between May 6th and June 4th.