MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

COUNTRY LUCK

By JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

"What d'ye want there, young feller?" shouted a policeman across the street.

"I want to see Mr. Tramlay."

"Guess your watch is slow, ain't it?" growled the officer.

"I don't know; maybe so," Phil replied.

"Don't you know better'n to come huntin' down here for a bizness man after 6 o'clock at night?" asked the officer.

Phil admitted to himself that he did not; still, he had come ashore to find Mr. Tramlay, and the idea of giving up the search did not occur to him. He finally asked:

"Where do you suppose I can find him?"

"At home, I guess, if he's one of the kind that goes straight home from his store."

"I reckon he is," said Phil. "Will you please tell me where he lives?"

"Oh, come off!" muttered the policeman. "D'ye s'pose I ain't got nothin' to do but know where folks live? Where was you brought up?—'way back?"

"I'm sorry I bothered you, sir," said Phil, who now saw the officer's uniform and recognized it by memory of pictures he had seen in illustrated newspapers. "Isn't there any way to find out where a man lives in New York?"

"Certainly; look in the directory. Go up to Broadway—it's up at the head of this street—an' go along till you find a drug store. Like enough you'll find a directory there."

Phil followed instructions, and learned the street and number of the Tramlay domicile. In front of him street cars were continually coming and going, and by the conductors of these he was referred from one to another until he found a car which went to the street he wanted to reach. Although Phil knew the city was large, the journey seemed very long; it was made an hour longer than it should have been, for a fire had broken out somewhere along the route, and engine hose blockaded the railway track. When finally the desired street was reached Phil found himself several hundred numbers away from that he was looking for, and it was then nearly 9 o'clock.

"I've half a mind to give it up," said Phil, as he walked rapidly along. "Perhaps they go to bed early; there's no telling. Still, if they're abed, I'll know it by the lights being out. I don't seem to walk down these numbers very fast."

He quickened his steps; he almost ran; but more than a quarter of an hour passed before he saw on a glass transom the number that indicated his journey was at an end. Phil stopped, then he crossed the street and surveyed the house carefully.

"Lights in all the windows," said he. "That looks as if they'd all gone to their own rooms; looks like bedtime. I was afraid of it. I suppose there's nothing to do but go back to the sloop or find some place to lodge. Too bad!"

He recrossed the street and ascended a step or two. Truthful though he was, he would have denied to any one but himself that he did it only because Lucia had tripped up those same steps. Slowly he descended and walked away; but he had passed but a house or two, and was looking backward, when a man who had passed him ran up the Tramlay steps. Then Phil saw a flash of light and heard a door close.

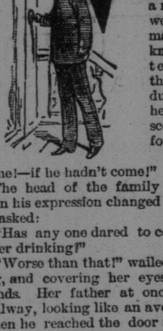
"That wasn't Mr. Tramlay. There aren't any other men in the family. He must be a visitor. Well, if other men can call at this time of night, I guess I can visit it, too."

Back he went, and, as he was unacquainted with the outer mechanism of door bells, he rapped sharply upon the door. It opened instantly, and as Phil stepped in he found the hall and stairway, as well as the parlors, quite full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It's a party," he said to himself. Then he informed himself, in great haste, that he would postpone his visit, but as he turned to go he found the door was closed, and a small colored boy who stood by it said: "Gen'lmen fust room back," and pointed upstairs. Entirely losing his self possession and wondering what to do, Phil stood stupidly staring about him, when suddenly he saw Lucia in full evening dress. He hastily dropped his eyes, for he had never before seen a dress of that particular cut.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAMLAY RECEPTION.



WELL, who hasn't come?" asked Edgar Tramlay, as Lucia hurried toward him with a countenance in which despondency and indignation were striving for mastery. Tramlay knew his daughter's moods, for they were exact duplicates of some he had married a score of years before.

"Oh, if he hadn't come!—if he hadn't come!"

The head of the family looked puzzled; then his expression changed to indignation as he asked:

"Has any one dared to come to my house after drinking?"

"Worse than that!" wailed Lucia, shuddering, and covering her eyes with her pretty hands. Her father at once strode to the hallway, looking like an avenging angel, but when he reached the door and took in at a glance the entire cause of his daughter's annoyance he quickly put on a smile and exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow, how lucky that you happened in town on our reception evening! Come with me; Mrs. Tramlay will be delighted to see you again."

Phil resisted the hand laid upon his arm and replied:

"I'll call again—some other time. I didn't know you had company this evening."

"All the better," said the host, leading Phil along; "'twill give you a chance to meet some of our friends. We've met many of yours, you know."

Just then the couple stopped in front of a sofa on which Phil, whose eyes were still cast down, saw the skirts of two or three dresses. Then he heard his escort say:

"My dear, you remember our old friend Phil Hayn, I'm sure."

Phil looked up just in time to see Mrs. Tramlay's feeble, nervous face twitch into surprise and something like horror. Mr. Tramlay extended his hand, as a hint that his wife should arise—a hint which could not be ignored after his hand had closed upon hers. Even when upon her feet, however, the lady of the house seemed unable to frame a greeting. Had Phil been a city acquaintance, no matter how uninteresting, she would have smiled evasively and told him she was delight[ed] th[at] he had been able to come, but what [cou]ld a la[d]y, at her own reception, say to a man in a sack coat and a hard rubber watch guard?

Mrs. Tramlay looked at her husband in weak protest; her husband frowned a little and nodded his head impatiently; this pantomime finally stimulated Mrs. Tramlay to such a degree that she was able to ejaculate:

"What a delightful surprise!"

"Let me make you acquainted with some of the company," said the host, drawing Phil away. "Don't feel uncomfortable; I'll explain that you just dropped in from out of town, so you couldn't be expected to be in evening dress."

Phil began to recover from his embarrassment, thanks to his host's heartiness, but also to the fact that the strain had been too severe to last long. He slowly raised his eyes and looked about him, assisted somewhat by curiosity as to what "evening dress" meant. He soon saw that all the gentlemen wore black clothes and white ties, and that the skirts of the coats retired rapidly. He had seen such a coat before—seen it often at Haynton, on ex-Judge Dickman, who had served two terms in the legislature and barely escaped going to congress. The only difference between them was that the judge's swallow tail coat was blue and had brass buttons—not a great difference, if one considered the distance of New York and Haynton.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Tramlay, suddenly, "I don't believe you've met Lucia yet. Here she is—daughter?"

Lucia was floating by—a vision of tulle, ivory, peachblow and amber; she leaned on the arm of a young man, into whose face she was looking intently, probably as an excuse for not looking at the unwelcome visitor. Her father's voice, however, she had always instinctively obeyed; so she stopped, pouted, and looked defiantly at Phil, who again dropped his eyes, a low bow giving him a pretext.

"Daughter," said Tramlay, "here's our old friend Phil, from Haynton. Now, don't spend the whole evening talking over old times with him, but introduce him to a lot of pretty girls; you know them better than I. Phil, you can explain to them how you struck a full dress reception just after landing from a cruise; 'twill amuse them more, I'll warrant, than any story any showy young fellow can tell them this evening. It isn't every young man who can have a good thing to tell against himself the first time he meets a new set."

During the delivery of this long speech Lucia eyed Phil with boldness and disfavor, but in obedience to her father she took Phil's arm—an act that so quickly improved the young man's opinion of himself that he instantly felt at ease and got command of such natural graces as he possessed; he was even enabled to look down at the golden head by his shoulder and make some speeches bright enough to cheer Lucia's face.

"It mayn't be so entirely dreadful, after all," thought the girl; "I can introduce him to friends to whom I could afterward explain—friends who are too good hearted to make spiteful remarks afterward. Besides, I can blame father for it; all girls have fathers whose ways are queer in one way or another."

While acting upon this plan, and finding, to her great relief, that Phil could talk courteous nothings to new acquaintances, she suddenly found herself face to face with a man of uncertain age but faultless dress and manner, who said:

"Mayn't I be favored with an introduction? Your friend is being so heartily praised by your father that I am quite anxious to know him."

"Mr. Marge, Mr. Hayn," said Lucia. Phil's proffered hand was taken by what seemed to be a bit of languid machinery, although encircled at one end by a cuff and coat sleeve and decorated with a seal ring. Phil scanned with interest the face before him, for he had often heard Mr. Marge mentioned when the Tramlay family were at Haynton. His look was returned by one that might have been a stare had it possessed a single indication of interest, surprise or curiosity. Mr. Marge had met young men before; he had been seeing new faces for twenty-five years, and one more or less could not rouse him from the composure which he had been acquiring during all that time.

"Can you spare your friend a few moments?" said Mr. Marge to Lucia. "I would be glad to introduce him to some of the gentlemen."

"You are very kind," murmured Lucia, who was dying—so she informed herself—to rejoin some of her girl friends and explain the awkward nature of the intrusion. Marge offered Phil his arm, a courtesy the young man did not understand, so he took Phil's instead, and presented the youth to several gentlemen as an old friend of the family. Soon, however, Marge led Phil into a tiny room at the rear of the hall—a room nominally the library, the books consisting of a dictionary and a Bible, the greater part of the shelf space being occupied by pipes, tobacco boxes, cigar cases, ash receivers and other appurtenances of the vice and comfort of smoking. Placing Phil in a great easy chair, the back of which hid him from the company, Marge took a cigarette from his own case, which he afterward passed to Phil.

"No small vices," said he, as Phil declined. "Just as well off, I suppose. As for me"—here Mr. Marge struck a match—"I've (puff) been acquainted with the weed so long that (puff) I can't very well snub it when I would."

"I think nicotine is injurious to the brain, the lungs, and finally to the digestion," said Phil. "Have you seen Professor Benchof's analysis? They were printed in the"——

"I may have seen them in print, but I'm sure I passed them," said Marge, exhaling smoke in such a way that it hid his face for an instant. "I can't afford to worry myself with information that I'd rather not use."

"But one's physique," said Phil.

"One's physique becomes quite obliging when it knows what is expected of it."

Phil mentally sought a way of passing this unexpected obstacle; meanwhile, Marge breathed lazily through his cigarette a moment or two, and then said:

"Miss Tramlay is a charming girl."

"Indeed she is," Phil replied. "If she only were"——

"Tut, tut, my dear sir," said Marge, "woman is divine, and it isn't good form to criticise divinity. Miss Tramlay is remarkably pretty; I trust we agree at least upon that safe ground?"

"Pretty?" echoed Phil, before Marge had ceased speaking. "She is radiant—angelic!"

Again Mr. Marge enshrouded his face with smoke, after which he did not continue the conversation, except to remark, "Yes." Phil studied the color tone of the room, and wondered why paper like that on the wall had not been offered for sale by the storekeeper at Haynton; then he resolved he would buy and take home to his mother a chair just like that in which he was sitting, for it was so comfortable that he felt as if he could fall asleep in it. Indeed, he was already so oblivious to Marge and other human presence that he was startled when a gentle rustle ushered in Lucia, who exclaimed:

"Phil, you must come back to the parlor. Half a dozen girls are real envious because they haven't seen you at all, and half a dozen others want to see more of you. Father has been sounding your praises until they're sure the Admirable Crichton has come to life again."

Phil attempted to rise—an awkward operation to a man previously unacquainted with Turkish chairs. Lucia laughed, and offered him assistance—it was only a little hand, but he took it, and as he looked his thanks he saw Lucia's face as he had sometimes known it of old—entirely alert and merry. At the same time a load fell from his mind, a load which he had been vaguely trying to attribute to the lateness of the hour, the strangeness of his surroundings—anything but the manner in which the girl had first greeted him. As she took his arm and hurried him out of the library he felt so fully himself that he forgot even that he was not attired like the gentlemen around him.

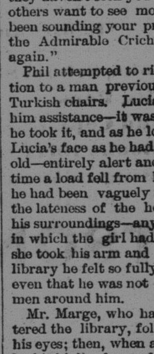
Mr. Marge, who had risen when Lucia entered the library, followed the couple with his eyes; then, when alone, he frowned slightly, bit his lip, dropped the end of his cigarette, paced to and fro several times, leaned on the mantel, and muttered:

"'Phil!'"

Then he lighted another cigarette, and veiled his face in smoke for several minutes.

CHAPTER V.

NOT SO DREADFUL AFTER ALL.



REGULAR hours being among the requirements of the head of the Tramlay household, Lucia appeared at the breakfast table the morning after the reception as the clock struck eight. Her father, dressed for business, and her mother, in negligee attire and expression, were discussing the unbidden guest of the evening before.

"But he was so country—so dreadful common," protested Mrs. Tramlay, with her customary helpless air.

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "There was nothing country or common about his face and manners. There hasn't been so bright eyed, manly looking a fellow in our house before since I don't know when. Eh, Lucia?"

"Agnes Dinon said he was real fine looking," the girl answered.

"Agnes Dinon is thirty-six if she's a day," answered Mrs. Tramlay, in a petulant tone.

"So much the better fitted to pass opinions on young men," said Tramlay. "Shows more sense in one girl of her age than a hundred like—like"——

"Like me, papa," said Lucia. "You may as well say it."

"Like you, then. Bless your dear, ignorant heart, I'd give my head if you could see as clearly as she without waiting so long to learn."

"You may be very sure, though, that Miss Agnes will never invite him to her own receptions," declared Mrs. Tramlay.

"Wrong again, mamma; she's invited him for next Tuesday night, and I do believe she devised the reception just for the purpose. None of us had heard of it before."

Mrs. Tramlay gathered all her strength, stimulated it with an entire cup of tea, and exclaimed:

"Well, I should like to know what society is coming to, if a common farmer's boy, of no family, can stumble into town and be invited about to good houses."

"Coming to! Why, my dear wife, it is coming to its senses. I'm glad, in this particular case, the movement began at our house."

"Nobody would have paid any attention to him, if you hadn't talked so much about him," said Mrs. Tramlay. "One would have thought him a dear old friend, to hear you go on about him as you did."

"I said nothing but what was true. I merely said he was one of the finest young men I had ever known; that he was of the highest character, and very intelligent besides."

"Such qualities don't make a man fit for society," said the lady of the house.

"No, I suppose not; if they did we'd see more of them at our receptions and parties."

"Edgar!"

"Well, well," said Tramlay, leaving the table, kissing his wife, and preparing to hurry to his office, "it isn't your fault; we can't expect what can't be had, I suppose."

"Lucia," said Mrs. Tramlay, after the children had been dispatched to school, "I hope your father's peculiar notions won't affect you."

"About Phil? Nonsense, you dear old worry! But really, mother, he made quite an impression. A lot of the girls admired him ever so much. I began to apologize and explain, as soon as I could get rid of him; but I found it wasn't at all necessary."

"Girls will admire anything that's new—anything, from a Zulu to a monkey."

"Mamma!"

"Young men like Hayn can't ever marry out of their own circle; you should be able to see that. How can they buy houses for their wives, and furnish them properly, and set up horses and carriages, and keep in society?"

"Mamma, you're too dreadfully funny: indeed you are. Suppose young men aren't rich enough to marry; can't girls like them? Aren't young people good for anything but to get married?"

"I'm very sorry," said the mother, abruptly leaving the room, "that you have such trifling views of life."

When Philip Hayn left the family mansion a little after midnight he had but two distinct ideas—one was that he had better find his way back to Sol Mantring's sloop to sleep, and the other was that he didn't believe he could fall asleep again in less than a week. All that he had seen, the people not excepted, was utterly unlike Haynton. The conversation, also, was new, although he could not remember much of it; and the ladies—well, he always had admired whatever was admirable in the young women in the village, but there certainly were no such handsome and brilliant girls at Haynton as some he had met that night.

He could not explain to himself the difference, except that, compared with Lucia's friends, his old acquaintances appeared—well, rather unfinished and ignorant. And as far as these new acquaintances appeared above his older ones, so far did Lucia appear above her friends. He had studied her face scores of times before and told himself where it was faulty; now he mentally withdrew every criticism he had ever made and declared her perfection itself. Would he ever forget how she looked as she offered to help him from that easy chair in the library? He wished his mother might have seen her at that instant; then he was glad she did not. He remembered that his mother did not entirely approve of some of Lucia's bathing dresses; what would the good woman think of fashionable evening attire? And yet perhaps it was not as dreadful as it seemed. Evidently Lucia's mother approved of it, and was not she a member of a church—not, he regretted, of the faith in which all Haynton worshiped, yet still a church? And did not many of Lucia's guests dress in similar style?

He mentally laid the subject away for future consideration, and gave his mind to his own attire. Until that evening his faith in the perfection of his Sunday suit was as unquestioning as his faith in Haynton's preacher, but now it was hopelessly shattered. He did not admire the attire of the gentlemen he had met, but the evidence was overwhelming that it was the correct thing, and that he must prepare himself to dress in like fashion if he went to Miss Dinon's party. And, by the way, what a queenly woman that Miss Dinon was!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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.

About 300 delegates are expected this week to attend the Baptist convention, which will open at Fredericton on Saturday.

Mystic Words.

I can reccommend Dr. Fowlea's Extract of Wild Strawberry for chronic diarrhoea, as I have used it for two years and can get nothing else that helps me like it. JANE TAYLOR, Mystic, P. Q. This medicine cures all summer complaints.

Rev. Edwin Daniel, son of Mr. T. W. Daniel of this city, has recently been appointed by the Bishop of Toronto to the rectory of the important parish of St. John's, Port Hope.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.

Some anxiety is felt at Montreal because of the non-arrival of the Merchant line steamer Lake Michigan which was due on Tuesday evening last.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and gray hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

The charge against Otto Weeks, M P P for Guysboro, N S, of shooting with intent to kill at Annie Killam, a woman with whom he lives, has fallen through.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers. It never fails.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coster and J. M. Barnes of St. John are in Halifax, having driven up through the Annapolis valley from Digby to Halifax on bicycles. They left to day on a drive to Yarmouth, 200 miles.

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.

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By all who suffer from dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, liver complaint, rheumatism dropsy, etc. Lose no time in procuring Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's regulator and tonic. It is a prompt and permanent cure for all diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach.

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That has been popular with the people for thirty years is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for all varieties of summer complaints of children or adults. It seldom or ever fails to cure cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery.

On the Increase.

So increasingly prevalent have scrofulous diseases become that we call the attention of our readers to the best blood purifier and alternative known, viz., Burdock Blood Bitters, which unlocks all clogged secretions and removes all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

A Baby in Danger.

My baby was taken very bad with diarrhoea, nothing did any good till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawverry. I am certain nothing equals it, and could not do without it in time of summer complaint and diarrhoea.

MRS. A. L. BLUIE, Shell River, Man.

Excels All Others.

I used one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and loss of appetite and it cured me. I would not be without it at six times the price for it excels all others.

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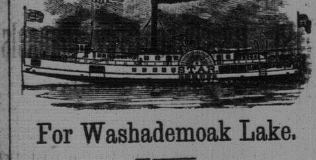
H. D. TROOP, Manager.



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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.

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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 9 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 Wednesdays and Saturdays, up 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.

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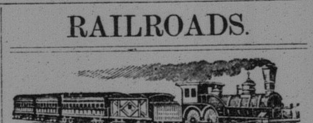
RAILROADS.



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
Fast 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.

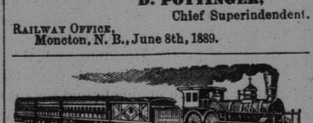
Express from Sussex	8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	10.50
Fast Express from Halifax	14.50
Day Express from H'f'x and Campbellton	20.10
Day Express from Hfx, Pictou and Mulgrave	23.30

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 Superindendent.

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. Pullman Buffet 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, Ottawa, Toronto 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 1.15, 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 5.45, 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 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 9.56 a. m.; St. Stephen 11.55 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a.m. St. George 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.20 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 6 p. m.

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

W. A. LAMB, MANAGER.

St. John, N. B., June 17, 1888.

sun, tel.

Buctouche and Moncton Ry.

ON and after MONDAY, June 10th, trains will run as follows:

No. 1.		No. 2.	
Lv. Buctouche	7 30	Lv. Moncton	16 45
Little River	7 48	Lewisville	16 49
St. Anthony	8 04	Humphreys	16 53
Cocaigne	8 20	Irishtown	17 15
Norte Dame	8 28	Cape Breton	17 25
McDougall's	8 38	Scotch Sett	17 33
Scotch Sett	8 50	McDougall's	17 45
Cape Breton	8 58	Norte Dame	18 01
Irishtown	9 08	Cocaigne	18 03
Humphreys	9 30	St. Anthony	18 19
Lewisville	9 33	Little River	18 35
Ar. Moncton	9 38	Ar. Buctouche	18 53

Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax.

C. F. HANINGTON, Manager.

Moncton, June 9, 1889.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Short Line Trains

Leave St. John daily at 3 p. m. (Except Sunday) for Montreal without Change.

Connections are made at Montreal with trains for Ottawa, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago and the West.

ALSO "SOO LINE" TRAIN TO

Saint Paul and Minneapolis,

—AND—

PACIFIC COAST TRAIN,

for Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria and the Pacific Coast.

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H. CHUBB & CO., Agents,

Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

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of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of Nervous Debility, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by Seminal Weakness and Impotency. The necessary consequences are Consumption and Death. "Lane's Specific Remedy," an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at One Dollar per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge.

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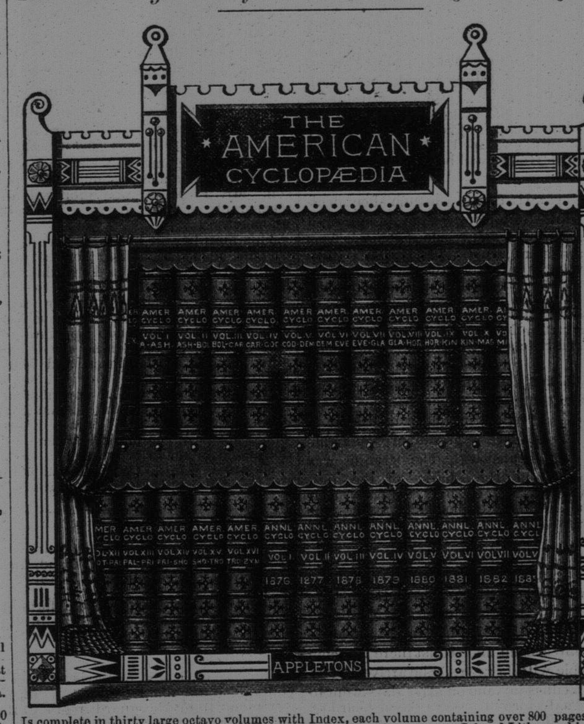

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