HIS NERVE SAVED HIM.

At a quarter to four on the afternoon of March 6, 1887, the paying cashier of the—Bank in the city of London, cashed a check for £2,000 drawn by the highly respected firm of Floyd, Gow & Co. of Fenchurch street, merchants It was presented by the manager of the firm. There were twenty men in line behind, and the transaction did not occupy two minutes. Floyd, Gow & Co. could have had £10,000 as well as £2,000 had they wished.

At five minutes to four the manager of Floyd, Gow & Co. handed in his book and check amounting to £4,000. The paying cashier looked up as he heard his voice. He changed color; but he didn't cross the room and ask Floyd, Gows's manager if he had been there ten minutes before. He called someone to take his place, and disappeared into the secretary's room. and within twelve minutes the police were at work on the case.

The check presented at a quarter to four was a forgery, and the man who presented it some "dummy," who had made himself up like Mr. Smith, of Floyd & Co.'s. This was not a difficult task. The counterfeit man was the same height as the original and about the same make. Smith had not spoken a hundred words to the cashier during the five years his firm had dealt with the bank. He was not a man to waste time in idle gossip. But he was well known by sight to every official in the bank. He always wore a blue serge office coat whatever the weather. He always wore a silk top hat, and it invariably worked its way to the back of his head before he had worn it three minutes. No one ever saw him at the bank without his gold-rimmed eye-glasses and his tightly-rolled umbrella. Smith had a friendly nod for the patrons he knew in a business way, but he seldom spoke a single word to any one.

The paying cashier had been done with his eyes wide open. It was his first offence, but that only made it worse in his own eyes. However, he moved so quickly that there seemed every chance of the thief being caught. Officers were sent to every railway terminus; they searched the hotels and every likely place for a man to try and change his clothes. If the fellow had not some safe hiding place selected in advance, the chances were more than ten to one against his making an escape.

In room No. 25 of Cremane's Private and Commercial Hotel, which I will admit was not a first-class establishment, but still good enough for a traveller earning £4 a week, I read most of the particulars given you above in the evening paper. The officials had done their best to keep the whole affair dark until some clue was gained, but the reporters had been too much for them. This anxiety on the part of the press to publish the latest details often facilitates the escape of criminals, who can thus learn many little facts they are glad to make use of, and which enable them to make counter-moves for their own safety.

I had come in from my round of calls utterly tired out, and, reaching my room, I pulled off my boots, lighted a pipe, sat down with my feet on the bed, and this bank business was the first thing which caught my eye as I glanced over the paper. I had just finished the article when the night porter came up.

"Heard about the bank swindle?" he asked, as he entered my room without the preliminary trouble of tapping.

"Just read it."

"Cool chap, wasn't he? And I say, there are a couple of detectives downstairs now. They say they've shadowed him here, and they're going to search the whole place. They are on the floor below now, and will want to come in here for a minute."

He had hardly finished speaking when the men appeared. I was a head shorter than Floyd's manager. I was thin while he was stout, and I was young while he was middle aged. But those old sleuth hounds came in on tiptoe, looked at me out of the corners of their eyes and sat down on the edge of my two chairs to question me, the bigger of the two taking the precaution to place his seat between me and the door. It was fully a quarter of an hour before they had finished, and then they seemed to take it as a personal injury that I hadn't committed the crime. Queer fellows those detectives! Since then I have felt conscious stricken over not doing something which would send me to prison for their glory.

Before my visitors left, one of them suggested with a wink to his comrade that I might as well be taken along on general principles, as there was no telling what I would not own up to after a week in prison, but the other was not so evil-minded. In fact he took a fatherly interest in my welfare, and put his hand upon my shoulder pleasantly and compassionately, as he advised me it would be better to restore the money while there was yet time. He reminded me of my mother. I refused to disgorge, and he went out sorrowing, saying that I had missed a golden opportunity and that I should live to repent and wear a convict's suit.

The hotel was thoroughly searched. Those men did their duty, and I think they would have carried off every soul within the place as a suspicious character had not the manager interfered, and the detectives finally withdrew with at least two pocket-books crammed with notes.

At ten o'clock I was finishing my third pipe, and had long before exchanged my paper for a novel. I was just getting sleepy, when a queer thing happened. My bed was in one corner of the room. I sat on a chair on the left hand side, with my feet across the middle. I had my book on a line with my eyes, and all had been quiet for the last half hour, when suddenly a voice observed:

"Well, old man, that must be an interesting yarn."

I bounded to my feet and saw—no one. I looked round the room carefully, peering into every corner—no one. I slipped toward the door on tiptoe and opened it with a jerk and saw—no one. Then I turned, and there was a man standing on the other side of the bed. He wasn't a ghost. He was made of blood, flesh and bones like myself.

To say I was frightened is putting it mildly. I was scared. I sank right into a chair with my mouth open, my eyes bulging out, until my visitor laughed outright.

"You haven't got a camera here, I suppose he said. "If you could see a photograph of yourself with that expression on your face, you would have a fit. Here, take the looking-glass."

He sprang lightly over the bed and handed me the mirror.

"Who are you?" I gasped, faintly, taking no notice of his offer.

"Well, that's a fair question," he replied. "I suppose you've got a right to ask. For the last three hours, up to a minute ago, I was the man under the bed, and now I'm the man on the bed," and, suiting the action to the word, he laid himself out at full length.

He was a cool hand. I knew human nature well enough to know he had plenty of nerve behind his cheek. It wasn't all put on. As he lay there I noticed a revolver in his hand. Then I began to understand. The evening paper had a portrait of Smith, and I saw this was his double. It dawned on me all of a sudden that he was the identical chap.

"You were under the bed when I came in?" I queried, as we sat looking at each other, and I was wondering how to ring the bell.

"Exactly," he replied.

"And you heard what the porter said, and the detectives?"

"Every word."

"And to come to the point, you're the man they want?"

"I am."

"How the dickens did you get here?"

"I didn't choose the abode for its comfort," he said, "nor for its company. I had other plans in fact. But they miscarried. A pal of mine lost his nerve at the critical moment and left me in the lurch. I dodged into this hotel in search of a temporary asylum, and it looks as if I'd found a lunatic asylum. Did you ever see £2,000 in one pile. It's a refreshing sight. See here?" His impertinence was maddening, but I dared not move. He watched me with his piercing eyes, and though he was toying with his revolver carelessly enough, I saw he had his finger on the trigger all the time. He bent over fram the bed and picked up a bundle of notes from the floor.

"This means a visit to the tailors, quail on toast with champage, a long trip to America or the continent," and he fondly patted the money. "So they've got an account in the papers have they?" I'd like to read it. Thanks."

He skimmed through the article with evident enjoyment, now and then chuckling to himself. Then he said:

"Pretty close shave that.

"I'm sorry for the cashier, but I suppose he will wriggle out of the responsibility somehow. Excuse my asking the question, but what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a traveller in calicoes."

"Married?"

"No."

"Ever been abroad?"

"No."

"Look here, old chappie," he went on, with easy familiarity. as he stretched himself on the bed, "you've given me shelter, and I'll do you a turn. Hand in your resignation and come with me. It will do you good and open your eyes. This little pile will do us first-class for a year."

His impudence disgusted me. I was gradually recovering from the shock his appearance had given me.

"I'll see you hanged first, you cheeky villian." I shouted I'm not making tours with bank thieves and jail-birds. Your trip will end in prison. if it doesn't start there."

"Two peppery, altogether to peppery, for the head traveller to a respectable firm," he quietly observed. "And do you think I'll be arrested, as you know so much about it?"

"Certainly. I'm going to take you downstairs and hand you over to the police."

"That's a lie," he said, as he swung his feet off the bed and stood up. "I don't blame you for refusing a trip to America, but please don't make an idiot of yourself in other ways."

"How do you mean?" "I asked, also getting up and trying to keep my head.

"Just look at things straight, and you'll see. I'm no chicken. Having played for a stake and won it, I am not likely to let myself be baulked by a kid like you. I'm willing to put my liberty against your life if it comes to that, although I hope it won't I'm armed, as you see. You're not, so keep your back hair on. Even without arms I could do for you, being the larger of the two."

"You cold-blooded scoundrel," I muttered, as I realized his power, and the utter hopelessness of the whole situation.

"No, don't call names. It's low," he said, pleasantly. "Let's consider what is your path of duty. I've got the best of the bank. And how many people have the bank got the best of before? They have no mercy. Last year over twenty banks closed their doors in the face of depositors. Every failure was brought about by some kind of fraud. And don't flatter yourself that you owe a duty to the public. The public would let you starve or freeze and not move a finger. You won't get any thanks, whatever you do for them. The public will deny that it owes you anything. The public would rob you of your last shilling. You owe a duty to yourself. It is to take a change of air. And now's your chance, Preserve the present state of your health; that's my advice, and very good advice ,too."

"All of which means," I interposed, "that you will shoot me if I give the alarm."

"Precisely."

"Then I shan't do so."

"I thought as much." He climbed again on the bed and continued. "I thought I was right when I sized you up. We have now come to an understanding. I've got one or two favors to ask, but I won't keep you long, and I see you want to go to bed. Ah! there are your scissors. I must sacrifice my moustache. Please sit over by the window."

He laid his revolver on the dressing-table, and cut off his fine chestnut mustache. I sat watching him, and wondering if I had gone off my mind, or if perchance I was dreaming.

"You shave yourself don't you?" he finally asked, as he turned round and faced me.

I pointed to my razor and strap, and in another moment he stood before me clean shaved. He had sandy hair, while his eyebrows were almost red. There was a bottle of black ink on the table. He dipped his handkerchief into it and painted his eyebrows. With the same fluid he made as neat a black eye as any prizefighter would care to boast, and he was chuckling as he turned to me.

"Just one thing more, old man. A suit of clothes, I must get off this blue serge. Perhaps it will fit you. Your oldest suit, I will pay cash for it."

I handed over a much worn suit.

"Rather a tight fit, but it will do," he said. "Here's £5 for it."

"I don't want your dirty money," I said savagely.

"Don't be finiky. It's silly. Now, then, to wrap up the money in a newspaper, and then I'm off. Look here, my boy, take this hundred; it will make up for any little inconveniences I have caused you."

"I'd starve first."

"Oh, come now, you're too good for this world. What are you going to do when I leave the room?"

"Kick myself for an ass and then go to bed, most likely."

"Go to bed without the kicking part. You are a very sensible young man, you may take my word for it. If I'm arrested I'll say nothing about what happened here. Ta, ta."

He reached the doorway and then he turned.

"Here's a present for you," he sang out, and threw his revolver on the bed. "It's no use to me. I lost my cartridges getting here. Adieu," and he was gone.

I locked the door and sat down. After a quarter of an hour I slipped into bed. The next morning I awoke with a fearful headache. I went to my dressing-table, and there, rolled up in a neat parcel, was the £100 in ten pound notes.

Did the man get away? Yes. He walked down-stairs and out into the streets, and the detectives never got a clue of him after that night. He probably went straight to Liverpool street and took the train to some suburban district. About the money. I returned it to the bank by post, and that part of the business is still worrying the detectives. I could tell them a thing or two, but I won't.

"Progress" in Boston.

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

BORN.

Amherst, July 5, to the wife of W. G. Murdock, a son.
Bedford, July 17, to the wife of Joseph Habbin, a son.
Hampton, July 9, to the wife of William Todd, a son.
Parrsboro, July 7, to the wife of John W. Yorke, a son.
Midgic, N. B., July 6, to the wife of George Hicks, a son.
Halifax, July 14, to the wife of G. W. Munro, a daughter.
Truro, July 15, to the wife of Capt. W. L. McLellan, a son.
Amherst, July 11, to the wife of Clarence T. Cooke, a son.
New Glasgow, July 10, to the wife of Joseph Cooke, a son.
Brooklyn, N. S., July 12, to the wife of Ernest Neily, a son.
Wolfville, July 6, to the wife of Chas. H. Borden, a daughter.
Windsor, July 10, to the wife of J. W. Power, a daughter.
Newville, N. S., July 11, to the wife of James Martin, a son.
Truro, July 11, to the wife of Joseph W. Trenholm, a daughter.
Chatham, N. B., July 2, to the wife of Dr. G. J. Sproul, a son.
Melvern Square, N. S., July 1, to the wife of E. F. McNeil, a son.
Somerville, N. S., June 11, to the wife of Capt. T. A. Card, a son.
Halifax River, N. S., July 9, to the wife of Charles Davison, a son.
Spa Springs, N. S., July 4, to the wife of James Woodbury, a son.
Keswick Ridge, N. B., to the wife of Rev. O. E. Steeves, a daughter.
West New Glasgow, July 6, to the wife of John Jenkins, a daughter.
Tyndall Road, N. S., July 3, to the wife of W. A. McLellen, a daughter.
Shubenacadie, N. S., June 25, to the wife of A. C. Stemshorn, a daughter.
Sydney Mines, July 10, to the wife of Dr. L. W. Johnstone, a daughter.
Gleason Road, St. James' Char. Co., to the wife of Fred McLeod, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. John, July 12, Walter E. Graham to Annie T. MacGregor.
Truro, July 11, by Rev. G. R. Martell, Chas. Plank to Myrtle Dunn.
Woodstock, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, H. L. Morrill to Josephine Bond.
Lower Woodstock, June 28, Ernest Akerley to Emma E. Brown.
Annapolis, by Rev. R. McArthur, James F. Goldsmith to Sadie Ryan.
Coal Branch, July 12, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Geo. Little to Lizzie Brown.
St. John, July 12, by the Rev. J. DeSoyres, John Magee to Janet Cowan.
Hampton, July 9, by Rev. Mr. Burns, William Perkins to Lottie Trites.
Kennetcook, July 6, by Rev. D. Fraser, William Currie to Loretta Miller.
Halifax, July 11, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, J. W. A. Nichol to Amelia Rogers.
Kentville, July 13, by Rev. W. P. Begg, Rev. W. F. Cann to Lizzie Eaton.
St. David, July 12, by Rev. T. Allen, Elveritt Styles to Adelia Maxwell.
Plymouth, N. B., by Rev. Canon Neales, Benjamin Wilson to Annie Haynes.
Liverpool, July 12, by Rev. I. E. Bill, Walter H. Fraser to Henrietta Trott.
Harrietsfield, July 15, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Wm. Drysdale to Minnie Brunt.
Fredericton, July 3, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Lemuel Kitchen to Jessie Kitchen.
St. John, July 11, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, Leslie Frazee to Elizabeth Giggey.
Moncton, July 13, by Rev. John Read, Dr. Gaius T. Smith to Laura L. Knight.
Truro, July 12, by Rev. Dr. McCulloug, George Talbot to Alice A. Higgins.
Halifax, July 10, by Rev. Father Kinsella, James L. Hickey to Abigal Foley.
St. John, July 18, by Rev. J. Teasdale, Lorenzo H. Vaughan to Annie C. Ennis.
Onslow, July 5, by Rev. J. H. Chase, William E. Rood to Margaret Morrison.
Tancook, N. S., by Rev. W. L. Parker, Rev. R. E. Gullison to Nettie C. Covey.
Parrsboro, July 12, by Rev. H. B. Eaton, Rev. H. T. DeWolfe to Hattie Eaton.
Halifax, June 28, by Rev. D. G. MacDonald, Parker R. Colpitt to Belle A. Perry.
Onslow, June 30, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Roland H. Wright to Minnie McCullum.
Halifax, July 7, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, John Henry Arthur to Sophie E. Melvin.
St. John, July 5, by Rev. E. W. Sibbald, Henry S. Crosby to Kate J. McJunkin.
Lockeport, July 4, by Rev. D. MacKinnon, David Thompson to Sophia Mosher.
Woodstock, June 27, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, George G. Stewart to Lella L. Hayes.
Athol, N. S, July 5, by Rev. J. Astbury, Edgar B. Wotton to Nellie M. Embree.
Halifax, July 4, by Rev. D. Drummond, Daniel McRae to Mary Ann McRae.
Chipman, N. B., July 13, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, L. P. Flowers to Carrie Knox.
Jeddore, N. S., July 7, by Rev. Robert Clark, Amos W. Webber to Letitia Warner.
Halifax, June 26, by Rev. L. A. Conney, James W. McDonald to Emma Cochrane.
Antigonish, July 5, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, James McPherson to Catherine Robear.
Fredericton, July 12, by Rev. W. R. Weddall, Cyrus Barton to Sarah Whitlock.
St. George, June 29, by Rev. G. S. Lavery, William J. Toman to Francis A. Murray.
Truro, July 13, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, Rev. Wm. C. Matthews to Rebecca McDonald.
Oxford, N. S., July 5, by Rev. Joseph Gaetz, Clinton Demmings to Ruth Ryan.
Bass River, July 11, by Rev. T. H. Cameron, Wm. R. Cameron to Mary A. Delaney.
Gaspereaux, N. S., July 11, by Rev. John Williams, Elias H. Finch to Lizzie A. Berry.
Liverpool, July 6, by Rev. G. W. Glendenning, Lorenzo Sims to Mary E. Conrad.
Barrington, N. S., July 13, by Rev. Mr. Valetine, J. Melbourne Treefy to Ora J. Hagg.
Canso, N. S., June 27, by Rev. A. C. Bordon, Matthew Daniel to Bertha Dichoff.
Barrington Passage, July 11, by Rev. T. M. Munro, H. O. Bowker to Annie A. Forbes.
Little River, N. S., July 8, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Charles C. Christie to Bertha Frost.
Upper Selma, N. S., June 27, by Rev. Mr. Rattee, Clarence Putnam to Lydia McLean.
Wolfville, N. S., July 15, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Harry W. Porter to Edith B. Wier.
Douglas, N. B., July 13, by Rev. Wm. Jaffrey, Henry C. Lint to Margaret Seymore.
Windsor Forks, N. S., July 1, by Rev. J. Murray, Stephen E. DeMont to Annie Tracy.
Little Lake, N. B., July 4, by Rev. G. W. Foster, Manzer B. Nason to Josie May Vail.
Osborne Corner, N. B., July 11, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Isaiah Duffy to Annetta Bishop.
Little River, N. S., July 8, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Mr. Eben Frost to Mrs. Agnes Frost.
Port Medway, July 4, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Albert Slauenwhite to Minnie Dolliver.
Tatamagouche, July 13, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Alex. R. Murrat to Minnie E. McLeod.
Five Islands, June 28, by Rev. Andrew Gray, Edward Mattinson to Annie L. Wedman.
Halifax, June 28, by the Very Rev. Dean of N. S., Rev. W. B. Beliss to Katherine H. Partridge.
Lockeport, N. S., July 6, by Rev. Duncan MacKinnon, Frank A. Bill to Isabel H. MacKinnon.
Kingsborough, P. E. I., July 12, by Rev. R. H. Bishop, William S. Robinson to Ella J. Fraser.
Perth, N. B., July 10, by Rev. H. G. Estabrooks, Cromwer S. Hetherington to Maud E. Caughey.

DIED.

Pictou, N. S., Jane Cameron, 88.
Halifax, July 16, James Cave, 54.
Fredericton, July 14, Mrs. Street, 82.
Clifton, N. B., Robert Bowen, sr., 84.
Pictou, July 4, Donald McDonald, 99.
Jordon Bay, June 30, John Downie, 81.
Amherst, July 1, George W. Clarke, 67.
Harvey, N. B., July 10, Henry Craig, 78.
Dartmouth, July 10, Francis McWatt, 39.
Sackville, N. B., July 9, Lucy Rogers, 78.
Woodstock, July 11, John N. Werner, 79.
Amherst, July 4, Mrs. Daniel Freeman, 70.
Liverpool, N. S., July 5, Fred T. Chandler, 28.
St. John, July 13, Henry C. Preston, M. D., 73.
Halifax, July 11, Alice, wife of John Punch, 34.
Shubenacadie, N. S., June 20, David Gilbert, 41.
St. John, July 12, Emily, wife of Daniel Ward, 76.
Newburg Junction, July 12, Mrs. John Downey, 69.
New Glasgow, June 29, Mrs. Archibald Fraser, 74.
St. John, July 6, of paralysis, Elizabeth M. Heales.
Moncton, July 5, Jane, wife of William Bulmer, 76.
Oxford, July 10, Douglas, son of J. C. McCormick, 3.
Truro, July 14, Margaret J., wife of Charles Duncan, 40.
Halifax, July 15, of heart failure, Peter E. Clark, 58.
Greenfield, N. S., July 9, wife of Chas. A. Freeman, 32.
Lower East Pubnico, N. S., July 7, Capt. Mark Amiro.
St. John, July 14, of consumption, Charles Ferguson, 48.
Marysville, N. B., July 1, Ann, wife of Josiah Lint, 65.
St. John, July 13, Ellen, widow of late Cornelius Reardon.
Lower Granville. N. S., July 10, Mrs. Cynthia Grant, 63.
Minudie, N. S., June 30, Pauline, wife of John N. Gould, 70.
St. John, July 14, Susan, daughter of late Samuel Purdy, 84.
Minudie, N. B., June 30, Pauline, wife of John Gould, 70.
Cape Island, N. S., June 30, Naamah, wife of Sam. Atwood, 50.
Moncton, July 16, Sabra A., wife of William McDermott, 34.
Dipper Harbor, N. B., July 8, Mrs. Anthony Thompson, 90.
Fredericton, July 16, Sarah W., widow of late Rev. John Black, 77.
Sackville, July 9, Lucy Rogers, widow of the late John Towse, 78.
Moncton, July 15, of consumption, Bessie, wife of Owen Doyle, 22.
McDougall Settlement, Elizabeth, widow of late Charles Tidd, 78.
Fredericton, July 11, of paralysis, Mrs. John A. Morrison, sr., 60.
Woodstock, July 4, Kate, daughter of Edward and Harriet Mullin, 29.
St. John, July 15, Minnie B., daughter of James and Martha Alward, 19.
Middleton, N. S., June 27, Case, son of Guilford and Evelyn Miller, 3.
Halifax, July 17, William J., son of Michael and Margaret Moriarty, 2.
Clementsvale, N. S., July 7, of consumption, Howard S. Wright, 27.
North Billtown, N. B., July 8, F. Percy, son of Edson and Lucy Keizer.
Halifax, July 16, Joseph Gordon, son of J. E. and Eunice Tanner, 4 months.
Harvey Bank, N. B., July 2, Mrs. H. E. Graves, daughter of C. F. Dow, 33.
Sheffield, Sunbury County, July 4, Minnie Franklin, daughter of late W. E. Taylor.
Clark's Harbor, N. S., June 30, Mabel, daughter of Jason and Annie Nickerson, 1.
Halifax, July 15, of scarlet fever, Eva A., daughter of Daniel J. and Martha Melvin, 10.
Musquodoboit Harbor, July 12, Marie B., daughter of Michael and Ellen Williams, 10 months.

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. ☞Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Nothern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Anappolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies.
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Excursion Tickets good for continuous passage in each direction. To leave St. John on July 27th and 28th; returning to leave Chicago at any time up to Aug. 7th, 1893,—
AT $26 EACH.
Train leaves St. John at 10.45 p. m.; arrives in Chicago 10.15 second p. m.; returning leaves Chicago 2.30 p. m.; arrives in St. John 1.00 second p. m.
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YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.05 a. m.
LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.
CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John daily (Sunday excepted). At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.
Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.
Yarmouth, N. S.

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

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

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.00
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)	8.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.
☞ All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st June, 1893.

STEAMERS.

THE **Yarmouth Steamship Co.** (LIMITED.)
The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States.
The Quickest Time!
Sea voyage from 15 to 17 hours.
Four Trips a Week
from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in commission.
One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening after arrival of Express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon.
Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7. a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.
Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.
L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent.
July 18. 1893.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
Daily Line
(Sunday excepted)
For Boston,
With Connections to all parts of the United States.

COMMENCING July 3rd and continuing to Sept. 13th, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25 standard, for Eastport and Boston. TUESDAY and FRIDAY mornings for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. Railroad, due in Boston at 7.00 a. m.
Connections at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen.
For furtrer information apply to
C. E. LAECHLER, Agent. ST. JOHN.

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