

THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

In order not to mislead the reader I will say at once that here we have nothing but the name in common with the conqueror of Pharsalia. The Cæsar whose death I am going to sing was, in life, an honest creature devoid of ambition, who never would have wept with jealousy on seeing the statue of Alexander.

From father to son the ancestors of Cæsar had faithfully served the house of Aubainville that held in the colony of Louisiana a position like that of the signifiers of Brittany before the Revolution. Like his ancestors Cæsar was loving, devoted, faithful. It would have been difficult to find a handsomer dog than Cæsar, for Cæsar was a dog. If he had been a man his eminent qualities must have won recognition long since and there would be no need for me to write his biography so tardily.

His full-length portrait which adorns the dining-room of Aubainville plantation shows that he was tall, with a proudly-arched head set on massive shoulders; that he had a finely moulded body and slender loins as became a strong but beautiful and graceful dog. His coat was white with brindle stripes like a tiger's; his muzzle was short, but his ears were long and silky, and without being an expert in canine physiology any one looking at this portrait may trace the noble breeds of bull-dog and greyhound which produced Cæsar.

In the winter of 1814 Cæsar was three years old. On his neck he wore a simple copper ring, polished till it shone like fine gold, and on this ring hung a little medal indicating that Cæsar belonged to Mlle. Henriette Aubainville.

At this epoch the plantation of Aubainville no longer bore the aspect of life and well-being that formerly impressed its guests in the good times when Louisiana still belonged to France. Situated three miles from New Orleans and accessible by water from the lower levee as well as by a fine road through a thickly wooded country the plantation served for a pleasure house to the noble Creoles of the city and the neighboring planters. There was perpetual carnival, the stream of guests constantly arriving twice unnumbered the rivulet of those who felt reluctantly compelled to take their leave. Then the gentry when they boasted of the profuse Southern hospitality never failed to point their remarks by a reference to our dear Monsieur Aubainville and his "Chateau."

Nature and man had united their efforts to change this sort of things and to rob Aubainville of its wealth and popularity. The river had swept away the levee that formerly terminated the garden and after submerging vast rich fields now flowed within a stone's throw of the house. Men in the city and on the plantation now frowned when they heard the name of their former host pronounced. For M. Aubainville had chosen to take what the Creoles called the wrong side of a burning question. While the purchase of Louisiana by the United States was still under consideration, his arguments in its favor were heard with resignation because his auditors were persuaded that it never would be carried out.

But when the project became an accomplished fact, a storm of indignation broke over M. Aubainville's head that could scarcely have been more bitter had he been the sole agent of the sale. Old stories were dressed up to defame him; it was remembered that he had corresponded with Jefferson, that he had sent two of his sons to battle and die in the navy of the States against Tripoli and that his third and last son, instead of remaining at home to add his cry to Louisiana's indignant protest, was at the North, enrolled in the ranks of an army of merchants.

It was true, indeed, that M. Aubainville the younger was not at home by the side of his daughter and his father. The old man and Henriette lived quite alone in the ruinous old house protected only by Lapiere, a faithful servant who had refused to leave his master, and by Cæsar that was the little girl's constant companion. Henriette was a pretty child of thirteen years, whose sweet face, because of the misfortunes of her race, wore an expression of gentle melancholy. She tended her grandfather with loving care. In the morning when Aubainville awoke, the first face he saw was Henriette's, and she even learned of the colored man who cooked for this little family how to make some dainties, for which the old man had once expressed a liking, with her own childish hands. She read aloud to distract him, and when sad thoughts sent a cloud over her grandfather's forehead Henriette put herself at his knee and sang a gay chanson. M. Aubainville listened and the sadness of his heart dissipated little by little at the sound of the child's voice. He placed his two hands on Henriette's forehead and lifted with an absent gesture the shining bands of her blonde hair.

Later in the day M. Aubainville taught Henriette her English lesson. He liked to have her speak in that tongue to him, and he impressed upon her mind the fact that America, wherein she had been born, as well as her father before her, was her native country. At other times the old man and his grandchild knelt side by side on a beautiful ebony Pre-Dieu. The grandire prayed for the souls of his two boys slain in the holy cause of liberty and for the third who, perhaps, was awaiting the same fate. The child prayed for her father. And when this man who had given her fortune, slaves, and family to God and his country had ended what he owed to God, he cried: *Vive la Liberte!* and the young girl's treble voice would repeat the loyal cry which was perhaps issuing from the dying lips of the last Aubainville after a battle which repelled the British invaders. All this time Cæsar would lie at full length in the corner of the salon, his gray eyes, reflecting the fire, fixed lovingly on his mistress. And if by chance Henriette's glance fell on him he would half rise, express two paws and beat the carpet joyously with his tail. He never lost sight of her by day and at night he slept across her threshold after the custom of the gentlemen of the bed chamber of the ancient kings of Portugal.

When Henriette went out of doors Cæsar followed in front of her. He ran wildly the length of the great walks, leaped and rolled, but his first paroxysm over he soon returned to put his muzzle in the gravel at the foot of his mistress.

Cæsar loved M. Aubainville, but he idolized Henriette. At a gesture from her he would abandon a bone and if she had ordered it, he would, no doubt, have signed a treaty of peace with a certain cat, entrenched on the ridges of the mansion, against which he carried on a hereditary vendetta. At the end of the old park of Aubainville, sadly ruined by the flood, there stood a little hermitage, where Henriette was accustomed to spend the hours while her grandfather was sleeping or reading. To escort her to and from this hermitage was Cæsar's proudest duty. As soon as he saw her turn her steps in that direction his countenance changed. A moment before he might have been racing wildly through the long, untrimmed grass, but he would moderate his excitement instantly and assume a grave manner, as if he felt the responsibility of his office as her protector. His protection was not to be undervalued; that firm jaw, piercing eye and those long cruel teeth might well frighten off an assault of wolves.

One day Lapiere, the faithful servant of Aubainville, returned from New Orleans, and he brought with him a letter which said that the lawless element of the city reinforced by renegade Spaniards and some of the hot-blooded French who preferred to consort with criminals rather than seem by silence to acquiesce in the annexation, had begun a series of depredations on the peace of Louisiana. The city which had many varied explanations as there were elements in the band. These men performed their deeds of terror at night, and no one knew exactly who or what they were, or where they would burn and intimidate next. Moreover, the approach of the British under Pakenham had aroused them to a frenzy of patriotism to spend their lives only of the best affected portion of the terrorists, whose ranks had been swollen by light-headed Creoles, who declared they would prefer the domination of even "perfidious Albion" to that of the Yankees. The city lay trembling like a man who has taken poison and yet has not yet discovered the cause to die. There were riots in every street of the French quarter nightly and these seldom terminated otherwise than in the letting of blood or the burning of a building. Several of the conservative leaders of the popular sentiment in favor of annexation had been harried by the rioters, their goods destroyed, their dwellings put to the torch, and themselves carried to the gates. But more than this Lapiere had to relate; not content with carrying on their internal practices within the town, the leaders were said to advocate a descent upon the outlying plantations, and Aubainville, which lay so near could hardly escape receiving a visit from them. M. Aubainville heard this news like a Christian and an old soldier. But when he looked at Henriette his eyes suddenly filled with tears. She was so young, so beautiful, so good! At her birth a smiling future had seemed to open before her. Beside her cradle a tender mother and a noble father had sat hand in hand, mapping out for their darling a brilliant and happy life. Alas, her mother was dead, her father's fate wrapped in uncertainty, and it was more than probable that all her family only one, and he only an old man, remained.

"The will of God be done!" said M. Aubainville, fervently wiping his cheek, "and *Vive la Liberte!*" "Vive la Liberte!" cried Henriette. "Vive la Liberte!" repeated a third voice in a deeply barking, Caesar leaped on the new-comer and licked his hand. He was a tall man wearing a broad brimmed hat that shaded his face, while a military cloak draped around his form hid the rest of his costume. He stood on the threshold. "Who are you, sir?" demanded the old man. The stranger gave Cæsar a caress as if to thank him for his recognition, threw his mantle over a chair and revealed himself. "Father!" "My son!" at the same instant cried Henriette and M. Aubainville.

The officer pressed them in turn to his heart, repeating in a stifled tone, "My father! my child!" He was the last heir of Aubainville. He came from the environs of New Orleans, where he had left the division he commanded in the American army under General Jackson. His boots were white with dust and his spurs bloody. When his first emotion was calmed he took his father aside and explained the motive of his visit. The depredations of the lawless and fanatical classes were deepening in horror with every day that an engagement between the British and American forces became more imminent. Even in the event of a victory for the latter the state of the country would remain dangerous to those who had openly espoused the American cause. Profiting by a moment of respite he had taken horse in order to persuade his father and retreat to a place of safety he had procured for him. "I demand it, not solely for you, my father, but for this poor child, for Henriette, our joy, our hope. Can you refuse to save her life?" M. Aubainville at first rejected all idea of flight. Too old to resist he wished at last to face danger in the home of his ancestors, but his son was eloquent. The face of Henriette, also, which begged permission for her to approach, did the rest. "Come, my daughter, come," said the old man tenderly. "Once in my life I will turn my back, but you shall live and may God give you happier days."

M. Aubainville the younger had taken his measures in advance. As it was more than likely the marauders would approach by boat, he had determined to draw off his family by skirting the city, and embarking them at a point above. This circuit they would make escorted by his own suite composed of six tried soldiers. He rode back to the city to bring them off and it was resolved that they should quit the plantation that night. Meanwhile Lapiere was charged to put in order one of the carriages which had stood idle for years, under the coach house, and to prepare the horses.

However courageous they may be by nature, children of Henriette's age cannot face death without flinching. But she had hardly comprehended the danger which menaced her before it was offset by the protection of her father and she felt almost gay. But it was not without a secret grief that she saw herself about to bid adieu to the old mansion where she had spent her infancy. Sorrow and care beyond her years had made her almost a woman in

feeling, and she went here and there, into every room of the old house, giving a sad look to everything and contemplating her home for what was, perhaps, the last time. Caesar followed her everywhere and looking up into her face he seemed to comprehend her sympathies with her regret. At last Henriette descended to the garden for she wished to visit once more the goal of her daily walk, the hermitage. She traversed the neglected park under the escort of Cæsar, and halted on a mound at the entrance to the hermitage, casting a sad look at the setting sun which lay bayou into the tangled cypress glade which concealed the river. Then she sat down on the threshold of the familiar building and gave up her spirit to revery. Caesar lay down at her feet, his head resting on his paws with his eyes half closed to avoid the setting sun which played about among his reddish eye lashes. The dog seemed half asleep.

All at once he rose and uttered a deep growl. With head erect and neck stretched forward he darted a fierce glance in the direction of the river. Henriette followed his eyes and saw a prodigious land with men coming from the hidden door which he had just seen. She stood upon her trembling limbs, but fear at length gave her strength and she ran like the wind back to the house. Caesar stopped an instant on the mound to launch a menacing growl across the water. It was answered by the voice of a blood-hound, and the dog started up and barked and seemed uncertain whether or not to respond. Then he turned and with little bounds he soon overtook his panting mistress.

At Aubainville, as in most old Southern houses built during the Spanish domination, there were concealed chambers secret doors. Henriette proceeded to the chamber by a quarter of an hour, which gave her time to conquer her grandfather's scruples. The old hero finally consented to hide himself in a secret chamber, after having taken his sword and hung around his neck a medal sent home by his son from Mexico. He then slipped on his retreat. This remnant of the old regime would not like to die *en negligé*. As soon as he had seen the door made fast upon him, Cæsar lay down in front of the threshold.

Some minutes after, three desperadoes, a mulatto servant and a man well known in the gambling houses of New Orleans, who was reputed to be a retired smuggler, presented themselves at the front door of the house. Lapiere, who had not been warned, opened it and was immediately made prisoner.

"Where is your master?" demanded the smuggler. "At Nashville," replied the faithful servant. The group made ugly grimaces, but they perceived the carriage around the corner of the house.

"Miserable traitor!" cried one. "You have led us to Louisiana. To earth with him, comrades. Bind him and let us commence the search."

They bound Lapiere to an iron ring in front of the stable. That done the leader ran ahead his bloodhound. "Set on!" he cried, "set on!" The blood-hound gave an ominous bay and bounded up the steps. The four men followed encouraging him. "No sooner had they gone than Lapiere tried to break his bonds, but the enemies had knotted them tight and the poor fellow made little progress.

"If I were free," he thought, "I would go and try to get my master and hurry his men forward. Then—ah!" Meanwhile the band had lost sight of the bloodhound in the interminable corridors of the first floor, but they followed, guided by the sound of his bay and they urged him forward with the terms of verger habitually applied to this abominable chase.

"He'll find 'em," said the leader, "he don't lose the scent. They can't get away." As he spoke a death-like stillness fell upon the house. The bloodhound's bays on this occasion were hoarse, and the sight of Cæsar who now rose stealthily on his four feet. The two beasts glared for a moment face to face. Both were robust animals, full of ardor, strength and suppleness. The bloodhound showed his double row of white and pointed teeth. "Set on!" "My beauty!" cried a voice from the stair.

The bound bounded forward. Cæsar sprang and caught him by the throat. The bloodhound shook himself convulsively for a second, then he uttered a smothered growl, leaped high pawing the air and fell down motionless on his side.

Cæsar without another glance at his fallen enemy went and lay down again in his old place. The bloodhound was dead. "Where is my dog?" cried the man in the corridor. "Set on! Set on!" There came no answering bay. And to increase their rage the invaders looked through the window of the study on his Lapiere, who had finally succeeded in getting free, galloped madly down the road. The group advanced blindly. They were not long in discovering the chamber where lay the dead body of the bloodhound. Next they distinguished in a shadowy corner the fainting eyes of Cæsar.

"Here we are, boys!" cried one, "this monster has killed our dog. We'll have him. Sound the wall; the rogue's hole is not far off." The men advanced. Cæsar with his body trembling, his hair erect, fiercely snuffed the air. He sniffed the floor. His eyes darted fire. The first man who started to sound the wall drew back like a terrified child. Cæsar lay down again.

"Fire!" some one cried, and three muskets were leveled at the devoted animal. At this moment the shadowed himself back and M. Aubainville showed himself on the threshold. He had heard all, and seeing discovery certain he had come forth to face the danger. In this supreme moment his tall figure was proudly drawn up, his lofty countenance, around which waved a fringe of white hair, shone with resolve. The men drew back, but one of them summoned his audacity.

"There you are!" said he, "I guess you are our man. You are old Aubainville are you not?" "I am," replied the old man in a measured tone, "Raul, Amadee, Yves d'Aubainville, descended from a father of the same name. What is your will with me?" "The old Aubainville who ten years ago helped give Louisiana to the Yankees?" "The same," said M. Aubainville without flinching, "What do you wish?"

"Your sword, old fellow," responded the other with a rude laugh. "We want your sword. Come on! Give us your old rapier."

"Come and take it," replied M. Aubainville who put himself resolutely on guard. The spokesman of the marauders, pleased at the prospect of an easy victory, drew and aimed a thrust at the old man, who parried feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself before him to turn the second thrust, but Cæsar planted himself in front of Henriette. It was Cæsar who received the sword in his breast.

"Die!" cried the young girl, falling on her knees. The man replied with a laugh and brandished his bloody sword. "Shout for the British and I'll let you off," he said to the old man.

"Vive la Republique!" cried M. Aubainville, putting himself on guard. "Die!" cried the young girl, crying another voice from the threshold.

The assassin's sword which was already threatening the old man's breast, fell. He turned in fear. M. Aubainville's son and six of his troop entered the chamber. In a turn of the hand the marauders were discomfited and the young girl, cornered, Henriette, laughing and crying, embraced her father, kissed her grandfather, and ran to the window to wave her thanks to Lapiere.

"Now let us set out," said her father. The carriage stood ready at the end of the gravel walk. M. Aubainville mounted it. When Henriette stepped out she felt herself held back by her dress and looking around she saw Cæsar whose fading eyes piteously implored a farewell caress.

A trail of blood on the gravel marked his progress. "Oh, my Cæsar! my Cæsar!" Henriette knelt down and held to her breast the faithful creature. Cæsar moved his tail joyously and tried to give a bark of happiness. "We have time to dress his wound and take him with us. Oh, say yes! Papa, grandfather!"

Cæsar stretched her hands, looked gratefully in her face as if he understood, and he licked his full length on the gravel and died. Two years after, Henriette and her father returned to their old home and went at once to work to restore its ancient walls. But before any other thing was done for either comfort or ornament, Henriette caused to be painted from a sketch she drew, the portrait which hangs in the dining-room at Aubainville, the portrait of Cæsar.—Willis Steel.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Look to the seaside resorts for true democracy. There every one is in the swim.—Baltimore American.

"This is very well put," remarked the editor as he dropped the poem into the waste basket.—Washington Star.

She. They say Mrs. Veriplane can hypnotize you, do you suppose it is true? He: Shouldn't wonder; she got Veriplane Life.

De Poker—"That stranger is an English lord in disguise. De Club—How do you know? De Poker—I caught him cheating at cards.—New York Weekly.

Landlady's ways are smooth as silk; Native's not, but he's a good fellow. Note how they pass the three-silk milk. And ask us: "Won't you have some cream?"—Chicago Herald.

Any—is it true that your engagement with Mr. Hunker is broken off? Mabel (holding up her left hand): No; you can see for yourself that I am still in the ring.—Puck.

Immigrant—"At last I am free in America. A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?" Native—"Ye-e-s, unless he's married."—New York Weekly.

Miss Pearl White—I wish you to paint my portrait. Dobbins—I'm sorry, madam; but I can't do it. Miss Pearl White—Why not? Dobbins—I never copy other paintings.—Puck.

Mrs. Hombody—"See here! do you call this a new dress? This can't be half full!" Milkman—"That's all right, mum, it's condensed milk, you know, mum."—Boston Transcript.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American continent with a life cloud. "Did anyone ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"—Puck.

"I wish I were like champagne," he sighed. "Ah," she quipped. "Yes," he continued. "It sparkles so." "And it pops sometimes," she mused softly, but he was too stupid for any use.—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—"The gossips have formulated a regular indictment against your character. They say you were a terrible flirt while abroad. Do you plead guilty?" American girl—Ye-e-s; to three counts.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Gaddy—Mrs. Henry Peck has her husband in complete subjection. Mrs. Clatter—From what do you judge? Mrs. Gaddy—I asked him a question the other night, and he turned to her and said: "Let me think."—Puck.

"Well, this is Act I," said the summer youth as he put his arm around her and drew her tenderly to him. "And it is also scene I," replied the summer girl as she pointed to her frowning chaperon standing not ten feet away.—Life.

"What are you crying about, my little man?" "Jimmy O'Brien licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, an' now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."—Life.

"But are you sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?" "Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men—and yet (tenderly) didn't I choose you, dear?"—Life.

Mr. Watts—Mrs. Briggs and her husband seem to be such a happy pair. Mrs. Potts—Yes, they are so considerate of each other. She tells me that they had been married three years before either one knew that they were both fond of onions.—Indianapolis Journal.

Large assortment Picnic Prizes, at wholesale and retail prices. Book Store King street.

STEARERS.

STEAMER CLIFTON. ON TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS the Steamer will make excursion trips to Hampton, leaving Hampton at 9 o'clock a.m. Returning will leave Indian town at half-past 3 o'clock p.m. runs days. Steamer will call at Clifton and Reid's Point both ways, giving those who wish an opportunity to stop either way.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA. BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. "CITY OF MONTICELLO," ROBERT FLEMING, Commander. WILL, on and after 22nd June, and until 10th September, sail daily, Sundays excepted, from the company's pier, St. John, at 7.30 a.m. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; connecting at the former with the Western Counties railway for Yarmouth, and points west; and at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis railway, for Halifax and points east. Returning, due at St. John 6.30 p.m.

SPECIAL NOTICE. At the request of those who wish to spend Sunday in Nova Scotia, excursion tickets will be issued by the above steamer on Saturday, good to return Sunday, at one and a third fare, during the months of July and August.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY TO BOSTON FOR \$3.00. THE Boston, Halifax, and Prince Edward Island Line of Steamships offer a grand chance for a pleasant and rapid sea trip from the Nova Scotia coast to Boston, leaving Halifax at 10 o'clock every Saturday afternoon, after the arrival of all the eastern-bound trains, and Lewis' wharf, Boston, at twelve o'clock every Saturday, on the arrival of all the morning expresses from Maine and New York. They offer an excellent opportunity of enjoying a full week's holiday in the Hub of the Universe, and of returning home in good season to get back to business duty.

THE PALMIST OCEAN GREYHOUND. 2,500 tons, commanded by Capt. Doane, is the largest, handsomest fitted, and best sea-going boat on the route. She has first-class passenger accommodation for 500, and cabin room for as many more. The reliable old steamer CAROL. 1,400 tons, commanded by Capt. Brown, is, without doubt, the most widely known passenger-carrying steamship plying between New England and the provinces.

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Return tickets, to return same day or by Saturday night steamer, Oak Point, 40c; Hampton, 50c. A steamer will leave St. John, N. B., every Saturday night at 6.00 p.m. for Hampton and all way landings. Returning, due at St. John at 8.50 a.m., Monday.

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International Steamship Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY LINE (Sunday excepted) FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING June 22, and continuing until Sept. 12th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, at following times: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, SUNDAY, and SATURDAY morning, at 7.30, standard, for Eastport and Boston; TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning for Eastport and Portland, making close connections at Portland with B. & M. FARES—St. John to Boston, \$4.50; Portland, \$4.00. Return tickets at reduced rates. Connections at Eastport with steamer for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint Stephen. For further information apply to Reed's Point Wharf. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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The "WINTHROP" having been overhauled during the winter, now offers first-class accommodation for Passengers and Freight. For further information apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Ag'ts. St. John. 17 and 19 William Street, New York. Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, New York Pier, North End. St. John, N. B., March 2nd, 1891.

ANDREW PAULEY, CUSTOM TAILOR. FOR THE PAST NINETEEN YEARS CUTTING WITH JAMES M. BEAY, SON, has been to inform the citizens of Saint John, and the public generally, that he may now be found at his new store. No. 70 Prince Wm. Street, with a NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suits for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. HARVEST EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST. From all Stations on C. P. R. to New Brunswick, return rates Colonist Class to METEVEN, \$33.00. DELORAIN, \$35.00. REGINA, \$35.00. MOOSE JAW, \$40.00. YORKTON, \$40.00. To leave all points in New Brunswick, on AUGUST 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st. Return on Sept. 20th, 1891. Rates from all points on Intercolonial, Windsor & Annapolis, and Prince Edward Island Railways. \$5.00 More than Rates named above. Apply to any Ticket Agent Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial, Prince Edward Island, and Windsor & Annapolis Railways. D. McNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't. Montreal, N. B.

Shore Line Ry. ST. JOHN AND ST. STEPHEN. Shortest, Quickest and Cheapest Route to St. Stephen. ONLY 3 HOURS and 15 MINUTES. Elegant Passenger Car, Luxurious Smoking Car. The road has lately been placed in fine condition, and the bridge over the new East side and valley along this road cannot be surpassed. FINE SCENERY.—The scenery of mountain and valley along this road cannot be surpassed. Special inducements to Picnic Parties and Excursions. SATURDAY EXCURSIONS. Return Tickets at ONE FARE, good to return on Monday. Special low rates to parties of five or more. The Company has hired for the season the Grounds of Dr. Reynolds, Lepreau. The beauty and advantages of these grounds for Picnic cannot be surpassed. The Company has provided and fitted up these grounds with Tables, Benches, Stoves, abundant shelter in case of rain, and other conveniences. EXPRESS TRAIN leaves St. John (West side) daily, at 7.34 a.m., connecting with Ferry leaving East side at 7.14 a.m., arrives St. Stephen at 10.45 a.m. Returning, leaves St. Stephen at 2.45 p.m., arriving at St. John, at 6 p.m. ACCOMMODATION TRAIN leaves St. John (West) at 1.24 p.m. (Ferry leaves East side at 1.04 p.m.) for St. Stephen, arriving at St. Stephen at 6.30 p.m. Returning, leaves St. Stephen at 7.50 a.m., arriving at St. John at 12.15 p.m. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. No charge for Commercial Travellers' excess baggage. Baggage received and delivered at Moulson's Water Street. Company's Office, No. 3 Fugate's Building. Telephone No. 18. Ticket Agents—Geo. Phelps, 97 Prince William Street, St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel, St. Stephen. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891—Summer Arrangement—1891. ON and after MONDAY, 22nd June, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.10. Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.00. Fast Express for Halifax, Montreal, and Chicago, 14.00. Night Express for Halifax, 22.30. A Parlor Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 10.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago leave St. John at 10.45 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Montreal. Sleeping Cars are attached to Through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 10.10. Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 14.00. Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.30. Day Express from Halifax, 22.30. The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6.10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8.30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive. All trains run by Eastern Standard time. D. FORTINGHAM, Chief Superintendent.

For ONE MONTH Only. A great reduction will be made in Hair Switches. WITH A NEW AND FRESH STOCK of Woolen Goods, personally selected in British, Foreign, and Domestic markets. Suits for all classes. Inspection invited. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. First-class, at 70 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

THE TOILET GEM. For Chapped Hands, Cold Sores, Sore Lips, Etc. Sold at DRUGGISTS' ESTS.

RAILWAYS.

SUNDAY TRAIN. SHORE LINE RAILWAY. EXPRESS TRAIN will leave every SUNDAY MORNING for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate stations, West Side at 8 a.m., connecting with Ferry Boat leaving East Side at 7.20 a.m. Returning, leave St. Stephen at 5 p.m., arriving at St. John at 6.15 p.m. Standard time. TICKETS ONE FARE, good to return Monday. F. J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

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