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ADVERTISERS will be in good company in the Whig, which reaches the best classes, the purchasing public.

The Death of the "Oo."

"Go out," said the King of a Cannibal Isle
To his subjects, long ago,
"And kill by arrow, or snare or guile
The bird which we call Oo.

"For this beautiful bird, on the tip of its wing,
Has a feather of yellow gold,
And gold in the color belongs to a King,
And ever has been of old.

"And I'll make a robe for my own fair bride,
A gorgeous and wonderful thing,
Which shall be forever the Island's pride—
From the gold of the Oo's wing.

"For every feather a bird must die,
A million hunt die for all
They are shy and scarce, yet what care I,
With a thousand men at call?"

So over the balmy, unbolthous isle,
In the cruel long ago,
South the tropical heaven's perpetual smile,
Men hunted the doomed Oo.

And though the forests they filled with song,
From their leaf-encircled nests,
They fell and fluttered—oh, piteous wrong—
With arrows through their breasts.

And in such a wanton, deadly way
They slaughtered the Oo bird
That to all that isle since that cruel day
Their song has never been heard.

But a splendid garment of golden sheen
Was made with the finest skill,
Then the royal robe of the Island's Queen
And is kept by her wardrobe still.

But wherever the Princess who dons to try
The beautiful mantle on,
Be she young, be she old, she is sure to die
Ere the dawning year is gone.

For the gorgeous garment was wrought to vain,
It has cost the melodious lives
Of that tribe of singers who never again
Will sing in those tropical skies.

L'ENVOI.

Do you know, fair dame, that the robe you buy
Is a haunt of despair is made,
And the weary hands that the needle ply
Are cruelly overpaid?

And cruel the heart that can beat content
'Neath a garment unwrought with woe,
On which some valuable lives are spent
Than those of the bird "Oo."

THE CAPTURED BICYCLE.

Percy Terrell began to realize the foolishness of his act in sallying forth all by himself.

The mirage expanse of the sandy desert stretched away from him on every hand until it was lost in the vast distance. Far out, wan mountains, ghostly and uncertain in outline, appeared to him to dip and swim, their bases hidden in a sea of blue haze. The grassless, treeless hills seemed to heave to and fro under the hot sun like billows—a strange, spectral landscape.

The previous morning Percy had started out on his wheel from The Needles, a town near the California and Arizona line, intending to make a run to Barbazon, in the desert, instead of waiting to take passage on the weekly stage. The distance was considerable, but he had felt he ought to have no trouble in making it on his trusty safety.

He had first fancied crossing the desert on a bicycle and not all the discussions of his friends at The Needles had been sufficient to induce him to abandon the idea. He wished now he had paid some heed to what had been told him.

He had dismounted for a rest and was sitting on a gravelly hillock. He unslung his water bottle and took a short pull at it. The water was warm and disagreeable, and, worst of all, it was alarmingly low, and he had no knowledge of how soon he could get more. He had missed the only spring in that section, and for all he knew there might not be another on the entire Barbazon route. His progress had been slower than he had anticipated. The sand was so deep in places that wheeling was out of the question; so far the work had been extremely fatiguing instead of being an exhilarating exercise.

Soon he remounted and again set out in the direction indicated as the right one by the little pocket compass he had been thoughtful enough to take. He would have felt better if there had been any way to determine the distance yet to be traversed. He hoped he would not be forced to make another night camp in the desert.

As he set the wheels in motion he heard a singular clucking sound; turning half around in the saddle he saw three Indians rise from behind a low mound and come running toward him.

The sight almost took away Percy's breath. Although he knew at a glance they were Yumas, and had been told that the Yumas were peaceably disposed there was something in their bearing that filled him with fear. He felt even more nervous when he saw two others rise from another mound a short distance ahead and place themselves in a position to intercept him.

He could not doubt they had stolen on him while he rested, and were now trying to hem him in and capture him. Why they should desire to do this he could not guess; but their actions did not look friendly.

The wheeling was fairly good at that point, and Percy sent the bicycle forward at a round gait, and hoped he could elude or dash by the two Indians in front. As the bicycle obediently leaped ahead under the strong propulsion he began to feel sure he could do it.

He swerved to the right as he neared the two Indians and when they rushed in that direction too he gave a quick turn and sent the safety spinning away on a new track. Meanwhile the three in the rear were hurrying up with all their might, and yelling in a manner to discomfort the bravest; and the two in front now added their wild cries to the hideous chorus.

"Yell away there, you red scoundrels!" Percy shouted, as with a spurt he sped by, beginning to feel he would make an easy escape. "Yell away there; and catch me if you can!"

He had seen that none of them had firearms, carrying only long lances of hard wood tipped with iron.

But he had boasted too soon. The Yuma nearest lifted his lance and hurled it through the air with marvelous force and skill. Percy glimpsed it shooting toward him, and with a cry of fear bent down to escape it.

The weapon had not been hurled at him, however. The wily Yuma had aimed at the forward spinning wheel of the safety. The blade of the lance passed between the spokes and downward into the sand where it stood imbedded, the shaft between the spokes. One of the spokes had been broken, and several others bent; and Percy had been pitched headlong over the wheel into the sand.

Before he could rise, the Indian's hands held him in a vise-like grip.

Picard grins rested on the ugly faces of the Yumas as they gathered around their captive and glanced from him to the injured bicycle.

"What do you want with me?" Percy demanded, struggling to a sitting posture and making a show of bravery.

"Why did you wreck my safety that way? I'll have you punished for it."

The Indians chuckled with delight at his anger.

"Want to see 'um iron pony," one of them condescended to explain. "Injun want to ride 'um iron pony! Injun want 'um iron pony! Savvy? Um iron pony, no eat, no drink, no git tired, no git sleepy. Make bully pony for pore Injun."

Light dawned on Percy. These Yumas wanted the bicycle for their own use. Perhaps they had seen him wheeling around The Needles on it. If so they had dogged him all the way.

His spirit rose. He vowed he would thwart them. He saw that though some of the spokes were ruined the wheel was still strong enough to do good service.

He got up and stepped nearer, as if to inspect the damaged wheel. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he was drawn rather roughly back.

"Injun ride 'um pony now! Mebbe little white boy git hurt! Savvy?"

Percy smiled against his will. Compared with these Yumas, he had to confess he was a very "little white boy." All five were broad-shouldered giants of fellows, with arms and legs like bronze beams and muscles that stood out in knotted rolls of strength.

The Indian who had grasped Percy's shoulder stepped up to the overturned bicycle, drew out the shaft of the lance and swung himself awkwardly into the seat. The safety tipped over with him as soon as he tried to settle moccasined feet on the pedals. A laugh greeted his failure; but a comrade came to his assistance and the discomfited Yuma tried again.

He seemed to find it great fun to sit in the saddle and be wheeled about on the sand, but it was impossible to keep his seat and work the wheel without aid.

Another and another tried it, with no better success.

If the entire performance had not been so exasperating Percy might have seen in it much to amuse him. It was really a most laughable exhibition of awkwardness. These Yumas would have had no trouble in mounting and riding the wildest pony that ever bounded across the desert, but here they found their skill at fault. What looked so easy proved to be entirely beyond them all.

Grunts of delight or derision arose at each failure, and when one of the fellows was shot head first into the sand and got up digging it out of his mouth and eyes and making a wry face the yells of his companion rose in ecstatic chorus.

They spent more than an hour in an endeavor to conquer the "little white boy's" steed, but at the end of that time were forced to give it up as hopeless.

"Little iron pony heap back!" one of them explained, crossing over to where Percy reclined on the sand and pointing to the unmanageable safety. "White boy show Injun how to ride um."

This was an opportunity Percy had begun to fear would never come.

"Oh, ride it yourself," he said with a show of scorn and indifference. "You'll learn soon."

But when the Yuma gravely shook his head and pointed once more to the bicycle Percy arose and walked toward it with assumed indifference, though he felt his limbs trembling under him.

He examined the injured wheel leisurely and saw that practically it was as good as if sound. Nevertheless he pointed to the twisted spokes as though the trouble the Yumas had experienced lay in them.

The Yumas were watching him, and with evident suspicion. Some of them took up their lances and stationed themselves near, plainly to prevent any effort to escape.

Percy mounted. At first he rode the bicycle round and round in a little circle, all the while causing it to wobble as if it were out of order. Under his indifference he was closely watching with a wildly beating heart for a chance to break past the line of lances and send his wheel spinning across the sand. Slowly he increased the circle, adding a yard or two of its diameter at every sweep. Suddenly, seeing an opening, he made a sharp, quick turn, and throwing all his strength in the rush made a dash for liberty.

A threatening yell rose behind and several lance points whizzed past him. But the haste with which they were thrown caused them to fly wildly. None touched him, and in another moment the young bicyclist had spun well out beyond the yelling circle and was flying with all speed across the gravelly waste, the Yumas in pursuit.

Being splendid runners the Indians crowded him uncomfortably close for the first hundred yards. At that point the earth became yet firmer and with the advantage of this better roadway Percy rapidly increased the distance between himself and these very unpleasant acquaintances.

They hung persistently on his track, however, though at the end of half an hour they had dwindled to mere specks. At the expiration of an hour they were no longer visible; and then Percy threw himself on the sand, feeling that he could not propel the safety another yard if his life depended on it.

The Yumas did not come into view again, probably having abandoned the useless chase; and the next afternoon Percy reached Barbazon safe and sound.—John H. Whitson.

Royal Theatre-Goers.

It is the universal, but erroneous, idea that royalty is on the free list of the European theatres and that a royal personage has but to signify his or her intention to patronize a certain place of amusement to cause quite a flutter of excitement in the bosoms of the managers and make them feel that they are "more than repaid," and all that sort of thing. So far from this being the case, it is a fact that the crowned heads and their families pay an exorbitant price for their amusement, and are consequently regarded by managers as angels of the sort whose visits are by no means few and far between. When the Prince of Wales, for instance, visits the theatre, the expenditure for box hire alone amounts to $100. This is an unwritten law at court, says The New York World, whether the house boasts of a royal box or not. The latter, as its name implies, is that set apart for kings, queens and their blood relatives. It is surmounted by the crown of England, and is, of course, fitted in more sumptuous style than those that surround it. With one or two exceptions the box is not reserved exclusively for royalty, and it can be hired by anyone who cares to pay the price—about twice as much as is charged for the private boxes. The exceptions are the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, the Italian Opera and the Haymarket Theatre. In the case of the Haymarket the entrance to the royal seat is in a street back of the theatre, Suffolk street, and it is reached only by passing through a private house. This house is leased conditionally upon the right of way being granted to princes of the blood.

Organs Lost by Disuse.

It is a suggestive fact not always sufficiently considered that "as soon as any organ or faculty falls into disuse it degenerates and is finally lost altogether." Through all the ages that man has had the power of speech this power has not been fixed in us in any degree whatever by heredity. It is regarded as definitely proved that if a child of civilized parents were brought up in a desert place and allowed no communication whatever with man, it would never make any attempt at speech. Up to the last century it was not uncommon to find persons living in a wild state in the woods and forests of England, France, Germany and Russia, who were utterly incapable of speech, though they could make sounds in imitation of the cries of wild animals. Certain parasitic insects have so completely degenerated that they possess neither eyes, legs, heads, mouths, stomachs nor intestines. Animals that burrow and live under ground lose the power of sight or have eyes that are merely rudimentary. Slave ants and working ants have lost their wings through being kept entirely to a life on the ground.

Red Hair and Freckles.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by the superbundance of iron in the blood. This it is that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy haired, and this strong, sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays, which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard plaster, producing a queer, creepy sensation, as if the skin were wrinkling up."—Analyst.

Heart Growth.

In early days we passing fancies take,
Our love is changing, and our hearts untrue,
As butterflies that flit from flower to flower,
For fickle childhood ever seeks the new.

But as the years go by we come to feel
That women and faces strange, and all the rest
Can never be the same as those we've known,
And that "old tunes are sweetest, old friends best."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Homelieit Man in Kingston.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Large bottles 50c and $1.

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Take the B. of Q. and C. P. railways new short line to Peterboro, Toronto and all points west. The C. P. R. people's popular one way parties to the Pacific coast leaves every Friday in tourist sleeping cars. For rates and berths call on R. J. Wilson, ticket agent, C. P. R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

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All kinds of garden and flower seeds at Mitchell's.

GROCERIES.

Cottolene

A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name.
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
"One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

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Mistress Branican, by Jules Verne. 50c.

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PRINCESS STREET.

He—Ah, Miss Rosa! Since I know you I haven't had a quiet hour—

She—Nor I. You ought to take a look at your bill.

ALLEGED JOKES.

Clergyman (examinging a Sunday school class)—Now, can any of you tell me what are sins of omission? Small Scholar—Please, sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't.

Daisy—When I get big like you, mamma, I'm going to marry a doctor or a minister. Mamma—Why, my dear? Daisy—'Cause if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing, and if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.

The Rev. Emma Bailey of Mansfield, Pa., has been sued for $10,000 damages by a sister, who declares that the Rev. Emma "went for" her vigorously in a recent sermon. The damages she probably sustained in not being able to talk back.

That was a triumphant appeal of the Irish lover of antiquity who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

Young Artist—Tell me now truly, would you think I had only had a few lessons when I painted this picture? Old Artist—No. I should suppose you never had any.

Alto—Why don't you bow your head during prayer? Soprano—The church owes me for a month's salary.

POPGUN SHOTS.

Servant—"Your dog is outside. I suppose?" Caller—Dog? I have no dog." Servant—Well, I didn't know. When I showed your card to Miss Angelina, she said: 'Don't let the puppy in.'"

We care not for the leafy June,
Nor for the flowery May;
The months that sing the sweetest tunes
Are those with five pay days.

Stranger (before a menagerie)—Is that the lion's roar which I heard just now? Cashier—No, sir, that was the Director explaining things to his wife.

Advertisement.—A widow who has already three married daughters, wishes to marry her youngest to an eligible man. References: the three sons-in-law.

Mamma (sternly)—Don't you know that the great King Solomon said: Spare the rod and spoil the child? Bobby (sobbing)—Yes, ma, but he said that after he was growed up.

She Was a Speaker.

Photographer—I have just been finishing some pictures of your wife, Mr. Shrinker.

Mr. Shrinker—Have, eh?

Photographer—Yes, and I must say they are speaking likenesses.

Mr. Shrinker—They wouldn't be her if they weren't.—Boston Courier.

Johnny's Definition.

It was in the definition class; teacher was giving out the words to spell, and explaining them at the same time. "N-a-p, nap, that means a little sleep, you know, Johnny. K-i-n, kin, that means of a family, belonging to the family, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Pretty soon the class was called up again, and the word "napkin" came up.

"Can any one tell me what napkin means? What is it?" asks the teacher.

"I know," yells Johnny; "a sleepy family."—Harper's Young People.

This Was in Chicago.

"I understand," said Mrs. Connoisseur, as she swept into her box at the Auditorium, "that Max Bendix is to play the solo parts to-night." "Ain't that nice!" responded Mrs. Parvenue. "He's a regular masterpiece on the fiddle." Ahem! yes; had you heard that he has a Stradivarius?" "No! Is it possible!" "I heard so." "Where did the poor fellow get it?" "They say he got it a year or two ago in Europe." "Well, that's just awful. Can't nothin' be done for him? 'Spose he'll go just like Barrett. Seems as if the cholery and all them dreadful diseases comes from Europe, and——" The rest was drowned by the beating of the kettle drum.—Chicago Journal.

The Late Lindley Murray.

A rather skeptical Detroit school-teacher at a recent spiritualistic seance asked to see the materialization of Lindley Murray, the great grammarian, and in a moment or two faint knocks were heard from the cabinet.

"Who's that?" asked the teacher.

"It's me," squeaked a voice from the cabinet.

"Who's me?"

"Lindley Murray. Didn't you ask to see me?"

"Yes, but your grammar is wretched."

"Grammar!" came the voice, scornful and much stronger: "grammar! I make grammar," and the spirit of Lindley stalked forth and strode up and down the aisle.

That Could be Dispensed With.

A newly-made father rushed into a telegraph office the other day and commenced to write on the blanks which bestrewed the desks. It seemed hard for the writer to suit himself with his productions, for he tore up several sheets before he handed to the operator a dispatch which read as follows:

"James Biggerstaff, Cohoes, N. Y.: Twins arrived this morning. Mother and babies are doing well. We are so happy! John Noopop."

The operator read it carefully, spelling out the names in the way they have of impressing senders with the carefulness of telegraph companies, and then said, in a business-like voice, which cared naught for twins or other focus of infantile population:

"Fifty cents."

"I thought a small message like that would go for a quarter," said the papa.

"You can send ten words for a quarter. You have fourteen here."

"All right. Leave off 'We are so happy!'"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

The Last Week

Of our great removal sale is at hand. If you need carpets, curtains, oil cloths, art blinds, etc., after your spring house cleaning we will give you immense bargains. Our dress goods stock contains everything new for the season and will be sold at actual cost. New jacket and cloak materials, new prints, challies, sateens, etc., all at reduced prices. R. McFaul's great removal sale.

What Can Be Done?

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health.

Wood Yard Removed.

James Campbell has removed to the corner of Wellington and Barrack streets. Always on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs; pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone No. 116.

Deafness Cured.

SIRS.—For years I was troubled with deafness and last winter could scarcely hear at all. On applying Hagyard's Yellow Oil it restored my hearing and I now hear as well as anyone. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N.S.

THROUGH YOUR POCKETS

We expect to reach you, because you can save enough on

EACH DRESS

you purchase from us to buy the linings.

Hundreds of Dress Patterns to choose from.

STYLISH PATTERNS

at moderate prices.

John Laidlaw & Son

ON THE STREETS ALL NIGHT.

The Experience of a Girl Who Tried It—What she Says About It.

Walking the streets of New York is not a pleasant way for a girl to spend the night.

I know, for I have tried it.

At 9 o'clock last Tuesday evening, dressed as a newly-arrived country girl, I started from the Battery. From that time until 8 o'clock the next morning I became a homeless vagrant in the streets of the greatest city in America.

It is not unusual to read of some friendless, penniless girl who has wandered around all night waiting for the dawn to bring its opportunity for seeking employment or for finding some refuge. Have you ever thought what that story meant? Have you realized what weariness, what fear, what utter desolation the poor girl must have endured?

Let me assure you that, seated in your comfortable homes, with light and warmth and friends about you, you cannot fathom the bitterness of such an experience. I found this out in the course of the longest night I have ever spent. But this was not all. I made still other discoveries, some of which are rather surprising.

For instance, I found that the leading Christian "Home" for young women in this city will turn a girl away late at night without so much as giving her some advice as to where to go.

I found that a girl can walk along the streets of New York at any hour of the night and sustain no harm. She will be "shadowed" by all sorts of men, but if she goes quietly on and if the men do not happen to be too drunk, she will not even be spoken to.

I found that well-dressed people are singularly constituted. They have ears, but hear not.

I found—what may surprise the Parkhurstian camp—that a policeman's badge is a veritable star of hope to a respectable stranger.

I was all night on the streets of New York, and, although I was exhausted in body and at times disturbed in mind, I passed through the ordeal safely. That much I owe to the police supervision.

As for the help and consolation I received from others, the less said the better.

BECKY SHARP.

ODDS AND ENDS.

She (angrily)—Do you call yourself a gentleman?

He (not sober)—Exchuse me, I'm no egotist.

Teacher (quite bald)—We will now once more go over the subjects I have been dwelling upon. Which of you can give me a definition of the word nothing? Yes, Meyer, stand up and tell us what nothing is. Little Meyer—Please, sir, nothing is what you've got on your head.

Mr. Cameo—Good morning, Bessie. How's your papa this morning? Bessie—He ain't up yet. Mamma sent me over with your hat. You left it on the hitching-post out by the gate after you left the card party, and she says the post ain't as liable to take cold as you are.

He—I have come to ask for your hand. She Boston—Well, I fear I could not endure the surgical operation. I am afraid you will be forced to take me with it.

She—Oh, Charlie, what an artist? He—Ye,; she puts on considerable color, but doesn't draw as well as the little skirt dancer.

Even Worse.

A recent traveler in Malta says that the people have a peculiarly apt and ready wit. He tells of an English officer, who, failing to make a poor Maltese understand an order delivered in the language of Cockaigne, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much, the man, who had traveled about a good deal, though he did not understand English, replied by asking: "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then, if I be one fool, you be four fools!"—Argonaut.

Ran Against a Snag.

I was sitting in a hotel in Birmingham, a short time ago, doing a few lines of writing, when an old German came in, and finding me alone was inclined to be quite friendly. He sat down and began to write in a very laborious manner, and finally stopped and began scratching his head as if he had run against a snag. And that was the case, for he had run up against a bit of English orthography which was too much for him. After struggling by himself for a few minutes he looked up at me in a despairing way and said: "Meester, polonge an 'e' behindt 'before'?"—W. A. Harrold.

Not So Remarkable.

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a satsoul," replied the patient.

"Who threw it?"

"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum—it's the first time I ever knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbors' hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."—Chicago Tribune.

Poker Terms—A Jack Full and Two of a Kind.

Fish Feasts for the Flesh.

For the strong man—Mussels.
For the lawyer—Cod.
For the policeman—Soles (a large pair).
For the bootmaker—Eels.
For the dancing girl—Flounders.
For the pugilist—Dabs.
For the madman—Kippers (keepers).
For the servant—Plaice.
For the sanitary officer—Smelts.
For the convict—Had-dock.
For the billiard marker—"Whitis."

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CAMPANIA	May 6	7 a.m
UMBRIA	May 13	8 p.m
AURANIA	May 20	9 a.m
ETRURIA	May 27	5 p.m
CAMPANIA	June 3	8 a.m

EXTRA STEAMERS.

SERVIA	May 9	11 a.m
GALLIA	May 23	Noon.
SERVIA	June 6	10:30 a.m
GALLIA	June 20	10 a.m

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