

MICHIGAN
CENTRAL

"THE NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE"

AND ROUTE OF

*The North Shore
Limited*

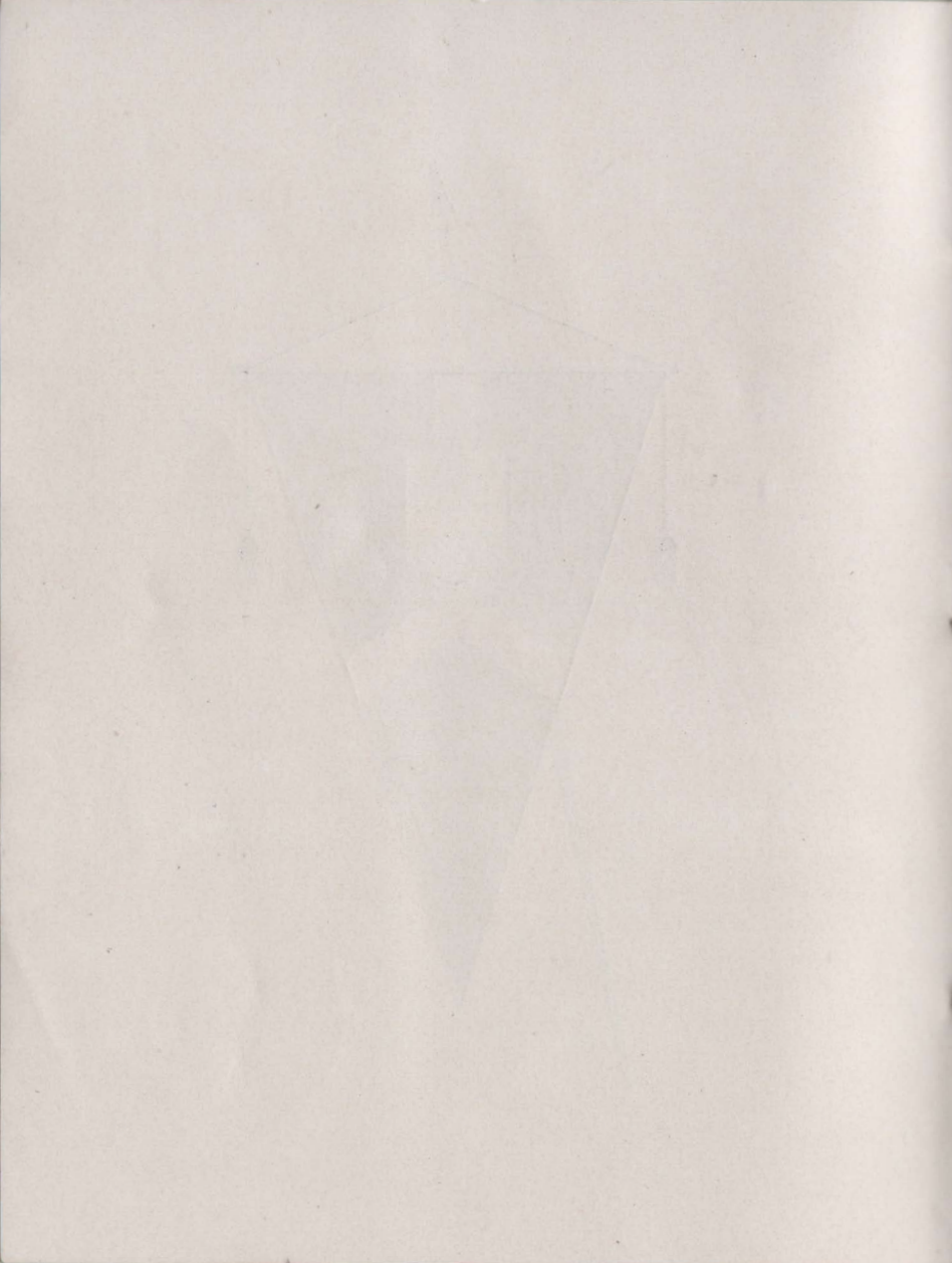
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The
Smithsonian Institution









THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.



VICTORIA, Empress and Queen, was the first European sovereign to have a private royal train, and the old one, in use for many years, has recently been replaced by one of modern construction. Her imperial grandson of Germany has also recently had completed for him a train of sumptuous equipment. These are the modern equivalents of the

famous post-chaise of Napoleon, in which he read and wrote, dictated to his secretaries, ate and slept, while posting to his capital or to his distant armies. They represent the marvelous progress made in mechanical science and decorative art in but little more than three-quarters of a century.

America, however, is in this respect, as in many others, no whit behind the older nations of Europe, and the uncrowned kings of the exchange, the princes of trade and the stately empress-queens and dainty princesses of

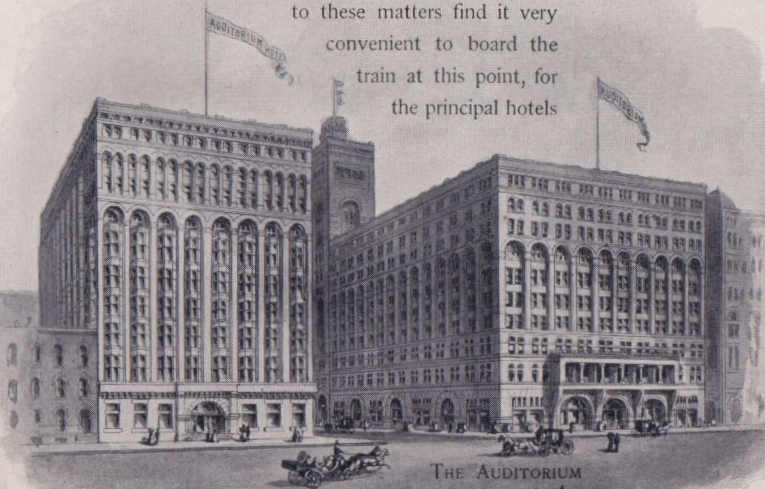


American society are satisfied with nothing less fine or perfect for their accommodation. All the resources of the skill for which our American mechanics are noted, guided by highly trained artistic sense, and supported by unlimited expenditure, are fully drawn upon to produce the magnificent result of THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.

This is a peerless train, perfect as is in this day possible in all its details of construction and regal in its adornment and furnishing. From the Titanic and powerful ten-wheeled locomotive, weighing with its tender a hundred and twenty and a half tons, to the last of its palatial sleeping car, every car of which the train is composed was specially designed and constructed for it, and nothing but the very best either in the material or the finished product was admissible. And this palatial train, with its conveniences, luxuries and adornments, making it a first-class hotel upon wheels, runs through without change between Chicago, the World's Fair City, and New York, the great seaboard metropolis, upon fast time, over the best constructed and operated railways of America, if not of the world. All the conditions tend to the highest degree of safety, speed and comfort.

THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED leaves Chicago every day at a few minutes after noon from its station at the foot of Lake Street on the lake front. A new passenger station of suitable architecture and convenience will soon take the place of the old one, for so many years one of the noted landmarks of the city. The location is a most desirable one, being easy of access from the Virginia hotel and other points on the north side across Rush street bridge, by transfer from the other passenger stations in the city, and by the various lines of cable cars from all parts of the city.

A few blocks southward the first stop is made at the foot of Van Buren street on the Lake Front Park, facing which for nearly a mile in length are rows of stately and attractive buildings. No tickets are sold or baggage checked here, but passengers who have already attended to these matters find it very convenient to board the train at this point, for the principal hotels



RAND McNALLY & CO.

and chief business houses are near at hand. Directly across this park from the station is the great Auditorium, most famous of all Chicago's hotels and buildings, and a number of lesser but excellent hostleries. Just beyond, on Wabash avenue, is the Wellington, and still farther back are the hotels, the Board of Trade and the towering office buildings clustered about the Government building, from all of which the Van Buren Street Station is very easily accessible. Near the Auditorium may be seen the very handsome and artistic building formerly occupied by the Art Institute but now the home of the Chicago Club, as a magnificent art palace worthy of the great metropolis of the West is being constructed near by on the Lake Front Park itself.





After this brief stop, the North Shore Limited rapidly pursues its way southward through some of the finest residence portions of the city and its southern suburbs of Kenwood, Hyde Park, South Park and Woodlawn Park to Grand Crossing and Pullman, where, at Kensington, it turns to the eastward around the head of Lake Michigan. For miles the track is bordered on the west by handsome dwellings embowered in shade trees and usually with extensive lawns bright with varied floral hues. To the east stretches to the horizon the inland sea of Michigan, sometimes with mirror-like surface reflecting the fleecy clouds above, sometimes lashed into furious billows by

the storm, oftener rippled by the gentle breezes that so delightfully temper the city's summer heat, but under all its varied aspects fascinating to the eye.

Brief stops are made at the city stations of Twenty-second street (near which, on the corner of Michigan boulevard is the Lexington hotel,) Thirty-ninth street, and upon signal at Hyde Park, and then, as the shore of the lake curves to the eastward, the colossal structures of the World's Columbian Exposition are seen between it and the railroad. At the northern end of Jackson Park may be seen the various State and Foreign Buildings rising above the trees and near by the beautiful facade of the Woman's Building, adjoining which are Horticultural Hall and the Transportation Building. Beyond these rise the roofs of the palaces of Electricity, of Mines and Mining and of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, the latter covering an area of more than thirty-five acres. A little southward





and still nearer the railroad stands the huge, square Administration Building, designed, says Mrs. Van Rensselaer, "as a great porch of entrance and crowned by its beautiful dome, almost as lofty as the dome of St. Paul's in London, and almost as graceful in outline as the dome of

the Florentine Cathedral." Farther to the right stretch the long lines of the Agricultural and Live Stock Buildings. There are many other buildings and much magnificent statuary, stately columns and lovely vistas that one does not see at this distance and from this point of view, but one still sees enough to produce the impression of unparalleled immensity, beauty and variety of architecture that can be fully realized only by closer inspection and study.

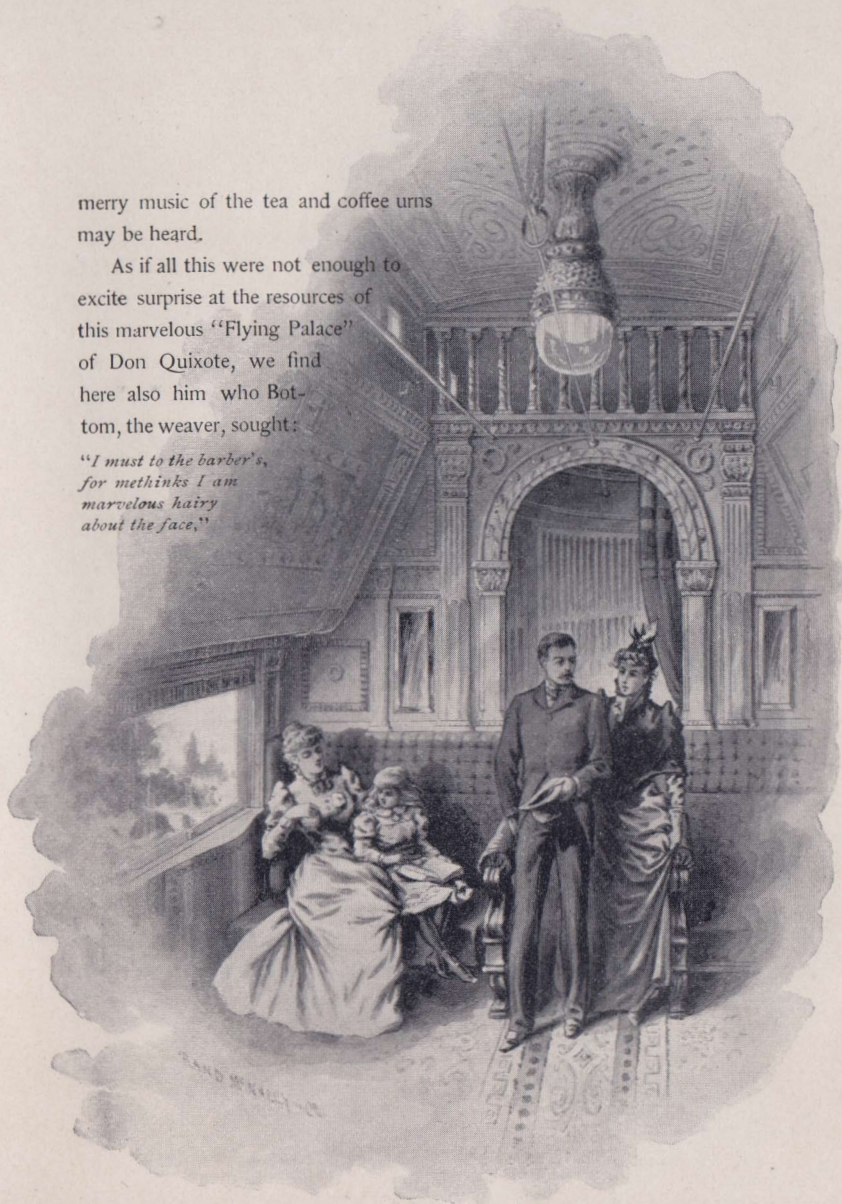
Now fairly upon our eastward way we can look about us and estimate our surroundings. Following the colossal locomotive, which seems indeed a thing of life and beautiful in its well-adjusted proportions, is the Buffet Library Car, the forward portion of which is devoted to baggage. Entering from the rear we find ourselves in a sufficiently spacious apartment, well lighted and furnished with luxurious easy chairs in which to chat or read our papers or watch the passing panorama while discussing post-prandial cigars. There are also well furnished desks where we can write our letters and telegrams en route, and a library of well-selected books and periodicals in the custody of the porter from whose catalogue the passenger may select. Here is also a buffet from whose mysterious depths are produced lunches and light meals of surprising variety, daintily served upon delicate china and where the

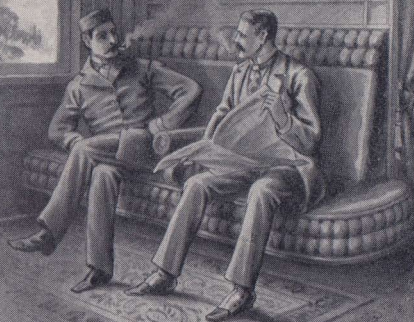


merry music of the tea and coffee urns
may be heard.

As if all this were not enough to
excite surprise at the resources of
this marvelous "Flying Palace"
of Don Quixote, we find
here also him who Bot-
tom, the weaver, sought:

*"I must to the barber's,
for methinks I am
marvelous hairy
about the face,"*





And adjoining his small but thoroughly appointed apartment, we find a veritable bath-room in which one may take his customary bath at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Then follow two Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars, which like the Buffet Library Car, run through from Chicago to New York, and two more which run through from Chicago to Boston, without change. Nothing could be finer, nothing more luxurious or in better taste than these cars which are triumphs of skill and of art in their construction and furnishing. The drawing-rooms have their private lavatories; one of the Boston cars is furnished with a well-stocked buffet; the whole train is provided with electric communication, illuminated by the Pintsch gaslight, heated in winter by steam from the engine, and, in short, is complete in every detail. The train, too, is vestibuled from end to end making it a

complete series of richly decorated apartments *en suite*, connected by carpeted and well-lighted passage ways enabling one to pass from car to car with the same ease and safety as from room to room.

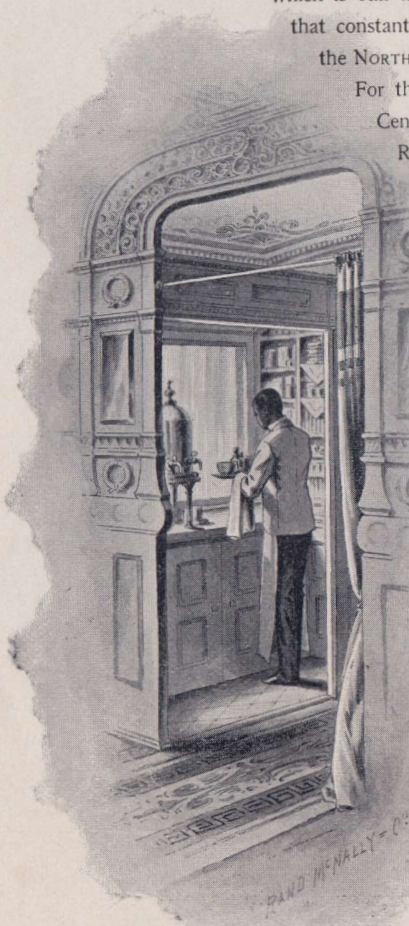
To accommodate those traveling only in the day time, or such short distances as to make a sleeping car unnecessary, the NORTH SHORE LIMITED has also a first-class day coach, constructed by the company at its own shops and as perfect in its way, and as comfortable, not to say luxurious, as a parlor car. It is furnished with the Wheeler car seat, demonstrated by experiment to be the best and most comfortable, and is provided with a smoking room for the accommodation of those who use the weed.

One has scarcely adjusted one's self to his surroundings, when the invitation to the Dining Car is announced. Here one finds the same evidence of lavish expenditures governed by a refined taste and an especial regard for comfort. Snow-white napery, sparkling crystal, fine china and bouquets of flowers adorn the tables. A well arranged and harmonious menu, prepared by a skillful chef and served by deft waiters, is at the passenger's disposal, and the wines and cigars will also be found to be choice in



quality and well selected. To dine well and leisurely at ease is one of the most enjoyable pleasures of life, which is still farther enhanced by the beautiful scenery that constantly glides by the eyes of the passenger on the NORTH SHORE LIMITED.

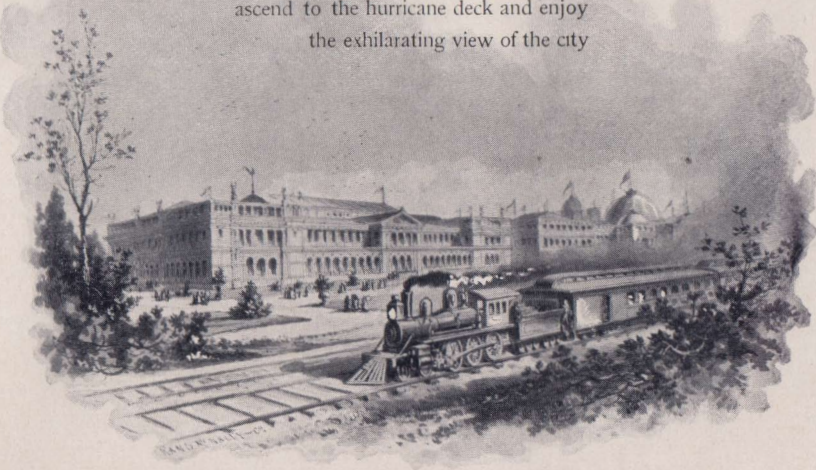
For the scenery of this route of the Michigan Central and New York Central and Hudson River from Chicago to New York, and the Boston and Albany to Boston is unsurpassed in beauty and variety. No other line to the east passes out of Chicago along the lake front and past the World's Fair, as does the Michigan Central. Its route to Detroit is across the loveliest and richest portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan, passing through Niles, where the Company has recently built a model station, and where young girls present the ladies and children on the trains with bouquets from the Company's green-houses; Kalamazoo, with its college and prosperous manufactures; Battle Creek, where the largest sanitarium in the world is located; Jackson, with its



shops and thriving industries; Ann Arbor, the seat of the great University of Michigan; Ypsilanti, with its mineral wells and sanitariums, and other towns full of industrious people and pretty dwellings with their broad streets, shade trees, tasteful lawns and flowers, and usually marked by one of the new and beautiful stations for which the Michigan Central has become famous. Nor are the fertile fields of this undulating region, with their farm-houses and orchards, their flocks and herds, less prosperous and picturesque than the towns.

Leaving Detroit, the charming "City of the Straits," with its immense manufactures, its broad avenues and magnificent shade trees, its extensive park and drives, over which the tall tower of the Michigan Central station looks out, the NORTH SHORE LIMITED is quickly ferried over to Canada on a powerful steel transfer steamer.

During the brief passage one has yet time to ascend to the hurricane deck and enjoy the exhilarating view of the city

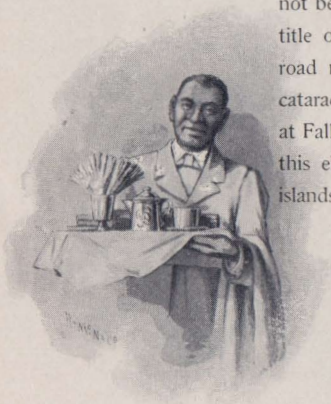


front and the varied commerce of the broad river from Belle Isle above to the ramparts of Fort Wayne below.

Across the peninsula of Ontario, the most fertile portion of the Dominion of Canada, the Michigan Central trains make especially fast time, favored by the long tangents without perceptible grade. From Essex to St. Thomas, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, is a level track straight as the crow flies, and as the whole main line of the Michigan Central is constructed of eighty-pound steel rails, of the Hawks pattern, laid upon a superior road-bed, these powerful locomotives are able to make some of the fastest runs upon record. Before reaching St. Thomas, however, the traveler will usually,

*"Not in vain,
Invoke the gentle deity of dreams";*

but if it be a moonlight night, he or she, will be well compensated for wakefulness by the witchery of the sight of Niagara Falls under the moon's soft rays. For it should not be forgotten that the Michigan Central has won its title of "The Niagara Falls Route," because it is the only road running directly by and in full view of the great cataract. All trains passing by daylight stop five minutes at Falls' View, directly above the Horse Shoe Fall. From this elevated point all parts of the falls, the rapids and islands above, and the abyss into which the torrent pours



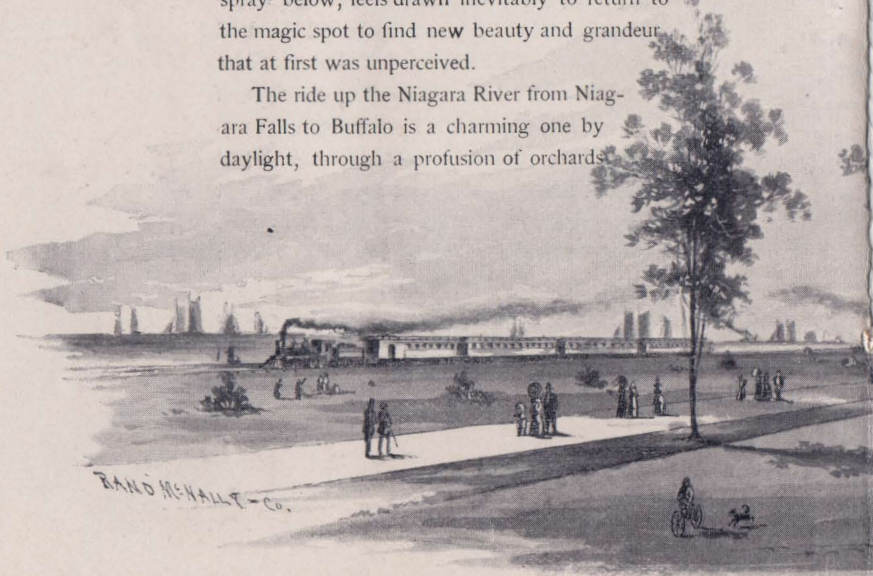


and from which ever rises to the clouds a column of spray, are in full view. Over this grand scene the moonlight casts a strange and beautiful spell that lingers long in the memory. The mysterious abyss of utter darkness into which the flood pours accentuates the bright reflection from the crests of the falls and rapids, and the cloud of spray rising against the background of Goat and Sister Islands become whiter and more ghostly. M. Bigot, of Paris, first looked upon the falls by moonlight and was greatly impressed by the scene. He wrote, however, that "In the silent slumber of nature that environed what struck us most forcibly was the grand voice of Niagara, never swelling, never diminishing, always the same; always grave, imposing and inexorable as fate; more menacing than any burst of fury; and appearing more powerful and more formidable, the longer we listened."

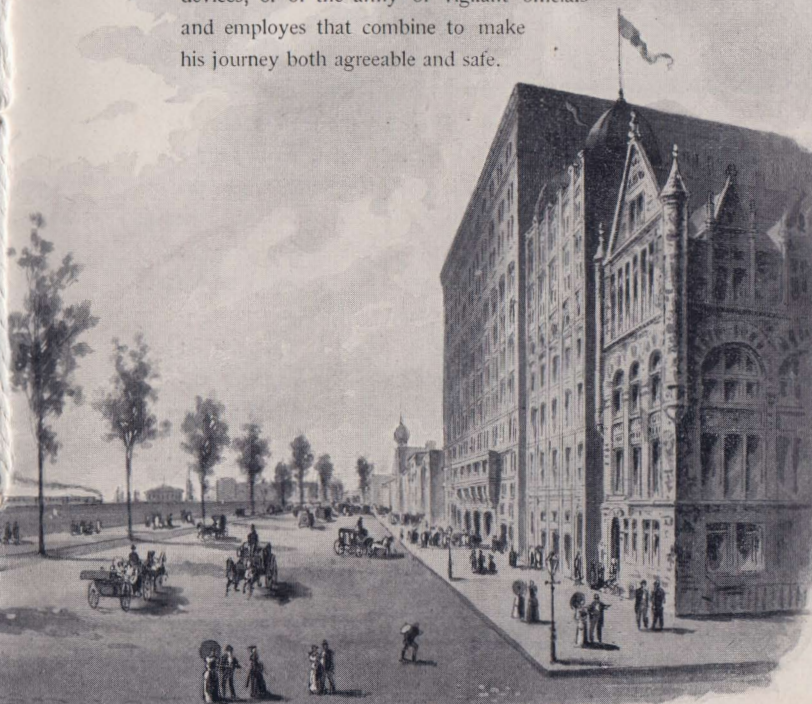
If one peers out through the windows when the train crosses the great steel cantilever bridge, one may catch a glimpse of the white-capped waves of the raging whirlpool rapids far down in the rocky gorge, if the moon be bright and high in the heavens.

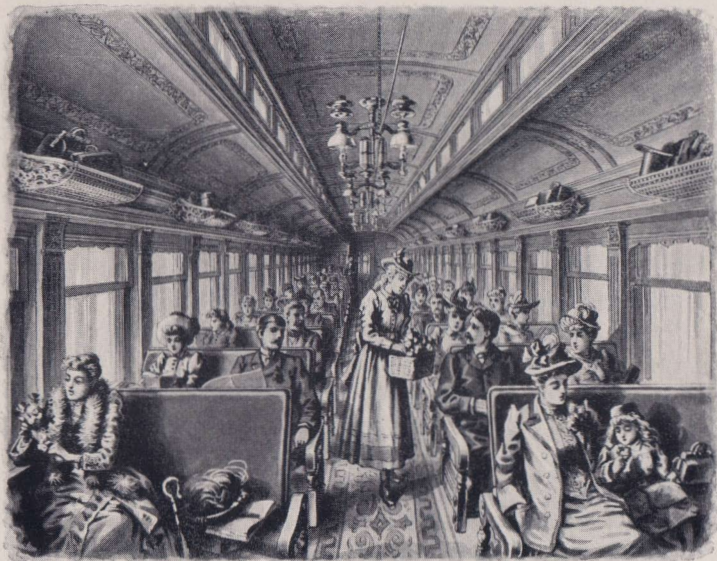
Of course, most of the passengers on the NORTH SHORE LIMITED are experienced travelers who have seen Niagara Falls, but the great cataract and the rapids so grow upon the mind and the imagination that one always wants to see them again, and every time sees more of them and in them. So, as is said of the Fountain of Trevi, he who once stands at the brink of that grandly beautiful curve of deep emerald waters as they plunge into the foam and spray below, feels drawn inevitably to return to the magic spot to find new beauty and grandeur that at first was unperceived.

The ride up the Niagara River from Niagara Falls to Buffalo is a charming one by daylight, through a profusion of orchards.



and frequently with long vistas over the broad silvery stream; and the brief halt in the great union depot at Buffalo, while the engine is changed, is by no means devoid of interest. But the traveler on the NORTH SHORE LIMITED sleeps peacefully and quietly in his comfortable berth, unmindful of scenery without or of the luxurious appointments of the car within, of the countless ingenious automatic and mechanical devices, or of the army of vigilant officials and employes that combine to make his journey both agreeable and safe.





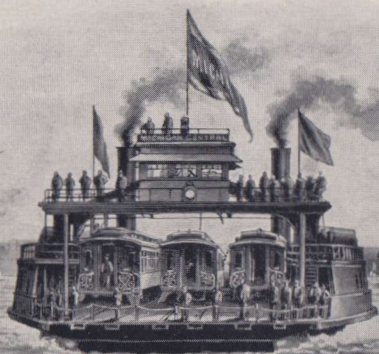
Buffalo is soon left behind, but the traveler usually awakens only in time for a leisurely toilet, a shave and a comfortable bath, before reaching Rochester, where the dining car is attached for breakfast.

The rapid ride through the rich farming country of Western New York, the beautiful lake region of the central portion of the State, and down the picturesque and altogether lovely Mohawk Valley, is one of great interest. One sees reproduced a thousand charming pastoral scenes, such as Birket Foster used to draw for the delight of two older generations, and passes through a score of thriving manufacturing towns and cities that have helped to make the Empire State rich and glorious—

Rochester, Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Ilion, Herkimer, Little Falls, Amsterdam, Schenectady and others, until at last Albany is reached, with the magnificent granite pile of the capitol crowning its loftiest hill, and the commerce-thronged Hudson flowing at its feet.

The cities that have made New York the Empire State in wealth and commerce are not merely hives of manufacturing and commercial industry, but centers, as well, of art, literature, and social culture. Powers' art gallery is no less representative of Rochester than her great flouring mills and other manufacturing establishments, and the same principle applies to the other cities named.

Numerous summer resorts are passed, too, or are near by, particularly in the lake region—Canandaigua, Clifton and Richfield Springs, Seneca Falls, Trenton Falls and others. From Syracuse the Rome, Watertown &





Ogdensburg Railroad runs north to the Thousand Islands, and green cold waters of the St. Lawrence. From Herkimer the Adirondack and St. Lawrence runs its magnificent trains of palace and observation cars through the great Northern Wilderness of the Adirondacks to the St. Lawrence where connection is made for Montreal by boat from Valleyfield and by rail from Coteau Junction.

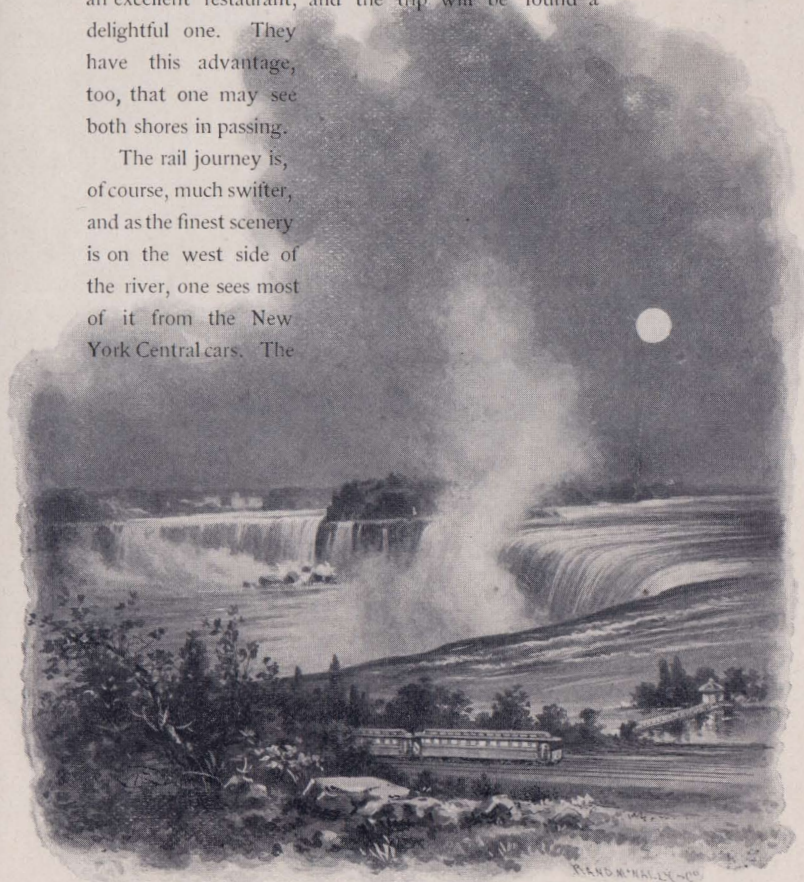
From Schenectady and from Albany, the Delaware & Hudson runs to Saratoga Springs, the most noted and popular resort on the continent, to the silvery waters of Lakes George and Champlain, and still farther to Montreal; and from Albany, too, the Boston and Albany stretches across the beautiful Berkshire Hills and Connecticut Valley to Boston.

But southward, from Albany to New York, the trains follow the eastern bank of that "one river, which," says Bayard Taylor, "from its source to the ocean, unrolls a long chain of landscapes wherein there is no tame feature, but each successive view presents new combinations of beauty and majesty, which other rivers may surpass in sections, but none rival as a whole—and its name is the Hudson."

If the traveler chooses he can at Albany exchange his rail tickets for those of the Day Line of steamers, and, leaving Albany in the morning, make the hundred and

fifty miles to New York by water, reaching his destination by or before night. These steel steamers are large and swift, luxurious in all their appointments, including an excellent restaurant, and the trip will be found a delightful one. They have this advantage, too, that one may see both shores in passing.

The rail journey is, of course, much swifter, and as the finest scenery is on the west side of the river, one sees most of it from the New York Central cars. The

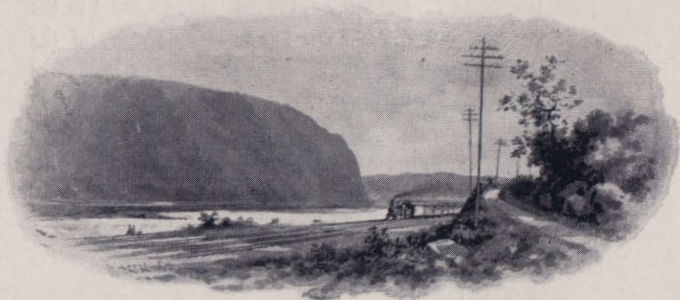




long reaches and numerous islands of the upper river are soon passed, and at Hudson we find the river swollen to greater proportions. This was the point reached by old Hendrik Hudson in the *Half Moon*, and one is not surprised that he should write of the scene before him, "It is as beautiful a land as one can tread upon." From here, and for miles below, the strikingly beautiful panorama of the Catskill Mountains is spread out beyond the river. The great summer hotels on and near the summit are but white spots in the distance.

Further down the hills become more lofty and the river flows on more grandly between its rocky confines, or expands into lake-like bays, bearing on its bosom a

picturesque fleet of steam and sail. Passing Poughkeepsie, the seat of Vassar College, where the great cantilever bridge spans the river, the train skirts the shore of Newburgh Bay and enters the famous Highlands of the Hudson under the precipices of Beacon Hill and Breakneck, with Storm King and Crow Nest opposite. Emerging from the Highlands we cross Constitution Island near the spot where Arnold and Andre met, and get a fine view of

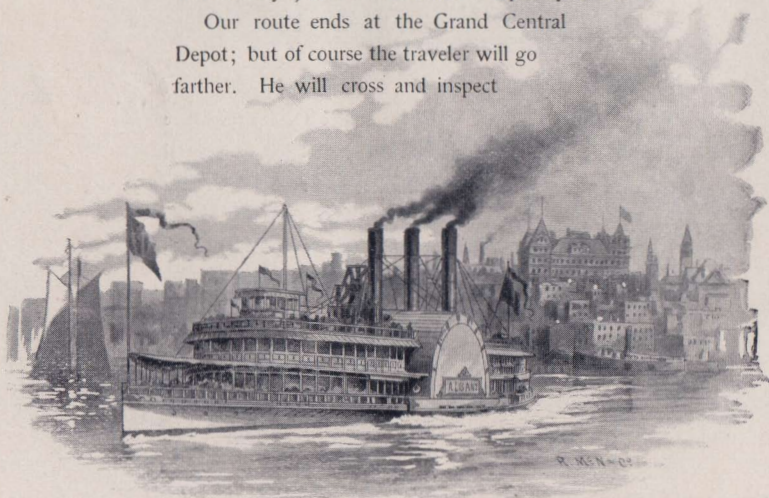


the National Military School on the rocky headland of West Point opposite. The river makes a sharp turn here at right angles and the view in either direction for several miles is magnificently beautiful. Every foot of the way here and onward is historic ground. First come the widening waters of Peekskill and Haverstraw Bays. Then come Sing Sing with its great stone prison; Tarrytown with its

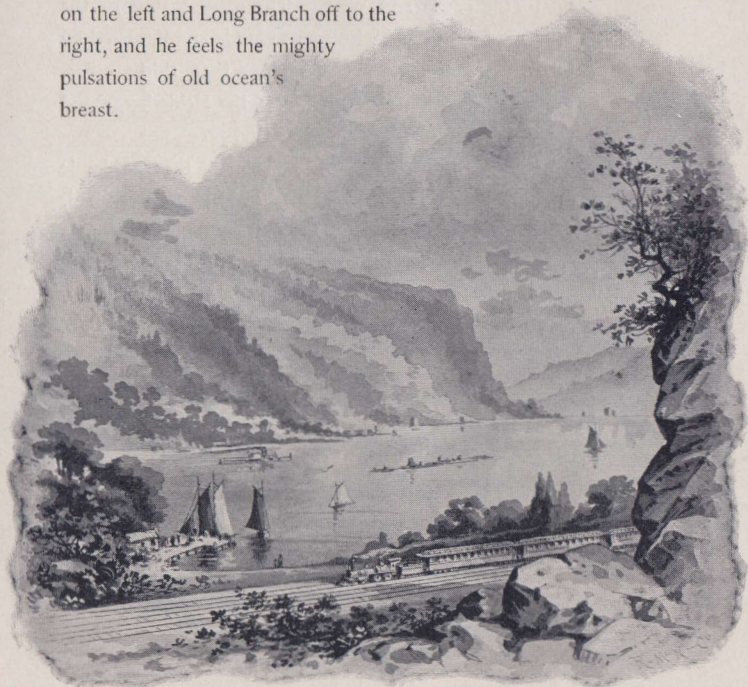
memories of Andre and of Irving; the broad Tappansee and the bold walls of the Palisades. All these, with their interesting historic memories and associations, form a succession of scenes of wonderful variety and beauty, of which the eye never tires.

At length the memorable Spuyten Duyvil Creek is reached and followed to Harlem, and then, after several miles of brick-walled sunken way, the train rushes into the Grand Central Station, the only railroad depot in the city of New York, and one in every way worthy of the great financial and commercial metropolis and seaport of the nation. Right in the heart of the great city, all ferry transfers are avoided, and the best hotels are found near at hand. At the door is a station of the elevated railway, and by this and other means all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and their suburbs are quickly reached.

Our route ends at the Grand Central Depot; but of course the traveler will go farther. He will cross and inspect



the wonderful bridge that spans the East River to Brooklyn; he will wander in the winding and shady paths of Central and Prospect Parks and Greenwood Cemetery, the beauty of which has little that is funereal in its aspect; he will go down the magnificent harbor and outer bay, past Bedloe's Island, where towers Bartholdi's colossal statue, munificent gift from the French people—past Governor's Island, with its antiquated fortifications—past Staaten Island, with its wooded and villa-covered slopes—past the grim batteries of Forts Lafayette and Wadsworth, until Sandy Hook is rounded, with Coney Island on the left and Long Branch off to the right, and he feels the mighty pulsations of old ocean's breast.



FROM ALBANY TO BOSTON.

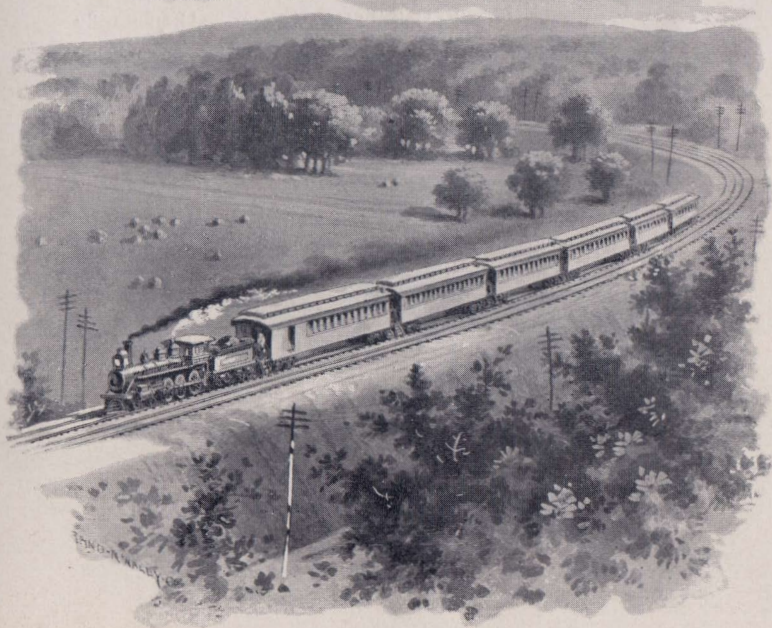
THE Michigan Central's through sleeping cars, from Chicago to Boston, run over the Boston & Albany, the only double-track railroad, into New England. It is two hundred and one miles from Albany to Boston, no one of which is devoid of interest or beauty. As the train climbs the hill sides of the Hudson, after crossing the steel bridge that spans the river, the panorama constantly increases in beauty, until at last, just as the summit is reached, a vista of surpassing loveliness opens up to the south and west. The silver waters of the Hudson, interspersed with green islands and bordered by broad meadows, are seen for more than thirty miles, while beyond, the blue masses of the Helderbergs and the Catskills tower into the clear sky.

Passing through the rocky defiles of the Taghkanic range, Pittsfield, in its verdant bowl, is soon reached, and the view, as the train rapidly descends into the valley, is a very charming one. Pittsfield is a lovely city,



and interesting for its history and literary associations. Here is the old Appleton mansion in which stood *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, of Longfellow. Here in the city park, called "The Heart of Berkshire," rises a fine soldiers' monument by Launt Thompson. Here was the home of Thomas Allen, whose life of rare usefulness and practical philanthropy was of more than local beneficence; and here Lord Coleridge declared that "England has nothing more pleasingly picturesque than Berkshire."

From Pittsfield the Housatonic Railroad runs southward through picturesque and sometimes splendidly gloomy scenery, past the noted summer resorts of



Lenox and Great Barrington; and a branch of the Boston & Albany runs to North Adams, in the Hoosac Valley, almost under the shadow of the majestic Graylock, the highest mountain in Massachusetts.

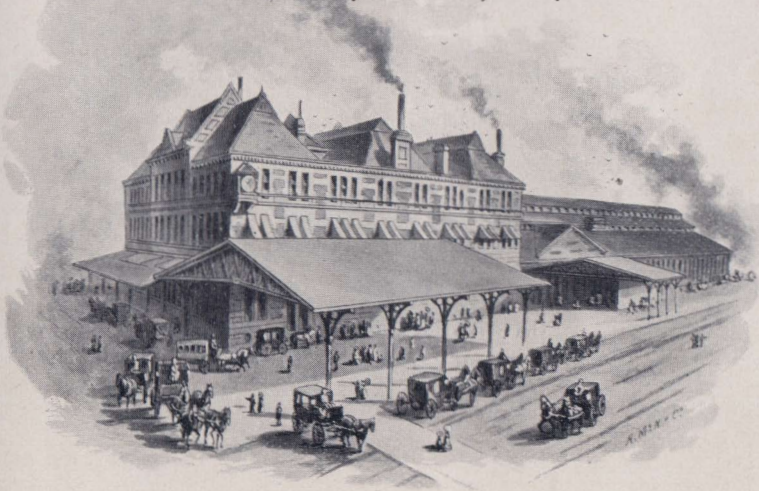
Leaving Pittsfield, the opposite side of the lovely green valley is climbed and the wild fastnesses of the Hoosac Mountains pierced. All along, the mountain masses seem to crowd constantly upon the vision, and the wooded heights and bare granite peaks contract the sky above. At length the broad meadows of the Connecticut are reached, the river crossed, and Springfield entered. This is a handsome city, noted for its extensive manufactures, its United States Armory, and its unusually fine buildings, including a large and imposing railway station, designed by Richardson. The Connecticut River Railroad runs northward while the New York, New Haven & Hartford Road runs south to important cities.

Some fifty miles farther is Worcester, the second city of the State in wealth and population. Here are more manufactures, noted educational institutions, and fine buildings (New England is full of these things), and of course we find an imposing granite station, with a graceful clock tower, and a soldiers' monument, by Randolph Rogers. Worcester is also an important railroad center, and passengers for Providence, Newport, Narragansett

Pier, and New Bedford connect here with the New York, Providence & Boston Railroad.

Passing the bright waters of Lake Quinsigamond, it is less than fifty miles to Boston, which is entered from the Back Bay and along the Charles River, with the spires of Cambridge rising beyond. "This approach," says Bayard Taylor, "is almost the only picturesque city view we have on the Atlantic coast. Boston, from any side, owing to her elevation, has a stately charm which her prouder sisters do not possess."

The passenger disembarks in the elegant depot on Kneeland Street, but a short distance from the heart of the city and its best hotels. No description of Boston is necessary, since the traveler, if a stranger, will refer to King's Hand-Book. The tourist's attention needs only to be called to the fact that all points on the New England seacoast are accessible, either by steamer or by railway.



THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED

No. 20

TIME CARD, JUNE 26, 1892.

Via **MICHIGAN CENTRAL**

LV. CHICAGO, LAKE STREET (CENTRAL TIME)	12.20 P.M.
" CHICAGO, VAN BUREN STREET	12.23 P.M.
" CHICAGO, TWENTY-SECOND STREET	12.28 P.M.
" CHICAGO, THIRTY-NINTH STREET	12.33 P.M.
" HYDE PARK, (STOP ONLY ON SIGNAL)	12.40 P.M.
" KENSINGTON	1.00 P.M.
" MICHIGAN CITY	2.05 P.M.
" NILES	2.57 P.M.
" KALAMAZOO	4.00 P.M.
" BATTLE CREEK	4.30 P.M.
" JACKSON	5.38 P.M.
LV. ANN ARBOR	6.28 P.M.
AR. DETROIT	7.25 P.M.
LV. DETROIT	7.35 P.M.
LV. ST. THOMAS	10.50 P.M.
AR. SUSPENSION BRIDGE	2.02 A.M.
" NIAGARA FALLS	2.16 A.M.
AR. BUFFALO	3.00 A.M.
VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER.	
LV. BUFFALO (EASTERN TIME)	4.10 A.M.
AR. ROCHESTER	5.50 A.M.
" LYONS	6.40 A.M.
" SYRACUSE	7.50 A.M.
" UTICA	9.27 A.M.
" ALBANY	11.50 A.M.
" HUDSON	12.45 P.M.
" POUGHKEEPSIE	1.40 P.M.
" FISHKILL (NEWBURGH)	2.15 P.M.
" GARRISON (WEST POINT)	2.28 P.M.
" NEW YORK, 138TH STREET	3.35 P.M.
AR. NEW YORK, GRAND CENTRAL STATION	3.45 P.M.
VIA BOSTON & ALBANY.	
LV. ALBANY	12.00 A.M.
AR. PITTSFIELD	1.32 P.M.
" SPRINGFIELD	3.20 P.M.
" WORCESTER	4.55 P.M.
" SO. FRAMINGHAM (STOP ONLY ON SIGNAL)	5.20 P.M.
AR. BOSTON	6.05 P.M.

NO EXTRA FARE IS CHARGED ON THIS TRAIN.



THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.

No. 19.

TIME CARD, JUNE 26, 1892.

VIA BOSTON & ALBANY.

LV. BOSTON, KNEELAND STREET STATION (EASTERN TIME).....	2.00 P.M
" WORCESTER.....	3.12 P.M
" SPRINGFIELD.....	4.44 P.M
" PITTSFIELD.....	6.24 P.M
AR. ALBANY.....	7.47 P.M

VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER.

LV. NEW YORK, GRAND CENTRAL STATION (EASTERN TIME).....	4.30 P.M
" ALBANY.....	7.55 P.M
" UTICA.....	10.15 P.M
" SYRACUSE.....	11.35 P.M
LV. ROCHESTER.....	1.25 A.M
AR. BUFFALO.....	3.15 A.M

VIA MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

LV. BUFFALO (CENTRAL TIME).....	2.20 A.M
" NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.....	3.02 A.M
" SUSPENSION BRIDGE.....	3.15 A.M
" CLIFTON.....	3.21 A.M
" WELLAND.....	3.44 A.M
LV. ST. THOMAS.....	6.08 A.M
AR. DETROIT.....	8.55 A.M
LV. DETROIT.....	9.05 A.M
" ANN ARBOR.....	9.59 A.M
" JACKSON.....	10.58 A.M
" BATTLE CREEK.....	12.02 P.M
" KALAMAZOO.....	12.39 P.M
" NILES.....	1.43 P.M
LV. MICHIGAN CITY.....	2.45 P.M
AR. KENSINGTON.....	3.50 P.M
" HYDE PARK.....	4.07 P.M
" THIRTY-NINTH STREET.....	4.16 P.M
" TWENTY-SECOND STREET.....	4.22 P.M
" VAN BUREN STREET.....	4.27 P.M
AR. CHICAGO, FOOT OF LAKE STREET.....	4.30 P.M

SPECIAL TICKETS AND WAGNER PALACE CAR CO.'S TICKETS
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FOR INFORMATION

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