

The Express

THE RIVER PLATE DAILY MAIL

Vol. IV

(MELVILLE HORA—Proprietor)

MONTEVIDEO--Wednesday, August 21, 1889.

[CHARLES GURNEY—Editor]

No. 426

THE EXPRESS

DAILY MORNING PAPER

Offices: Calle Cerro 93

MONTEVIDEO.

Cable Address:

"EXPRESS,"

Montevideo

TELEPHONE

COMPANIA TELEFONICA DE MONTEVIDEO
No. 1875

AGENT FOR THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

FRANK STEARNS

SAN MARTIN 56

Agent for Great Britain and the Continent

Messrs. G. STREET & Co.

30, CORNHILL, LONDON

All business communications to the Proprietor
Correspondence intended for publication must
be addressed to the Editor.
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El Directorio, en sesión de 8 del cor-

riente, resolvió emitir la Serie B de ac-

ciones, reservando el resto de la Serie

que aun queda a colocar, para los ac-

cionistas inscriptos hasta la indicada

fecha.

Montevideo, Julio 9 de 1889.

332.31.10

El Secretario.

La Edificadora de Montevideo

The Edificadora de Montevideo Com-

pany (limited) was declared legally con-

stituted, on the 5th of the present month,

in accordance with the 6th article of its

Statutes, and in consequence, the Share-

holders are called upon to deposit in

the (Lito-Oriental) Bank, before the 20th

inst, the amount of the first call of 10,000

upon their shares.

The subscription remains open in

the aforesaid Bank until the completion

of the first issue of 10,000 shares.

The Manager.

A. W. Wagner.

Montevideo, 6 August 1889.

1347-47

Una casa de Londres

Exportadora de Tés—necesita un re-

presentante en Montevideo, de reconocida

actividad, en indispensable oficina

buenas referencias. Dirigirse a Messrs

Messrs. Street & Co., 30 Cornhill, Lon-

don, England.

The Express

Montevideo, August 21, 1889.

The prospects of viticulture.

An inspection of the principal vine-

growing districts of this country and ca-

reful inquiries regarding the stability of

the basis on which the industry is es-

tablished, go a long way towards proving

that viticulture will, ere many years

elapse, become one of the most im-

to come. The quality of the wine, also,
is becoming higher as a result of skillful
manipulation and a more intimate
knowledge of the particular varieties of
the vine which are best suited for the
various districts where viticulture is
practised. It is well known that the
same variety of the vine, when cultivated
in different districts and on soils the
constituents of which are dissimilar, will
produce a beverage having, in each case,
distinct and widely differing charac-

teristics. This being so, the necessity for
local experience is apparent and, in this
important matter, more is becoming
available every day.
The mistakes that were made by those
who planted the early vineyards can
now be avoided; the expensive method of
hand trenching the ground has been
shown to be unnecessary, and a good
deal has been done towards proving
which are the most suitable varieties to
grow in each district. In many of the
old vineyards a great many different
varieties of the vine were planted, not
because the owners thought such was
desirable, but because no data were
available to guide them in the choice,
and only experience could demonstrate
which were the best sorts. This expe-

rience has now been gained, and instead
of perhaps 50 different varieties being
planted, the new vineyards as a rule
contain not more than five or six. There
is therefore a prospect of a uniform
quality of wine being produced, and it
is pleasing to note that the tendency is
now to aim at the production of the
light, dry and palatable wines which are
popular.
The present season has been a most
peculiar one, and probably never before
has there been such a variation noticed
in the yields of different districts. In
some places the crop has been the worst,
Up to New Year's day grave fears were
entertained of a total failure of the grape
crop; but the rains on that and subse-

quent days were wonderfully beneficial
and relieved all anxiety in a great many
cases. The weather during the greater
part of the vintage was almost perfect
from a vignerons' point of view, but
towards the close a good deal of rain fell,
without however, doing serious injury.
The return is not a heavy one, being
only a little over 100 gallons per acre,
but it must be remembered that a con-
siderable percentage of the vines had not
come into bearing; the industry is only
emerged from a period of depression so
progress may be expected to be more
rapid in future. There are thousands of
acres in this country available for plant-

ing in which the vine would thrive to
perfection, and no more certain return
can be obtained from the soil than by
devoting it to viticulture.
Breeds of Sheep.
The Shropshire is now the most popu-
lar breed of sheep in England. The re-
sults with which they adapt themselves
to any soil or climate is one of the strong
points of the breed, and has done much
to bring them into public favour. At the
Royal Show held at Shrewsbury, 875
Shropshires were exhibited against 450
of all other breeds, including Southdown,
Hampshire, Lincoln, Leicester, and
Cotswold. At the annual Fat Stock Show
held at Islington last Christmas, the
champion prize for the best pen of sheep,
open to all breeds, was taken by a pen
of pure bred Shropshires against all
comers. The class who have generally
recognised the value of the breed have
been tenant farmers, who have not been
slow to discern the rent paying attri-
butes of these sheep, as producers of a
large quantity of lean meat of prime
quality, with a heavy fleece, of short and
fine staple.
Shropshires will attain to a great size
but the wethers are usually sold at from
10 to 12 months old, weighing 18 lb. to
22 lb. a quarter. This is the most sa-

table weight, as consumers prefer small
joints, and do not appreciate legs of
mutton weighing 15 lb. to 20 lb. With
regard to the fecundity of the breed,
instances have been known where two
lambs to each ewe have been reared, and
the general average is quite a lamb and
a half. The management of flocks here
is, of course, so entirely different that
it would be useless saying anything
beyond repeating the fact that Shropshires
will thrive and do well under almost
any conditions, and when the frozen
meat trade is better established and a
fairer share of the profit finds its way
into the pocket of the farmer, Shropshires
will come to the front here, as they have
done in the old country. Next to
merino, Shropshire wool fetches the
highest price in the market.
The charms of an Office.
The plumitif, as the French are fond
of calling him, is one of the best-placed
of mortals. To be chained to a desk
through long days, months, and years,
to wield an iron rod, when other peo-
ple wield the sword or the gun, or even
the peaceful walking stick or spud, to
be a clerk, in short, is in popular esti-
mation to attain a sort of pitiful, nadir
of existence. Charles Lamb strikes the
popular note to perfection. "If, peradven-

ture," Later on he says, "it is true
I had my Sundays to myself. 'But
there is a gloom for me attendant upon
a City Sunday, a weight in the air. I
miss the cheerful cries of London; the
music, and the ballad singers; the buzz
and stirring murmur of the streets.
Those eternal bells depress me. The closed
shops repel me. Nothing to be seen
but unhappy countenances—or half-
happy at best—of emancipated apprentices
and little tradesfolks."

So spoke the "Superannuated Man,"
and to-day, the phase of popular opinion
he represented has intensified rather
than diminished. In "Sur l'Eau" Guy de
Maupassant gives voice to the modern
loathing of the desk when he describes
those two or three old plumitifs he saw
leaving their office in the little Southern
French coasts town where his yacht had
been moored the night, in his imagin-
ary hatred of desk work he even goes so
far as to clothe with fearful attributes
the very furniture of the office itself—the
very mirror where you saw your
blond moustache the day you began
your business career, and your white
hairs and senile features the day you
left it to be superannuated by death.
And yet in the offices of Charles Lamb's
day, in the offices of the Conservative
provincial France of the present, there
surely was and is a whole world of
quiet romance not discoverable any-
where else. There are old world offices
in existence in London even now which
breathe a peaceful atmosphere not to be
matched among the turmoil of the outer
world.

There are offices among the docks, on
the shore of murky Thames, which
should be full of inspiration to some at
least of their inmates. Where the great
lock-gates divide the dripping shadows
of the Dry Dock from the main flood of
the river stands an old-fashioned house
of business. There are no tile-paved
passages, no lift, no smart commissaires
here. To gain admittance to the sanc-
tuary where our friend the "Dry Dock-
er" transacts his leisurely affairs you must
push strenuously through a heavy yard-
gate, mount a wooden outside staircase,
and knock and ring as though you were
at the door of a private house. The
rooms within once gained, you are wait-

ed away from the nineteenth into the
eighteenth century at once. A quaint
hospitable scent of grog and stale tobacco
assaults your nostrils pleasantly.
Your eyes rest on comfortable ramsh-
ackle desks of some dark old wood, plac-
ed so that the writers at them may sit
in armchairs and look askance at the
vistas of the shining grey water outside
—at the red sails of the slowly travelling
hay-barges, and the dusky spars of in-
numerable far-travelled ships. Under
your very nose is the figure-head, a
smirking black-eyed Susan, of some
great sailing-ship which has been suc-
cessfully enticed into this particular
dock, with the traditional guinea for
the captain to buy a new cleaver
withal, and innumerable drinks to boat-
swain and ship's carpenter. The masts
and spars are bare of all canvas, unless
we count the jerseys and ducks which
flap from their washing-line between
the main and mizen rigging. The decks
are untenanted now, save by the cook's
black boy and the master's mate's black
cat. There is a sense of rest in the air;
you know that now at any rate leviti-
ans are taking their ease.

Over there a bright handful of fire
crackles in the fireplace carved fire-place.
The fire-places, and especially the
mantelshelves, of forgotten East end
offices are often worthy of the most
exacting modern art-furnisher, and this
one is no exception to the rule. Above it
hang elevations, carefully traced on the
now-faded parchment, much affected of
vanished draughtsmen, representing
the hulls and sterns, and bows of an-
tique three-deckers. There is a sym-
metry, a wealth of carven and gilded
detail about the old ships of Nelson's day
wherever with such offices as these seem
quite in keeping. The maps on the walls,
with their titles and dedications set amid
profuse scrollwork, and stereotyped
flourishes of penmanship, are as venera-
ble as the pictured map-of-war. This
one was dedicated to the gentlemen of
New Lloyd's, so long ago as 1816. It is a
map of the world, and it represents
Greenland interested with numerous
projected canals, all of which are desig-
ned to afford a north-west passage to
China and the Indies.

Central Africa, especially that part of
it which Mr. Stanley has lately trav-
ersed; is vivid, save for a terrible dragon
which does duty for an as yet undiscover-
ed Aruwin and Upper Congo. Aus-
tralia is here written down New Holland,
and the islands and seas of Japan are
strangely mixed. There are marvel-
lously contrived corner lockers in this
dreamlike retreat of leisurely business,
and when the captain of the ship close
at hand comes up to launch a complaint
or make a payment—for his vessel is
going out to-night, and there will be
good swearing and opening of lock-
gates after dark—the cupboard is open,
and cigars and liqueurs, into the
importation whereof we should not
inquire too closely, are produced, and
discussed by the poor work-worn plu-
mitif and his guests.

From this region, relict of Captain
Cuttle and of Quill, it is but a short
step to our worthy friend the Banker
in the French country town. Could the
deceitful office work only behold his
place of business, assuredly they would
not be long in changing the tone of their
criticisms. There is a small payen court
outside the bureau of Mr. Lebrun, Ban-
quier, and a fountain plays there among
cognac and box-hedges. Beside the

dread portals of Mammon doves and
canaries hang in their cages and within
a large persian cat sits purring on the
comptoir itself. Lodgers boud in that
blue or brown watered cardboard which
is now fashionable with revivers of old
bindings, lie every where in the most
admired confusion imaginable. Import-
ant papers some of which look not
unlike rolls of notes, are stuffed into old
cigar boxes, which again are pictures
quely stacked upon the make shift shel-
ves round the quaintly papered walls.
In a shadowy corner, behind the painted
wood pilasters forming the screen to an
ancient desk, sits an elderly lady, Mme
Lebrun herself. Vine leaves whisper at
the open windows near the dignified head
and a canary sings close by.

There are plots of mignonette and other
sweet smelling plants on either side of
her. She has apparently just finished
the totting up of a column of figures,
and is for the moment telling the beads
of her rosary. Her inevitable knitting
lies handy, and when we bow and cere-
moniously present our credentials she
comes forward work in hand. We are
viewed with stately suspicion. Monsieur
is summoned from an inner room and
appears in his shirt-sleeves. "Good is
very scarce today," he informs us. "I
doubt whether I can let you have as
much as 20 louis all in gold." However,
after some polite bargaining, we get
what we want granted us as a special
favour and take our departure much im-
pressed with business "as she is doing"
among the vines and poplars of Sunny
France.

Death of a Lucky Quartz Reef.

Mr. J. B. Watson, one of the most
successful quartz reefers in Victoria,
died at Sydney, at the age of 64 years,
from heart disease, chronic bronchitis
and general breaking up of the system.
The career of Mr. Watson supplies a
fine illustration of the extraordinary
fortune that awaited some of the early
colonists. He was born at Paisley, near
Glasgow, in 1825, and when quite a stri-
pling emigrated with his father's family
to Sydney, where the future millionaire
commenced life as a butcher. Though
Sydney in the forties was a large and
flourishing settlement, it nevertheless
did not possess many attractions for
young Watson, who, learning of the dis-
covery of gold in California, left New
South Wales and proceeded to the new
Eldorado in search of a fortune.

After spending two or three years in
that country Mr. Watson returned to
Australia upon the first news of gold
being found. Upon landing at Melbourn,
he at once made his way to Sand-
hurst, and as far back as 1854 was known
as one of the gold diggers working at
the White Hills. Good luck attended
him at the outset of his digging career.
Soon afterwards he started a puddling
machine, and in a few years amassed
several thousand pounds, which he
seems to have had the prudence to retain
instead of dissipating, as was the com-
mon practice amongst the enterprising
and hardy diggers of those "good old
days."

When the alluvial leads became ex-
hausted Mr. Watson turned his attention
with others to the quartz reefs, which
have since made the Bendigo goldfield
so famous throughout the wide world.
He was one of the proprietors of the
first crushing plants erected at Bendigo,
and also one of the original owners of
the celebrated Golden Gully line of reef.
His partners retired one by one, ex-
hausted by the weary call paying necessary
to prospect the mines, and eventually
the whole property fell into Mr. Watson's
hands. It is stated that a fabulous quan-
tity of gold (13 tons altogether) was
taken out of the mine, as much as 6000
oz. being obtained in a single week. Mr.
Watson was involved in several remark-
able law suits in connection with this
mine but he was successful in defeating
all his opponents and retaining the
entire title to this very valuable property.

Mr. Watson was also interested in
other mining ventures, but never aban-
doned himself to be carried away into
indiscriminate speculations by the invit-
ing tales told of the "good things" going
on in mining. He confined his
attention to some half dozen mines in
which he held a large interest. In the
English mine, of which he remained the
sole proprietor up to his death, another
important discovery has been made
within the last few days. At a depth of
1780 feet a gold bearing reef 5 feet thick
has been discovered. This prospect is not
sufficiently developed yet to permit of
its value of being fully estimated, but
should there be payable further untold
wealth will be torn from the bowels of
the earth for the estate of this most for-
tunate of mining speculators.

A large portion of Mr. Watson's wealth
taken for the Sandhurst mines, has
been invested in freehold property in
Melbourne. He was also a director in
the Benlupin and Moama Railway Com-
pany, and a large shareholder and
director of the Federal Bank. Mr. Wat-
son also held an interest in some Queens-
land mines. It is generally stated that
Mr. Watson's wealth amounts to near
£3,000,000. Some months ago, accom-
panied by one of his daughters, he left
the colony for San Francisco, in search
of better health, which however, he did
not find, and was just about to return
to Sandhurst when he died yesterday at
Sydney.

Mr. Watson leaves a widow and seven
children, two sons and five daughters.
One of his daughters is married to Mr.
Murdock, the cricketer, another to Mr.

Cooper, barrister-at-law, and formerly
a member of the Queensland Parliament.
A third daughter is married to Mr.
McEachran, of the firm of McEachran,
Melbourne. Mr. Watson never took any
part in public affairs, and was of a re-
tiring disposition. Some members for
his family have proceeded to Sydney for
the purpose of bringing his remains to
Santhurst, where they are to be buried.

Wise and Otherwise.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE TIMES.

"My Celestina."

Will Mrs. B., passenger R. M. steamer
Atrato, kindly send her address to S.
N. W., care of R. M. S. P. Co., 18
Moorgate St., London, so that he might
return her Gladstone bag and she his
Celestina!

Write to me, charming Mrs. B.
And say where thou mayst be, dear;
I've somewhat to return to thee,
And so hast thou to me, dear.
The days and nights still slowly drag,
Until we meet—I mean,—er,
Till I return thy Gladstone bag,
And thou my Celestina.

We met the first night that we met
On steamer homeward steaming;
How clearly, I remember yet,
That moon above us gleaming!
We sat behind a friendly rag,
Of canvas as a screen,
Thou trifling with thy Gladstone bag,
I with my Celestina.

We met the last night that we met—
It was a painful moment;
I nervously could scarcely get
Through words thou know'st I so meant
But when we met—love, do not lag—
I'll utter all I mean—er,
Er—thou shalt pass thy Gladstone bag,
And I my Celestina.

WHAT WAS REALLY THE MATTER.

A lady patient entered the consulting-
room of a well-educated and intelligent
physician.

The doctor made his usual examina-
tion by feeling the pulse, looking at the
tongue, etc. In giving his directions,
he said: "Madame, you should eat less,
and take more out-door exercise."

The advice seemed to be too common
for the lady, and she resolved to consult
a notorious quack in the community.
While the empiric knew nothing of
the nature of the disease, he had learned
how to take advantage of the patient's
weakness, and confounded her with a
cloud of high-sounding terms. "The
only true and legitimate manner of
accounting for your rare disease," he
said, "is in the physiological defects of
the membranous system. The obduse-
ness of the spinal apparatus causes the
earthy compressor to coagulate
into the diaphragm, and thus depresses
the duodenum under the handgong.
Now, if the disease was caused by the
vibration of the electricity from the
ap. endages, the tympanum would dis-
solve the spiritual sanctum, and the ossi-
ficator would ferment in the oratory,
thus becoming identical with the pig-
mentum. Now, as this is not the case,
in order to produce your disease the
spinal rotundum must diverge to a point
on the elliptical sphere. But, as I said
before, in order to produce this disease,
the ligamentum teres must subside over
the digitum to a degree sufficient to
dislodge the stercoratum."

The lady replied: "Yes, doctor, you
describe my case exactly. I'd like you
to treat me."

One of the worst cases of revenge upon
a mother-in-law is reported from Buenos
Aires. The young man had quarrelled
with and left her. He then advertised in
the papers that at the house where she
was living, "a domesticated crocodile"
was for sale, and for days the poor old
lady has been besieged by hundreds of
bidders for the curiosities.

From the days of Eve downwards, it
has always been the woman who has had
to bear the blame. The following scene
occurred the other day on Hampstead
Heath. Two children, a boy of about six,
and a mile of a girl somewhere about
four, were playing rather too boister-
ously, or so it seemed to a passer-by,
who ventured on some mild remonstrance.
Scarcely had he gone a few yards
further, when he heard a voice calling
after him. "Elulohi! Stop, can't yer?"
and when he turned at the cry, the small
boy only shouted at him, "This little girl
says you're a fool!"

URUGUAYAN NEWS.

IMMIGRANTS.—2 persons entered the
Asylum yesterday and for 31 employ-
ment was found. There are now 294
immigrants in the establishment.

FIRE.—Dr. Rivera y Maza was fined
the sum of a hundred dollars for not
having announced a case of diphtheria to
the health authorities.

THE LUNA CONCERT.—A large and select
audience attended the concert given by
the "Conservatorio Musical" the other
night.

The concert opened with a selection
from Tannhauser on two pianos which
was well played.
Signora Trotta accompanied by
Signor Campanini sang Tosca's song
"Adieu," with much taste and feeling,
this was followed by a quartet. On
Signora Trotta singing a second
time she was not allowed to retire with-
out an encore when she gave the "Jota
Aragonesa" with great applause. Sig. de
Lucia also received an ovation when he

sang. The concert was a brilliant suc-
cess.
A CRIMINAL.—A boy of ten years old
was sent by the police of Colonia to the
police here to be tried for having thrown
hot water into the face of another boy,
causing him such severe wounds that he
died a few hours afterwards.

BRAZILIAN MINISTER.—The Brazilian
Minister at Buenos Aires the Baron de
Alencar arrived here yesterday in the
Spanish steamer Antonio Lopez. He paid
a visit to Sr. Ponte Iriberto, the charged
affairs of the Brazilian Government at
this place. Baron de Alencar will proceed
in the same steamer to Rio de Janeiro.
DOGS.—Each policeman has been provid-
ed with a number of striching balls,
with the order to poison any dog which
he may find loose in the street without a
muzzle. We advise every proprietor of
a valuable dog to keep him in doors or
provide him with a muzzle, as the police
are very eager to get rid of these little
balls.

THE WATER WORKS.—The Management
of the Water Works have answered the
note sent them by the Junta which was
published in which they were asked for
explanations relative to the bad quality
of the Water Supply.
According to the Management this
arises from the great and continual
rains which have injured the source of
the supply at Santa Lucia, bringing great
quantities of matter down which is held
in suspension and which overflows the
filters over the bed of pipe sand leaving
a layer half an inch thick.
And that whilst one filter was being
cleaned the water ran through the other
without there being sufficient sand and
that this accounts for the thick state of
the water.

The Management also add that it will
take some little time before the conduits
which have been in use for 20 years are
cleared of sediment, by the passage of
the water.

25 OF AUGUST.—The Minister of war
has made preparations for a grand para-
de of the Troops for the National Fete
day the 25th of August.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.—The
talk yesterday all over the City in all
circles was the proposition that President
Tajes should have his term of the Presi-
dency extended for one year longer, so
that he should serve the full four years
term according to the constitution.

RACES.—The following is the programme
of the races to be held on the 25th of
August on the Maroñas Course.

Premio Campeones.
Stud Gladiadores Payador
Stud Oriental Sator
Stud Rio Negro Boulanger
Stud San Luis Gavilan
Stud San Ramon Camilo
Stud Latino Financiero
Stud Florida Hum Hum
Stud Rio Negro Yari Hong
Stud Corvino Oro Sallado
Stud Porvenir

Premio Progreso.
Stud Florida Childroy
Stud Oriental Kobold
Stud Corvino Conqueta
Stud Rio Negro Mandarina
Stud San Ramon Sport
Stud San Luis Naranja
Stud Pinazo Combato

Premio Reaporturas.
Stud Oriental Recluta
Stud Rio Negro Politica
Stud San Luis Tartarino
Stud San Ramon Pavano
Stud Latino Candidato
Stud Florida Rondador
Stud Rio Negro Arabe
Stud Oriental Glorioso
Stud San Luis Souvenir
Stud Solis Whiteley

Premio Vasistas.
Stud Rio Negro Modista
Stud Oriental Recluta
Stud San Luis Diana
Stud San Ramon Dora
Stud Gladiadores Red Fox
Stud Corvino Vandalito
Stud San Ramon Corrupto
Stud San Luis Sarandito
Stud Solis Luis Michel

Premio Semolinhas.
Stud San Luis Eclair
Stud Corvino Portona
Stud Rio Negro Gordon
Stud San Ramon Kieker
Stud Gladiadores Pirindio
Stud Libertad Regina
Stud San Luis Premio Donovan

Premio Frou Tribuna.
Stud San Ramon Lady Flora
Stud Gladiadores Oriental
Stud Rio Negro Brillante
Stud Oriental Tiquaque
Stud Solis Politica
Stud Corvino Solitario

ARGENTINE NEWS.

WORKMEN'S HOUSES.—The Southern
Railway have petitioned the Municipality
to be allowed to construct workmen's
dwellings on land belonging to them at the
Dola Works. The buildings which will be
large ones, will be divided in sections
of two, three and four rooms each. Those
of two apartments will consist of
parlour, bedroom and small store-room,
with cupboards let into the wall, those
of three will have, also a kitchen, storeroom
and coal cellar, those of four an
extra bedroom. Each set of apartments
will have special deposits for the daily
refuse. The buildings will be close to the
Company's workshops.

YOR DE LA IGLESIA.—This Catholic organ
completed the eighth year of its existence
on Friday last. We wish it a long and
successful career.

EXTIRPATOR.—Don Juan Sanguinetti
has offered for sale to the Municipal
Intendency, twenty five insect extirpa-
tors (La Inmopoterida) at \$100
each.

THE AURORA.—This Platonic steamer
commanded by Capt. Morso, which was

injured by collision with the Luján is
being repaired and repainted at San
Fernando, the Dock Co. doing the work.
Police News.—A cart

SALIDAS				REGRESOS			
ESTACIONES	Domingos y días festivos			ESTACIONES	Domingos y días festivos		
	1 a.m.	3 a.m.	5 p.m.		2 a.m.	4 p.m.	6 p.m.
Montevideo . . .	6.50	11 —	4.35	Minas	—	—	2.10
Union	7.06	—	4.47	Tapia	—	—	2.53
Piedras Blancas . . .	7.15	11.25	—	Montes	—	—	3.33
Treinta y Tres . . .	7.42	12.32	5.09	Solís	—	—	4.20
Toledo	7.42	11.47	5.27	Olmos	—	—	5.05
Suarez	7.54	11.59	5.40	Pando, l. llegada.	—	—	5.10
Pando, l. llegada.	8.08	12.13	5.51	Suarez l. salida.	8.08	2.30	5.25
Pando, l. salida . . .	8.20	—	—	Montes	8.23	2.44	5.40
Olmos	8.30	—	—	Treinta y Tres . . .	8.37	2.50	5.51
Tapia	9.18	—	—	Piedras Blancas . .	8.53	3.11	6.05
Montes	10.05	—	—	Solís	9.10	3.19	6.17
Solís	10.45	—	—	Union	9.15	3.33	6.30
Minas	11.30	—	—	Montevideo	9.30	3.45	6.45

NOTAS— 1. La Estacion "Montevideo" ha sido trasladada a los antiguos talleres esquina de la calle Minas.

2. En Piedras Blancas solo paran los trenes cuando haya pasajeros.

3. Los trenes 3, 4 y 6 paran en Pando.