MEG'S MISSION.

ANNIE MARIE BLISS.

It was morning in the Children's Hospital. The sunlight streamed into the east ward windows, lay in broad bars across the polished floor, playfully touched a golden curl here, a shronken face there, and opened the tired eyes of the little sufferers.

Never was morning more welcomed than in this institution, and especially by those who had waited so wearily for it during the long night. Then the smiles passed around, and many a little one stretched out its hands to the beautiful sun. The white-capped nurses flitted from bed to bed, their faces vying with the sun in brightness, straightening out the bed clothes, bathing the faces of the children, feeding the helpless, and quieting the restless ones with the touch of cool hands and cheerful words.

At the side of the bed over which was a square card which read only "Meg," stood Nurse Clarice combing out the tangled auburn curls of a child apparently ten years of age. Meg was all that they could learn of her name, for when they brought her in from the street, half frozen and nearly starved, the fever had seized her, and for weeks she knew nothing. Now the tired brain could not remember more than her first name, and she was Meg to them all.

"Does the combing hurt, dear?" said the nurse, smiling, her voice all tenderness.

"No, you never hurts; your hand allers stops the ache," and the blue eyes looked up admiringly into Clarice's face. To Clarice the delicate regularity of feature and the air of something akin to refinement in this street waif were a source of wonder. Surely there must be a sad history back of little Meg; but this was only one of the many unsolved mysteries of city life. Nothing could be learned from the child, but the appreciative look when a little kindness was done, and her clinging, loving devotion to her "nursie," seemed to speak of the child's having at some past time been a petted baby. Sometimes a word or two dropped now and then would make the nurse start, for in musical tones the coarse street talk would give place to a child-like simplicity and purity.

When Meg woke to consciousness one morning after the long period of forgetfulness, her eyes rested upon Nurse Clarice, who was busily caring for the child in the bed next hers, and as Meg moved she had turned and given her a sweet smile and a "good morning" that went straight to the child's heart. From that moment she was a willing captive. She would lie contentedly following with her eyes every motion of Clarice as she moved through the ward. Sometimes she would scan her face with a puzzled expression, then a light would come into her eyes as if she recognized something, and a smile so heavenly, such as only a child can smile, would break over her face, and she would murmur, "My nurse—mine—all mine, just like"—but she never got further; her memory would not serve her.

But there was one other in the hospital, Dr. Clayton, who was the recipient of a large share of Meg's devotion. He was tall and of a commanding presence with the face of a young man, but hair a snowy white. Lines of suffering around his mouth and a deep tenderness in his eyes plainly spoke of great trouble. A history of no small importance was written on his face.

For five years the children of the hospital had looked up into his kind face, and each had received a bright word and smile. Every one loved him, but it was the children only who brought forth his smiles and cheery words. To the others he was a grave, sad man, who spoke seldom except to give orders. When a little one died, then the nurses would stand back reverently, when the great tears fell from the doctor's eyes; and as he held the tiny hands and caressed the little one's hair, they could not disturb him, for they knew by his far-away expression that he was recalling sad memories.

Dr. Clayton's life had been uneventful one. A gay, handsome, brilliant college student, a leader in frolics and intellectual pursuits alike, gave him an easy entrance to fashionable society. When he broke away from the giddy whirl and plunged into his medical practice, his untiring zeal and faithful work raised him to a high place in the profession. The little butterflies of society had failed to capture his heart; and now that matters of greater importance filled his mind, the memory of the fluttering little beings was like the light, shifting summer clouds that floated quietly over his head. But one day there came into his life such a love as is not born of earth. It was a lovely, high-minded soul who drew him into realms of purer thought and being—his queen. He realized how aimless an existence he had been leading—simply for the praise of men; and now that an inspiration high and holy had come to him, for what would he not work to merit her love? Life opened up to him as a glorious reality.

For two years such happiness as few enjoy was theirs. Then came the messenger against whom no one can bar the doors, and in his shadowy arms carried that dear one away. Such agonizing grief was his! Such shattered hopes! His little child remained a year longer, then she went to find her mother. How gladly he would have followed them; but no, he must wait and suffer. Then it was that his hair turned white and the lines of care appeared. Then it was that he gave up the large practice in the fashionable district and came to devote the remainder of his life and all his energies to caring for little unfortunates. Every tiny face was dear to him as he remembered his own darling now sleeping. They should have the best he could give them.

With all the warmth of her impulsive nature Meg clung to Dr. Clayton. Her attitude towards him was that of an old friend and playmate. She was at her brightest when he sat by her side, and her blue eyes twinkled like a child in anticipation of a frolic when she heard his step along the corridor. Sometimes when the cough was quiet and "nursie" was not busy, she would hold Clarice's hand up to her cheek and with all the fervor of an older maiden pour into Clarice's ear the story of her love for the doctor.

One day, during one of these whispered talks, Meg said, "I do love Dr. Clayton, nursie, he's so strong; and when his great eyes look at me, it makes me jump here," pointing to her heart. "I most forgets the old pain when he lifts me up and holds me so close. Don't you love Dr. Clayton, too, nursie?"

Clarice, smiling, and with the faintest suspicion of a blush, looked out of the window a moment, then smoothing Meg's hand said softly: "Dr. Clayton is very good and noble; we should all miss him sadly if he should go away."

"But," Meg went on, "he doesn't stay over to Boby's bed so long as he does here; and does he always say 'God bless you' and look so beautifully to the other nurses?"

Just then Clarice found that Bobby needed immediate attention, and Meg looked after her wistfully, thinking to herself, "My! but ain't she lovely with her cheeks so pink! My own nursie—and she didn't say whether she loved my doctor or not. But I guess she does—everybody does."

Meg's sharp eyes had often noted the softened look on Dr. Clayton's face as he studied the peaceful face of Clarice, and noticed, too, that his professional despatch was laid aside when he talked to her. The little bits of conversation allowed by the daily visits were bright spots in the day for Clarice, and again Meg's eyes took in the increased brightness of her eyes after his daily rounds.

Clarice Brenton was one of those rare women who draw others to them by the magnetism of their refined presence. Trained for her work by bitter experience, the record of noble self-conquest was written on her face. Love beamed from the eyes that changed color and expression with every new emotion. It was true that Dr. Clayton found rest for his tired heart, which had mourned so long, in the soulful face of Clarice, and the rest was sweet.

Meg was going away. The sun sinking to rest under the hills lighted up the western windows with its glory when she roused from a stupor and looked around wistfully as if wanting some one. Clarice's watchful eyes took in the situation, and said gently, "What does my little Meg want?"

"My doctor—right away. Call him, please!"

"Yes, dear;" and Clarice sent a nurse for the doctor.

He came at once. His face was full of infinite tenderness as he bent over her and said, "Does my little girl want me?"

She slipped her hand in his and said, "Please take me up just a minute, for I want to tell you something."

He gathered the frail bundle into his arms and rested her head on his shoulder. She looked round for Clarice.

"I want my nursie too," said Meg.

Clarice came and stood by their side.

"I've been away in such a lovely place," she said, slowly; "I saw my mamma, and lots of children, too, and they smiled at me; and mamma said I could come and say good-bye to you and nursie, but I must hurry right back, for she wanted me." Then, looking up at Clarice, she said, "Please, nursie, don't cry! Mamma didn't cry—and I'm so glad I found her." Then she reached out for Clarice's hand and put it in the doctor's broad one, saying, "Doctor, don't let her. Tell her what you tell me when I cry—then she won't hurt you so. I do love my dear Doctor Clayton, don't you, nursie?"

Clarice looked away, but Meg's little face turned to hers for an answer. In a disappointed tone she said: "Dr. Clayton, you ask her. She wouldn't tell me when I asked her before."

Clarice's hand trembled in his, and the yearning in his eyes as he sought hers touched her heart. She read there heart-hunger, for she knew of his lonely life, and she longed to comfort.

The sad, calm face now shone with almost an eagerness. Was the healing balm so near to him? Was his lost one looking down upon him and leading him to one who could fill the aching void? The voice of the child recalled him to himself.

"Ain't you going to ask her, doctor?"

He looked at Clarice with a feeling of almost sacredness, for love tender and beautiful shone in her sweet, trusting face. Could he dare to ask for a gift so princely?

But Meg was looking at him searchingly.

"What does nursie say to little Meg's question?" he asked.

Meg's face was expectant. Was she to be disappointed?

Clarice stooped and whispered into Meg's ear such a faint little "Yes" that it seemed almost impossible that the doctor could have heard it. But love's ears are open to even the faintest whisper. He needed no other words when he saw the happy light in her eyes.

"Is it well, Clarice?" said he quietly, as the brown hand clasped the white one closer; and she bowed her head in silent assent.

Meg gave a little pressure on the clasped hands that lay in her lap, and said, with such a happy, contented look: "It's all right now. I knew nursie did love my doctor—and now that she says 'yes' its all right. Kiss me, nursie! Kiss me, doctor! I'm all rested now, and mamma wants me"—and Meg, never knowing the part she played in the drama of these two lives, nor of the happiness she helped to bring to two lonely hearts, went away to join her mother. Two hearts were saddened by the loss of their devoted little friend; but they rejoiced in their new-found happiness and lived over that old yet ever new story of love pure and undefiled before God.—*Zion's Herald.*

If you desire a beautiful complexion, absolutely free from pimples and blotches, purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Remove the cause of these disfigurements and the skin will take care of itself. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

K.D.C. Pills cure Chronic Constipation.

Use K. D. C. for all Stomach Troubles.

Out of Ammunition.

When I was a boy I started out one fine morning with a schoolmate, in whom I had the utmost confidence, for the purpose of shooting wild pidgeons that swarmed in the woods not far from the city in which we lived. My companion carried the flask of powder which I had paid for, and, once upon the ground, after a walk of several miles in the hot sun, we found our game and began to blaze away. Intent upon the sport, I had fired a round or two, with as little damage to the pidgeons as followed the renowned Mr. Wrinkle's efforts to exterminate rooks, when, on looking about, I discovered that my schoolmate had mysteriously disappeared with my powder! High and low I searched, but he had gone as silently as the famed Assyrian host at sunset. He ran away with the powder, sold it, confessed it, and received a sound maternal whipping to pay for it! And there I was, fierce to do execution, hot, tired, alone, and out of ammunition. I came home, with arms trailed, and loaded—not with game, but with mingled wrath and tears.

This experience of boyhood points a moral in a hundred ways that are full of quick suggestion to young men. And first, they are *out of ammunition* when unfitted by moral training to seize life's moral opportunities. Opportunity is rarely, if ever, a barren fig tree to any man. It is more like a sturdy vine hung with clusters of luscious fruit. Material advantages are not infrequently lacking, but the chance to gain ground for the soul, or to enrich its powers, is a door continually open. Up and enter! But sometimes the long supremacy of evil impulse paralizes the will, and you sigh in vain for the power *to do*. You lack the wherewithal to win a victory, just as the writer failed to find his power when he most needed it. Hence the failure of the expedition. A man ought to store up moral energy against the day when moral opportunity dawns. And let the Lord Christ help your weak will until every purpose vibrates to the will of God.

But, second, young men are out of ammunition when they spend faster than they earn. I mean this both literally and figuratively. It is as true of physical energy as it is of money resources. I know a young fellow who, stripped in the gymnasium, is a fine specimen of muscular development. But his vitality is gone. And why? Simply because he has built up muscle at the expense of vitality. Over-draft on nature's forces make his physical liabilities greater than his assets. So it is everywhere. Late hours, overwork, luxurious habits, fast living generally—these tendencies are like thousands of dollars put out when only hundreds come in to meet the bills. And when you need all your capital, wisely husbanded, for some supreme chance, behold, the gun is at hand, the game, the bag, but no powder with which to load!

And then, again, young men are out of ammunition when they shirk a duty to seize a pleasure. A young woman once said to me, her pastor, with a frankness most refreshing: "You wish me to sign the Christian Endeavor pledge. I cannot do it, for the reason that it really binds me to attend the mid week service of the church to which I belong. But very often I go to the whist party or to the theatre when I do not feel like the prayer-meeting. Therefore I hesitate to sign this pledge." Here is the whole case in a nutshell. No one, young or old, has the right to put himself or herself before a cause or principle. The only right thing to do, when Christian service and our own pleasure conflict, is to establish harmony with conscience. Divergence here is lost and deterioration of soul. Yielding here is like the smallest hole in the dyke that may let in the sea, and flood a kingdom. Character? What is it? Simply moral force stored for emergencies. Pleasure before duty steals that force. And this ultimately means no powder left to furnish the charge that routs a besetting sin.

But, last of all, young men are out of ammunition when self-help fails. Do not misunderstand me. Lean on God. He is infinitely stronger than your strongest purpose. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee." He who does not feel the power of this word of the hymn is weaker than a thistledown to resist a gale of temptation. But, next to God, rely on your own manhood in things both great and small, and not on the manhood of somebody else, to keep you steadfast in duty. Am I timid about speaking in the Christian Endeavor meeting, painfully so? Am I hesitating, vacillating, easily influenced, turned from right by a word, quick to yield to evil? Here resides the power to overcome, in your own manhood. Rise to the dignity of its appeal. Stand fast because you *are* a man! Let the thought of self-help weaken, and the thief that stole away your courage is like the boy that ran away with my powder beyond pursuit, while you are baulked of manly achievement. Be true to yourself, and make your own will, with the help of Christ, the conqueror.

And thus, as runs my story, proceed the lessons of life. Read between the lines, and always keep your own ammunition.—*Rev. Frederick Stanley Root, in N. Y. Observer.*

Overworked Student.

Students, and especially those of constitution, run a terrible risk in "burning the midnight oil." In how many cases health is permanently undermined in this very manner. Nature exhausted by overwork, and no pains taken to restore the lost energy. Its great value as a nerve and brain invigorator and health restorer has won for Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic the name of the students friend. It is sold by all druggists.

THE TORTURING PANGS OF NEURALGIA are speedily overcome by a free application of Dr. Manning's German remedy, the universal pain cure, sold by all druggists.

SICK HEADACHE is quickly cured by Hawker's liver pills.

K.D.C. is marked, prompt and lasting in its effects.

Self-Made Boys.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* gives us in the following article what Dr. Gunsaulus considers "Self-made boys":

"Self-made boys," said Dr. Gunsaulus, president of Armour Institute, "well I wish you knew some of the boys who come here as I know them! Self-made! I should think so! Is not a boy who rises at four in the morning to deliver papers until seven, then studies until eight, when he comes here for his first recitation, building himself?

"The boy is an orphan, entirely alone in the world. He supports himself, and has done it all his life. Where he came from he doesn't himself know; I think he named himself.

"Yet a more self-respecting boy I never knew. He would scorn to tell an untruth, and is fair and honorable in all his dealings.

"He is now in his fifteenth year, and what do you suppose he has just finished reading? 'Smiles', Self Help,' and 'Abraham Lincoln's Speeches.' Yes, he is a thoroughly self-made boy and I am proud of him."

The doctor leans back in his chair and grows more thoughtful.

"There is a boy who lives with his mother on Dearborn Street. His mother is a widow, and not very strong, yet she helps this boy make the living by taking in washing. The boy himself has a laundry route.

"That boy attends school here, and has given the labor question as exhaustive a study as any man I know of. The great question as to the right of great combines to exist, you see, had a practical bearing upon his and his mother's life.

"Self-made boys! Why we have dozens of them! Boys who work all day in offices and come here to study at night. These are the fellows whom the world waking up one day thinks it has discovered. But these boys don't bloom out all at once into self-made men; it takes years of patient study and self-denial.

"There is a boy here who has hit upon a unique way of paying expenses. He has conceived the idea of getting boys cheap places in which they can spend their vacation. He has gone into the country in a pleasant locality and has arranged with the farmers to board the boys at reduced rates, the boys to pitch a camp on the farmers' grounds and live as they please.

"This boy engineers the whole thing and between the two parties has a good-sized profit. He is an orphan also, and is in his sixteenth year. He supports himself and is attending the institute regularly.

"I could tell of many boys who are doing the same thing, and a few years more, a few years more," concludes the doctor, with a hopeful smile for the boys, "they will make what everybody admires—self-made men."

My Daughter's Cure.

MRS. GEO. L. HICKS, 76 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I testify to the wonderful merits of K. D. C. My daughter has suffered severily at intervals for the past two years and was steadily getting worse. She tried three of the best doctors in the city, but obtained no relief, also every remedy that friends would recommend with the same results and continued to grow worse all the time. She was recommended by a friend to try K.D.C., and sent for a sample package. Before taking all of the sample the symptoms of dyspepsia were gone, and though she has since taken only one $1 package the symptoms have not returned. She has also gained considerable in weight, and her friends are surprised at the change in her appearance. If any person in Toronto suffering from the same disease would like to call on me, I could tell them more fully what K.D.C. has done for my daughter."

PLEDGING HIMSELF.—Mrs. Wellment—"Now, if I give you a dollar, will you promise never to drink another glass of beer?" Handsome Harry—"Yes'm, s'help me; honor bright." Mrs. Wellment—"Well, here's a dollar. Now, what will you say if a friend asks you to have a glass of beer?" Handsome Harry—"Oh, there ain't no danger of dat, mum; all us fellers carries cans."

Hood's and Only Hood's.

Are you weak and weary, overwoked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Mother—"Don't you think that a boy of your size could take the tacks out of this carpet if he wanted to?" Small boy—"I guess so. Shall I go out and see if I can find one who wants to?"

The nip of a poisonous snake is but a slight remove from being more dangerous than the poison of Scrofula in the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the vital fluid, expels all poisonous substances, and supplies the elements of life, health and strength.

He—"I wonder how it was first discovered that fish was a brain food." She—"Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell when they return from fishing."

Dr. Koch's cure for consumption went up like a rocket and came down like a stick; but Puttner's Emulsion still shines with undimned lustre as the best remedy for wasting diseases.

Husband—"What is that child reaching out and yelling so for?" Wife—"He is probably looking after a collar-button. They say he takes after you."

Rheumatism racks the system like a thumb-screw. It retreats before the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

K.D.C. brings prompt relief to sufferers from indigestion.

Miss Caroline B. LeRow, well known in educational work won the prize lately offered by the New York *World* for the best article of 1,000 words upon "Dr. Parkhurst's System of Municipal Reform," the selection being made from over 2,000 articles submitted.

Do you feel the first mutterings of indigestion? Don't wait for it to become chronic. Use K.D.C. K.D.C. Company, Ltd, New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

The Boston *Advertiser* says that Mrs. Blaine is working steadily upon the life of her husband. She is to do more than to collect the material for Gail Hamilton to write. Mrs. Blaine is a literary woman herself, and the two women will collaborate.

The Indian government is building a laboratory at Calcutta to thoroughly investigate the properties of snake venom and test cures for snake bites.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER. French Village.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure croup. J. F. CUNNINGHAM. Cape Island.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth. JOSEPH A. SNOW. Norway, Me.

LIFE'S SUNSET ALL AGLOW.

Patrick Darling, aged 78 yrs.

Wife and I were the first settlers in Moro, Aroostook Co., Me., 41 yrs. ago. It was then a vast wilderness. With all its hardships our lives had been filled with happiness until the fall of '91, when we were attacked with dyspepsia, sleeplessness and their attendant evils.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY cured us, and we are again floating down life's river with all bright and smooth before us.

Susan Darling, aged 73.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 25 cts. Medical Advice Free.

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The most certain and safe Pain Remedy in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN

and has done more good than any known remedy.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST, OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic causing the pain to instantly stop.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs Sore Throat Inflammation, Bronchitis Pneumonia, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Swelling of the Joints, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS OR STOMACH, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

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RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

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Took Poison by Mistake

Bad Effects Entirely Eliminated by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—In April last, through the effects of a dose of strychnine taken in mistake for another drug, I was laid up in St. John, N. B., for ten days. After this I never seemed to regain my former health, and continually suffered from indigestion and heart palpitation, for which I could get no relief. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, I felt a little better, so continued using the remedy until I had consumed six bottles. I found myself gaining strength and flesh every day, and am now as healthy as I was before taking the poison." F. V. WARMOLL, representing the Seely Perfumes, 30 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 11th Sept., 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.00
Express for Sussex	16.30
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take this train at 16.55 o'clock. A freight train leaves St. John for Moncton every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.20
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.20
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.20
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney	23.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
8th Sept., 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after THURSDAY, 4th January, 1894, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows.

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 6.10 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.00 a. m.

Flag Stations—Trains stop only when signalled.

Steamer City of Monticello leaves Digby for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway leave Annapolis: Express at 12.45 p. m. Passengers and freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 a. m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

International steamers leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday.

Canadian Pacific Railway trains leave Saint John at 7.30 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 5.30 p. m., daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and 10.40 p. m. daily (Saturday excepted) for Montreal and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Trains of Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton for Lunenburg daily at 2.05 p. m.

Davison's Mail Coaches leaves Yarmouth daily (Sunday excepted) after the arrival of No. 4 train from Annapolis, for Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.

Yarmouth, N. S.

When Economy
Is Wealth
'Tis Folly
To Be Extravagant.

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