GOLDEN HAIR.

Golden Hair climbed upon grandpapa's knee,
Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,
All the day busy as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light,
Out with the birds and the butterflies bright,
Skipping about till the coming of night.

Grandpapa toyed with the curls on her head;
"What has my baby been doing," he said,
"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed?"

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one;
"I cannot tell so much things I have done—
Played with my dolly and feeded my Bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump-rope,
And I made, out of some water and soap,
Buttlfe worlds! Mamma's castles of hope.

"And I have readed in my picture book,
A nd little Bella and I went to look
For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I come home, and I eated my tea,
And I climbed up to my grandpapa's knee,
I'm jes' as tired as tired can be."

Lower and lower the little head pressed
Until it dropped upon grandpapa's breast;
Dear little Golden Hair! sweet be thy rest!

We are but children; the things that we do
Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,
That sees all our weakness, and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,
And we shall be called to account for our day,
He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play!

And oh! when aweary, may we be so blest
As to sink, like an innocent child, to our rest,
And feel ourselves clasped to the Infinite breast.

—F. Burton Smith.

HIRAM'S MOTHER.

"Mother," said Hiram Wetherby, as he put the milk pails down on to the buttery shelf, "I've made up my mind to be married when the spring term closes."

The mother put the strainer in the pan and watched her son pour the foaming milk in it, but she did not say a word. There was a row of pans to fill and she moved the strainer from one pan to another until all were filled. Then she took the milk pails and the strainer out into the kitchen and washed them.

"I'm afraid this is a real knock-down blow to mother," thought the son, as he went out into the shed and hung his hat on the nail.

He had been trying all day to get up courage to tell his mother his decision on a matter which had been agitating him for some time. He did wish his mother would say something, so he could talk it all over with her. But she did not speak until she sat down in her low rocker, and took up the gray sock she was toeing off.

"It seems sort of strange, Hiram, that you've made up your mind to get married after we've got on so well together all these years. Now that you are past forty it seems as if we might have kept on as long as I live just as we've been living. You know I hate changes."

"Well, mother, I think we would both be happier if I had a wife. You know you are getting on in years and it is too hard for you to work as you have to, and you won't let me get any help for you."

"Hired help isn't good for anything these days; they're more bother than they are worth. I haven't made any complaints about the work, have I? I can't get about as spry as I used to, but I seem to get around after a while. I like to take my own time and my own way, without having anybody hurrying me, or interfering."

"I'm sorry you feel so set against my marrying, mother. I think it would be a great deal easier for you if I had a wife, and Letty is such a sweet girl that I know you would get along with her. You could go over to Aunt Ann's and make a visit, or down to Uncle Jacob's, and you wouldn't have to worry about things here for they would go right on just the same as if you were home."

"I never was any hand to go gadding about visiting, Hiram. I never found any place yet quite as good as my own home. Besides, Letty Sheldon couldn't do the work I do, that little delicate thing of a school-teacher! If you were going to marry Matilda Bascom, that would be different. She is a regular driver with work."

"I could never love Matilda, as I love Letty. You don't know Letty, mother. Every one who knows her speaks in the highest terms of her. If she is a little delicate thing' she has managed that school at Ridgeland for two years without any trouble, and she is the only teacher that has stayed over a term or two there, you know. It is called the hardest school in the county."

"Managing a farm and managing a school are two entirely different things, Hiram."

"Well, mother, I am able to hire help, and live like folks, and I want to make life easier for the two women I love best on earth—my mother, and Letty Sheldon, whom I hope soon to call my wife."

"I shan't say anything against your marriage, Hiram. Of course you are old enough to do as you wish—only I wasn't looking for it, that's all."

Mrs. Wetherby took up her candlestick with an injured look on her face, and putting a fresh candle in it, she said, "Good night, Hiram."

The son got up and put his arms around his mother and kissed her.

"Good night, mother." He saw tears gathering in her eyes. "You know when I get married you will have a daughter. I've heard you say many times that you wished you had a daughter."

The mother made no reply and went to her room.

"I should think mother would be glad that I am going to be so happy," was her son's thought.

"And so you are going to marry Hiram Wetherby, Miss Sheldon," said the chairman of the school committee, when he gave the young teacher the check in payment of her services, during the school term just ended.

"Yes, Mr. Kimbark, that is what I have promised to do."

"We don't like to have you leave the school, for you are the best teacher we have ever had in this district. But we ought not to say anything against your getting married, if you want to, especially as you are going to do so well. Hiram Wetherby is one of the best young men I know of, and is respected all through the county. But I am a little afraid it will be hard for you to get along with Hiram's mother. You see her life has been just bound up in that boy ever since his father died, twenty-five years ago. The old lady is considerably broken down now, but she was one of the smartest women I ever knew when she was in her prime. I hope she will give up to you when you go there and take things easy the rest of her life. But my wife says, 'Hiram Wetherby's mother isn't going to give up yet a while, if he does bring a wife there."

"I think Hiram's mother and I will get on quite pleasantly, Mr. Kimbark. I understand how she must feel about Hiram's getting married now as they have lived alone together so many years. I shall try my best to be a good, true, loving daughter to her."

"No doubt of that, Miss Sheldon, no doubt of that. You are a grand hand to make things go on smoothly anywhere. I congratulate Hiram's mother on getting such a sensible, well-balanced daughter, and I wish you much happiness in your married life."

When Hiram Wetherby came home with his wife, and said, "I have brought you a daughter, mother," there was not that cordial welcome given that Letty wished and hoped for. She felt that she was an innovation in the little family circle, and that Hiram's mother felt that she had come between her and her son, and married the perfect love and understanding they had hitherto had. But she never spoke of her unhappiness to her husband. She tried to be the most loving, patient, pleasant wife and daughter, that it was possible for her to be. When she was sorely tried she went alone to her room and asked for grace and strength to do her duty to both of those for whose happiness she lived.

Mrs. Wetherby did not feel that she could give up the house-keeping to Letty, although she was proving day by day that she was fully capable of taking what was really a burden now to Hiram's mother. "I said I wouldn't give up and I won't," was the mother's mental conclusion, when the thought suggested itself that it would be wiser to rest from the labors of household cares and duties.

"Mis' Wetherby, Mis' Wetherby!" called the washerwoman at the foot of the stairs, one morning six months after Hiram had been married. "Come down quick, your mother's fallen the length of them cellar stairs!"

Letty had heard a noise, but she thought it was somebody carrying vegetables to the cellar.

It had been an unusal trying morning to Letty. Washing days always were because Hiram's mother would insist upon doing more than she ought, and that tired and irritated her to a degree that made it harder for the daughter. Letty ran down stairs and found Hiram and his man bringing the mother up from the cellar. She was soon placed on the bed and the doctor sent for.

"I was afraid those berries were working," she said, "and I thought I'd go down and look after them."

"Why didn't you let me go, mother?" Letty asked, as she bathed the blood off from a slight wound on the old lady's face.

"Well, I thought maybe you wouldn't know, dear, if they were working."

Hiram's mother had never spoken in such a kind tone of voice before. The doctor found that Mrs. Wetherby's hip was injured in such a way that, at her age, the probability was she would not be able to be around for some time.

"She's had to give up now, sure enough," said one of the neighbors, but Letty only felt pity for the dear old mother who could not bear to give up the duties she had faithfully done for so many, many years. It takes quite a while and a good deal of grace for folks to arrive at the conclusion that the time has come for them, in a sense, to be laid aside.

Letty's patient, loving ministrations were well appreciated. "You seem to know just what to do, Letty," the mother said one day when the gentle hand of her daughter was driving the pain away. "Is Hiram about anywhere? I would like to talk with you both."

"I want you to forgive me both of you, for being so selfish and so set in my way. I made life harder for you both instead of easier. I haven't done as I ought to by Letty, and I'm sorry. Somehow I felt that she had taken Hiram's love for me away, but there is mother love and there is wife love, and I ought to have considered it all. A man is much happier in life if he has a good wife, and that is the way the good Lord meant it to be. I'm glad that you didn't hear to me, Hiram, and that you were wise enough to marry Letty instead of Matilda. Matilda's so high strung we'd never got along at all. I've puttered around in my slow way and hindered you, Letty, lots of times when you wanted to get the work out of the way, and I know I've tried and vexed you very often with some of my set ways, but you've never spoken a quick or an unkind word to me, and you've tried your best to get along pleasantly with Hiram's mother. Thank you. It doesn't do for folks to be so independent as I've been, for something may come at any time to show us what frail, dependent creatures we are."

Years have passed by. Mrs. Wetherby gets about the house with the aid of a crutch, but at eventime a new light has come into her face. She is very happy. Everybody who goes to see her hears her tell what a wonderful woman her daughter Letty is; she doesn't know how she could possibly do without her. She is so glad Hiram is able to keep help, so Letty will never have to work as hard as she has done. Little grandchildren put their loving arms about her and give her sweet kisses, and are ever ready to do something for dear grandmamma. She has the sunniest room in the house, and her large print Bible is ever open on the stand by her easy chair. Her room is a veritable chamber of peace in which all the members of the household love to gather.—*Standard.*

— Delicate children find a wonderful tonic and invigorator in Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Its pleasant taste and ready digestibility especially adapt it for their use. All the leading physicians prescribe it.

— Regular action of the bowels is the foundation of health. Secure this and remove constipation, etc., by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

What the Sunbeam Saw.

The newsboys had already sold fat bundles of papers, though it was comparatively early in the morning. The sun had climbed lazily over the roofs and spires of the young Western city, and was now smiling down indulgently upon the noisy little fellows as they darted about with their shrill cries of "Full 'count of terrible tragedy." And so it was that many men hurrying to an early business, or sitting down, paper in hand, to a breakfast table, had that morbid curiosity dormant in every man amply gratified by a sensational account of a murder.

The paper told graphically of the little band of Salvationists that the night before had marched down a narrow street in a "slum" district. The boom of the big drum, the clash of tambourines and the rythmical chant of their songs had brought about them a mob of hooting, jeering toughs, urged on by "Big Mike" Sullivan, drunker and uglier than usual.

Under startling head-lines the paper went on to tell what had happened when the stalwart young leader of the "Army," Captain Ben Davis, with the sturdy determination that marked his every action, had solemnly warned the scoffers of the terrible punishment awaiting them in the world to come if they did not repent. Hell was a startling reality to the simple Captain, but his earnestness only enraged still more the angry mob.

Then Lieutenant Blake had stepped forward to talk to them. Her face, delicate with rare purity and refinement, had caused many to marvel as they saw her trudging about the dusty streets, in and out the saloons and dives, with her beauty framed in the ugly bonnet and her bundle of "War Cries" under her arm. And most honest and hearty in his admiration had been her square-jawed young Captain. For a moment she had held the mob in check with her gentle, loving words. A coarse, ribald jest from a drunken sailor had broken the spell, and a stone flew by dangerously near her head.

Then came the tragedy. Captain Ben had pushed to her side at once, forcing back "Big Mike" with the staff of the flag he carried. There were angry oaths from the burly tough and encouraging cries from the mob behind him. The Lieutenant had interposed between her Captain and the rowdy. As he felt her hand laid lightly on his shoulders, Sullivan had turned in drunken fury, and had struck the little woman full in the face. Before he could repeat the blow, Captain Ben had put all his giant strength into a swinging blow of the iron-shod flagstaff, and the rowdy crashed back against a lamp-post with his skull crushed in. In less than ten minutes a squad of police had cleared the street. Sullivan was dead and Captain Davis was dying,—"might live a day or two," said the doctor, as he left him in care of little, lame Jimmie, who shared the shabby room that the Captain called home.

Bennett, the brightest reporter on the *Morning News*, had made a good job of it when he got the assignment to write up the affair, and the managing editor chuckled gleefully as he thounht of the "scoop" his extras had made over his rival across the way. Breakfast tables and business offices were enjoyably horrified, and the sun, mounting higher and higher in the blue sky, beamed good-naturedly upon the bustling young city.

One inquisitive sunbeam danced gally down through the leaves of a stunted tree that wearily spread its dusty foliage before a dingy house, as if ashamed of its poor success in hiding the shabbiness of the boards. The house seemed quietly deserted, but the merry little ray found a broken slat in the blind. It promptly darted through into the darkened room beyond, only to flicker with fright at the low sobbing that came from a curly-headed young ragamuffin, crouched all in a heap at the foot of a rickety bed.

It was not an attractive room, and it bore out with honest frankness the signs of poverty that the exterior of the house mutely proclaimed. On one bare wall a motto in flaming red warned all to "Fear God and Keep His Commandments." In one corner a tasselled American flag hung limply from a broken staff. Both the flaring motto and the gaudy flag seemed rollicking with incongruous gayety in the sombre gloom.

The curly-headed boy sobbed on and on very softly; for on the bed lay a strong, broad-shouldered young man, breathing heavily. He was such a great strong fellow that the frightened little sunbeam felt pitifully sorry to see the signature of death written across his face in a deep pallor, made more grisly in its ghastly contrast to the blood stains on the bandage that turbaned the shapely head. The same ominous stain glowed more dully where the blood had dripped on the kindlier red of the torn jersey, with its white-lettered "Salvation Army."

Gradually the sick man threw off the thraldom of the merciful drug. He stirred uneasily, and the sharp pain that quickly answered the slightest movement made him open his eyes. He looked about as if dazed.

"Jim," said he, faintly.

The sobbing ceased instantly, and the heap of ragged clothes at the foot of the bed resolved itself into a little crippled lad, who swung himself to the head of the bed with a stubby crutch. His under lip quivered tremulously, and tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he made no sound.

"Why, Jimmy, what are you crying for?" said the sick man in a tone that he meant should be buoyantly cheerful, but which, in reality, was a feeble tremble. He was weak with pain, and had hardly thrown off the stupor of the drug; but ever since he had found Jimmy half-starved in a filthy cellar, he had made it his care to have the crippled little fellow's life happy, and Jimmy, in turn, fairly worshipped the Captain, believing implicity everything that the earnest leader of the "Army" thought necessary to teach him. So the Captain's first thought on seeing Jimmy crying was to cheer him, for even in his bewilderment of pain he realized that the little fellow stood there by his side with great tears chasing each other down his face.

"You're going to die, Cap'n, and go to heaven and leave me here all alone," replied the boy, simply; again the tears welled up, but he made no attempt to wink them away, as he gazed straight down at the poor, bruised face on the pillow.

Then Captain Ben remembered it all, and he knew that the mob and the blow and the desperate rush had not been a terrible nightmare. For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the choking of the boy as he tried to hold back the sobs.

"Jim," said the Captain softly, "Jim, was she hurt?"

"No," said Jim, "she was here all night; she'll be back soon. Sim's got a broken arm. You killed Mike Sullivan dead enough, though," he added, with a burst of fierce pride.

As he heard of his Lieutenant's safety, the sick man's face was bright; then it grew sober with sudden despair. Again there was silence. Then the husky voice was heard, in startling weakness contrasted from the stalwart frame.

"Jim," and the pallor of the sunken face seemed to be ghastlier, "Jim, I. she'n't go to heaven."

"Not go to heaven," repeated the boy in amazement. "Won't you pass the pearly gates of the golden city, and wear a robe washed white in the blood of the Lamb, like you told me of?" and he forgot his crying in his surprise.

"No," said the Captain, wearily, "I'm a murderer, that is what I am; and murderers don't pass through the pearly gates, for 'no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' I have the blood of a brother on my hands, and I must be burned with everlasting fire." His voice grew strong with sudden despair.

Jimmy thought it over soberly. It never occurred to him to doubt the judgment of his friend. He had always taken his theology from him far more readily than ever did devout Romanist accept the dictum of a Pope.

"It aint fair at all," cried Jimmy, in sudden anger. "You are the bravest, best man that ever lived; you have done heaps of good, and, besides, Mike was a mean skunk who had ought to be killed. Why, you never hit him at all till he had struck the lieutenant."

"I know it," was the grim reply, "but because he is bad it makes it all the worse. He wasn't fit to die. So I must go to everlasting punishment with the rest of the murderers. I've tried to fear the Lord and to keep His commandments, and"—very wistfully—"it was pleasant to think of the great city shining with the light of His presence. But it is not for murderers," and pain and despair pressed his lips so tightly together that the hollows in the curves of the square jaws seemed to sink still deeper.

With a glowing fear in his heart, Jimmy pondered the problem seriously. "Can't you repent," he cried, with hope, "the Bible is full of 'repent.'"

"No, I can't," was the reply, "that is the worst of it, I can't feel sorry. If Mike Sullivan was going to hit the Lieutenant again, I would knock him down again, though God knows I never meant to kill him. But, Jimmy, *you* must be a good boy. You will go to heaven when you die."

The face on the pillow grew grayer and grayer, as death came closer and closer. Despair and grim determination never left it, though the mind began to wander. Again the Captain was in the street, exhorting his motley audience to flee from the wrath to come; again he was cheerily helping his lame friend over the rough places in the road; once he called "Lieutenant" in a glad, happy way.

Leaning on his crutch, Jimmy stood looking down at him in deperate sorrow. Suddenly he slipped upon his knees beside the bed, and began to pray with great earnestness.

"O Lord," he cried, "please, I want to go where the Cap'n goes. He is the only one that was ever good to me, and I want to be with him always. I don't want to live in a mansion of jasper, unless he does, too. Never mind if it does hurt. I had just as soon stand it if I am with him. Why, Lord, he's the only friend I ever had. I tell you I love him. Please, please, God, let me go where he goes."

The crooked form of the cripple trembled and quivered with sobs, as he knelt there with his face buried in the bedclothes, praying with terrible earnestness. All at once the sobs ceased. Death was very near now, and the room seemed darkened with the shadow of his black wings. Suddenly the gray face on the pillow lost its grim sadness, and a look bright as sunrise flashed over it. He opened wide his eyes, and, smiling gladly at the bowed form by his side, he cried, in a strong, clear voice:

"Why, Jim, it's all right, it's all right."

"I know it, Cap'n; I am going there, too," burst from the boy in quick reply.

Then all was silent, only one breath whispering out in the perfect quiet. A breeze rustled the leaves of the tree, and the sunbeam darted lightly down on the curly head, and stroked with loving touch the pallid face, peaceful with the glad surprise that death had brought. Outside the window the boys still cried, "Full 'count of terrible tragedy" But they did not have a full account. Only the sunbeam knew it all.—*Watchman.*

James MacMillan, Esq., Helena Ave., Brasondale, Toronto, Canada: "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over twenty years, and have tried every supposed cure, which in some cases gave me temporary relief, but the trouble came back again with renewed force, until I almost despaired of being cured, thinking that instead of dyspepsia it must be cancer of the stomach I had for the last three years. I have been in agony from pain in the stomach, besides other symptoms innumerable, until I could not even move about, from pain and weakness. At last I saw your K. D. C. advertised, and procured a free sample, which I found doing me good. I have used five packages, and am free, at present, from pain or ache, although it is six months since I have been cured. I believe permanently."

— In spite of all news items to the contrary, the oldest inhabitant is never dead.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Royalty Wields the Brush.

Princess Louise is not the only artistic member of her family. Her mother, the Queen, used formally to be a remarkably successful etcher, and even to this day continues to wield her brush with much skill in water colors. The same may be said of the Queen's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, while her youngest child, the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, not only paints in oils and water colors, but also models. She has a superb studio in her palace at Berlin, and also another at Hamburg residence. Her talent in this respect has been inherited by both her sons, and the panels of the main saloon of Emperor William's yacht, the "Kaiser Adler," are decorated with marine sketches painted by the Emperor and Prince Henry.

Another Queen who is quite an artist in her way is the consort of King Leopold of Belgium, and she is in the habit of sending sketches, both in water color and in oils, to the various charitable fairs, where they are invariably purchased for large sums by foreign ministers or native statesmen desirous of ingratiating themselves with the royal family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

— Skoda's Little Tablets cures headache and dyspepsia.

Mr. Geo. W. Cook
Of St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Like a Waterfall
Great Suffering
After the Grip

Tremendous Roaring in the Head — Pain in the Stomach.

"To C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Two years ago I had a severe attack of the Grip, which left me in a terribly weak and debilitated condition. Last winter I had another attack and was again very badly off, my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone. I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and

Severe Sinking Pains

in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." Geo. W. Cook, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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40 DOCK ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

To the Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of Thomas Appleby, late of the City of Saint John, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

WE hereby give notice that in default of payment of certain mortgage monies owing to the trustees under the last will and testament of George W. Ritchie, deceased, by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage made by said Thomas Appleby, deceased, and Fanny Lucy, his wife, bearing date the first day of April, A. D. 1868, we shall, on **Wednesday, the Eleventh day of October next**, at 12 o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture, in execution of the powers thereby vested in said trustees.

Dated the first day of September, A. D. 1893.

H. W. FRITH,
ELIZABETH I. RITCHIE,
Trustees last will George W. Ritchie, deceased.

A. H. DeMILL,
Solicitor for Mortgagees.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1893. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 26th June, 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
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	14.55
Express for Halifax	23.30

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.00
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec (Monday excepted)	6.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	6.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	19.55
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Campbellton	18.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	23.35

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX—

Express for St. John and Sydney, and North Sydney, C. B.	6.45
Express for Bedford	13.30
Through Express for St. John, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	15.00
Accommodation for Truro and Pictou	16.00
Express for Bedford	17.30
Express for Dartmouth	18.35
Express for St. John	21.00

The train leaving Halifax for Montreal on Saturday at 15.00 o'clock, via Quebec, will run to destination on Sunday.

The St. John, Quebec and Montreal Express leaving Halifax at 15.00 o'clock, has Buffet Sleeping Cars attached for St. John and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Express from Dartmouth	6.40
Express from St. John (Monday excepted)	8.00
Express from Truro (daily)	8.00
Through Express from Montreal, Quebec and Chicago (Monday excepted)	11.30
Express from Truro (daily)	11.30
Express from Bedford	13.40
Express from Bedford	18.10
Express from St. John	18.20
Through Express from Montreal and St. John	23.25

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
31st June, 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, 26th June, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1.45 p. m., arrive at Weymouth at 4 32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.13 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.00 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John daily (except Sunday). At Yarmouth with steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.

Yarmouth, N. S.

WANTED!
Nova Scotia Stamps
for which I will pay the following prices:

One penny...	$ 1.50	2 cents.....	$0.06
Threepence....	.40	5 cents.....	.08
Sixpence.....	1.50	8½ cents.....	.75
One shilling..	15.00	10 cents.....	.15
1 cent.....	.06	12½ cents.....	.10

The Stamps must be in good condition. If on the envelope ten per cent. more.
Stamps now in use not wanted.

ADDRESS—
F. BURT SAUNDERS,
P. O. Box 309, ST. JOHN, N. B.

FALL--1893.

OUR TRAVELLERS are now on the road with complete lines of

DRY GOODS,
MILLINERY, and
SMALLWARE
FOR THE COMING FALL TRADE.

We respectfully ask all wholesale buyers to look over our Samples before placing orders elsewhere, as we feel assured that it will be to your advantage to do so.

DANIEL & BOYD, LTD.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

NEW GOODS
—IN—
Gentlemen's Department,
27 King Street.

NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces, French Braces, Bag Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK:
English All-Linen Collars in the latest styles; and the "Doris" (Paper, Turn-down) and "The Swell" (Paper, Standing) Collars.

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STAINED GLASS
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