FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY M. E. Q. BRUSH.

Nobody could say that the Daceys were a lazy family. Dave Dacey, a lad of only seventeen years, but strong, fair and ruddy as his namesake of old, he of Goliath fame, was the breadwinner of the family. At seven o'clock every morning, clad in a blouse and overalls, and armed with brush and paint pail, Dave trudged off to his work. Although only a house painter, he had artistic aspirations, and his cozy room in the little brown cottage was filled with sketches which, crude though they might be, evinced a merit easily recognized by others less partial than his sister Dolly.

Dolly was Dave's twin. She had the same clear, violet eyes; the same light complexion that a laugh flushes so rosily; the same brown hair with a glint of red gold in it. Dolly had her aspirations, too. She wanted to be a writer. Thus far, however, she had launched but few barks upon the troubled sea of literature. Some of them had foundered, but several had come into port grandly, and the pale blue and yellow checks for a modest sum sent Dolly had caused days of rejoicing in the brown cottage.

Aunt Betsey Dacey had neither artistic nor literary longings. She had become an inmate of the household when the parents of the twins were alive, and when the sunshine of prosperity had brightened her welcome. And when death and loss of property came, Aunt Betsey stayed on, though there were those who said that it was extremely foolish for the twins to burden themselves with a feeble, old relative. But Aunt Betsey knew that she was secure in the love of the two loyal-hearted young people, and she did her best to help eke out the family income by knitting socks and mittens and piecing quilts.

There was another member of the Dacey household, whom we may mention incidentally. This was the lady boarder, a lonely, sad-hearted woman who had once been rich, and had friends who had called her beautiful and witty, and had, or thought she had, all the glories of the world in a rainbow heap. But the riches had taken to themselves wings; so, figuratively speaking, had the friends, and the lady boarder, sulting her position to her purse, was moping in the little brown cottage and trying to fight Giant Despair, though to be sure, a cozy, brown cottage, with two lively young folks in it like Dave and Dolly, never does make a very successful Doubting Castle.

Dave and Dolly were especially lively on the morning our story begins. Dave had the job of painting his next door neighbor's fence. He was down on his knees in the soft, cool grass, dabbing industriously at the pointed pailings that were only a few rods away from the vine-wreathed window, inside of which Dolly's face with its sunny curls every now and then appeared. Dolly's face was rosier than ever, for she was doing a big ironing, which she didn't mind in the least, because it was going to bring in some extra dollars and cents.

"I say, Davy," she called out, as she hung up a much beruffled pink muslin skirt, "I say one week more, and we'll have enough to buy our 'horses' and take our trip!"

The "horses" meant two new bicycles and the "trip" meant an outing which the twins had planned and for which they had saved for more than two years. Their route was to be through a certain famous valley walled in by green hills, where every turn in the road was to bring new scenes before Dave's beauty loving eyes. As for Dolly, she intended that "every incident and accident" should be immortalized in pen and ink. It was a beautiful air castle that the twins had been building—a substantial one, too, for, as Dolly had said, the funds for the trip were nearly gathered together. Much cheerful chatter went back and forth from the open window to the line of buff pickets. Even the robins in the cherry tree were not more merry. Dolly was just trying a sizzing iron, and Dave was giving a few extra flourishes to the red cap of the buff fence post, when a high-pitched voice from the side porch called out excitedly:

"Children, children, where be ye?"

"There's aunt Betsey calling," said Dave. "I guess she's found an extra bit of news in the weekly paper; I saw Jake Mangus come by with the mail a few minutes ago."

But it was no news from the village paper that had so excited aunt Betsey. She had just received a very interesting letter.

"It's from Nancy Ann Peirle!" she chirped cheerily as the young folks appeared on the scene. "You've heard me speak o' her. Her an' me lived side by side fur over forty years. We borroyed one another's emptin's an' dress patterns an' helped each other through spells o' sickness We never had no trouble. If I'd a sister I couldn't have thought more of her than I did o' Nancy Ann—an' she o' me! An', now she ain't furgot me—land sakes; no! An' what do you think children?" here aunt Betsey nodded so excitedly that her cap nearly tumbled off "what do you think, Nancy Ann has sent me an invite to come to Digby Junction! For a visit o' six weeks or maybe two months! Her son an' his wife air goin' away an' Nancy Ann is left to keep house alone—they're got a real stylish place, I've heard say—an' she wants me fur company. Six weeks—jest think! How Nancy Ann's tongue an' mine would run! We ain't seen one another fur fifteen years! My, how I should admire to go! But," here aunt Betsey sighed—"of course I can't go. I might as well think of going to Yurup or Jericho as to think of a trip to Digby Junction! It's over five hundred miles there—I looked in the railroad guide once an' it would cost over twelve dollars to go an' twelve dollars to come back. 'Sides, I ain't got no clothes fit to wear. I expect Nancy Ann's kinder stylish—her son's district attorney, you know—an' I shouldn't want her to be ashamed o' me. Well, well, well, it's kinder nice to think about the invite, even if I can't accept it."

Whereupon, Aunt Betsey fell to knitting industriously, though occasionally she lifted her eyes from the gray sock to gaze longingly over the rim of the distant hills beyond which lay the delectable region of "Digby Junction."

The twins walked soberly away to their respective occupations. Dave whistled thoughtfully as he poured a little turpentine into his paint pail, and Dolly's brows wore a wrinkle of perplexity as she tucked a couple of maple sticks in the stove. She finished her ironing in silence, and then, walking out, perched like a meditative grasshopper among the clover by the buff fence.

"Dave," she began slowly, "I have been thinking about Aunt Betsey's invitation."

"So have I," said her brother soberly.

"It would be awfully nice if she could go!"

"So it would."

"We might" here Dolly looked very keenly at Dave—"we might use our bicycle money. Now, Davy, dear, don't be vexed at my suggesting it! It kept coming and coming into my mind, and I had to tell you."

Dave let his paint brush drop into the pail of Indian red, pushed his cap back from his moist, white forehead, and gazed thoughtfully beyond the rim of the blue hills. He was not thinking so much of Digby Junction as of the untasted delights of the "little journey in the world" which he and Dolly had planned. How could he give it up just to gratify an old woman! Dolly's gentle voice went on:

"Aunt Betsey would so enjoy this visit with her old friend! She has never had any real big pleasure in her life. She worked hard even when a little child. She had a drunken husband; her only child was drowned; she has had sickness, poverty and toil. Yet she has been so brave and sunny throughout it all! You and I are young and strong, Dave. We can afford to wait a bit for our outing. This big, beautiful world isn't going to melt away before we have another chance to take our bicycle trip."

"Well" said Dave, good naturedly, "have we got enough money to have her go to Digby Junction! Fare is all right, but her clothes? I don't know whether it costs as much, though, to dress an old lady as it does a young one. Seems to me they don't have quite as many furbelows!"

Dolly laughed merrily.

"Aunt Betsey isn't very extravagant in her tastes. We could get her two new dresses a nice black silk and a pretty sateen, and these with her gray cashmere for travelling would do. Then she needs a new cape—her old black shawl is rusty—and a new bonnet, an umbrella, some gloves, shoes and rubbers, and some nice crepe lisse kerchiefs. O, we could fix her up very presentably and pay her fare and still have some money left over. Now what do you say, brother mine?"

Dave drew a long breath.

"I am willing, if you are, Dolly. It'll be a tough thing giving up our trip this year, but then, dear old aunt Betsey! Won't she just beam when she knows she is going to visit her beloved crony, Nancy Ann!"

And aunt Betsey did beam. Her brown face was radiant with smiles from morning till night. And her joy wasn't lessened by any knowledge that the twins had made a sacrifice. Her first demur at the expense of the trip was met by the assurance from Dolly that she and Dave "hadn't borrowed or begged it," and "that it was meant to be spent in having a jolly time."

It was a long journey for the old lady to take, but as it happened, some acquaintances were going along the same route, and they cheerfully volunteered to see aunt Betsey safe at her destination. And when the train moved away and the sight of a wrinkled hand wearing a black silk mitt and vigorously waving a handkerchief in farewell was lost to view, and Dave and Dolly turned homeward, their faces were very sober for usually so merry a pair. But it was caused less by their sacrifice than by the parting from their old friend and the realization of how lonely the house would be without her. But, as Dave turned a woebegone look toward the vine covered porch in which stood the empty rocking chair, his eyes were dazzled by a silvery gleam.

"Why—ee!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

And then he and Dolly stared. For there, leaning against the steps, were two pneumatic ties and the network of shining spokes—two new "Columbias!" Each bicycle bore a card, and as the twins rushed forward in breathless amazement they read: "For Dave" and "For Dolly." "One good turn deserves another!"

And while they "Ohed" and "Ahed," and laughed and shouted over these beautiful new gifts, the lady boarder sat upstairs softly smiling. She was happy and thankful, too, for only a few days before, a letter had come telling her that most of the property that she had thought irretrievably lost, was not lost after all! She was a rich woman still—albeit a much wiser one. She had learned that the sweetest power of wealth is to make others happy. She had proved this, for the shining "Columbias" downstairs were girls celebrating the recovery of her own good fortune.—N. Y. Observer.

A MISSIONARY TEA.

BY E. C. MEGEE.

Ruth's face was flushed, and her eyes were fairly sparkling from excitement as she rushed into the sitting-room upon her return from Sabbath school.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "do put on a great big thinking-cap and help me."

"Why, my dear," said her mother, "what is the matter? Why does my little daughter want so much thinking done this lovely Sabbath morning? Did not the lesson you had this morning—that beautiful lesson of the dear Saviour who has risen from the dead that we, too, might have life everlasting—give you enough to think about this holy day?"

"Oh, yes, mother, but the superintendent told us there would be a missionary from India at our school next Sunday, and that he would give us a talk on that country, and a collection would be taken for him by classes; and to the class that, without the help of their teacher, gave the most money, he would present a banner made by native workmen." By this time Ruth's breath was well-nigh gone; but, hurriedly gathering a fresh supply, she continued: "And you know, mother, our class is so small—only seven of us Each of us is going to think as hard as can be, and to morrow afternoon we will have a meeting here—I knew you wouldn't mind my having them come to our house—and decide what to do."

"Well, my dear, we will say no more about it today, but I will be at your meeting and hear what the others have thought of, and try and help you out."

Seven more earnest little girls could not be found than were grouped about Mrs. Thornton, on the pleasant piazza, next afternoon. They were quite anxious that she should immediately take charge of the meeting, and suggest what should be done to raise the money. But very wisely she first heard each little girl give her plans, and when all had expressed themselves, she said:

"Well, my dears, Nellie has, I believe, thought out the very thing for you to do, and that is to give a missionary tea; and I will help you by offering you the use of our lawn, house and myself."

"Oh, you dear, sweet mother," cried Ruth, throwing her arms about her mother's neck.

Such chattering you never heard. Even Polly in her cage took it up, and her cries of "Polly wants a cracker, Polly wants some tea," rang out shrilly above the voices of the little girls, and greatly amused them.

After a great deal of talking, and appeals to Mrs. Thornton's judgment, it was decided to have the tea on Friday evening, and that it should be kept a profound secret. Ruth's father, who was editor of one of the local papers, very kindly offered to do their printing free.

So, on Thursday evening, everybody was astonished and filled with curiosity when Mr. Thornton's office-boy threw into their yards a hand bill, reading as follows:

Seven little maidens will be pleased to receive you at seven o'clock Friday evening, and make you seven fold happy, for the small sum of seven cents. Mrs. R. Thornton's, Chestnut St.

To say the little girls' unique entertainment met with success, but feebly expresses it, for the lawn and house were filled. Scattered about under the trees were seven small tables, at each of which stood one of the little maidens, who, upon the payment of seven cents, dispensed sandwiches and coffee, also giving to each purchaser a ticket which admitted him, so it read, to the art gallery.

This feature of the entertainment had been the suggestion of Ruth's oldest brother, and was in his charge. The large reception hall had been used for his exhibit. Here in various forms, was made prominent the figure seven. "The Seven Sleepers," were represented by seven youths, who made sorry work of keeping still. Then off to one side stood "The Seven Wise Men," looking as grave and décorus as such noted people should. Still in another corner, "The Seven Wonders of the World," were cleverly represented, and caused the visitors to remark upon Arthur's ingenuity. So on, through all the legends of that mystical number, had the representation been carried out as perfectly as possible. Nor did the wonders of this entertainment cease here, for Mary Jones' sister Florence, had organized a choir of seven misses, who discoursed sweet music during the evening. It is needless to say which class made the best showing the next Sunday, and not only was the banner a piece of exquisite embroidery—given this enterprising little class, but the missionary was so pleased when he heard from the superintendent how the money had been raised, that he told them he would not put it in with the general fund but would make a special contribution of it towards the education of a little girl now in a missionary school in this country, fitting herself for a teacher, that she might some day go back and tell her own people of Jesus and the wonders His love works in the hearts of men.—Presbyter and Herald.

The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with all who use them. All druggists. 25c.

Presiding Magistrate—How came you to enter the premises? Prisoner—Please, you worship, 2 a. m., no police about, an open window on the ground floor—you would have climbed in yourself.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money.

LOU'S OPPORTUNITY.

"O mamma," said Lou Sherman, with a little sigh, as she dropped the paper she had been reading, "it seems to me I would almost be willing to be an invalid, if I could do as much good as the girl in this story did. She was a real blessing to every one in town, yet she could not leave her bed. It is so beautiful to think how they all came to her with their troubles, and she always helped them some way."

"I agree with you, dear," answered her mother, "but is there any reason why one in health should not do the same?"

"People would not be so apt to come to you if you were well and strong and busy," said Lou.

"Why not? If one is in the habit of being helpful, I think people will come to be helped. They come anyway, I'm sure. I heard Hattie Ellis telling you a long story only yesterday how cross and disagreeable her Aunt Martha is. Now I know that Miss Martha Ellis is their ought good at heart, but she is not used to children at all, and it is very trying for her to have the care of four wide-awake, mischievous boys and girls. I suppose now if you had been a bed-ridden invalid, you would have suggested this to Hattie, and have tried to influence her to help her aunt all she could. But being only a perfectly healthy girl, you encouraged her in her faultfinding, and so made poor Miss Martha's task harder than ever"

"O, mamma, I'm so ashamed!" exclaimed Lou, with crimson cheeks. "I did not really think I was doing harm, and Miss Martha is so fussy."

"I know, dear, she may be; but remember, as I say, she is not used to children. She has lived quietly by herself these many years; and we cannot change our habits easily, you know. Hattie could help her very much, if she would try, and you could have helped Hattie. Don't waste any more time thinking what you could do if you were an invalid, but be on the watch to see how you can help those about you now. Very often a word or two will turn the scale one way or the other; ask God to keep you from letting any of yours turn in the wrong way."

Lou sat thinking for a long time. Things which had happened came back to her as she thought. She had half envied this girl; but after all, had she not had much the same opportunities? Yes, there had been plenty of times when she might have allayed trouble and smoothed rough places, or made kind suggestions; but as far as she could remember she had done just the opposite. Her eyes filled with tears, and from her heart went an earnest cry for help to do better in the future.

Only a short time before, a new family had moved into town who had manifested from the first a decided objection to giving to any one any of their past history. It had, of course, created considerable curiosity; but as they were without doubt refined, cultivated people, they had been slowly admitted into society. The oldest daughter was one of Lou's schoolmates.

The next morning after Lou's talk with her mother, she found a knot of girls in the school dressing-room talking very excitedly.

"O, Lou, what do you think?" asked one, as she came in. "We've found out why the Rawson's have been so private about themselves. Helen's brother Arthur is in prison for forgery. I don't think I shall care to have much to do with her now."

It was on Lou's tongue to say, "Neither shall I," when something held her back. Her talk with her mother the night before flashed into her mind. "A word or two will often turn the scale one way or the other." Was not this an opportunity; But she had secretly felt jealous of Helen all the time because her own particular friend, Lizzie Ames, had been so taken with her. Lou was very jealous of her friends, and wanted them all to herself. Why need she interfere about Helen; very likely she was not a nice girl.

"A word will often turn the scale; ask God to let none of yours turn it to the wrong way."

How those words of her mother rang in her ears. Lou turned slowly and resolutely around.

"I will make it so hard for Helen, Jennie," she said earnestly, "if the girls cut her; and I cannot see why she is to blame for her brother's sin. I think we ought to be all the kinder to her; don't you?"

"If we pretend to follow the Golden Rule, I suspect we had," answered Greta Parks promptly.

"I'm glad you spoke as you did, Lou; only I'm ashamed that I did not see it so myself. I knew I should feel bad enough if I were Helen, and it would be more than cruel for us to give her the cold shoulder now"

"I found little opportunity today, mamma," said Lou that night. "I tried to use it, and I think I did help some; but, O, mamma, to think how many times I have let my words go the wrong way?"—Kate S. Gates, in Christian Intelligencer.

THE CROSS.

I remember once reading of a woman who was passing a hard way and she had a dream. She thought she stood by a river's brink, and saw lying in the water the darkest cross that she had ever seen; it was fairly black as it lay in the water. And in her dream it seemed to her that the guide or somebody by her side, said, "Lift it."

"Why," she said, "how can I lift it? I cannot lift it."

He said, "Lift it," and as she put her hand underneath the cross it seemed the lightest kind of cork, and came up as light as anything could be. It was heavy, it was dark, but when she put her hand under it it became light.

You know we instinctively get away from troubles, we think we must get away from them if anybody hurts us—and we are in a world where there is a great deal of hurting going on, and those who are hurting may be in the inside circle, those whom we love the best. The instinct is to get away, when if we could see the deep meaning in this we would get closer, we would pick up our cross as in the picture, and we would say, "my cross."

That cross may be your own child, and you should say, "Ah! he is my cross now, and I must carry him very closely." If we would come to the Christ-spirit, to the Christ-love, we should say, "because he has hurt me so, because she has hurt me so, because they are so far from God, must carry them now so closely, carry them in spirit so pitifully.—Silver Cross.

WANTED TO KEEP ONE IDOL

How often this question comes up, when the Lord's children begin to compromise matters with God, respecting their ownership and dedicatorship.

Here is a story of a poor heathen mother, which I trust will have its own peculiar lesson for each one of us, both reader and writer.

Some twelve months ago, I was asking my christian teacher about his family. He had just returned from a visit to his mother. I said to him, "Is your dear old mother on your side yet?" "Not yet," he said, "but I think she will soon believe in Jesus Two or three years ago, she began with doing away with some of her gods, such as, 'the god of riches,' 'god of mercy,' etc. One by one, in answer to my pleadings, she discarded them, but this year she has just one left, the 'kitchen god.' To give that up was too much. With almost weeping eyes the old mother said, 'I have given up this one and that one. Won't you spare me this one. I can't die happy without one. Surely you won't take that away."

Brethren and sisters, let the poor old mother's action preach a silent sermon to each one of us.

What have I left that I have not put upon the altar? (See Rom. xii: 1; Eph. v: 1, 2.)

If Jesus is ours we have all, and there is nothing we need keep back.—Christain Alliance.

If you would always be healthy, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

Violinist (proudly)—The instrument I shall use at your house tomorrow evening, Mein Herr, is over two hundred years old. Parvenu—O, never mind that. It is good enough. No one will know the difference.

In cases where dandruff, scalp diseases, falling and grayness of the hair appear, do not neglect them, but apply a proper remedy and tonic like Hall's Hair Renewer.

"Stryker seems to be working pretty hard in this campaign. I never saw a man look so pale." "It's from loss of blood. Since he started to run for office his heart has been bleeding for the workingman every time he makes a speech."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

"Bumply seems wonderfully well satisfied with himself." "Yes. There's nothing you can mention that he doesn't think he knows all about." "Well, I suppose you can't blame him. He has no children old enough to ask questions and take the conceit out of him.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Bobby (presenting a friend)—Mamma, do you see Tommy Jones? Mamma—Yes, Bobby; but I've met Tommy before. Didn't you know it? Bobby—But you know, mamma, that you said yesterday, that I was the naughtiest boy you ever saw. So I wanted you to see Tommy Jones.

No other remedy for Pulmonary troubles combines so many good qualities, nor proves so generally efficacious as Puttner's Emulsion. For sale by all medicine dealers, only 50 cents for a large bottle.

Pale face—Why don't you get a civilized name for yourself, now that you have become a civilized Indian? Noble red man Ugh! What your name? Pale face—My name is Iglehart. Noble red man (with crushing sarcasm)—Ugh! Iglehart! Heap good! Injun's name Eagle Heart! Heap bad!

Much of life's misery is due to indigestion; for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

His Grace—And what dot may I expect with your daughter? Well, how would two millions strike you? His Grace—Then will do; only in view of the financial unrest in America, I want a gold payment claim inserted in the contract. I don't want any bimetallism in mine.—Harper's Bazaar.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a *healthy* living body, either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

First Workingman—Look at the inequality. Mr. Million, who lives not ten squares from the corner, has a dog-house that cost $5,000. What do you think of that? Second Workingman—I think it's a good thing he wanted it; for I built it for him, and made $1,000 out of it.

The brightest flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vanderveort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes; "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

MR. GEO. MERRETT
Toronto, Ontario.

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"I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks; during that time I had leeches applied and derived no benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found relief before I had finished taking half of a bottle. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and since taking the second bottle I feel as well as ever I did in my life." GEO. MERRETT, Toronto, Ont.

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Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy of action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

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A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

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Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 7th October, 1895, the Trains of this Railway will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

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,
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