THE RED FORESTER.

One fine day in October three children were merrily at play on the outskirts of one of the grand old forests that are found on the Baltic shore. The pretty red and yellow leaves under their feet afforded them immense delight as they massed them into a pile, upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind thoughtful face; the other, a happy and light-hearted boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good stout stick, with which he aided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing, and the child gave a scream of terror as it looked into her face with a hoarse cry. In a moment the older boy had caught up his brother's stick and, aiming two or three stout blows at the bird's head, laid it lifeless.

As he took Elsa in his arms and soothed her the younger boy examined the raven. "Oh, Hans," said he, "I fear that was one of the Red Forester's birds it is so large and its look is so evil. Old Walther says sorrow comes to any who molest them."

"Mother says old Walther is not always truthful," answered Hans. "We must not mind his stories. Leave the bird, Otto. Come, the wind is cool, and mother will look for the baby now."

Two or three hundred yards from where the children played might be seen the straw-thatched roof of their little home, and from the sand bluffs before the cottage one had a view of miles of seacoast. Today the waves rippled and danced in the sunlight as if no storms could ever disturb their calm. At anchor near the shore lay a number of fishing boats, making a pretty bit of color with their copper-hued sails; and the white, sandy beech was covered for a long stretch with the nets hung out to dry on endless frames, showing plainly the general occupation of the breadwinners of that pretty village nestling between the forest and shore.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain to some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means left him of procuring a livelihood was to follow his father's calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Frau Muller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door, and, taking Elsa and Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a whack in time. "Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther told him so."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother.

"Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Frau Muller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to her rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kill his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story darkness had come on and the wind began to moan round the house.

The mother sat quiet, with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother; "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

Poor Hans. He felt sad and heavy-hearted. His mother's face wore a troubled look, he was sure. And this was true; for the entire force of fishermen were out at sea, and old Walther had called to tell her a heavy storm was brewing; many shooting stars had been seen the night before, showing clearly from which direction to expect the wind. Did she not recall the woe the last October storm had brought to three families?

Indeed, she remembered it only too vividly. The wind as it blew stronger sounded more and more dreadful to her. If, as last year, they were driven as far out, it would be days before all could return; until then what terrible anxiety! The sight of a great pair of boots in the corner made her shudder, for she knew they were the fisherman's doom. Weighted down by these heavy rubber things, which are buckled securely about the legs and loins, there is no possible chance for a man to save himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Frau Miller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look.

Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrific to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not believe it.

The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings.

The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent?

The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was too full of anxieties to notice that he neither ate nor spoke. One thought grew stronger in his mind as the storm increased. He would find the abode of the Red Forester. What was his life if only his father was saved to the rest.

As the third morning dawned the storm was lessening; but when no boats came in all was gloom and sorrow. The old men shook their heads as they looked on the sea. No doubt some had gone out who would never return.

The little fellow's brain was distracted. It was still early morning. The mother slept worn out with care. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unfrequented part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea before him; to go deeper and deeper into the black untrodden wilds.

By and by the fever took possession of his reason, and began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

Hours went by and still he walked on, not knowing how he moved. The darkness came on early, and the boy began to fail in his weakness.

All at once he found himself in a clear space, in the middle of which a great fire was burning. Had he indeed found the Red Forester? Yes, it must be so. A man in a red gown and a golden cap was feeding the fire with a fierce delight.

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and, tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

It was a most surprised old gentleman into whose presence the boy had tumbled. Lovingly and tenderly he carried the child into a warm pleasant room where all was done to restore him. His wet clothing was removed; and although Hans felt the comfort of a warm bed, still, all night long he tossed and cried in fever: "My father, oh, Red Forester, my father!"

It was into a hunting lodge of one of the royal family that Hans had wandered. The old gentleman, who looked so fierce in the glare of the fire, was a most benevolent and gentle doctor of eminence, a friend of the Prince. The goats had troubled him so during the day that a fire had been made to attract them from the lodge.

"I shall never be thankful enough that I made that fire," said the doctor, as he worked over the child. "Thank God, too, I have my medicine chest; what could the child mean about his father? Well, had he lain out there all night no mortal help could have saved him."

By morning the doctor had done much to reduce the fever, and when Hans opened his eyes at last to consciousness the red man stood at the door looking out. The child glanced around. What had come to him? What place was this, so warm, so beautiful, yet fearful? The skins of animals hung everywhere; not only skins but heads with eyes, living eyes glared at him. All kinds of terrible, gleaming weapons shone on the wall. Oh, what a horrible place! Yet there were flowers in the windows, and the bed was so soft.

As he tried to move, the man in red turned and came to his side. The child clasped his hands and cried fearfully: "Red Forester, take my life, but not father's. Mother could not live without him, and what would we poor children do then? Your raven gave Elsa such fear, and I did not know that you loved him so."

"My child, before I hear another word," said the doctor, "you must eat this good soup I have ready and drink a glass of cordial. My old red gown has given your mind a twist, I fancy; so off it goes." Hans looked up from his food and saw a fine old gentleman in a black coat with a face kind and winning as a child's. In the most loving manner he drew the story of the boy's trouble from him. "My dear child, your father's life is in the hands of One who rules all things for the best. The storm has been a dreadful one, but we will not think of sorrow. Think only that you are safe, and sleep again so that you will be able to return to the mother, who must be bearing more trouble on your account."

In a few moments Hans was again sleeping, content and almost happy. The prince and a number of his friends came in to look at him as he slept, and to them the doctor told of the mental and physical suffering the little fellow had undergone. The gentlemen were deeply interested.

"That boy will grow to be a fine man if he only has the right training," said the doctor.

"You cannot do better than train him yourself," said the Prince. "You are without family. In the meantime if sorrow has come to the home we must help that mother. How soon will he be able to return?"

"As soon as he wakens I shall drive him home," answered the doctor.

A sleep of some hours almost restored Hans. He was lifted into a comfortable carriage, with the doctor by his side; and in a long drive that followed Hans was taught in the pleasantest way the folly of believing the silly stories so common among the people.

A drive of a few hours brought them in sight of the shore and the home Hans had left in despair the day before. The boy was still weak; but as the sea, now calm and still, came in sight, he sprang up and gave a long look at the boats at anchor. A shout of joy burst from him. The doctor also sprang up. "My father's boat!" he cried, pointing to one of the number. "My father is safe!" and the tears and sobs came fast.

The Herr Doctor found himself blowing his nose and wiping his eyes as well.

In a few moments the boy was in his father's arms, the doctor himself telling his story; and then Fisher Muller related how they had been blown far out the first night of the storm and had taken refuge on the Island of Rugen, where a benevolent Danish lady of title has built a refuge for fishermen who find there warmth and food awaiting all who are driven on that shore; and many there are who bless this good woman for their rescue from the horrors of exposure.

The good language and clear intellect of the man, his honest bearing and the neatness of the simple home won the doctor's heart. "Give Hans to me," he said. The father and mother did not speak.

"Forgive me, that is not right, you must all come to me; I have long needed someone honest and true to take an interest in my comfort and home. Hans can still be with you; we will share him together." So after a time all was arranged.

The doctor never repented his interest in the Muller family to the end of his life, for they remained his devoted and trusty servants. Hans studied the profession of his beloved friend and teacher, becoming his right hand truly. Today his name stands first among the eminent and benevolent men of his time.—*The Independent.*

A Terrible Charge.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

Will the prisoner answer.

Is there nothing that will make him show some sign of emotion?

Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude that he has shown through the long trial, even to the place of execution?

Such was the questions that passed through the minds of those who had followed the case from day to day.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen so move, his head was raised, his hands were clinched, and the blood had rushed into his pale care-worn face, his teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and in a low, firm but distinct voice, said:

"I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jurors in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife!"

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner; the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice.

"I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the old church, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear with me before His Judgment Throne, where we all shall be righteously judged.

"If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not one-twentieth of the crime.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town, I never would have been a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not have been here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the Government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless and care for them—cast on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State.

"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last, I sought the protection, care and sympathy of the church of Jesus Christ, but at the communion table I received from the hand of the pastor who sits there and who has testified against me in this case, the cup that contained the very same alcoholic serpent that is found in every bar-room in the land. It proved too much for my weak humanity, and out of that holy place I rushed to the last debauch that ended with the murder of my wife.

"For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our little home a perfect paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrance against re-opening the saloons in our town. The names of one-half of this jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the good moral character (?) of the rumsellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was 'necessary' in our town. The prosecuting attorney on this case was the one that so eloquently pleaded with this court for the licences, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asked me if I had anything to say before sentence of death was passed on me, granted the licence."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators and some of the lawyers were moved to tears. The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! no! your honor, do not close my lips; I am nearly through, and they are the last words I shall ever utter on earth.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the voters of this commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood-money from the poor deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer; I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice (?) by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God, and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have deliberately and wilfully murdered your thousands, and the murder-mills are in full operation today with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year; sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic."—*Tallie Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

The Day the Woods Caught Afire.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

The woods did look so inviting to Tristam Young, one day! With their waving tops they seemed to be beckoning to him, and with their softly murmuring foliage they kept saying—he fancied—"Come, Tristam, come!"

Tristam went. When he reached the edge of the woods, he noticed a strip of withered pine leaves making a soft yellow mat on the border of the shadowy, green growth. A thought, a mischievous one, came to him,—"If I should scratch the match I have in my pocket and touch off this dead, yellow stuff, how it would burn!"

Ah, Tristam, why didn't you plant your foot on that temptation and stamp it out!

No, he scratched his match, lighted the yellow mat—and how it flamed up! Then, as if it had obstinate, malicious legs, the fire ran across the mat, darted into the undergrowth, and oh, what a flashing out in every direction! At first Tristam thought it was "fun." He shouted "hoo-ror!" capered about, threw his cap up into the air, and acted like a young Canaanite sacrificing to the fiery god Moloch. But that fire soon spread—oh, how rapidly!—and soon ceased to be just an amusing spectackle. It almost seemed as if Tristam had let loose a lot of snakes for how the long, sinuous flames would dart up a trunk, hiss away out to the tips of the boughs and then wriggle over to the next tree, hissing and shooting and twining their glitering folds about every limb! At last, Tristam looked as if he were not the one sacrificing, but to be sacrificed, to Moloch, and it will be remembered that they did not offer very young Canaanites to the diabolical fire god. Tristman seemed paralyzed with horror. He stared and gaped before that raging fire, his heart thumping, his features distorted with fear.

"You sick?" asked Jotham Pierce, one of the hands at work in an adjoining field but below the level of the woods which stretched over the slope of Morse Hill.

"Sick-k? Sick-k?" chattered Tristam. "No, but look!"

He pointed to a cloud of smoke rolling above the woods.

"Hor-ror!" screamed Jotham. Then he turned to the men at work and shouted, "Here—here! Everybody come and put out the fire in the woods! Drop your traps! Quick!"

How they did work to put out that fire! At last somebody thought of an old road running somewhere through the woods.

"Git on the old road, everybody, and fight it thar, and keep it from crossin'!" shrieked Jotham.

It was a fight. Brandishing great pine boughs, bending down and beating out every flurry of flame along the line of the old road, those anti-fire soldiers conquered at last and the enemy suddenly subsided. It sulked and kept going down, down, and at last was out.

"There, youngster!" said Jotham, laying a big, sooty hand on Tristam's jacket, "I hope this will be a warning to ye!"

Will it though?

Tristam is in the company of some gay young fellows one day and ale is passed.

"Only ale," says one of the thoughtless group.

"Only!" A match with which to start a big fire! Just scratch your match, touch off this hot desire within for stimulents, and who can say where it will stop? I remember a young man who came to me for helping counsel, and the awful thirst of the drunkard had been tormenting him. I asked him how it began. When young, he with other boys getting coal into the cellarben, took some ale. That was all. Just ale! Just the scratch of a match! How the fire spread! The last time I saw that young man, after repeated efforts to put out that thirst, he was still feeling the ravages of this fire-plague! He was intoxicated then, a poor victim of this awful Moloch, Drink, out on one of our broad city-ways! God have mercy on the thousands travelling the broad way of Drink! But oh, why do they start at all? Why kindle the awful fire? Tristam, don't scratch that match.—*Ex.*

Change of Seasons.

The budding forth of plant life as spring advances reminds one forcibly of the changes that are constantly going on in nature. Nor is man exempt from this change of the seasons, for with the spring, comes either renewed strength and vigor, or a feeling of lassitude and a generally enervated condition. If you have that tired exhausted feeling you require a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the greatest invigorator, blood builder, appetiser and restorative tonic of the age. All druggists sell it.

HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC is all that its name signifies, and more. It is a great blood and flesh builder, restores healthy digestion and renovates the whole system.

The best of all spring medicines—a course of Hawker's liver pills and Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic.

"Burrds is intelligent," Mrs. Brannagan observed as she encountered her friend Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em anything. Me sister Isa was as lives in a clock, an' phin it's time to tell th' toime, it comes out an' says 'cuckoo' as many toimes as th' toime is." "Thot's wonderful?" said Mrs. O'Flaherty. "It is indade," said Mrs. Brannagan. "An' 'th wonderful part of it all is, it's only a wooden burrd at thot!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Bilious from Childhood.

Rev. Benjamin Hills, Pugwash, N.S., writes: "In a word I may say K.D.C. has helped me more than anything else I have ever used. I had been bilious from childhood; for several years had rarely passed a week without a severe attack of bilious colic, with intense pain at the back of the head. These attacks usually followed my Sunday work. Since I began to use the K.D.C. I have scarcely had any return of biliousness and the attacks have been very light. I have had greater freedom from suffering since I began the use of K.D.C. than for years past. I believe that the occasional use of a bottle of K.D.C. will keep me comparatively free from the old trouble. I thank you for calling my attention to K.D.C. Had I tried it long ago it might have saved me years of suffering. I am glad to recommend it to fellow sufferers.

Mrs. Strongmind—"Why don't you go to work?" Tramp—"Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago that I'd never do another stroke of work till women were paid th' same wages as men."—*New York Weekly.*

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?

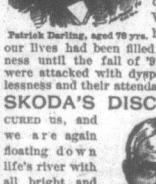
When you think that what the preacher says fits nicely on to your brother in the next pew, its altogether probable that he means you.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

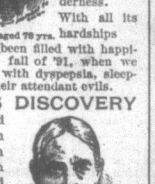
I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair.
Stanley, P.E.I. MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
Oil City, Ont. MATTHIAS FOLEY.

LIFE'S SUNSET ALL AGLOW.



Patrick Darling, aged 76 yrs.



Susan Darling, age 73.

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.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure sick headache, constipation and dyspepsia. 35 cts. Medical Advice Free.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Mr. Harvey Heed
Laceyville, O.

Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

"Gentlemen: For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts: For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

Could Scarcely Walk

I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago. My throat seemed closed and I **could not swallow**. The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good. My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door

but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr. Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and my wife for my restoration to **perfect health.**" HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O.

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

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	13.50
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal	16.50

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 through sleeping cars at Moncton at 18.40 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	22.20

☞ 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.,
29th 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 8.10 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 12.50 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 7.20 a. m., daily (Sunday excepted) and 8.30 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 leave 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.

OUR 1894 CATALOGUE, (just issued) shows how you may

SAVE MONEY ON

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