BY THE SIX O'CLOCK TRAIN.

BY JAMES BARLOW.

When Mrs. Murray's old car had nearly threaded the labyrinth of muddy lanes leading from Kilcreagh Lodge to Ballyhoy station, it began to meet little parties of laborers on their way home from the fields.

At the turn of the road nearest to the station, Mick—the driver—pulled up alongside a small middle-aged man in a gray greatcoat and billycock hat, who was standing on the brink of a crossing particularly deep in mire.

"Goin' home, sir?" said Mick.

"I am," said the other.

"If you didn't mind goin' the wrong way as far as the station there," said Mick, "I might be lavin' you the right way as far as our place above, that's on'y a step from yours."

The pedestrian, who was a rather new arrival at Ballyhoy, hesitated for a moment before he answered. Duty had thrust him out of doors to take an odious constitutional, and now, when but half his heavy task was done, the temptation to shirk all the rest of his tedious tramp seemed irresistibly strong.

"It'll be rainin' again in a couple of minutes," Mick added suggestively and with effect.

"I think I will, thanks," said Mr. Dixon, looking from the clouds to the puddles, and preparing to mount.

"Don't put your fut on the step," said Mick, "for the screw's loose, and it's apt to turn round, the way you might wrench your ankle. And you'd better sit well down to the back of us, be raison of the board bein' shaky at the other end, but mind to not lane agin th' ould rail, because it's broke in two halves, and as rotten as it can stick together."

Mr. Dixon kept warily clear of these perils, and the car jogged on again stationwards. "You'll scarcely be in time to meet the six o'clock train from town," he said presently, "for it's due by now."

Mick received the remark without concern, and made no attempt to quicken the white horse's leisurely paces.

"Sure it's betther, at all events, be too late than too early," he said with dogmatic indifference. His companion opined that this depended upon circumstances, but Mick was disposed to reason from his own experiences unconditionally.

"How much too soon 'ud you say I was the first time ever I dhruv to meet it?" he demanded. Having no clue to guide his guess, Mr. Dixon said at a venture: "Maybe half an hour."

Mick snorted disdainfully. "Half an hour!" he said, "musha, good gracious, a fine half hour. Half an hour, bedad!" ejaculations which he continued to repeat at intervals for the next hundred yards or so. Then: "Twinty year it was, if that's what ye call half an hour," he said. "Twenty year and more."

As Mick made this extravagant-sounding assertion, he pulled up at the railway bridge, where an engine was hissing shrilly under the arch. The six o'clock train had set down but few passengers. Three or four women with baskets and bundles, mostly of groceries. Old Mr. Hynes, of Calmore Farm, who had been selling cattle badly enough to grumble over all the way home. Mrs. Allenson, from the Vicarage, groping wildly for her ticket at the very bottom of her well-crammed bag. The Milwards' new housemaid, standing on guard by her shiny box, and looking about for her promised escort. These, with a little heap of packages tumbled out of the guard's van, were all that alighted on the Ballyhoy platform, and there seemed to be no connection between them and Mrs. Murray's car. Its driver, indeed, made no pretence of expecting anybody or anything, but simply halted, drawn up by the gate until the train gasped out of the station, and then he turned the white horse's drowsy head homewards and said: "Git along, Moggy."

Moggy got along with stiff jointed deliberation, yet had traversed fully a mile of damp lane before anyone spoke. At last Mick leaned inward on his elbow, and said across the well between the two seats, "Twluty year's a goodish len'th of time."

"That it is," assented Mr. Dixon.

"And not a day there's been in the whole of it," Mick continued, meditatively, "winter or summer, wet or dhry, but I've dhruve to meet the six o'clock train."

"I suppose you must often have things to fetch," said Mr. Dixon, feeling bound to offer a remark, "or some one coming out of town?"

"Just the same as what all you've seen me fetchin' home this evenin', no more and no less," said Mick.

"Why, less," said Mr. Dixon, "it couldn't easily be."

"Thrue for you, sir," said Mick, "but it's after that same I've been dhrivin' a matter of three mile forards and backards every evenin' of me life for better than twenty year."

"Well, that's curious enough," said Mr. Dickson, nothing loath to encourage the communication towards which Mick was obviously tending.

"You may say so," said Mick, with emphasis, proceeding to launch forth, "you may say so. But 'twould be curiouser agin to have the misthress goin' clane distracted entirely, the way she would onless the train was met of an evenin'. Sure I do be often sayin' to me wife, that cooks and keeps house for her, I dunno what 'ud become o' her at all if anythin' happint to hinder me of goin'. Och, but it's the quare shifts we've been put to now and agin to contrive it, whin be chance there was somethin' amiss wid th' ould horse here, or th' ould car. I've dhruv herself"—he flicked Moggy with the whip—"in Joe Garvey's cart wid the pig creel on it, when I could get nought betther, I have so. And I've dhruv this concern wid the Byrnes' ould jennet, that's the age of all the ancients and as blind as a stone wall, and has the timper of a ——. But the most comical yoke ever I had was one winther time when there was after bein' a terrific fall of snow, and a-top of that a thaw, and then a silver frost, so as the roads were that slithery sorra a four-futted baste in the country but 'ud be apt to slip a mile where it stood, if you axed it to stir a step under harness. So the end of it was we borried the loan of the Widdy Flynn's two asses, th' ould one, and the young brown one wid niver a shoe to its fut, and as shaggy as a clump of furse bushes. And be some manner of manes we got the pair of thim fixed up tandem-like to the car. Bedad, Bill Daly and meself had the divil's own work wid them. And as soon as we'd started, it settled to snow agin as thick as a sieveful of feathers, and to blow like the mischief broke loose. 'Deed now, that time we wint no further than the cross-road below, but we sted away long enough to keep the mistress pacified. And the little brown ass was a peculiar sight to behould, whin the moon come out clear and we on the way back. That smothered over it was wid the snow you might have mistook it for the baste of a white bear from the North Pole they have keepin' in the gardens beyant there at the Phanix—you might so, the crathur. Ay, it's a quare job altogether we've had wid that fantigue."

"And for twenty years, you say?" said Mr. Dixon, touching the point in Mick's narrative which had given the sharpest prick to his curiosity.

"Every minute of it," said Mick. "Twinty year it is and more since the tilegram come in the mornin' from the Captain—that was the misthress's son, and the only belongin', morebetoken, she had in this world. Expectin' him home she was, and this tilegram said he'd come be the six o'clock train that same evenin'. Well and good; we was all of us as pleased as anythin', and the misthress fit to wear the two shoes off her feet, throttin' over the house after this and that. But before 'twas time to go meet him, up comes another tilegram, the very moral of the first one, the only differ was that it said the Captain was after gettin' kilt on the railway, and wouldn't be comin' to these parts at all."

"That was a sad business," said Mr. Dixon.

"It comes nigh bein' the death of the misthress anyway, sad or no," said Mick. "Rael deminited she was for a while, until she got a bit used to the notion. Not that she's ever so to spake rightly done that yet. For the square part of the matther is that she's diaremembered the second tilegram clever and clane, same as if she'd niver set eyes on it, and the first one's all the thought she has in her mind. So accordin' to her it's comin' home the Captain had a right to be on every six o'clock train that starts from town, and the car's to be fetchin' him and his traps at the station, and settin' off in good time, for 'fraid he might happen be kep' watin'. Musha, himself's in a great hurry And that's the raison why me and Moggy do be makin' fools of ourselves continyal dhrivin' trapesin' off after nothin' whatsome'er."

Mick fell silent for a while, plunged, apparently, in gloomy contemplation of his hardships, and the car lumbered on along the heavy lane, where tall hedges and a bank of western clouds were rapidly blurring the shadows. Presently he resumed:

"That's why we're always as pleased as not to pick up somebody on the road, if we've the chance, for then we've the appearance of doin' some manner of business, so as we look somethin' less ridic'lous like. Not but what in any case we'd ha' been agreeble to"—

He was beginning to politely explain away the uncomplimentary reason he had just given for offering Mr. Dixon a lift, but he interrupted himself with a dismayed ejaculation, and pulled up so suddenly that if the mare had been going faster, the consequences might have proved disastrous.

"Murdher alive," he said, "if I an't after dhrivin' into sight of the house, instid of sittin' you down at the turn, the way I do anybody we've got, for 'fraid she'd see the second person on the car, and be makin' sure she had him at last—disappointin' herself worser."

Sure enough they had come into full view of a narrow ivy-fronted house, with a porched door and one wide window over it.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for ninepence-ha'penny," said Mick, whose face expressed at least that amount of vexation. "That's the windy she always watchin' for us at, the crathur. Bundle off wid you, sir, the quickest you can. It's a bare chance she mayn't have noticed you in the light gettin' darkish. But I am afeared—and ne'er a lafe on the ould elm to make a bit of a screen."

Mr. Dixon jumped off the car with all the agility he could master, and plunged, stooping elusively, across to the opposite side of the lane. But before he reached it, the house-door was thrown open, and a woman ran out, very quickly, into the gray dusk.—*British Weekly.*

The Pains of Rheumatism

According to the best authorities, originate in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the gelatinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. The back and shoulders are the parts usually affected by rheumatism, and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has had remarkable success in curing the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Constipation.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Biliousness.

Burdock Blood Bitters cures Headache.

Burdock Blood Bitters unlocks all the clogged secretions of the Bowels, thus curing Headaches and similar complaints.

K. D. C. the Household Remedy for Stomach Troubles.

CONDENSED SMOKE.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

Two young men sat together in an office, their feet tilted up on the office table, and both smoking cigars. One held a newspaper, from which he was reading extracts to the other, and both were evidently lawyers, young, possibly briefless, and with their future, successful or otherwise, before them.

"Here's a queer item, Neddie," said the reader at length; "an object lesson for us chaps who are just starting in life."

"What is it, Charlie?" asked the other, lazily puffing a blue cloud from his mouth, and watching the smoke. "If you have found any condensed wisdom hid away in that paper, send it up, and give us the benefit."

"Listen to this then, Neddie. 'A man who died recently, at the age of 73, left a record which he began when 18 years old, and continued for fifty-two years. The book, filled with methodical entries, showed that in these fifty-two years the man had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 42,629 as presents, while for the 585,086 he had paid about $10,433. In the fifty two years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drank 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,081 glasses of spirits, for which he spent $5,356.' The diary closes with these words: 'I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing.' I tell you what it is, boy, that's enough to set a fellow to thinking," said the reader, laying down the paper, and his cigar with it. "One cigar at a time seems such a little thing that one doesn't realize how many he will convert into smoke in a lifetime."

"No-o, he certainly doesn't, if those figures are correct," replied his friend, taking his legs down from the table, and looking thoughtfully at his half-smoked cigar. "I'm inclined to think that a fellow is a good deal of a chump who fixes the habit upon himself in the first place. I did it in my callow youth, when my pin feathers were growing. Mother ought to have spanked me; but instead she cried, and I was so wise I thought I knew more than a crying woman."

"I'm afraid you were not the only boy in America who knew more than his mother," replied Charlie, soberly. "If I could allay my conscience by paying a dollar apiece for all the tears I've caused mother to shed, I'd be willing to work hard for the money. I shall never forget the look on her face the first time I came into her presence with a lighted cigar in my mouth. She hated tobacco, and she said to me gravely, 'My son, you are laying the foundations for a habit which you will regret forming all your life.' I called her a tobacco crank, I remember, and laughed at her. She used a queer argument in our talk that day, which I have never forgotten. 'What if I should take a pound of flour, say three times a day, or oftener, and, putting a match to it, burn it up merely for the pleasure of seeing the smoke and smelling the odor of burn't flour; what would you think of me?' 'I should say it was a wicked waste of money,' I replied quickly. 'No more wicked than your spending more than this in buying rolls of tobacco leaves to burn—not as much so, for my burned flour does me no harm, while you are subjecting the delicate mechanism of your body to the action of a poisonous smoke, which will sooner or later bring on disease and weakness.'"

"And she was right, Charlie. I notice that mothers do have a way of hitting moral nails on the head, if they are not so successful with the hardware articles."

"I say, Neddie, suppose we improve on our youth. We are men now, not boys, and seeing the folly, let's take it by the foretop Stop this tobacco puffing habit, and put the money we spend on it into a savings bank of our own. What do you say?"

Neddie took some extra long whiffs of his loved weed. He had not realized how attached to it he had become until he thought of giving it up.

"That is the sensible course, I know, Charlie," he replied, slowly, "but it is so much easier to be foolish."

"But just think, Neddie—you and I want a library, both in the office and in our homes, by and bye, when we shall have them, and according to that old fellow's figuring, our tobacco money would furnish us liberal spending money for books. Come on; let's call it a go. I'll take the first step," and he tossed his cigar stump in the fire.

Of the two, Charlie could give up a habit or an idea far more easily than Ned, but the latter, while it took him longer to make up his mind to a course, was a very stick-tight in tenacity, when once it was made up.

"That's a good idea about the books, Charlie. I've always had an ambition to own a good library. Let's see, thirty cents a day (for I hate your poor trash tobacco), and it won't be long at the rate we're going it before we shall want our five cigars a day, without treating," interposed Charlie.

"Whew!" exclaimed Ned, with a blank look of surprise. "Fifteen dollars a month for smoking expenses for one. My, but it opens a fellow's eyes when he looks at aggregates, doesn't it? Charlie boy, it's the driblets that entice one so, the little foxes which spoil the vines. There's my hand; you shall not suffer as a martyr in a good cause alone, and we'll go partners in this business as well as the other."

"We'll put the money in that 'nickel in the slot, bank that father gave me when I was a kid," Charlie said, after a fervent hand-shake to bind the bargain. "It can only be opened at a five-dollar deposit, and five dollars will buy a law book."

It was vastly harder to keep the resolution than it was to make it. Charlie Hall, with his light, sanguine temperament, had the hardest struggle. In truth, there were days when he was "crosser than a bear with a sore head," as those who unfortunately came in contact with him affirmed, while the effects of the weed were passing out of his system, and more than once he would have given up in despair, had not Ned Howard put the lever of his tenacious will power under his wavering resolution.

It was no easy struggle for Ned himself, but once caught with his hand to the plow, he would have scorned to look back. The pleasure of a certain bright-eyed young lady, when she missed the accustomed cigar-case from his pocket, was an added incentive to perseverance; and in a few weeks nothing would have tempted him into the old slavery. The custom of treating presented the hardest temptation to resist. The wide-eyed wonder of their associates at their refusal to smoke with them—even taunts and jeers from some who, in their secret hearts, respected them the more for their abstinence. Society is like a nettle—humor it, cater to its usages, and show your fear of what "they say," and you will get stung. Grasp it with a firm hand, determined to follow your own highest ideals of truth and right in spite of "they," and it becomes like softest silk to the palm.

Ten years passed away. The firm of Hall & Howard was among the most prosperous of the now large and growing town. A handsome gothic cottage on one of the finest residence streets is occupied by Ned Howard, and the bright eyed young lady has long since become his wife. Step inside, and you will find that it is furnished simply, yet in exquisite taste. A bright little girl is playing a lively march on the piano, and the cottage walls are adorned with handsome paintings, the work of the mother's artistic fingers.

"Come into the library," Ned says, with a pardonable pride in his happy home. It is not a large room, but, like the others, its fittings are tasteful and cheery, two large bookcases filled with a varied selection of standard and modern works being the principal feature.

"This is my condensed smoke," Ned says, with a smile, "my cigar library; as I call it."

We look puzzled, and he proceeds to explain.

"Ten years ago my partner, Charlie Hall, and I, resolved to give up the habit of cigar smoking, in which we were involved to the extent of from three to five a day. At ten cents apiece (the price we paid for the brand we were using) you can see that we were spending hard upon thirty dollars a month between us, and this money saved we put into a bank, which we christened our book deposit. As fast as we reached five dollars, and you have no idea how often the time came around, we took the money out and invested it in one or more volumes. Charlie lives just across the street, in that handsome brick house you see there. He had the extra lift (aside from our business) of the present of his home from his wife's father. He is a strict old fellow, with anti-tobacco notions so strong that Charlie could not have won his favor by any surer means. The words of a saint with the stain of tobacco upon his lips would be but a tinkling cymbal in the old gentleman's ear, and as for his daughter, Charlie would never have won her either, with cigars in his pocket."

"So the tobacco habit, if indulged in, would have cost you more than the books you have gathered or the money saved?" we remark.

"Just that, sir, and I think we are both cleaner, healthier men for it today. In addition, we shall probably never know how much of our success in business we owe to having our brains clear from the narcotic effects of tobacco and liquor, for a temperance pledge soon followed our first resolution. Charlie's library is numerically larger than mine, and his tastes run toward a different class of books, which are not so expensive as many of mine, but our law library is, of course, common property. Come in and see it some day."

It was an instructive object lesson, worthy the recommendation as a subject for thoughtful study by any young man beginning a business career for himself, and having well studied it, may he go and do likewise.—*Interior.*

Ayer's Pills, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperients, without any of the woody or fibrous material whatever, is the reason why they are so much more effective and valuable than any other cathartics. The best family physic.

Physician—"You must avoid all excitement, avoid beer and wine entirely, and drink only water." "But, doctor, the idea of drinking water excites me more than anything else."

Rev. George J. Lowe,

The Rectory, Almonte, Ont., writes: I must ask you to send me another bottle of your invaluable medicine, K.D.C. I think your last bottle has cured me entirely, but some members of my family, whose cases are worse than mine, insist on my getting some more. Indeed we all think it an indispensable article in the household.

The justice—"You are accused, Sambo, of stealing three chickens." Sambo—"Jedge, your honor, de man dat calls dem old hens 'chickens' has a mighty tough conscience to appear in court."

Scraped With a Rasp.

SIRS,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotic, Ont.

Clarissa—"Has Jack Flasher proposed to you yet?" Ethel (flaring up)—"I'd like to see him propose to me!" Clarissa—"Well, Ethel, I must say that if there is a truthful girl, you are one."

Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will speedily overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's law.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's liver pills, they remove all the evil effects of overeating or drinking, without discomfort.

A bad breath is one of the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh. Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, thereby purifying the breath.

To relieve huskiness and dryness of the throat, take a sip of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It clears the throat instantly.

One Phase of the Domestic Problem.

A young married woman of the writer's acquaintance, of refinement and education, was living in the country in her tasteful and simple, but by no means small cottage. She could afford but one maid, consequently one of all-work species. And here an element of exception makes the rule plainer) she knew how to keep her house, and expected to teach her raw servant into being competent help. But it never seemed to enter her thought that the maid was not born bright, that the work was laborious, and that the maid had a right to be tired pretty often in the week. She used her as a machine. She regarded her as a machine. Cooking, scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, bed-making, care of the rooms, table-waiting, dish-washing, and a score of other daily or weekly incidents were—trifles. It seemed curious to her that the servant was not inclined to walk on Sunday to church—'it was only about a mile and a half." She could not understand why Nora "never cared to sew." She was provoked that Nora "never seemed to have any life and spirit about her work," and seemed "never to get through with it." Furthermore, this mistress was not one who "believed in praising servants" for just their plain duty, nor in being "too kind" to an article "straight out of the bogs of Ireland."

Outright Nora was lodged in the not uncommon domicile of her class—the hot attic room (proportionately freezing in the cold season) with its temperature in the eighties, possible, and it was marvelled at that she "dragged so," at her work the next day, which was just the counterpart of its predecessor. The man of the house went to business each morning, and there being no male aid de camp, Nora was expected to do, and did, as a matter of course, all the wood chopping and all the water drawing for the house, washing included, from a cumbersome artesian pump in the yard.

On such lines were Nora's days run. She was slow to learn and she easily forgot. But she could have learned, and her duties were many. Her mistress grew tired of the moulding process, and could not see why she was dull witted and unambitious. She was discharged. She was, nevertheless, a perfectly faithful, willing servant, easily made a competent one with more sympathy, patience and aid in bearing her physical and mental burdens. The writer was not surprised when Nora confided her plight to her before her departure, though she did not need the tale to realize it. Nora's story represents the stories of ten thousand Noras all over the land; and there are many mistresses like Nora's mistress.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Thousands of cases of rheumatism have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Weeds. "I can't get it out of my head that possibly my poor, dear husband was buried alive." "Nonsense!" snorted Dr. Peduncle, "Didn't I attend him myself in his last illness?"

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Cholly (off to college)—Good-bye, mamma, I'll write every day; and don't forget to send me some cookies every time you bake." Cholly (returning a year later)—"Aw—how do, mother? weally I'm delighted to see you, y'now."

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice,
At Montreal a Bridge of Size;
But Puttner's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health
Which all sick men should prize.

Tramp—"About a year ago I came by and you gave me an old vest. You may not know it, madame, but there was $5 in the vest." Lady of the house—"Mercy! Have you brought it back?" Tramp—"Not much. I've come for another vest."

K.D.C. cleanses the stomach and sweetens the breath. Try it. Testimonials and guarantee sent to any address. K.D.C. Company, Ltd, New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

"Can you suggest any reason why I should print your poem?" said the overbearing editor. The dismal youth locked thoughtful, and then replied: "You know I always enclose a stamp for the return of rejected manuscript." "Yes." "Well, if you print it you can keep the stamp."

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Chatham, Ont. BYARD MCMULLIN.

I was cured of inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
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The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

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of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. *Pamphlet free.*
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

Hood's Cured After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.

Sangerville, Maine.

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

"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, 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	12.15
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars 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	18.05
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,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
October, 1894.

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TWO DOLLARS

each will be paid to Five Persons and

ONE DOLLAR

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