### LITTLE HONORA MULLALLY.

Poor little Honora Mullally,
At the close of Thanksgiving day,
Was standing in front of her alley,
A-watching some children at play.
Her gown was a wonderful garment,
All patches from shoulder to hem,
And her hat and her shoes—well, I beg
you'll excuse
Any further remarks about them.

But poor little Honora Mullally
Had a face just as bright as cou'd be,
And no flower in meadow or valley
Was ever as pretty as she.
And so thought an old woman, who,
passing,
Stopped a moment to smilingly say,
"Why, bless your dear heart, I am sure
you have had
A very good dinner to-day."

"Yis, indade," said Honora Mullally,
"I did; for my frind Mrs. Down
Had a hape of sweet-taters that Sallie,
Her sister, baked lovely and brown,
Wid—oh, ma'am, if you could but have
seen it!—
The fattest and foinest of hins,
And they giv' me the gizzard and neck
of that hin,
And all of the sweet-tater skins!"

—*Harper's Young People.*

## THE HOME.

### Write to Them.

BY GRACE H. DUFFIELD.

"Yes," Tom said to me that morning, while he stood in the hall, surrounded by trunks and boxes, and tried to look manly and don't care as he tightened the straps of his valise, "yes, you can say what you choose; but it's hard lines on a fellow to be packed off this way to school for three or four years at a time, and I'm sick of it!"

"But, Tom, dear," I reasoned, with what he calls my "big sister tone," "you must have an education, you know, and you can't study nearly so well at home. Besides, it isn't very long before vacation."

Tom was struggling into his overcoat, and the exertion was probably what made his voice so suspiciously husky, as he said impatiently: "That isn't it. I don't mind the going away from home so much, for there are some jolly fellows up at school, and we have gay doings (sometimes); but, then, you see, when I think of you all here, and remember that I'm the only one away, it makes me lonesome in my throat."

When Tom was a baby, and tried to tell mother what homesickness was like, he had called it being "lonesome in his throat," and the use of the childish expression made me feel that big Tom was, after all, at heart, my little brother still.

Then mother came into the room, and put her arms around her tall son's neck. Tom gave her a bear hug, and then, half ashamed of the honest tears in his eyes, he broke out: "Look here, you people, it wouldn't be half so hard if you'd write to a fellow oftener. Some fellows' mothers write every day. Billy Lawrence gets a letter from his mother every morning regularly. I wish you'd do that."

"But Tom," expostulated the little mother, diligently plying a whisk over her boy's broad back, "how can I write a letter every day? I haven't very much time, with a house like this and only two maids; and, more than that, I have three little children, to say nothing of my big ones, and my sewing and church work and poor people, and calling and shopping. I try to write to you every Sunday, and I know you're happy and well cared for. Remember, dear boy, that your mother isn't like Mrs. Lawrence, and has four sons instead of one. Besides, Tom, what would I find to say? You know that I hate to write letters anyway, and nothing ever happens here that can't be saved for the Sunday letter."

"Well, I know, mamma," Tom answered, "but Alice and Belle and Kate don't write to me either, more than once a month; and father never does, except to send me a check. Not that I am complaining about the check. Don't think it; but sometimes a letter with it would taste awfully good. I know there isn't very much to say. Billy Lawrence's mother never says much except just 'I love you, and how are you getting on?'"

"All right, Tom, dear," said his mother as she gave him a final kiss, "we'll try to do better, and Alice and I will write to you as often as we can, even if we don't say anything except 'We love you, and how are you getting on?'"

So Tom departed, and when the mending-basket and I joined forces, a little later, we had time to think it over, and this was the conclusion we came to. Tom was right; it isn't fair to the boys that they should have so few home letters. Of course, I argued, we are busy. Here the mending-basket seemed to heave a great sigh of assent. But, after all, there isn't any love in the world like home love, and that is made up in a great measure, of mother and sister love; and our boys are far too precious to us for them to be allowed to slip away, and lose the close home interest that makes them "think back" to the mothers and sisters left behind.

And a boy's school life is his forming time—his growing time. He makes new friends, and touches life in new ways, and, when the school days are merged in the college days, we do not want to feel that we are losing the brothers, that they are turning their lives into channels which run far away from the home river.

So we decided, the mending basket and I, that Tom must have more letters. They need not be long ones, but just little reminders to bring his heart home often, and keep him safe by love. Boys are tender hearted, many of them, and often impulsive and easily led. Why, then, should the tiny threads of influence which surround the boy, and are to weave the web of the man's destiny, be held by the careless or indifferent hands of school acquaintances, when mother and sister can hold them so tenderly and lovingly that the boy will feel them growing stronger each year?

Tom's home letters were much more frequent after this. Often, on busy days, it seemed all but impossible to find a moment for writing, and sometimes the letters contained only this: "Dear Tom, we love you, and how are you getting on?" Of course he rather objected to this treatment, but, after all, when we unpacked his trunk, we found twelve or fourteen little notes carefully tied up, and none of them contained anything but these few words

This is the way we succeeded in managing matters. There was no scramble or hurry for envelope or stamp, for a package of stamped envelopes, all directed, occupied a special pigeon-hole of the library desk, and in each was a blank sheet of letter-paper. This was Belle's idea. Then we took turns; first mother did it for a week, then each of the sisters, and the result was that Tom had a letter from some one at home every day, even if it were but a very few words.

And he liked it, and told of it among the "fellows," and other sisters are trying it too. For it is a good plan, sisters of boys who are away at school, beginning their new lives without you. You, too, will find it so, and many a warm, loving thought of his sister will find its way into the heart of your Tom, and make it truer and better for all the years that are to come, if sometimes you will pause in your own happy, busy lives to say, "Dear Tom, I love you, and how are you getting on?"

—*The Congregationalist.*

## THE FARM.

A CHEAP FERTILIZER.—The following combination is recommended by a chemical authority as a cheap and reliable substitute for commercial fertilizers, such as phosphates, etc. Take one barrel of pure, raw, finely-ground bones, and one barrel of the best wood ashes; mix them on a floor, and add gradually three pailfuls of water, mixing thoroughly with the hoe. Use in small quantities in about the same manner as the superphosphates. If the ashes cannot be procured, dissolve twelve pounds of potash in ten gallons of hot water, and with this solution saturate the bone flour thoroughly; a barrel of dry peat or good loam without stones may be added. The mixture should not be sticky; neither too moist nor too dry. In applying it avoid direct contact with the seed; for instance, when applied in the hill, scatter a little earth over it before dropping the seed. A very early vigible effect should not be anticipated; but the good results will manifest themselves as the season advances.

## TEMPERANCE.

### Redeemed.

"I'll give up this sort of thing after I am married," said Perry Ralston, as he raised a glass half filled with the dark colored liquid and drained it to the last drop.

"Better reform before the event takes place, or the little woman who takes you in hand will find her task a pretty hard one," said the young man's companion, in a joking tone.

Perry's face flushed and his hand trembled as he replaced his glass upon the counter.

"What do you mean to insinuate?" he asked, angrily.

"Nothing, nothing whatever," replied the young man, hurriedly, evidently anxious to avoid a quarrel. "Come," he said, carelessly, "suppose we take a stroll up Broadway."

As the two young men sauntered along arm in arm, no one would have imagined that they were partly intoxicated, or that they had been upon the verge of a quarrel.

The man whose reasoning powers have been destroyed by the demon Rum stands upon a smouldering volcano, which may at any moment destroy him, body and soul. Many a life has been forfeited or spent behind the bars of a prison in payment of the blow given to resent a fancied insult. Father, mother, wife and child are made to feel the unjust fury of a drunkard's frenzy, and, as they crouch trembling at the sound of the dreaded footsteps, may God in His infinite mercy watch over them.

* * * * * * *

"You are not going out to-night, Perry? I thought perhaps you would like to hear the new song that I have been practicing"—

"Bother the song! Bring Bertie out of the nursery; he will enjoy it immensely!" said Perry Ralston, as he drew on his overcoat.

The young wife turned aside her head to hide the tears that dimmed her eyes.

"You wouldn't have me give up the club, Myra? The fellows would say that I was henpecked; and you wouldn't have them even think of such a thing—now would you, Myra?" asked Perry, persuasively.

"Of course not," replied the little woman, emphatically; "but—but"—

"I'm glad that my wife has common sense," interrupted Perry.

Pressing a careless kiss upon the quivering lips of the wife whom he had promised to love, cherish and protect, he walked hurriedly away.

"Guess I'll have to turn over a new leaf, after a while," muttered Perry. "I'm glad that I married a sensible woman. I abominate scenes, Caudle lectures,' and all that sort of thing."

"That dreadful club!" exclaimed Myra. "Why does Perry spend so much of his time there? I try to make his home pleasant; I have even given up spending so much time with baby so that I will be able to attend to my music. Perry used to be so proud of my talents, but now"—

Laying her head upon the arm of her chair, the little woman sobbed until, thoroughly exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep. Five hours later she was aroused by feeling a heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"What in the mischief are you doing here at this hour?" exclaimed a loud voice. "If you have been waiting for me, the sooner you stop that sort of thing the better it will be."

Myra sprang to her feet and saw her husband leaning against the wall. There was a maudlin leer upon his countenance, and his body swayed to and fro as he made an effort to stand erect.

A startled look crept into Myra Ralston's dark eyes, and without a word she left the room and walked slowly up the stairs towards the nursery.

"O, baby, baby!" she moaned, sinking upon her knees by the side of her sleeping child, "my cross is greater than I can bear!"

"Miffed, is she!" said Perry, with a sneer, as his wife disappeared through the doorway. "Better not wait for me again—that's all I've got to say," he concluded, in a muffled voice. He could not have continued his remarks even if he had desired to do so; for by this time he was extended upon the lounge, breathing heavily and filling the atmosphere with the fumes of the vile stuff that had been the cause of so many untold heart aches.

An hour later Myra Ralston, with face blanched to a deathlike pallor, entered the room. She paused beside the recumbent figure and clasped her hands convulsively. Hot tears fell from her burning eyes, and her hands trembled as she placed a large shawl upon the form of the man who was bringing distress and misery into a home that might have been one of the happiest on earth.

Poor Myra! "The time of thy visitation is come. May the black surge of thy desolation be tempered by a merciful God!"

* * * * * * *

A crowd of riotous men are holding high carnival in a fourth-rate liquor saloon, situated in the lower part of the city. A man, shabbily dressed, is begging the bar-keeper to give him "just one more drink."

"Can't do it, Ralston. You owe us five dollars now, and boss gave orders to shut down on you," said the bar-keeper, scowling.

"Here, take this," said Perry Ralston, handing the man a child's gold ring.

"I'll take the ring," said the man, closing his fingers upon it quickly; "but it will have to help to pay off the old score," he concluded, with a tantalizing laugh.

"It was Bertie's ring. Myra gave it to me to buy bread and coal," muttered Perry, as he turned away from the bar.

There is a stir at the door, and the next moment a man bearing a child in his arms enters the room.

"Guess this youngster's done for; I found him in the snow drift under the window," said the man, moving towards the stove.

"Throw the brat out again; there's no room for him here!" said the proprietor, brutally, at the same time coming forward as if to carry out his inhuman order.

"Shame!"

Seeing that he had gone too far, the man drew back and permitted the person who held the child to approach the fire. As he lifted the limp form the old cap that covered the child's head fell off disclosing a mass of golden brown ringlets that clustered above a brow so white that it seemed as though the "Angel of Death" had already claimed the little one. The warm glow of the fire revived the child. Raising his head, he said, faintly:

"Let me go, man; I must find papa."

The blue eyes wandered from face to face, the child's lips quivered; then a succession of quick sobs echoed throughout the room. A figure crouched in a distant corner of the room moved uneasily, then lifted his head and glanced around. As the child caught a glimpse of the individual a smile illuminated his pinched features, and, reaching out his arms, he exclaimed:

"There's papa! See, papa, I tried to stop it when it came out of mamma's mouth!" He held out his thin little hands, which were covered with specks of blood.

Perry Ralston bounded to his feet, and, clasping his boy in his arms, sped like the wind towards the miserable tenement which but partly sheltered his wife and child from the cold blasts of wind that struck a chill to the heart as it whistled mournfully around the miserable old building.

Still clasping his light burden, Perry mounted the rickety stairs and entered the room where his wife lay upon her miserable bed, so white and still that, for a moment, the wretched man thought that her spirit had taken flight. In his intense agony he threw himself beside the bed.

"O, Myra, Myra, my darling, I have killed you! Will you never come back to me again?"

He felt the soft pressure of a hand upon his head; raising his eyes, he encountered the tender gaze of his wife, who, even though her trust had been betrayed, still loved the miserable creature who had, through his longing for strong drink, plunged himself, his wife and his child into the seething whirlpool that is ever groaning to engulf all that are too weak to resist temptation.

The child Bertie crept close to the side of his mother, and, closing his eyes, slept the peaceful sleep of childhood.

The spirit of peace seemed to have entered Myra Ralston's heart. Perhaps her near approach to the dark river had enabled her to lift the veil of futurity; for, still clasping the hand of her husband, she too slept.

* * * * * * *

"Papa, are you going out to-night?" asked a bright-faced boy, as he glanced eagerly into the face of a gentleman standing near.

"Where could I find a better place or more congenial company?" asked the gentleman, smiling. "Besides," he continued, "mamma is not well to-night, and we have to contrive something for her amusement. What shall it be, dear?" turning towards the frail figure that occupied a great easy chair near the open fireplace.

"You are always doing something to promote our happiness, Perry," said the pale lady, smiling. "We are very happy, Bertie and I; yet sometimes when I think of—of—"

"We can not entirely blot out the past," said Perry Ralston, in a tremulous voice. "My atonement shall be life long devotion to my God and my loved ones. I know that in the life beyond there is a 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and a reward in the love of a Saviour who suffered and died that I might be redeemed."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information valuable and instructive for those who have a taste for silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal. 1


COLD IN HEAD | THE 4 STAGES | CONSUMPTION
CATARRH | | DEATH.

There is positive danger to health and life in neglecting a case of Cold in the Head or Catarrh, and at this season with its changeable weather, unusual moisture and sudden changes from heat to cold, there is peculiar liability to cold in the head. A neglected case of Cold in the Head rapidly developes into Catarrh, and neglected Catarrh just as certainly developes into Consumption and leads to premature Death. Medical testimony proves conclusively that a large percentage of all the deaths occurring from Consumption had their origin in a neglected Cold, which, by gradual stages, developed into Catarrh, and then into Consumption, that dread disease with which medical science is as yet unable to cope successfully. If you are suffering from Cold in the head, or from any of the numerous symptoms of Catarrh, such as bad breath, dull oppressive headaches, droppings from the head into the throat, hawking and spitting, copious discharges from the nostrils, losing sense of smell, or taste becoming dull, hacking cough, or a general feeling of debility, husky voice, a wheezing or cracking sound in your chest when breathing, a feeling of dizziness, particularly when stooping, a feeling of tiredness and indisposition to exertion, a feeling of nausea in the morning when attempting to dislodge accumulations in the throat. Do not neglect them. These are but a few of the many symptoms of Catarrh, and if you experience any, BE WARNED IN TIME. Do not permit them to run under the mistaken impression that the disease will eventually wear away. It will not, but on the contrary will wear you away as it has thousands before. Procure at once a bottle of NASAL BALM, the only certain and speedy cure ever offered the public for Cold in the Head and Catarrh. This is no idle assertion, but an unquestionable fact, which is verified by the thousands of testimonials in our possession telling of marvellous cures. These testimonials we have received from all parts of the Dominion, and we append a few, selected at random, as a fair sample of the whole:—

Mr. Alex. Burns, of Sudbury, Ont., says:—Gents, I may state that I have been affected with Catarrh for seven or eight years, and it was attended with consequent symptoms such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears and sickening pain in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm are sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat (consequently less hawking and spitting), clearness of hearing, and not once since I began its use have I had pain in the head. In fact it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the "Balm" will effect a cure in the worst case of catarrh.

James H. McLeod, Mink River Road, N. S., says:—I have tried other remedies for Catarrh, but received little or no good from them. Your NASAL BALM is certainly the BEST REMEDY I have tried, and all you claim for it. The fact that it is pleasant and convenient to use adds greatly to its value, but its chief worth lies in being a CERTAIN CURE for that unpleasant disease—Catarrh.

W. Chas. Hanley, postmaster, Spry Bay, N. S., says:—I submit the following to the public, that any who may be afflicted may be benefited by the same remedy. Two bottles of your NASAL BALM has RESTORED to PERFECT HEALTH a four year old child of ours, suffering from Catarrh.

Henrietta Blackwell, Parker, Ont., says:—Your NASAL BALM is the BEST REMEDY I have yet used for Catarrh. I can breathe more freely than before, and my breath has regained its sweetness. I consider NASAL BALM a boon to the suffering.

Miss Maggie M. Martin, Terwood, Pa., says:—Through a friend in Canada I became acquainted with your NASAL BALM. I have suffered for years with Catarrh, and it is the first remedy from which I have experienced relief, and I feel certain it will cure me.

Miss Minnie McNairn, Mille Roches, Ont., says:—Your bottle of NASAL BALM did me much good. The pain in my head disappeared before I had used the bottle, and I find myself receiving the greatest benefit. I am certain NASAL BALM will cure my Catarrh if its use is persevered in.

Mr. John H. Adams, merchant, Brantford, Ont., says:—I have used NASAL BALM for Catarrh, and found it to be a CERTAIN CURE.

W. A. Doyle, Beulah, Man., writes:—As a family medicine to check Catarrhal affections or Cold in the Head, NASAL BALM IS NO EQUAL. We prize it highly.

Mr. A. Schlenzig, Toronto, says:—For a number of years my wife has been badly troubled with Catarrh. Dr. ——— here promised to cure her, but after using his remedy for six months she became worse and weaker than before, and I found that I had spent $36 for medical treatment that did no good. My wife then began to use your NASAL BALM, and has improved wonderfully, and she is better and stronger than for years. Your remedy is the best in the market, and you can use this as testimony.

Emile Pelletier, Grenville, says:—I can scarcely find words to tell you how highly I prize NASAL BALM. Its effects in my case have been wonderful.

Alpha H. Dales, Tarbert, Ont., writes:—Your NASAL BALM has made a new man of me. I have never used a remedy so satisfactory.

A CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations. If your dealer has not NASAL BALM in stock, do not let him persuade you to take any other remedy which he may say is just as good, but send direct to the undersigned, and it will be sent you on receipt of price—50 cents and $1.00 a bottle.

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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No Expense! The Lowest Prices Quoted! The Newest Designs to select from!

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WHAT IS JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF GOOD FOR?

First.—As a STRENGTH-GIVING Food for INVALIDS and CONVALESCENTS. Second.—As a NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE. Third.—For making RICH GRAVY and STRONG SOUP. Fourth.—To Spread on Thin Slices of Bread for SANDWICHES. Fifth.—Whenever a Food is needed that will Nourish, Invigorate, and build up the Constitution.

GENTLEMEN!

We have our American

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BALMORALS, CONGRESS and OXFORD TIES, in half sizes and two widths. Also, five different styles of ENGLISH BALMORALS.

Personally selected, enabling us to fit almost any foot.

Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

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WINTER SASHES.

The best and cheapest place to buy your WINTER SASHES is at

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If you want DOORS or BLINDS go to

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Kendall's Cure (Large).
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MUFFS AND BOAS:

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES, ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stallions for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good success of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it on my racehorses, Billy Allen and Spavina, and I have found it a most sure, safe and speedy remedy. I do all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILMORE, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

EAST WINDSOR CORNER, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear: I find it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses with it, and I have not lost a single horse, plus other valuable properties. Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Manager Stallions.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent by any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

PORT GRENVILLE, Sept. 8th, 1888.

C. GATES, SON & CO.—Gents: Last summer I had a bad attack of rheumatism in the hip, caused by cold and exposure. I used a bottle of your Syrup and one of your Acadian Liniment, and it cured me, so that I have not had a return of it since, though often exposed to one. At another time I used your Vegetable Plaster for a bad kink in the back with the best success.—Yours truly,

CAPT. ISAIAH MORRIS.

GATES'

LIFE of MAN BITTERS

IS THE BEST.

LOWER ECONOMY, Sept. 4th, 1889.

C. GATES, SON & CO.—Dear Sirs: I was troubled for a long time with a very bad feeling, like a craving, at my stomach, and had no appetite. Used Beef, Iron and Wine, but it made it worse. Got a bottle of your

Life of Man Bitters,

and it helped me at once. I can recommend it to any one similarly troubled.—Very truly,

McKINLAY CORBITT.

CHANGE OF TIME.

2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2

FROM

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers of the

INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co.

TO

BOSTON.

COMMENCING MONDAY, Nov. 11th, and until further notice, one of the fine steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.30, Eastern Standard time.

Always travel by the Palace Steamers of this Company.

All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and further information, apply to

E. A. WALDRON, G. P. & P. A., Portland, Me.

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H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent, St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'89. Winter Arrangement. '90.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 18th NOVEMBER, 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John.

| | |
|---|---|
| Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, | 7.10 |
| Accommodation for Point du Chene, | 11.00 |
| Fast express for Halifax, | 16.40 |
| Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, | 16.50 |
| Express for Sussex, | 18.00 |

A parlor car runs each way daily on express train leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 1.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.50, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Saturday at 16.50, will run to destination on Sunday.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John.

| | |
|---|---|
| Express from Sussex, | 6.00 |
| Fast express from Montreal & Quebec, | 11.10 |
| Fast express from Halifax, | 14.00 |
| Day express from Halifax & Campbellton, | 18.25 |
| Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave, | 23.30 |

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

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 15th Nov., 1889.

THE ODELL TYPE WRITER

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