

A FISHERMAN.

Before.

A long cold journey through the night,
A toil that lasts till morning light,
A careful watch for shifting cloud,
Storm secrets told in whisper loud,
Thoughts of some comrades who are dead,
A struggle with the sea for bread,
Lessons in patience, caution, strength,
And slight reward, perhaps, at length.

Behind.

A little fireside, bright and warm,
A snug, safe shelter from the storm,
The wife who shields her own from blame,
Sweet little ones who speak my name,
Kneeling beside the mother's chair,
And talking to her God in prayer,
Small comforts making a small home,
And all half empty till I come.

Around.

God's great, wide water-world outspread,
And His clear stars above my head,
A faint light on the surging sea,
A few white foam, who trust me,
Men who are at their best aloft,
A little light and tested boat,
A harvest for me to reap,
And I must wait while others sleep.

Within.

Thoughts which I do not care to speak,
A shrinking dread when I am weak,
Courage and hope when I am strong,
A joy that often turns to song,
A sorrow no one knows but I,
A prayer on wings that reach the sky,
A little warmth above my heart,
And brave resolve to do my part.

Above.

A crowd of people pitying me
In all my perils on the sea,
Who know not they are fishermen,
Living my old life again!
They also toil upon the deep,
They sometimes watch while others sleep,
They struggle for their bread, and I
Send to the towns my sympathy.

Above.

I do not always think of Him,
But he's the sky or bright or dim,
While I am one upon the sea,
I have a Father watching me,
A good man, to the world unknown,
Am I, but He is on the throne,
And I shall sail away some night,
And reach my Father's home in light.

Marianne Farnington.

A Lost Tidy

BY FLORENCE R. HALLGREN.

"I guess Mrs. Leslie can take the pattern off by five o'clock. Anyway, I don't want you to stay later than that, Lyddy Jane. And be sure you don't lose it."

"No, no!"

"An' don't get your dress rumpled."

"Don't stoop. I declare, you're getting real round-shouldered, Lyddy Jane. Hold yourself up, now. And don't slouch, walk along as if you respected yourself."

"Yes'm."

Little Lyddy Jane held her head stiffly erect, and went out of the gate into the high road with firm steps, in her hand a brown paper package containing a crocheted tidy which her grandmother had promised to let Mrs. Leslie copy.

She liked to go on errands. It was a great deal more pleasant than sitting at home sewing patchwork, or hemming ruffles for pillowcases.

She looked back and smiled at her grandmother as she closed the gate. The old lady stood on the front porch, the spring wind blowing her grey hair about her temples. She was fond of Lyddy, and very good to her, but she was also very strict. She had old-fashioned ideas about bringing up children, and when she thought Lyddy deserved punishment she did not spare the rod.

"Come over here, and we'll show you something," called Nettie.

Lyddy hesitated a minute and then climbed the rail fence and approached the brook. She thought there would be no harm in stopping "just a minute."

"Here's a struggle for it," said Tom, "load up now, and I'll go below here, an' catch the boat and reach my share."

"Oh, I can't stay! I haven't time," said Lyddy. "What was it you wanted to show me?"

"I'll show you in a few minutes; just send one boat load down, and I won't take long, and you don't know what fun it is."

The temptation was very great, for it wasn't often Lyddy had a chance to play with other children, as she put her package on a stone under a big tree, and began to load up the shingle. She sent three or four loads to Tom's wharf before he would let her stop.

"Come along, now, and we'll show you what we promised," he said, and started across the meadow. Lyddy and Nettie followed eagerly.

On the other side of the meadow was a belt of woods, and into this Tom plunged and stopped before an old tree, the trunk of which was hollow.

"Look in there," he said.

Lyddy looked and gave a cry of delight. There in a furry nest were five little brown rabbits, whose eyes had not opened yet.

"We found them yesterday," said Tom.

Down went Lyddy on her knees, and lifted the rabbits out of their nest one by one, kissing and cuddling them. It was fully fifteen minutes before she could remember her errand to Mrs. Leslie's, and started up.

"Oh, I ought not to have staid so long," she said. "And my package," with a look of dismay. "I left it under the tree by the brook."

"The package is safe enough, don't worry," said Tom.

But Lyddy was anxious, and hurried back across the meadow so fast that Tom and Nettie could hardly keep up with her, and her consternation can be imagined, when she reached the brook and found the package gone.

"You couldn't have left it here," said Tom.

"Oh, I did. I know I did," cried Lyddy. "Oh, what shall I do? It was the tidy Aunt Serena sent to Grandma last Christmas. I must find it. I must."

"I guess you took it with you to the woods," said Tom.

"No, I didn't; I left it here. I didn't think anything about it when I started off to see the rabbits."

"Anyway, we'll better go back and look," said Tom.

So they went back, but the package was not to be found. Then Tom suggested that the wind might have blown it into the brook, and they walked down the brook for it. But they didn't find it.

"It must be somewhere around," said Tom. "Nobody could have come along and picked it up, for people couldn't see it from the road."

"The wind has blown it away somewhere," said Nettie. "Don't cry, Lyddy, you're sure to find it; we'll look the whole field over."

"I can't, never tell Grandma," sobbed Lyddy.

"You won't have to tell her; we'll find the tidy. Tom can take one side the field, I'll take the other, and you can take the middle—oh, there's the home! It's half-past four. Tom, we'll have to go, I'm so sorry, Lyddy. I didn't think it was so late. I hate to go off and leave you to do the looking all by yourself."

"I'll have to go home, too," sobbed Lyddy. "Grandma said I must be back by five."

"There goes the horn again; come on, Nettie," said Tom, and they raced off as hard as they could go.

Lyddy sat under the big tree and sobbed bitterly for a little while. Then she put on her sunbonnet and turned her steps toward home. She thought she would come out after supper and have another look. As Nettie had said, the package must be in the field somewhere.

The old clock in the kitchen was striking five as she reached home. Keziah Shelton was just leaving a basket on her arm. She had brought back some curtains she had washed for Lyddy's grandmother. She was about to speak, but Lyddy did not stop. She didn't feel like talking to any one just then.

Her grandmother was making biscuit for supper, and there was a saucepan of dried apple-sauce on the stove. The whole room was fragrant with the lemon peel with which it was flavored.

"Take the sauce off the stove, Lyddy Jane, and set it out on the window ledge to cool," said her grandmother. "You're real prompt about getting back. I'm glad you've learned to be so particular. Where's the tidy?"

"The words, 'I lost it,' trembled on Lyddy's lips, but she had not the courage to utter them. And besides, she was sure to find the tidy after supper. She intended to look over the field, inch by inch."

"Mrs. Leslie hasn't taken the pattern off yet," she said hesitatingly, keeping her face turned from her grandmother.

The old lady was silent for some time, then she said, "Lyddy, your heart beat so loud that I felt sure it must be heard. It was a relief to hear her grandmother speak at last."

"Very well," she said, "you can go over after it to-morrow or next day. I'll care to hold that skirt straight, Lyddy, you'll spill every bit of that sauce."

Lyddy didn't have any appetite for her supper. She was longing to get away to the meadow to look for the tidy, and could think of nothing else. She broke a saucer when she was helping her grandmother wash the dishes, and put the tumbler on the wrong shelf of the cupboard, and was so absent-minded and careless that at length her grandmother ordered her to go up stairs to bed.

"But-but, not now; it's only seven o'clock," faltered Lyddy.

"Go straight along, Lyddy Jane. I know what's best for you, I guess."

"But I wanted to take a little walk."

"A walk? I guess you've had walking enough for one afternoon. Do as I say, and see if you can't do it 'thout looking so sour, too."

So Lyddy had to give up all hope of finding the tidy that night, and cried herself to sleep, wondering if any other little girl had ever been so wretched as she.

When, weary, and almost sick with the weight of the burden on her little heart, she entered the kitchen, her grandmother, who was busy getting breakfast ready, looked up in amazement.

"Lyddy Jane Holden! Where on the face of the earth have you been? And look at your dress! What do you mean by getting yourself into such a state as this?"

"I've just been taking a walk," answered Lyddy, very humbly.

"For the laws! A walk! This time of day! Well, I do believe you've lost the little sense you ever had! Did anybody tell you to take a walk?"

"No'm."

"Then don't you ever do such a thing again long's you live. I've a mind to whip you well. Go upstairs and change your stockings and put on your Sunday shoes. Your father is waiting back, and I never heard of such doings in all my life."

What a long day that was to poor Lyddy! And during every hour of it, no matter with what her hands were busy, she was thinking how she was going to confess to her grandmother that she had lost the tidy.

"It's about time you was getting ready to go to Mrs. Leslie, ain't it?" her grandmother said at four o'clock.

Lyddy rose with meek obedience, put away her patchwork, took her sunbonnet and went out. Her grandmother called after her to make haste back, and she answered "Yes'm," in a weak tone of voice and walked fast as long as she was within range of the kitchen window. She lagged along slowly, the tears running down her face and little face. Of course she didn't go to Mrs. Leslie's; she stopped at the meadow and had didn't find it. She hadn't expected to. She felt sure now that she would never see it again!

"Well, so you haven't brought the tidy this time, either," her grandmother said, and she looked at Lyddy with her white face and troubled eyes. "Mrs. Leslie not done with it yet?"

"No'm," faltered Lyddy.

"I'm well, I'll go after it myself to-morrow."

These words struck terror to poor little Lyddy Jane's heart. Oh, she must tell; she would have to tell now. It would never do to let her grandmother go to Mrs. Leslie's. But try as she would, she shouldn't make the confession. She felt cold all over at the very thought of it.

The next morning she went to the spring-house to help her grandmother with the churning. She liked to skim the milk, and had learned to do it very well, but to-day her hand shook, and she spilled a whole skimmer of thick cream over the street.

"If that is the way you're going to work, Lyddy Jane, you'd better go home to the house," said her grandmother. "I can't let you waste cream that way!"

"I won't spill!" began Lyddy, and then plump fell the skimmer into the pan of milk, splashing it in every direction, while Lyddy started out of the window with terror-stricken eyes.

"For the land's sake! Lyddy Jane Holden, have you lost every rite of sense you ever had? What are you starin' at? Oh, it's Mrs. Leslie comin' to see about that tidy, I guess. I'll have to go up to the house a minute. You take this towel 'n' wipe up every drop of that milk. I never seen such capers before."

Then at last Lyddy found courage to speak. It was the courage of sheer necessity.

"Grandma, grandma," she faltered, weakly catching at the old lady's dress. "I—I've got something to tell you. Mrs. Leslie hasn't had the tidy at all—I lost it."

"Lost my tidy?"

"Yes'm. I laid it down a minute under a tree in Mr. Sloan's pasture, while I sailed boats with Tom and Nettie, and the wind blew it away somewhere."

To Lyddy's wonder the storm she had expected didn't break over her. Her grandmother took her by the hand very gently and left the spring-house. Lyddy wondered what was going to be done with her, but was too much frightened to ask.

Her grandmother went across the garden, and opening the outside door of the spare bedroom drew Lyddy in, and closed the door again.

"Sit down," she said, and Lyddy sank into the nearest chair.

Her grandmother opened the top drawer of a cherry bureau in one corner of the room, and took out something which she laid in Lyddy's lap.

"It was the tidy," said Lyddy.

"Oh, grandma, how—how—" Lyddy couldn't finish the question, there was such a lump in her throat.

"Keziah found it in the meadow when she was coming over here to bring my curtains," said her grandmother. "Don't you think you'd saved yourself a sight of worry if you'd spoke right out 'n' told me you'd lost it, Lyddy Jane?"

"Yes'm," Lyddy sighed.

"Do you know how many stories you've told since day before yesterday?" Lyddy sighed heavily.

"Well, you can sit here and count 'em up while I go 'n' speak to Mrs. Leslie. I shan't whip you. You've had two days of solid misery, 'n' that's punishment enough. But I want you to remember that if you never tell the first story there'll never be a second. I want you to be honest if you can't be anything else," and she went out and closed the door behind her, leaving Lyddy alone in the darkened room to count the cost of her lack of courage.—Set.

A YEAR WITH DOLLY.

March.

I keep my Dolly so warm and nice. This cloudy, stormy weather. My Dolly and I are quiet as mice. Whenever we play together. And yet we have the pleasant play—Would you like to ask "What is it?" Why over and over, every day. My Dolly and I go gisist.

Sometimes on "Towers" we like to call. Or travel to see the kiddy; 'Tis grandma's farm just out in the hall, And the parlor is Boston City. 'Tis grandma's house in the corner there, And then, when the lamps are lighted, My papa's At Home in his easy chair, And Dolly and I are invited.—E. S. Bumstead, in March St. Nicholas.

Clean Hands.

"It's a bargain you'd get again in a hurry, and if you're sharp you won't miss it."

Now Howell spoke impatiently, as Ezra, the chore-boy at his father's house, stood by the gate, his right hand looking at a pair of cuff buttons that lay on his open palm.

"They're real," went on Ned, eager to close the bargain. "Why, one of them is worth more than half a dozen of your fancy pigeons, and here you have the chance to get the pair of them for less than half price."

Ezra had come out the loser too often, in his dealings with Ned, to be willing to believe everything that he said; but the buttons did look like real gold, and if they were he would be quite willing to give six of his white fantail pigeons for them.

"Don't paw them with your dirty hands if you're not going to take them," said Ned, rudely. Ezra turned the buttons over and examined them more closely. "If you aren't sharp enough to make a good bargain for yourself, why give me back to me?"

"I'll take them," said Ezra slowly, closing his hand over them. He'll be the pigeons in a basket ready for you to take home with you to-morrow morning."

He put the buttons in his pocket, and went down to the barn to do his evening chores, wondering whether he had really been cheated again in his bargain, as he had so often before. Ned stood at the gate, looking after the retreating figure of Ezra, with a triumphant smile on his face.

It did not occur to him that he had done a mean or dishonorable action in taking advantage of Ezra's ignorance, and he was proud of what he considered his cleverness.

He knew that there was very little

danger that Ezra would discover the comparative worthlessness of the cuff buttons, and so he was satisfied in the matter would not be discovered.

Presently Uncle Frank led his seat on the porch where he had been sitting, hidden by the vines which climbed over it, and joined his nephew at the gate.

"I wouldn't be a chore-boy for anything," said Ned.

"Why?" asked Uncle Frank.

"Oh, they have to do such rough, dirty work!" answered Ned. "Ezra's hands were always dirty. I wouldn't touch them for anything," and he glanced with a very satisfied air at his own hands, which were almost as white and smooth as if he had been a girl.

Ezra's hands are cleaner than yours, to my mind," said Uncle Frank, gravely.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Ned, opening his eyes in surprise.

"I think dishonest bargains stain one's hands more than honest work," answered his uncle. "I could not feel as if my hands were clean, no matter how white they might be, if I had just been cheating a poor boy out of his pigeons."

Ned's face grew very red.

"It wasn't my fault if he didn't know how to make a good bargain," he muttered. "Every one must look out for himself in bargains."

"He simply took your word for the value of the buttons. You told him they were real gold buttons."

"Well, they were real buttons," said Ned, smiling as he remembered what he had thought his cleverness. "I didn't say they were real gold; I only said real buttons."

"You meant, I think, that they were real gold," said Uncle Frank, sternly. "It was just as much a lie as if you had said real gold. You cannot call your hands clean, my boy, when you stain them by cheating, and the stains are upon your heart as well as your hands."

He went into the house, leaving Ned to think about his words.

Somewhat Ned did not feel now as if he had done a smart thing in getting the best of the bargain. As he looked at his hands, he fancied that he could almost see the stains upon them, and he grew uncomfortable at the remembrance of the stains which were upon his heart.

At last he made up his mind that he would rid his hands from this last stain, and he went down to the barn to look for Ezra.

"I say," Ned began bravely, "I cheated you about those buttons. They aren't real gold; they are only plated, and worth about twenty-five cents. You keep the pigeons till I send you the money for them."

Then he went back to Uncle Frank, he said, "I've made it all right with Ezra," he said, "and I mean to keep my hands clean after this."

"Don't forget the stains on your heart, Ned," said Uncle Frank, kindly. "Remember to whom you must take those stains for cleansing."

Ned had been proud of his sharp bargaining, and it was no easy matter for him to retract his word, but he did not give up trying, and when he failed, as he did sometimes, he took care to free his hands from dishonest stains by confessing his fault, and then he took his heart stain to be washed away in the bath of the Lamb of God.—Minnie E. Kenney, in S. S. Times.

Old Joe's Sermon.

Margaret Simpson stood looking from the window of her pretty room. With-out the sun shone brightly, the flowers cast their sweetest songs, but Margaret's face was clouded. Life seemed very small indeed to her, the life she led in her pleasant home. She thought enviously of Estelle Lawson, whose voice promised to bring her fame and fortune; of Elizabeth Kellogg, who was going abroad for study; of many others, who, it seemed to her, were doing, or would do, great and wonderful things.

She turned from the window to meet the sweet, pale face of her mother, and to respond to the request that she go into the nursery for an hour with a half-hearted "Yes'm." Mrs. Simpson said, "Thank you, dear," and sighed as she noted the shadow on her daughter's face.

Margaret went slowly down to the large, sunny room. The children were all in, Jack shouting to a herd of trained bulldogs, his new shieling, the dolls as well as she could from the corner, as Ned's Indians, while Little Nan, oblivious to dangers real or imaginary, lay on the floor asleep.

"A perfect bedlam," thought Margaret, and passed the window and looked out at old Uncle Joey who was trimming the border.

Old Joe was a friend to every one. Margaret had known him from babyhood. As long ago as she could remember, she had watched him tending the flowers outside the greenhouse window. Pretty soon he looked up, and surveying his work said, "A mighty fine border! Miss Margaret. We done had 'em 'n' put 'em in to make them darlies come out."

Margaret nodded in a listless manner. Old Joe trimmed away for a few moments, and then said familiarly, "Reckon ye ain't feelin' first rate, Miss Margaret, and if ye ain't, I'm awful sorry."

"I'm quite well, Joe," said Margaret.

"I can do such great things in the world, and some never have a chance to do anything. Only think how Estelle sang last night. She might sleep all the year and sing just one evening and accomplish wonderful things. It's wretched to live only a commonplace life."

"Now, Miss Margaret, when I was down South," said Joe, leaning on his spade, "I used to wonder why the Lord hadn't made me white and give me education, an' one night I was 'bribe' out in the cornfield an' the moon was a-shinin' bright, an' I set to myself, 'What makes you a slave? Why wasn't you born the gentleman an' marn born the slave, an' what for did I have to be any slaves? Why wasn't we all white men?' An' as I lay there a-thinkin', the corn begun a-whisperin', an' 'jes' seemed like them stalks say, 'Jes you heard old Joe. He tryin' teach de Lord what He order mad.' Reckon de Lord made corn to be corn, an' 'corn' to be cotton, an' 'marn' to be marn, an' 'Joey' to be Joey. And I lay right still an' got to thinkin' maybe I had

been findin' fault with de Lord. An' I say, 'Jes, you don't know much. Course if de Lord want you to be marn, He wouldn't make you slave. Reckon de Lord has to 'bout slaves, and haint made no mistake 'bout me. I 'juse be the best slave I can.' An' den when I come North, I get to workin' for your pa, and I say, 'I'll make them that borbahs as good as I can, for I reckon this am the Lord's work, an' He want it done up the right way.' An' when He wants old Joey for something better, it'll be a-chance easier for him to find me if I'm a-trimmin' these yer borbahs He set me at.' Then he began to sing:

"De corn am a growin'!
An' the cotton am a blowin',
An' I am a hoistin'!
While we praise de Lord."

"De Lord made de corn
An' de Lord made de cotton,
De Lord made 'em,
Bressed be His name."

Margaret still stood at the window. As long as she said, "You've preached a good sermon, Joe," and turned away. The cloud had vanished from her brow; it was sunny within as well as without. The children gathered about her and begged for a story.

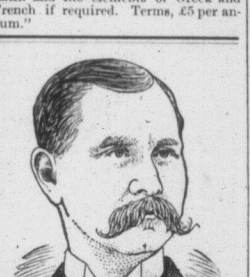
When Tom came in from business, Margaret made the evening paper happily by listening to his account of the day's doings at the store. Father came and found her bright and winning. As she entered her room that night, her mother paused a moment within her door.

"What has come to my little daughter?" she said, as she drew the curly head to her shoulder.

"Mamma, Joey preached me a sermon to-day. I was wanting to do something great, but I've decided that I don't think I made a mistake when he made me just here at home with you and the children. I'm trying to be the best Margaret Simpson I can."

"And be sure that home needs you," said Mrs. Spurgeon. "Let Estelle sing with you, and Elizabeth study. They have their own places to fill, and cannot do your work, nor can you do theirs. To please God, we must fill the place He has given us, whether in our eyes it seems great or small. For Him we can do nothing higher."

Mr. Spurgeon published the following advertisement forty years ago: "Mr. C. H. Spurgeon begs to inform his numerous friends that, after Christmas, he intends taking school, or seven young gentlemen as day pupils. He will endeavor to the utmost to impart a good commercial education. The ordinary routine will include arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and mensuration; grammar, composition, ancient and modern history, geography, natural history, astronomy, Scripture, and drawing, Latin and the elements of Greek and French if required. Terms, £5 per annum."



Officer A. H. Braley
of the Fall River Police

Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, and he felt that he was in a bad way. He felt tired all the time. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvelous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man, and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he is indebted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and cordially recommends it to all who are afflicted with the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: Gentlemen: I have had salt rheum for a number of years, and for the past year or so my legs, from the knee down, have been broken out very badly. I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to wear crutches. I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. The inflammation has all left my legs and it is entirely healed. I have had much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I conclude to write voluntarily and truthfully. F. J. TEMPLER, Ridgeway, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS actually, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels. Best dinner pill.

March

Is very important that during the months of March and April the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

April

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May

Is very important that during the months of March and April the blood should be thoroughly purified and the system given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar merit and it is the Best Spring Medicine.

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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Palatable as MILK. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, N. J. Sole Importers at all Druggists, etc., at \$1.00.

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Takes hold in this order:

Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin.

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

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Intercolonial Railway.

1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 15th day of OCTOBER, 1891, the Trains will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:00 a.m.
Accommodation for Point de Chene, 10:30 a.m.
Fast Express for Halifax, 12:00 p.m.
Express for Sussex, 12:30 p.m.
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12:45 p.m.

A Parcel Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 7:15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal, and from Halifax at 10:00 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10:00 o'clock will run daily, arriving at Montreal at 10:00 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex, 8:30 a.m.
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (Sundays excepted), 9:30 a.m.
Accommodation from Point de Chene, 12:30 p.m.
Day Express from Halifax, 12:30 p.m.
Express from Sussex, 12:45 p.m.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec 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, Montreal, N. B.
15th Oct., 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 18th JAN., 1892, as follows: Trains will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8:00 a.m., arrive at Annapolis at 11:00 a.m. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:00 p.m., arrive at Annapolis 5:45 p.m.

LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 1:30 p.m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5:20 p.m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7:30 a.m., arrive at Yarmouth 12:30 p.m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby with Steamer City of Montserrat to and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Steamer City of Montserrat to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis Street, Halifax, and at the principal stations of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway and on board Steamer City of Montserrat.

J. BRIDGEMAN, Gen. Supt.
Yarmouth, N. S.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

2 TRIPS A WEEK

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COMMENCING NOVEMBER 2nd, the Steamer of this Company will leave SAINT JOHN for—

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EVERY MONDAY

—AND THURSDAY

MORNING, at 7:30 Standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8:30 a.m., and Portland at 9 p.m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St. Andrews, Orléans and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p.m.

Through first and second-class tickets can be purchased and baggage checked through from all porting stations of all railways, and on board Steamer City of Montserrat between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis. Also, freight billed through at extremely low rates.

C. E. TACHELER, Agent St. John, N. B.
H. A. WALDRON, General Agent, Boston.
J. B. OOTLEY, Manager Portland.

March 30.

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