MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.]

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is that the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener over this valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the power of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of the night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible land, for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York that population, manners and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement which is rushing such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the dreamy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by place of nature there abode in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or as he expressed it, "tarried" in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pedlers for the mind as well as for the feet, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green, glassy eyes and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school house was a low building of one large room, just wide and long enough to hold a single row of benches, with a door at each end, or rather one door and a window on the back side, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sunday, after he has led his band of pupils through the intricacies of some tune, to walk forth from the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are ascribed by the vulgar to his ghost, this being the place where he is ultimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little matchships, in this ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentleman like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farm house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters therefore was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays, gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees, reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones, or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill pond, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, enviying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary, and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, till the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fattered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will* from the hill side; the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a logo blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits was to sing psalm tunes, and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusty road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts, and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted specter beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dare not look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins and the whole race of witches put together: and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening 'n each week to receive his instructions in psalmody was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh 18; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great great grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal hearted farmer. He seldom, if he ever went either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well conditioned. He was one of those fat jolly men who are proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which his wife lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves, and pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or nestling their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm yard and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his foot, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks paddling softly in dishes. like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

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"Doing his duty by their parents."

he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The venom arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively, a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are ascribed by the vulgar to his ghost, this being the place where he is ultimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little matchships, in this ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

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I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong headed, broad skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents:" and

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rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or nestling their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm yard and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his foot, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

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In the Cabin.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

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International Steamship Co., Winter Arrangement.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every MONDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local) for EASTPORT, thence to BOSTON, direct; and the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave St. John every THURSDAY Morning at 8 o'clock (Local), for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Returning, the Steamer CUMBERLAND will leave Boston every Monday morning for St. John, via Portland and Eastport; and the CLEOPATRA will leave Boston every Thursday morning for St. John, Calling at Eastport only.

H. W. CHISHOLM Agent.

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Choice P. E. ISLAND and BUCTOUCHE OYSTERS served in all Styles and shelled to order.

CHOICE LUNCHES

Served at all hours. Dinner from 12 till 2 o'clock.

CIGAR COUNTER, SHOOTING GALLERY, BILLARD and POOL TABLES.

Telephone Communication.

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas E. Burke, of the City of Portland, School Teacher, has this day made an assignment of his estate to the undersigned trustee, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, who may exhibit their claims duly proved within three months from this date. The Trust Deed now lies at the office of Currey & Vincent, Clarke's Corner, St. John, Barristers: for inspection and execution. No preferences.

Dated November 14th, A. D., 1888.

JOHN L. CARLETON, Trustee.

CURREY & VINCENT, Solicitors.

A. B. SMALLEY, WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

91 Prince William st., Saint John, N. B.

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For Thirteen years Watchmaker at the late SHEFFIELD HOUSE.

A full line of CLOCKS, WATCHES, and JEWELLERY, at reasonable prices.

No 3 Coburg Street (near Union). Saint John, N. B.

NOTICE.

The New Brunswick Coffin and Casket Factory, 157 and 159 Brussels St.,

Keeps a large stock of Coffins and Caskets on hand to select from, also, I have lately added Children's Enameled White Caskets finely finished.

Price List on application.

W. WA SON.

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R. & F. S. FINLEY, DEALERS IN Crushed Corn and Oats, Buckwheat Meal, Flour, Oats, Feed, Corn Meal, Oat Meal and General Groceries.

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S. R. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails & Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads, FINISHING NAILS. Shoe and Hungarian Nails, &c. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

E. LEONARD & SONS Steam Engines and Boilers for all purposes. WOODWORKING MACHINERY, TURBINE WHEELS. Dodge Wood Pulleys etc. SAW AND PLANING MILL outfits furnished. New and Second hand Machinery in stock. 62 Water St., - St. John, N. B. GEORGE H. EVANS, Representative.

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

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ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express	7 30
Accommodation	12 30
Express for Sussex	16 35
Express for Halifax & Quebec	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will Arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec	7 00
Express from Sussex	8 35
Accommodation	13 20
Day Express	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 20th, 1888.

New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect Nov. 19, 1888. Leave St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west. For Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. Pullman Buffet Parlor Car for Bangor.

3.35 p.m.—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m.—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle, Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m.—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Edmundston.

10.40 a.m.—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.00 p.m.—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, St. Andrews, Houlton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m.—For Fairville, Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points west.

3.20 p.m.—For Fairville, Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

10.10 a.m.—From Fairville, Fredericton &c.

4.10 p.m.—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 31, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 7.34 a. m., and Carleton at 7.45 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 10.31 p. m.; St. Stephen at 12.25 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.15 a. m., St. George at 10.22 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.07 p. m.; St John at 1.12 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by James Mortson, 49 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 9 a. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at Mortson's, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

D. LAWRANCE STURDEE, Receiver

F. W. HOLT, Superintendent.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 27, 1888.

W. M. CALDWELL, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office and Residence LANCASTER ROAD, Fairville.

G. T. WHITENECT, 157 Brussels Street. HOUSE, SHIP, SIGN, AND DECORATIVE PAINTER.

Paper Hanging, Gilding, Whitewashing, Kalsomining, Glazing, Etc. Telephone Communication with all the Leading Houses.

McLEOD'S TONIC COUGH CURE.

MORE TESTIMONY.

HANOVER ST., ST. JOHN, Oct. 20, 1888.

MR. McLEOD.

Your TONIC COUGH CURE has given me great relief. The severe attacks of COUGHING and ASTHMA, to which I have long been subject, most invariably succumb to two or three doses of your cure. I cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with severe coughs.

Yours truly, MARY THOMPSON.

SOLD BY S. McDAIRMID, Corner King and Germain Streets.

SAINT JOHN OYSTER HOUSE. No. 5 KING SQUARE (North Side). Christmas Oysters, Valley Cider, Lambs Tongues, Pigs Feet. Delivered to any part of the city and Portland free. Telephone orders promptly filled. Family trade solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed CHAS. H. JACKSON.

CHOICE PERFUMES Just received a full assortment —OF— Lubins, Atkinson's, Gosnell's Ect, in small bottles. —ALSO— A complete stock of first quality of PERFUMES IN BULK. Prices low. WILLIAM B. McVEY CHEMIST, 185 Union St., St. John, N. B.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

"I simply detest him, and it was my intention to kick him out of it in this interview and put an end to it all, but circumstances made it awfully hard for me. * * *"—Christian Life.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Patti says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. That accounts for Philadelphia having such handsome policemen.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and vomiting. My neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

Georgia always had Rye and Rock in quantities to satisfy, but since Mr. Rye married Miss Rock the supply is expected to be increased.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

Real estate has declined materially at Shenandoah, Pa. Several acres have dropped about forty feet—into an abandoned mine.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, and I can take care of my family." Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

The assertion that there are 422,400,000 railroad ties not unnecessary is a sympathetic one as to what theatrical company took the census.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

Eighty-seven people were legally hanged in the United States during the present year. Most of them were elevated from the lower walks of life.

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.

The Mare Island Navy-Yard is to be put in commission for repairing steel ships. It will be a good place for drilling horse marines.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn ou matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

The slim courtier of a young woman, like Dan Cupid's weapons, is a beau and narrow.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is, undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

Murderers sentenced to death in New York after to-day will go ohm to dynamo.

Mr. St. Pierre—'Xcuse me, Miss Pruney; she'll l'ist yo' wiv dl' bundl?

Miss Kitte—Yo' 's too good, Mistan Song Par, but dey 's been a heap ob coal missed ofn dis yer warf, so's d' boss he's set down on flirtin'.—Time.

A Kiss in the Dark.

Horace Vernet, the artist, was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minutely and commented freely upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, etc. They continued their annoyance until finally the painter determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from