Golden Medical Discovery.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce' Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or Blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

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All kinds, outside and inside finish.
SAWING AND TURNING,
Planing, Matching, Moulding.
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This is the oldest and most reliable Belladonna Plaster made, and contains an extra quantity of Belladonna. Especially valuable for Pain or Weakness in the Breast, Side, Back or Limbs; also for Liver Complaint, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Cold Spot between the Shoulders, Asthma, Difficulty in Breathing, Pleurisy, &c., in all which cases they give immediate and permanent relief.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
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WE EMPHATICALLY CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE
RETAIL & COUNTRY TRADE
to the Fact that the SHIRTINGS made by us are much
Better Weight, Faster Colors and More Durable
THAN ANY OTHERS IN THE MARKET

The experience of those who have used them for the past eight years, and an examination will prove the correct ness of this statement.

They are for sale by all the leading Wholesale Houses.

WM. PARKS & SON, Limited
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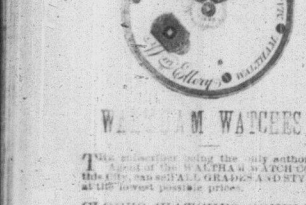

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THE subscriber being the only authorized Agent of the WALTHAM WATCH CO. in this City, can SELL ALL GRADES AND STYLES at the lowest possible prices.

CLOCKS, WATCHES & JEWELLERY
Etc., Etc.
All of the BEST MAKERS. For sale at retail cheaper at my establishment in the City.
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CARDS ..... $1.00 & 2.00 " "
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Encourage Home Manufacture!
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Celebrated Oil Paste Blacking.

The best Leather Preservative known for Harnesses, Boots and Shoes, and leather generally. This Blacking is peculiarly adapted for keeping all articles of Leather to which it is applied Soft and Pliable.

Why this Blacking is the best: 1st, It is thoroughly waterproof; 2nd, It will perfectly preserve the leather; 3rd, It keeps the leather soft and pliable; 4th, Because all who have used it testify that it is just as recommended.

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Manufacturer of Boots, Shoes, and Harnesses
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The Book of the Year.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see:

Full of the brightest pictures
Of dream and story and rhyme,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at time.

Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow;

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be
In the wonderful Year Book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

And a thought most strange and solemn
Is borne upon my mind:
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.

Write what we may upon it,
The record there will stay
Till the books of time are opened
In the Court of the Judgment Day.

And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?

And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

Selected Serial.

OPENING PLAIN PATHS.

BY HOWE BENNING.

CHAPTER XII.

A DAY BY THE OCEAN.

Ever since that slight attack of illness a few weeks before, Mr. Humphreys had been feeling its effects. He never said that he was sick. He was just in that halfway condition of one unused to sickness who has tried to recover too quickly, and for a long time afterward feels the thrusts of insulted nature for not giving her her dues.

But there was one good thing that remained with the bad, and that was the pleasanter relation between Mr. Humphreys and his daughter. Their solitary meals were no longer silent ones. Those words of Delia Mayo, "I can do anything for father, you know," had been to Margaret a revelation of her own selfishness, and had borne good fruit.

She took pains now to read the daily paper, and to talk about the news and the various questions of the day; and though in the light of such teachings as Miss Usher's, her father's views often seemed too narrow and self pointed, yet she found that even that difference was a help in rousing vital questions. And one evening, after she had seen him take off his glasses at least a half dozen times, and wipe them and then his eyes, as though to find out where the trouble lay, she took the paper from him and offered to read. He seemed glad to have her do this, though he was sound asleep at the end of the hour she gave to it. That experience in every detail was often repeated after that. Poor Margaret was trying very hard in those days to buy an easier conscience.

She never failed now in her place in church and Sabbath school, and in giving two hours at least to the study of the lesson. Sometimes she seemed to find something a little satisfying, but oftener all was clouded, and life still seemed purposeless and empty.

One morning at breakfast everything was nice and inviting, but Margaret seemed to have monopolized the appetite.

"You don't eat anything, father," she said presently; "don't you feel well?"

"About as usual," he answered; "I don't seem to care much for eating lately."

"Is there anything different you would like?" asked his daughter.

"No, everything is good enough; the trouble is in me."

Margaret looked a little solicitous.

"It's nothing," said her father, noticing this. "I shall come out all right when the hot weather goes over;" and he took up his paper and pretended to read, without observing that it was upside down.

"Margaret," said he presently, laying the paper aside, "what would you think of running down to Rocky Beach for a few days with me?"

Margaret looked up quickly. Could it be that her father was worse than he would acknowledge? She had never yet known him to take a vacation from business, or a pleasure trip. "I think it would be a splendid thing for you," she answered.

"And wouldn't you like it?"

"Very much indeed; I always enjoy the sight and sound of the ocean."

"The fact is, I've never stopped to notice such things much; but the other day Dunning came into the office, and he talked about the ocean and the bathing and fishing till he gave me quite a desire to try them; and as I can spare a few days now as well as not, if you say so, we'll go."

"I think it will be a good thing for you, father, but you needn't mind me; you know I had my money once for my summer pleasuring."

"I shall not go without you," said her father shortly; so that matter was settled.

"Isn't that where Mayo and his daughter are?" he asked presently.

"Yes, a few miles out from the village."

"I want to see him too, and talk with him on business; I find I miss him greatly; so we'll drive out there. I know he'll be glad to hear how things are going on in his absence."

"How are they?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, very well. We've an honest fellow, I think, in his place, though slow; but of course he can't quite fill the place of a man that's always been on hand for twenty years. I have to look after his work a good deal."

"Have you heard from Mr. Mayo lately?"

"Yes, had a short letter a few days since, the first he had written, he said; but he thinks he is better and steadily gaining; cough quite manageable now, and appetite firmer."

"I am so glad," said Margaret.

"Don't write anything about our coming; we will take them by surprise," said Mr. Humphreys, who, though he did not confess it, really had a higher respect for his bookkeeper than for any other man he knew, even though Mr. Mayo's career was no exemplification of Mr. Humphreys' ideal "success in life." Mr. Humphreys would not tell any one how much he missed the pale face from its wonted place; but when he spoke of business he also thought of the friendly hand-grasp and the warm greeting that he knew would be his.

"What do you hear of the White Mountain party?" he asked a little later.

"They are enthusiastic, of course."

"Do you regret not going?" Mr. Humphreys inquired further, looking keenly at Margaret.

"Not at all; I had almost forgotten them. I certainly shall forget them now, for I prefer the sea to the mountains."

"We will go then," said her father, rising.

So a few days later the arrival of Mr. Humphreys and Miss Margaret Humphreys was duly chronicled in the clerk's book at the "Oriental," the most comfortable hotel at Rocky Beach.

But before they left Belhaven, at Olive's suggestion, Margaret drove down one day to Mr. Mayo's to see if the family wished to send anything to him or Delia. The minute Margaret was outside her phaeton and inside the gate she wished herself well back again, but she rapped at the door and then waited an interminable time, during which suppressed voices and movements within could be plainly heard. At length the key grated in the lock, and Mrs. Mayo, in a green and blue striped silk and with a lace cap on the back of her head, stood smiling in the door. Don't imagine she had been putting these things on while Margaret waited. Her vivid toilet was already made, but she fancied it was the style to keep callers waiting at the door, and she had been peeping through the blinds and watching Mr. Judd's house opposite. Now she was profuse in apologies; but Margaret, in her old haughty manner, cut her short by explaining her errand in the fewest words.

Mrs. Mayo racked her brain. She would have sent the oldest and most frayed shirt that her husband had left at home rather than lose such an opportunity; but fortunately Mina was in the room and came to the rescue. "Didn't papa say he forgot his Concordance?" she asked.

"So he did, dear. What a child you are to remember. On the whole, Miss Humphreys, I think I won't trouble you with anything but a few books—not to crowd you, for I suppose the largest Saratoga will not more than hold your wardrobe."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Mayo; our trunk is not a very large one; but I have room for a few books, if you wish."

"On the whole," continued Mrs. Mayo, taking the small well-worn volume from Mina, "I think I will only trouble you with this." Really she could think of nothing more to send.

"And shall I tell him you are all well?" said Margaret, turning to the door; she had not sat down at all.

"If you will be so kind, and not consider it too great an effort, you may. Miss Humphreys; and please say that Vi is actually pining to see them in their accustomed places again."

Vi, who was listening at the stovepipe hole above, nearly betrayed her disconsolate state by an involuntary giggle at this.

"Will you please give papa my love, and Delia too?" said Mina, going shyly up to the caller, "and tell him I wish they would come home; it's lonesome without them." Of all Mrs. Mayo's children Mina was the most like her father in looks and manners, and Margaret's heart warmed toward her.

"I will carry your message safely," she said kindly, and hastened out the door.

The morning after Margaret's arrival at Rocky Beach she found opportunity to acquit herself of her commissions. Mr. Humphreys really had a question or two of business which he wished to see about at once; so after breakfast he took a light carriage, and himself drove Margaret out by the way they had been directed the previous evening.

It was a charming drive, most of the way over well graded roads and in sight of the restless, boundless sea, of which Margaret never tired. Once the road went inland through pine woods fragrant with their resinous odors, that made her think of Hanging Rock, of Miss Acsah, and her boarders. But a little after they came out again on higher ground, receding more sharply and often in rocky cliffs from the narrow beach. And here, when they saw the shingled sides of the low houses, they knew they were near their friends. They had been told that the house of their search was painted red, and they had no trouble in recognizing it when they came to a dwelling with shingles as broad as boards, and shining to the very ridgepole with a fresh coat of the brightest sanguine hue.

An immense chimney was built upon the outside of the gable end toward the road, and that also had shared in the painting.

"It looks like an enormous red spider," said Margaret, laughing.

"Or like a lobster with one claw out," said her father.

A substantial woman in a gay calico was just lowering a bucket into the well, and a long sweep with a weight dangling at the end, was mounting into the air.

"Is this where Mr. Vosburg lives?" asked Mr. Humphreys.

"Which one? there's ten of 'em round here," was the reply.

"Have you boarders by the name of Mayo?"

"Yes, this is the place."

"Can you tell me where Mr. Mayo is?" asked Mr. Humphreys, springing from the carriage.

"I think you will find him just beyond that tree and over the bank a little. There's a good rock seat there, where he sits mostly."

By this time Margaret had helped herself out, and now came forward. "So you don't know me, Mrs. Vosburg?" the good woman was looking inquiringly toward her.

"Oh, bless your heart!" she exclaimed, letting go of the bucket, that straightway flew into the air, "but I thought I saw a liking to some one I had known. Well, but I am glad. Vilet, Vilet," she called to a ragged youngster who suddenly appeared on the scene, "here's Miss Humphreys, and do you put up her horse, and bait it well, and drink it too."

"Oh, no matter about that; it's from the livery-stable."

"All the more need, then, for the poor beast to find friends occasionally," Mrs. Vosburg replied.

"But we are not going to stay long," said Margaret.

"You're not going until after dinner," was the decided answer, "so there's no use talking. Go now and see your friends, and at twelve o'clock I'll blow the horn for you to come to such as we have. You remember it of old, Miss Humphreys; it'll stay the stomach for the ride back."

Margaret and her father were not very anxious to resist their hostess' importunity, so the matter was soon settled, the horse was led away, and the guests walked along the ridge to the seat that Margaret remembered very well as her own especial favorite three years before.

Mr. Mayo was there, but he did not notice their approach until they were almost within hand-shaking distance of him. How his face flushed and his eyes beamed with pleasure when he saw who it was that was coming so near. Mr. Humphreys told his daughter afterward that he felt well paid for the ride over, and Margaret felt compensated for the entire journey by her father's satisfaction.

After a few minutes all three were sitting on the rocky beach, and Mr. Mayo was pointing out places and sails and colors with an animation no one had seen for a long time in the quiet bookkeeper, while his guests furtively watched him for the old signs of weakness.

"Why, Mayo, you are certainly better," exclaimed Mr. Humphreys, after a while, laying his hand gently on the other's shoulder; "I believe we've been here half an hour and I haven't heard you cough once yet."

"Yes, thank God," said the invalid quietly, "I am better. I had but two coughing turns last night, and both those my medicine quieted at once. Just see," he continued, standing up and throwing back his shoulders, "how much more erect I can stand with ease; and my chest—why, it seems to me I can see how that expands;" and he sat down again with a laugh very pleasant to hear.

"Can you walk far?" asked Mr. Humphreys.

"I don't attempt a great distance at a time; I do not wish to exhaust myself."

"Where is Delia?" Margaret had asked, after the first greetings, and Mr. Mayo pointed to something, it might be man or woman, moving and stooping on the sands a long way off. "There she is, gathering weeds; she has made quite a large collection, and I have helped her in spreading them out and drying them; but yesterday she packed most of them up and sent them in to Miss Bond in Belhaven. She will prepare them for market, and Delia will share the profits. I am very glad she has found this to do. There are two teachers from Ohio boarding here also, and they are of advantage to Delia; in the evening we all read together, and criticise at our leisure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Count Moltke.

THE GREAT COMMANDER LOPS TWIGS, GRAFTS, RAISES STOCK.—A FIRST CLASS FARMER.

Field Marshal Count Moltke has completed his eighty-sixth year, for he was born at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, in 1800. For many years past it has been his fixed custom to avoid all public celebrations by passing the day in complete retirement at his little estate of Kreisau, in Silesia. After attending the military manœuvres in Alsace last month in the Emperor's suite, he took his usual autumn stay at Ragaz, in Switzerland, and returned to Kreisau on September 30. His only company there consists of his nephew, Capt. Von Moltke of the general staff, and the latter's wife, a Swedish lady, the aged Marshal being childless and a widower.

During his stay at Kreisau, Count Moltke doffs his military uniform and devotes himself to agricultural pursuits. He rises regularly every morning shortly after six, and after drinking a cup of coffee, takes a walk through his park to the "Chapel Hill," where the remains of his wife and sister rest in the vault of a small chapel like structure. Count Moltke has specially desired that his body shall also be buried there, and a large marble slab already marks the spot of his last resting-place. This chapel is surrounded by arbor vitæ which he has planted with his own hands, and of which he is very proud. Whenever he receives visitors at Kreisau he never fails to take them to this spot.

During his morning promenades he always carries his garden shears and a small grafting saw with him, and is continually busy sawing off dry branches or lopping protruding twigs.

The trees in this park include specimens from all parts of the world, including many rare ones. It must not be supposed, however, that the great strategist neglects his military work when taking his holiday at Kreisau. On the contrary, the time of his stay there is usually with him the most productive of the whole year. All important work is forwarded to him there from the general staff at Berlin, and comes back with copious annotations and marginal remarks. Count Moltke also passes much time in studying the latest publications of the military literature of all nations. His working hours usually extend till past noon.

After luncheon he passes the afternoon by riding about on his estate and inspecting the laborers in the fields, for during his presence at Kreisau he always directs all work personally, which otherwise is under the superintendence of his other nephew. He also pays visits to his neighbors in the afternoon or receives their calls. Dinner is taken at six, after which Count Moltke usually takes a carriage drive. The evenings he always passes at home with his nephews. The aged Marshal also gives much attention to stock raising. His stables contain a fine herd of cattle, all of pure Dutch breed, besides eighteen teams of horses. He frequently visits the schools in the neighboring village, listens to the instruction given, and often puts questions to the children. Count Moltke usually returns to Berlin in November for the winter season. Besides his position at the head of the general staff, he is also a member of the German Reichstag, and one of its most regular attendants. His seat is in the front row of the Right, just below that of Prince Bismarck.—*London Daily News.*

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, AT MONTMAGNY, P. Q., SPEAKS.

To Brown Brothers & Co., Halifax, N. S.

I was very much troubled with a sprained foot and though having an antipathy to Patent Medicines I was induced to try a bottle of SIMSON'S Liniment, and with such great success that I have recommended it to all my neighbors. I also recommend this same Liniment for Bunions and Corns as a friend who used part of my sample bottle can also testify.

EUGENE HAMMOND,
Collector of Customs.

A Flash of Lightning.

Nothing, in the long run, commands a higher reward in the world than perseverance and thoroughness. Here is an incident in point:

A young lad in Pennsylvania who was supporting himself as a stenographer, studied in his leisure time the art of photography. Photography has been a craze for years past with American boys, and tens of thousands of young lads are going about with their cameras taking pictures. Most of them, however, grow tired of the pursuit in a short time, and give it up, without, probably, having made a single creditable picture.

But this boy was as anxious and careful with the amusement as if his livelihood depended on it, and studied not only the practice, but the theory of the art. An exhibition was given in Philadelphia a few years ago of all electrical discoveries and machinery. Among the exhibits was the photograph of a storm. The boy discovered that no one had ever succeeded in photographing a flash of lightning. He resolved to attempt this scientific feat, which was pronounced impossible.

The lightning must paint its own likeness, hence the photograph must be taken at night. For two years whenever there was a storm he put on a waterproof and carried his camera to the roof of the house. The prepared plate was put in, and turned to the quarter of the sky from which the flash would probably come. But lightnings, no more tamed than in the days of Job, will not come at our bidding, and say unto us, "Here we are."

The lad watched, in the drenching rain upon the house-top through every stormy night for two years, and spoiled one hundred and sixty plates in attempting to catch the evanescent flash. But on the one hundred and sixty-first plate there appeared the black sky, riven by a dazzling stream of electric light! For the first time in the history of the world there was a true picture of a flash of lightning.

Copies of the picture are now to be found all over the world, and the boy received letters from all scientific men of Europe congratulating him on his success.

Audubon, the ornithologist, spent hours every day standing up to the chin in the waters of the bayoux of the Louisiana, studying a certain moth. His wife complained that he had thus brought on congestion of the lungs, and permanently injured his health.

"Possibly," he said with indifference. "But there can be now no doubt as to the species of that moth!"

We hear much complaint among young men entering life that there is no room for them in any business or profession. There is room in each for zeal and thoroughness, and they never fail to command success and recognition; even in the making of a picture or the study of a moth.—*Youth's Companion.*

The "Lost Souls" of Siberia.

A graphic picture of the condition of those unfortunates who are fitly described as 'lost souls, is drawn in the work on Siberia by the Russian writer Jadrinzeff, a German edition of which has just been published by Prof. E. Petri, of Bern, says the London *Post*. Few of the exiles ever attain to the possession of a house, by which is meant a miserable hut. Most of them are in reality the bondsmen of the Siberian peasants, by whom they are hired; that is to say, they remain in their debt as long as as they live, and are satisfied when they can get money for drinking on holidays from their masters. But as the majority of the exiles are rogues and vagabonds by profession, who are afraid of work, the number of fugitives is constantly increasing who steal, rob, and plunder whenever a chance offers, and thus intensify the natural antipathy of the settlers against the class of the deported. The peasants have every cause to be incensed against them, for, besides suffering from the malpractices of the convict class, they have to bear the cost of the erection and preservation of prisons for the exiles, organize hunts for the capture of the runaways, provide guards for them, and find the taxes which cannot be raised from among the deported class. But the greatest gaps in the ranks of the exiles are caused by the almost systematic escape of the latter from forced labor and from the penal settlements. No less than fifty per cent of the deported escape during the journey. Many of them are shot down by the peasants and others. As an observer of Siberian life made a true remark when he said that Siberia would scarcely have been able to overpower the runaway exiles if the peasants had not annihilated them.

—Tramp: "I have lost an arm, sir; will ——" Passer-by (in great haste): "Sorry, but I haven't seen anything of it."

—"What kind of a dog is that, my little man?" "He's part tarrier." "And what's the other part?" "Oh, just dog!"

—"I'm looking for employment," said a young man entering a merchant's office. "You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dictionary over there—er—among the E's."

—Dr. Gimlet returns empty handed from a day's hunting, and in response to his wife's inquiries candidly confesses that he had killed nothing. "Why," retorts Mrs. G., slowly, "You could have done better than that had you stayed at home and attended to your regular business."

—"Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom and work up." "But, father, suppose I were going to dig a well?"

Landlady: "The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith: "Ah, yes, poor thing. I was expecting that. I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been strong."

—Before the wedding day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer.

—"Thank God, there's one man who never spoke a cross word to his wife," said Sam Jones at an Omaha meeting the other night, as a round-faced, good-natured man rose in response to Sam's question if such a person was present. The good-natured man smiled a bland smile and said: "I haven't any wife. I'm a bachelor."

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
It is without Doubt the Best of the Many Foods now in the Market.
Sold Everywhere. SIZES 3d. 1. Woolrich & Co. ON EVERY LABEL.

Dyspeptics and others, not sick enough to be in bed, but just in that condition when nothing can be fully enjoyed, should adopt Ridge's Food as a daily diet. It will accomplish the desired result; namely, strength without taxing the digestive organs. In sickness Ridge's Food is invaluable. For the growing child no other food can approach it. Large, $1.00, cheapest for family use. WOOLRICH & CO on label. Send your address for pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints."

GATES'
INVIGORATING SYRUP

This preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable cathartic and family medicine, superceding all pills, and should be in every house.

For Coughs and Colds,
a little night and morning will soon break them up.

For Irregularities of the Bowels,
nothing can be found to excel, as it causes no griping or pain.

For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart,
one swallow gives instant relief.

Sick Headache, Stomach and Pin-worms yield at once.

It is an invigorator of the whole system, whereby a regular and healthy circulation is maintained; has been well tested already, and will do all that we say of it.

Only 50c. a bottle, $5 50 per Doz.

Intercolonial Railway.

'86. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '87.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.30 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec,	6.10 p. m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 6.10 p.m. 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 and Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX

Day Express,	7.15 a. m.
Pictou Accommodation,	11 50 p. m.
Express for St. John and Quebec,	1.50 p. m.
Truro Accommodation,	4.00 p. m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 1.50 p.m. train to St. John.

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

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Truro Accommodation,	8.30 a. m.
Express from St. John and Quebec,	12.05 p. m.
Pictou Accommodation,	1.40 p. m.
Day Express,	7.50 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
November 17th, 1886.

Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1886 WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1887

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M	Acc. M.W.F. A.M.	Acc dy P.M.
	Halifax,—leave,	7 00		2 30
1	Richmond,	6 15		2 35
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 15	3 30
40	Newport,	8 43	9 12	4 56
46	Wilfdsor,	9 00	9 35	5 35
53	Hantsport,	9 22	10 37	6 08
60	Horton Landing	9 41	11 05	6 30
64	Wolfville,	9 54	11 25	6 47
66	Port Williams,	10 00	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
	Do—Depart,	10 30	12 25	
83	Berwick,	11 05	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 23	1 40	
95	Kingston,	11 41	2 10	
102	Middleton,	12 02	2 35	
116	Bridgetown,	12 45	3 55	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 25	4 50	

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. A.M.	Acc. T.T.S.	Exp dy. P.M
	Annapolis leave	6 00		1 53
14	Bridgetown,	6 55		2 15
28	Middleton,	7 53		2 85
35	Kingston,	8 25		3 16
42	Aylesford,	9 00		3 34
47	Berwick,	9 20		2 52
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M. 10 15		4 32
	Do—depart,	5 40	10 50	4 45
54	Port Williams	6 00	11 10	5 00
66	Wolfville,	6 10	11 19	5 08
70	Horton Landing	6 30	11 37	5 22
77	Hantsport	6 58	12 05	5 44
84	Windsor,	7 50	12 55	6 10
90	Newport,	8 10	1 18	6 26
116	Windsor Junction,	10 00	3 23	7 35
129	Richmond,	10 42	4 04	
130	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 19	8 16

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer 'Secret' leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday a.m. for Digby and Annapolis; returning from Annapolis same days.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Digby for Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, a. m. returning from Annapolis same days.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

The Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, and Thursday a. m., for Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All-Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 8 40 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets by various routes on sale at all stations

P. INNES,
Kentville, Nov 22, 1886 General Manager.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto