

## TANGLED THREADS

The band came first—their instruments in rest; then the muffled drum, on which its beater struck a note now and again. The hoarse and three mourning coaches followed, some private carriages, and the soldiers on foot. And that was all; except some struggling spectators in the rear, with Hepburn the undertaker and his men on either side the black coaches. The hoarse was exactly opposite Mrs. Cumberland when the band struck up the Dead March in Saul. Suddenly there flashed across her a recollection of the morning, only a few days ago, when Ellen Adair had been playing that same dirge, and it had graced on Oliver's ear. Her eyes fixed themselves on the hoarse as it passed, and she saw in mental vision the corpse lying within. In another moment, the music, her son, the dead, and the fatal letter, all seemed to blend confusedly in her brain; and Mrs. Cumberland sat down white and faint, and almost insensible. The lady of the house, her eyes riveted on the window, made her comments and suspected nothing of the indisposition.

"Mr. North in the first coach with his white hankieker held to his nose. And well he may hold it, poor bereft gentleman! Mr. Richard is sitting by the side of him, Captain Bonham on the opposite side—and—who's the other? Why! it's young Sidney North. Then they've sent for him from college, or wherever it is he stays at; and his mother, I'll be bound, is sitting in the same coach with him. He'll never be half the man his stepbrothers are."

Mrs. Gass's remarks ceased with the passing of the coach. In her curiosity she did not observe that she received no response. The second coach came in sight, and she began.

"An old gent, upright as a dart, with snow white hair and the few curls colored aquiline! A handsome face, if ever I saw one; his eyes as blue and as fine as Captain Bonham's. There's a likeness between 'em. It must be his uncle, Sir Nash. A young man sits next him with a white, unhealthy face, and the other two—who, if I don't believe it's the young Dalrymple?"

There was no reply. Mrs. Gass turned to see the reason. Her visitor was sitting back in a chair, a frightfully gray shade upon her face and lips.

"My patience! Don't you feel well, madam?"

"I am a little tired," replied Mrs. Cumberland, smiling languidly as she roused herself. "Looking out at passing things always fatigues me."

"Now don't you stir, ma'am! I'll tell it off to you," came the rejoinder, spoken with sympathy. There's only one coach more. And that have I but two inside it—the doctor from Whitcombrough," added Mrs. Gass. "I wonder they didn't invite Mr. Oliver—the first called in to the poor young man—and Alexander. Not thought good enough by madam, perhaps, to be mixed with all these duns."

She looked after the swiftly passing pageantry with lingering admiration. Mrs. Cumberland sat still in the chair and closed her eyes, as if all interest in the funeral—and in life too, for that matter—had passed away.

The procession wound along through the long straggling village street, past the Dalrymple Works, an immense group of buildings that lay on the left, and so to the church. It was the only church in the parish, inconveniently distant for some of the inhabitants. Dalrymple, when he spoke about building one for himself, but that honor had not yet been attained to. In a corner of the large churchyard lay Mrs. North, Mr. North's first wife and Edmund's mother. The new grave was by her side.

Among the spectators, numbers of whom collected in the burial ground stood a young man. Very much no doubt to the astonishment of her mistress, had she seen her. To keep surreptitiously from behind blinds, was one thing; but to stand openly staring in the churchyard, was another; and Mrs. Cumberland would assuredly have ordered her away. Jolly had come to it with a cousin of hers, Susan Ketter, the wife of the sick man who was being attended by Dr. Kane. Jolly had curiosity enough for ten ordinary women—which is saying a great deal—and would not have missed the sight for the world.

It was soon over; our burial service is not a long one; and the coaches and mourners moved away again, leaving the field in possession of the mob. A rush ensued to obtain a view of the coffin, as yet scarcely sprinkled with earth. Jolly and her friend approached, and the former read the inscription.

"Edmund, son of John North and of Mary, his first wife. Died May 3, 18—, aged 33." "I should not have put 'died,' but 'murdered,' if it was had the writing of it," spoke Mrs. Ketter.

"And so should I, Susan," significantly replied Jolly. "Here, let's get out of this throng."

Jolly, in her loftiness of stature and opinion, was above the throng literally and figuratively; but it was dense and troublesome. Neither death nor funeral had been of an ordinary description; and others besides the great unwhashed were crowding there. The two women bowed their way out, and passed back down the great highway to Ketter's house in Dalrymple. He was one of the best of the North workmen, earning good wages; and the family lived in comfort.

Ketter was in the parlor, sitting up for the first time. Under Dr. Kane's skilful treatment he was getting rapidly better. A child sat on his knee, held by his able arm; the rest were around. The children had wanted, as a matter of course, to go out and see the funeral. "No," said the father, "they might get playing, and that would be unbecomely." He was a short, dark, honest-looking man; a good husband and father. Jolly sat talking for a short time, and then rose to leave.

But she was not allowed to do so. To let her depart at that hour without first partaking of tea, would have been a breach of hospitality that the well-to-do workpeople of Dalrymple would never bear of. Jolly, too easily persuaded where women were concerned, took off her bonnet, and the tray was brought in.

Cups of beer induced men to a long sitting, cups of tea women. Jolly sat on, oblivious of the lapse of time. The chief topic of conversation was the anonymous letter. Jolly found to her surprise and anger, that here, the prevailing belief was that it had been written by a clerk named Wilks, who was in the office of Dale the lawyer, and might have become cognizant of the transaction between his master, Mr. Alexander, and Edmund North.

"Who told you that Ketter?" sharply demanded Jolly, fixing her indignant eyes on the man.

"I can't rightly say who told me," replied

Ketter; it's the talk of the place. Wilks carries it out and out; but when he's in his evening cups—and that's not seldom—he does things that next morning he has no recollection of. Doctor Kane laughed at that, for saying so, a lawyer knows better than to let private matters get out to his clerks, says the doctor. But he don't know that Tim Wilks as some of us do."

"Well, I would not say too much about it," began Tim Wilks, if it were you, Ketter," cried Jolly, in suppressed wrath, brushing the crumbs from her black gown. "You might find yourself in hot water."

And then Ketter suddenly remembered that Wilks was her particular friend, so he turned the subject.

Jolly tore herself away at last, very unwillingly; gossip and tea drinking formed her idea of an earthly paradise. Night was settling in; a light, beautiful night, the moon sailing majestically in the sky. Just past the gates of Dalrymple Hall, in a bend of the road when the overhanging trees on either side gave it a lonely appearance at night, and by day too, for that matter; no dwelling of any sort being within view, stood a bench at the side of the path. It was a welcome resting place to tired wayfarers; it was no less welcome to wandering lovers in their hot rambles. As Jolly went hastening on, a faint sound of voices broke upon her ear from this spot, and she arrested her steps instinctively. The chance of pouncing unexpectedly upon a pair exchanging soft vows, was perfectly delightful to Jolly; especially if it should happen to be a pair who had no business to exchange them.

(To be Continued.)

### Home and Abroad.

It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or traveling for pleasure or business, to equip himself with the remedy which will keep up strength and prevent illness, and cure such ailments as are liable to come upon him. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c per box. I

Some men have about the same experience with their religion as they do with their umbrellas.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Hope is the soul's search-light.

The devil has rarely been blackballed. Dear Sirs—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for cure. Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, Hamville, Ont.

About 3,000 marriage ceremonies are performed each day throughout the world. Why will you slow a cough to locate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, soothing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

The roar of a lion can be heard further than the sound of any other living creature. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 25 cents.

Printers on the Pall Mall Gazette set their matter from the dictation of a phonograph.

At Death's Door.—Dyspepsia Congruent.—A Great Medical Triumph. GENTLEMEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live, when I commenced the use of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 210 to 110 pounds. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over 30 dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in the section know how low I was, and though I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life, as I never expected to recover when I first commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimony, and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia. JEAN VALCOURT, (Signed) General Merchant, Wotton, P.Q.

SCIENCE tells us that the body of every human being weighing 150 pounds contains one pound of salt. Also that every one of us needs in a year about fifteen pounds of salt.

A bottle of Angostura Bitters to flavor your lemonade or any other cold drink will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine Angostura, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

SEASONED timber is but little liable to decay under the influence of a dry atmosphere, and will resist decomposition for an indefinite period when kept totally submerged in water.

Open as Day. It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

IN SPEAKING of the death of an aged Baptist deacon, the Springfield Republican remarked the other day, "Although a quiet and unostentatious man, he was very much respected."

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

The hair has a growth of its own apart from that which animates the human body. This accounts for the growth of the hair in the dead long after interment.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and electrical. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

## HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

A UNIQUE trolley car fender is proposed by a Boston inventor. He has taken the large revolving brushes from a street sweeper and placed them in such a position under the car so that a person who happens to fall in front of the car will be swept from the track.

IN DIGGING the foundations for a house near the Church of St. Stephen, in Jerusalem, lately, a beautiful Mosaic pavement was discovered which measured 21 feet by 13, and contained an Armenian inscription. Underneath was a cavern in which were found bones, lamps and glass vases.

IN RUSSIA people may not wed the fourth time, nor after they are 80 years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage, makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insupportable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

The long stiff leaves of a pineapple plant are so formed that a heavy dew or light rain will give nourishment to the roots. Each leaf is a conductor which leads the water to the heart of the plant, where it collects in a diminutive reservoir, allowing the plant to drink the fluid at its leisure. It is not rare to see a small green frog sitting in this pool of water, and he gazes at the observer with a look of solid enjoyment, as if the whole arrangement was created for his special comfort.

The New York Sun remarks that post office regulations against accepting foreign coins are disregarded along the Canadian border, where the Canadian 25 cent piece has a wide and free circulation on this side the line and is accepted without hesitation by postmasters. They accept even Canadian bank notes, and there seems to prevail a thorough international comity as to money. Postmasters and merchants are astonished when visitors from regions further south hesitate at accepting Canadian money in change.

SEPTEMBER is bringing, as usual, the annual military evolutions and sham battles in which the great European armies indulge. The Austrian maneuvers of the past week culminated in an engagement under the walls of Landekron, the roar of 120 guns adding to the effect of splendid cavalry charges and infantry fighting. Emperor William reviewed some of his troops near Konigsberg. The President of France will review, it is said, about 100,000 men near Chalons, and, indeed, the month will be one of noteworthy military shows.

AN UNUSUAL result of the drought was noticed in Stockbridge, Mass., the other day. Some workmen heard a robin uttering loud cries, and saw the bird darting from branch to branch of a tree in great excitement. Close examination showed a red squirrel sitting on a branch close to the trunk, holding a young robin in its paws. The men threw stones at him to make him drop the bird, but he moved around the tree, still holding it. Finally he let it drop to the ground and ran away. On picking the bird up it was found to be quite dead and almost drained of blood, the fierce little rodent having sucked his fill at the cost of the bird's life. Squirrels are known to eat birds' eggs, but the long drought is held responsible for this crime.

Dr. Good, a missionary in the interior of Africa, says that the poverty of the native languages is a serious hindrance to missionary effort. In the Bule language, for instance, there is no word for "thanks" or "thanksgiving." "To believe," "to trust," "to have faith," are all expressed by one verb to which there is no corresponding noun. There is no word for "spirit." The Bule have always believed in an invisible god, but they have never given such a being a name. With the Bule a living man has a body and a shadow—the literal shape cast by the living person—which at death leaves the body and becomes a disembodied spirit with a new name which cannot be used to apply to God and the angels. So Dr. Good is driven to say that God is a "shadow," and that Christ will send his "holy shadow" into men's hearts, etc.

"Ask why God made the gem so small, And why so huge the granite. Because the most mankind should place The highest value on it."

This was Burns' neat compliment to a rather petite lady friend, but it applies with literal exactness to the concentrated, yet agreeable, minute, sugar-coated globules, known the world over as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are easy to take, quick and mild in their action, and leave no constipating effects. They set especially on the liver, stomach, bowels and blood, freeing the system from impurities and restoring healthy action of the organs.

HEATER FOR ALL!!! Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

Manufactured only at 70, New Oxford Street (late 23, CANAL STREET), London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Bottle and Box, and be sure that the name of Dr. J. C. Williams is prominent.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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## What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kneibler, Conway, Ark.

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

## Hobbs Manufacturing Company, LONDON.

Glass Paper Weights, Glass Signs for Advertising, Mirrors and Store Fronts.

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"UNION" MADE.

ITS SALES ARE

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A rapid writer and marvelous manifold. Portable. Weight, 6 pounds. Visible writing and direct inking. This is your opportunity. Get on the wheel of progress now. It will do all that can be accomplished by the \$125 machines.

PRICE ONLY \$45.

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Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known brand:

Redpath

Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 pound boxes. "CROWN" GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest which can be made. EXTRA GRANULATED, very Superior Quality. "CREAM" SUGARS, (not dried). "YELLOW" SUGARS of all Grades and Standards. SYRUPS of all Grades in barrels and half-barrels. SOLE MAKERS of high class Syrups in tins, 2 pounds and 8 pounds each.

**BLOOD POISON** or Syphilis cured in 20 to 30 days by a **Magic Remedy**, under guarantee, by **Dr. J. C. Williams**, 100,000 capital. Positive proofs and 100 pure blood illustrations from life from people cured, free by mail. Write Dr. J. C. Williams, 100,000 capital, our **Magic Remedy** will cure. **COOK REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

## RAILWAY TIME TABLES

### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.			
DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE
Edmonton	11:35 a.m.	Calgary	8:25 a.m.
Winnipeg	8:00 a.m.	Regina	6:00 a.m.
Saskatoon	5:00 a.m.	Yorkton	3:00 a.m.
North York	1:00 a.m.	St. Paul	11:00 p.m.
Peterborough	11:00 p.m.	Montreal	9:00 p.m.
Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:40 p.m.			

Going West.			
DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE
Edmonton	11:35 a.m.	Calgary	8:25 a.m.
Winnipeg	8:00 a.m.	Regina	6:00 a.m.
Saskatoon	5:00 a.m.	Yorkton	3:00 a.m.
North York	1:00 a.m.	St. Paul	11:00 p.m.
Peterborough	11:00 p.m.	Montreal	9:00 p.m.
Trains arrive from the west at 11:25 a.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:40 p.m.			

THOS. H. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 134 Dundas Street, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas.

### ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.			
Stations.	Rel.	No. 1	No. 2
Sarnia (C. P. R.)	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Courville	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
M. C. R. Junction	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Fargo	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Blenheim	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.

Trains North.			
Stations.	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6
Blenheim	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Fargo	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Chatham (C. P. R.)	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
M. C. R. Junction	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Courville	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Sarnia (C. P. R.)	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division. COLLECTED June 3, 1894.

MAIN LINE—Going East.			
ARRIVE	DEPART	ARRIVE	DEPART
Lough Express (B.)	4:10 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Accommodation	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Atlantic Express (A.)	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Bay Express	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Wabash Express (A.) (B.)	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Mixed (C.)	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.
Erie Limited (A.)	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	4:20 a.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.			
	ARRIVE	DEPART	
Chicago Express (A).....	6:20 a.m.	5:55 a.m.	
West End Mixed.....		6:35 a.m.	
Wabash Express (A).....	11:15 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	
Erie Limited (A).....	12:12 p.m.		
Accommodation.....	12:35 p.m.	2:05 p.m.	
Pacific Express (A).....	6:50 p.m.	7:20 p.m.	
Mail.....	8:50 p.m.		
Accommodation.....		7:25 p.m.	