THE TRIED CHRISTIAN.

BY MRS. JOHN DAVIS.

[This quaint old hymn which has been sent us for republication has a certain old-fashioned Gospel flavor about it, which will probably revive old memories for some of the older readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.]

My music is a captive's chain,
Harsh sounds my ears do fill;
How shall I sing sweet Zion's song,
On this side Zion's hill?

I sojourn in a vale of tears,
Alas! how can I sing:
My harp doth on the willows hang,
Distuned in every string.

Yet, O, I hear a joyful sound,
Surely I quickly come,
Each word much sweetness doth distil,
Like a full honey-comb.

And dost Thou come, my dearest Lord?
And dost Thou surely come?
And dost Thou surely, quickly come?
Methinks I am at home.

Come, then, my dearest, dearest Lord;
My sweetest, surest friend;
Come, for I loath these Kedar tents;
The fiery chariot send.

What have I here? My thoughts and joys
Are all packed up and gone;
My eager soul would follow them
To Thine eternal throne.

What have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
My eyes will not be blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.

My Jesus is gone up to heaven
To get a place for me,
For 'tis His will that where He is,
There should His servants be.

Canaan F view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord who sends unto me here
Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changes not,
Why should I be perplexed?
My God that owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

Go fearless then, my soul, with God,
Into another room;
Those who have walked with Him here,
Shall see their God at home.

View death with a believer's eyes,
It hath an angel's face;
And this kind angel will prefer
Thee to an angel's place.

The grave's but a refining pot
Unto believing eyes;
For there the flesh shall lose its dross,
And like the sun shall rise.

The world which I have known too well,
Hath mocked me with its lies;
How gladly could I leave behind
Its vexing vanities.

My dearest friends they dwell above,
Them will I go and see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

Fear not the trump's loud rending sounds,
Dread not the day of doom,
For He who is to be thy judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

Blest be my God, that gives me light,
Who in the dark did grope;
Blest be my God, the God of love,
Who causeth me to hope.

Here's the world's signed comforts staff
And here is grace's chain;
By these, Thy pledges, Lord, I know
My hopes are not in vain.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VI.

WOOING AND WINNING.—

Until after Twelfth Night the Christmas festivities were continued; but if the truth had been admitted, the cumbrous ceremonials, the excessive eating and visiting, would have been pronounced by every one very tiresome. Julius found it particularly so, for the festival had no roots in his boyhood's heart, and he did not include it in his dreams of pre-existence.

"It is such semblance of good fellowship, such a wearisome pretense of good wishes that mean nothing," he said one day. "What value is there in such talk?"

"Well," answered the Squire, "it isn't a bad thing for some of us to feel obliged once in a twelve months to be good-natured, and give our neighbors a kind wish. There are them that never do it except at Christmas. Eh? What?"

"Such wishes means nothing."

"Nay, now, there is no need to think that kind words are false words. There is a deal of good sometimes in a mouthful of words. Eh? What?"

"And yet, sir, as the queen of the crocodiles remarked, 'Words mend none of the eggs that are broken.'"

"I know nothing about the queen of the crocodiles. But if you don't believe in words, Julius, it is quite allowable at Christmas time to put your words into any substantial form you like. Nobody will doubt a good wish that is father to a handsome gift; so, if you don't believe in good words, you have a very reliable substitute in good deeds. I saw how you looked when I said 'A Merry Christmas' to old Simon Gills and you had to say the words after me. Very well, send old Simon a new plaid or a pound of tobacco, and he'll believe in your wish, and you'll believe in yourself. Eh? What?"

The days were full of such strained conversations on various topics. Harry could say nothing which Julius did not politely challenge by some doubtful inquiry. Julius felt in every word and action of Harry's the authority of the heir, and the forbearance of a host tolerant to a guest. He complained bitterly to Sophia of the position in which he was constantly put. "Your father and brother have been examining timber and looking at the outbouses this morning, and I understand they were discussing the building of a conservatory for Charlotte; but I was left out of the conversation entirely. Is it fair, Sophia? You and I are the next heirs, and just as likely to inherit as Harry. More so, I may say, for a soldier's life is already sold, and Harry is reckless and dissipated as well. I think I ought to have been consulted. I should not be in favor of thinning the timber. I dare say it is done to pay Harry's bills; and thus, you see, it may really be we who are made to suffer. I don't think your father likes our marriage, dear one."

"But he gave his consent, beloved."

"I was very dissatisfied with his way of doing it. He might as well have said, 'If it has to be, it has to be; and there is no use fretting about it.' I may be wrong, but that is the impression his consent left on my mind. And he was quite unreasonable when I alluded to money matters. I would not have believed that your father was capable of being so disagreeably haughty. Of course, I expected him to say something about our rights, failing Harry's, and he treated them as if they did not exist. Even when I introduced them in the most delicate way, he was what I call downright rude. 'Julius,' he said, 'I will not discuss any future that presupposes Harry's death.'"

"Father's sun rises and sets in Harry, and it was like him to speak that way; he meant nothing against us. Father would always do right. What I feel most is the refusal to give us our own apartments in Seat-Sandal. We do not want to live here all the time, but we ought to be able to feel that we have a certain home here."

"Yes, indeed. It is very important in my eyes to keep a footing in the house. Possession is a kind of right. But never mind, Sophia. I have always had an impression that this was my home. The first moment I crossed the threshold I felt it. All its rooms were familiar to me. People do not have such presentiments for nothing."

"There is a class of lovers who find their supremest pleasure in isolating themselves; who consider their own affairs an oasis of delight, and make it desert all around them. Julius and Sophia belonged to it. They really enjoyed the idea that they were being badly used. They talked over the Squire's injustice, Mrs. Sandal's indifference to every one but Harry, and Charlotte's envy, until they had persuaded themselves that they were the only respectable and intelligent members of the family. Naturally, Sophia's nature deteriorated under this isolating process. She grew secretive and suspicious. Her love affairs assumed a proportion which put her in false relations to all the rest of the world.

"It was unfortunate that they had come to a crisis during Harry's visit, for of course Harry occupied a large share of every one's interest. The Squire took the opportunity to talk over the affairs of the estate with him, and this was not a kind of conversation they felt inclined to make general. It took them long solitary walks together to the different "folds," and several times as far as Kendal together. "Am I one of the family, or am I not?" Julius would ask Sophia on such occasions; and then the discussion of this question separated them from it, sometimes for hours at a time.

"Mrs. Sandal hardly perceived the growth of this domestic antagonism. When Harry was at Seat-Sandal, she lived and moved and had her being in Harry. His food and drink, and the multitude of his small comforts; his friends and amusements; the renovation of his linen and hosiery; his hopes and fears, and his promotion or marriage, were enough to fill the mother's heart. She was by no means oblivious of Sophia's new interests, she only thought that they could be put aside until Harry's short visit was over; and Charlotte's sympathies were also with Harry. "Julius and Sophia do not want them, mother," she said; "they are sufficient unto themselves. If I enter a room preoccupied by them, Sophia sits silent over her work, with a look of injury on her face; and Julius walks about, and kicks the stools out of his way, and simply 'looks' me out of their presence."

After such an expulsion one morning, she put on her bonnet and mantle, and went into the park. She was hot and trembling with anger, and her eyes were misty with tears. In the main walk she met Harry. He was smoking, and pacing slowly up and down under the bare branches of the oaks. For a moment he also seemed annoyed at her intrusion on his solitude; but the next one he had tucked her arm through his own, and was looking with brotherly sympathy into her flushed and troubled face. This morning Charlotte felt it to be a great comfort to complain to him, to even cry a little over the breaking of the family bond and the loss of her sister's affection.

"I have always been so proud of Sophia, always given up to her in everything. When grandmother showed me the sapphire necklace, and said she was going to leave it to me because she loved me best, I begged her not to slight Sophia in such a way as that—Sophia being the elder, you know, Harry. I cried about it until she was almost angry with me. Julius offered his hand to me first; and though I claim no merit for giving up what I do not want, yet, all the same, if I had wanted him, I should have refused, because I saw that Sophia had set her heart upon him. I should indeed, Harry."

"I believe you would, Charlotte."

"And somehow Julius manages to give me the feeling that I am only in Seat-Sandal on his tolerance. Many a time a day I have to tell myself that father is still alive, and that I have a right in my own home. I do not know how he manages to make me feel so."

"In the same way that he conveys to me the impression that I shall never be Squire of Sandal-Side. He has doomed me to death in his own mind; and I believe if I had to live with him, I should feel constrained to go and shoot myself."

"I would come home, and get married, Harry. There will be room enough and welcome enough for your wife in Seat-Sandal, especially if she be Emily."

"She will not be Emily; for I love some one else far away better—millions of times better than I love Emily."

"I am so glad, Harry. Have you told father?"

"Not yet. I do not think he will be glad, Charlotte."

"But why?"

"There are many reasons."

"Such as?"

"She is poor."

"Oh! that is bad, Harry; because I know that we are not rich. But she is not your inferior? I mean she is not uneducated or unladylike?"

"She is highly educated, and in all England there is not a more perfect lady."

"Then I can see no reason to think father will not be pleased. I am sure Harry, that I shall love your wife. Oh, yes! I shall love her very dearly."

Then Harry pressed her arm close to his side, and looked lovingly down into her bright, earnest face. There was no need of speech. In a glance their souls touched each other.

"And so he asked you first, eh, Charley?"

"Yes."

"And you would not have him? What for, Charley?"

"I did not like Julius, and I did like some one else."

"Oh, oh! Who is the some one else?"

"Guess, Harry. He is very like you, very; fair and tall, with clear, candid, happy blue eyes, and brown hair curling close over his head. In the folds and in the fields he is master. His heart is gentle to all, and full of love for me. He has spirit, dint, ambition, enterprise, and can work twenty hours out of the twenty-four to carry out his own plans. He is a right good fellow, Harry."

"A North-country man?"

"Certainly. Do you think I would marry a stranger?"

"Cumberland born?"

"Who else?"

"Then it is Steve Latrigg, eh? Well, Charley, you might go farther and fare worse. I don't think he is worthy of you."

"Oh, but I do!"

"Very few men are worthy of you."

"Only Steve. I want you to like Steve, Harry."

"Certainly. Seat-Sandal folks and Up-Hill folks are always thick friends. And Steve and I were boy chums. He is a fine fellow, and no mistake. I am glad he is to be my brother. I asked mother about him and she said he was in Yorkshire, learning how to spin and weave wool—a queer thing, Charley."

"Not at all. He may just as well spin his own fleeces as sell them to Yorkshire men to spin." Then they talked awhile of Stephen's plans, and Harry appeared to be much impressed with them. "It is a pity father does not join him, Charley," he said. "Every one is doing something of the kind now. Land and sheep do not make money fast enough for the wants of our present life. The income of the estate is no larger than it was in grandfather's time, but the expenses are much greater, although we do not keep up the same extravagant style. I need money, too—need it very much; but I see plainly that father has none to spare; Julius will prec him very close."

"What has Julius to do with father's money?"

"Father must, in honor, pay Sophia's portion. Unfortunately, when the fellow was here last, father told him that he had put away from the estate one hundred pounds a year for each of his girls. Under this promise Sophia's right, with interest, will be near three thousand pounds, exclusive of her share in the money grandmother left you. I am sorry to say that I have had something to do with making it hard for father to meet these obligations. And Julius wants the money paid at the marriage. Father, too, feels very much as I feel, and would rather throw it into the sea than give it to him; only *noblesse oblige*."

The subject evidently irritated Harry beyond endurance, and he suddenly changed it by taking from his pocket an ivory miniature. He gave it to Charlotte, and watched her face with a glow of pleasant expectation. "Why, Harry!" she cried, "does so lovely a woman really exist?"

He nodded happily, and answered, in a voice full of emotion, "And she loves me."

"It is the countenance of an angel."

"And she loves me. I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment, Charley, but she loves me." Then Charlotte lifted the pictured face to her lips. Their confidence was complete; and they did not think it necessary to talk it over, or to exact promises of secrecy from each other.

The next day Harry returned to his regiment, and Sophia's affairs began to receive the attention which their important crisis demanded. In those days it was customary for girls to make their own wedding outfit, and there was no sewing-machine to help them. "Mine is the first marriage in the family," Sophia said, "and I think there ought to be a great deal of interest felt in it." And there was; Grandmother Sandal's awmries were opened for old laces and fine cambric, and petticoats and spencers of silks wonderful in quality and color, and guiltless of any admixture of less precious material. There were whole sets of many garments to make, and tucking and frilling and stitching were then slow processes. Agnes Bolteed came to assist; but the work promised to be so tedious that the marriage day was postponed until July.

In the meantime Julius spent his time between Oxford and Sandal-Side. Every visit was distinguished by some rich or rare gift to his bride, and he always felt a pleasure in assuring himself that Charlotte was consumed with envy and regret. He was very much in love with Sophia, and quite glad she was going to marry him; and yet he dearly liked to think that he made Charlotte sorry for her rejection of his love, and wistfully anxious for the rings and bracelets that were the portion of his betrothed. Sophia soon found out that this idea flattered and pleased him, and it gave her neither shame nor regret to endorse it. She loved no one but Julius, and she made a kind of merit in giving up every one for him. The sentiment sounded rather well; but it was really an intense selfishness wearing the mask of unselfishness. She did not reflect that the daily love and duty done to others cannot be sinlessly withheld or given to some object of our own particular choice, or that such a selfish idolatory is a domestic crime.

It was a very unhappy time to Charlotte. Her mother was weary with many unusual cares, her father more silent and depressed than she had ever before seen him. The sunny serenity of her happy home was disturbed by a multitude of new elements, for an atmosphere of constant expectation gave a restless tone to its usual placid routine. And through all and below all there was that feeling of money perplexity, which, where it exists, is no more to be hid than the subtle odor of musk, present though unseen.

(*To be continued.*)

A Boy's Story.

(FOR GIRLS.)

BY MRS. NATHANIEL COCKLIN.

"I say, Bess, will you mend my pocket?"

"Which pocket?" jerked out Bess, not lifting her eyes from the delicious story she was reading.

"My vest pocket."

"You don't have to put things in it."

"But I *do*. I like to put things in it."

"Well, go away now. I'll do it this afternoon."

"I'm going away to Hackettstown; father wants me to go to see Mr. Brown for him. I never had a long journey on the train alone before. I shan't be home till dark."

"H'm," assented Bess, lost again in the delicious story.

Lulu worked in a factory and was hurrying off with her lunch, Sophie was learning dressmaking and must be in her seat among the girls at seven o'clock. Rob gave a quick, imploring glance toward them, but both were too self-absorbed to notice it. Bess, the youngest of the girls, and two years older than Rob, had risen early and cooked a good breakfast for the working people, and now while her father was putting on his overcoat, and the girls giggling and hurrying off, she stole ten minutes for the story. After the breakfast dishes were washed and the sleeping rooms in order she had to walk a mile to the hospital in order to take the paper and a jar of blackberry jam to Aunt Elmira, who was homesick and depended upon her visits. It was true, she might read the story to Aunt Elmira, but then, she had snatched half of it and how could she wait? And wasn't Rob always teasing for something? She eased her conscience with this thought as she stepped lightly about the kitchen. He was not like other boys, quite, since he fell and paralyzed his right arm. He was slow about everything, and mother had minded dying and leaving him more than any of the others. But he was off for a day's vacation from the store and he would have a good time and to-night she would mend his pocket.

* * * * * *

"Isn't it time for Rob to come home?" asked Lulu at the supper-table.

"Yes," replied her father, "high time. I cautioned him about everything and explained everything, and he seemed to understand. It will make a man of him to be sent off by himself; and I hadn't time to see Brown myself—he will do the errand all right. But I missed him in the store. He *is* slow, but he is careful, and my customers trust him."

At that very moment Rob was out under the stars walking home from Hackettstown. He did his errand, got a fifteen cent dinner, and then ran half a mile to the railway station for fear of losing his train.

His ticket was all right. But was it? He had bought the return ticket as his father explained, and the conductor had torn it off and he had put it in his vest pocket, jamming it down to make it safe, and had not thought of it since. In the pocket with the hole!

With the terrible consciousness that something might have happened, and the remembrance of the solitary five cents left from his dinner, he pushed thumb and finger into his vest pocket. Out they came, thumb and finger—there was nothing in the pocket but the hole. And Hackettstown—how far *was* Hackettstown from Brooklyn?

It had not taken very long to come—but to walk all these miles! Could he get home to-night? His father was a long way off, and nobody ever helped him but his father. There was nothing to do but to start and go—on, on, on. One day he had walked twenty miles, but this distance was twice twenty, and more, perhaps five times twenty; and he must be home to-night; he had his father to help, and the coal to bring up for Bess.

Tears swelled in his heart, grew bigger and bigger and choked him. He was only fifteen yesterday, and he had been mother's boy so long. It was two o'clock now, a big clock somewhere struck two heavy strokes, and supper would be ready at seven, and he must be there. He knew the way; he would go the way the railroad went.

Then he walked on and on, the way the railroad went, and he was tired, and it was growing dark, and he would have been hungry but that his throat was always full of something.

It grew dark, and darker, and would have been very dark but for the stars and the trains and the lights of the towns; it was dark, and he was nowhere near Brooklyn. It must be nine o'clock, ten o'clock; perhaps he must sleep somewhere and start fresh in the morning.

He would turn off into the country where there were barns and hay for his bed, and cows to keep him company. The stars made him lonely, and the lights were going out in the houses, and he did not meet many people. There were houses enough, but they did not seem to have barns. He might curl up on somebody's stoop and put his head on the mat, but then, somebody would see him. Away out in the country was better. There would be no policemen to send him on; or to ask him questions.

The streets were darker as he turned away from the railroad, the houses more scattered, and there were barns here and there. Still he was afraid of barns. Somebody might be around and warn him off and call him a tramp.

Another hour, and another, he went on. The starlight was the only light anywhere. He was walking slower; he was getting chilly; he was glad, he was not hungry yet. There was a barn out in a lot by itself; the shingles were off, it had no door; no, nor anything else—no cow, no hay, not a horseblanket, not a bin of corn; but it had a *floor*, and down he dropped on it and fell asleep.

"You think because it is common sense, it isn't from the Lord; if He did not give us common sense I'd like to know where we would get it."

A voice was saying it; such a queer thing to say. Rob pulled himself up and listened. "Common sense and the Lord." He would tell his father that a voice came out of the old barn and spoke it in his dreams. Two men were walking past the opening where a door had been, and one of them was talking; the sun was shining on the wet grass.

He stretched himself and gave himself a shake and then was ready for his journey. It could not be far now, and the sun was shining. "Nothing hurts boys"—his father said that every day.

* * * * * *

"Mamma, I *wish* that you would make that call with me to-day," coaxed Jennie.

"Not to-day," answered mamma. "I haven't had a breath of fresh air to-day, and I have one or two errands down town."

"I can do the errands," said Giles.

"But you can't breathe the air for me," laughed the mother of fifteen-year-old Giles. "What a glorious fall day it has been, and there is some of it left now, if the sun is almost down."

After her errands were done Mrs. Henderson stood on the corner meditating which way to walk for another breath of fresh air. Down the wide street toward the church looked temptingly and she turned, stepping briskly.

For five minutes she kept on, not meeting anyone, enjoying the keen air and the yellow maple leaves strewed everywhere.

"Can you give me something?" pleaded a voice.

Walking hurriedly she had not noticed the figure she had just passed. She turned, and saw an overgrown boy leaning against a fence. His round, brown face was very serious, and his big brown eyes full of tears.

"Give you something? What for?"

"To pay my fare."

"Where are you going?"

"To Brooklyn."

"Do you live there?"

"Yes, and I lost my ticket. In this hole in my pocket. I put it in there."

"It wasn't a very safe place, was it?"

"No; it wasn't. And I'll get it mended when I go home. Father sent me to Hackettstown, and I'm walking home. I am afraid I can't get home to-night, or I wouldn't ask you. I never asked for money before."

"When did you go to Hackettstown?"

"Yesterday."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In a barn out in a lot."

"Are you hungry?"

"No; I'm not hungry."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"I had some dinner yesterday. I couldn't ask for anything."

"Why, you child! You must be hungry."

"Oh, no;" with the big tears dropping, "all I want is to get home. I can't walk there to-night."

"I should think not."

"I'm not so tired; but it is a long way."

"You are twenty-five miles from New York now—from Hoboken. Well; the next train down is after six. Come home with me and eat something; and I'll get you a ticket to New York."

"I am much obliged to you," choked Rob.

"You have pluck and perseverance enough to make a good soldier," remarked Mrs. Henderson as they walked on together.

"My grandfather was a soldier; he was in the war of 1812. And my father has a pension; he was in the Grand Army."

"Then I think for the sake of my country I should do something for you. My home isn't far; you will be in time for the train and be home before eight o'clock."

"Oh, yes, I'll cut up Barclay street, and walk across the bridge and my street isn't far from the bridge."

"Have you a mother?"

In reply to her quick and sympathetic questions Rob told quite a story about his home life; with each reply the lady became more interested in the boy. His slow, pathetic voice, overgrown boyishness and humbness, tearful, big eyes touched the motherliness that went out to every living creature.

While he sat in the dining-room eating thick slices of bread and butter and a saucer of baked apples the tears never left his eyes.

"I am much obliged to you," were all the thanks he could speak.

On the way down the hill to the station Rob answered her questions simply and in few words, only once did he speak anything of himself and then it was to exclaim over the beauty of a Virginia creeper that climbed to the chimney of a house they were passing.

When Mrs. Henderson gave him his ticket she put a book into his hand. "I would like you always to remember this little experience when you were self-reliant and brave. This book is named 'Fifteen,' and will suit you because you are fifteen. It is about a girl; but girls have a great deal to do in boys' lives; and remember that the lady who wrote the book found you."

"But I wasn't *lost*," persisted Rob.

"No," laughed the lady, "you were only on the way home."

The next evening she received the postal addressed to herself that she had given him. In pencil, and in a plain, round hand he had written:

"I got safe home. I was glad to get home. I like the book very much. Please rite to me. *My pocket is mended.*"
—*Advance.*

Some Children Growing Too Fast

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

Intercolonial Railway.

1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1891, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton,	7.05
Accommodation for Point du Chene,	10.30
Fast Express for Halifax,	14.00
Express for Sussex,	16.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal,	16.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.05 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 o'clock Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex,	8.50
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal (except Monday),	9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene,	12.55
Day Express from Halifax,	19.20
Fast Express from Halifax,	22.20

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

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 15th Oct., 1891.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 19th OCT., 1891, Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8.20 a. m., arrive at Annapolis at 12 noon. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 7.05 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.00 p.m., arrive at Weymouth 4.45 p. m.

LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 1.20 p. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5.00 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE Weymouth—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.10 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby with Steamer City of Monticello from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and to St. John, N. B., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway and on board Steamer City of Monticello.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.

Yarmouth, N. S.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

2 TRIPS A WEEK

—FOR—

BOSTON.

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

Eastport, Portland and Boston

EVERY MONDAY

AND THURSDAY

MORNINGS, at 7.35 Standard.

Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

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

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Through first and second-class tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all Booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer City of Monticello between St. John, Digby, and Annapolis. Also, Freight billed through at extremely low rates.

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