THE SHADOW AT THE FIRESIDE.

There's a shadow at the fireside when
the sunset colors creep
And crinkle into waves of gold along the
"western steep";
The huge back-log is blazing, and before
its ruddy glow
Sits grandpa in the great oak chair, slow
rocking to and fro.

Though his hair is white and scanty, still
his face with pleasure glows,
His old bowed silver spectacles are aslant
upon his nose,
And by his ample handkerchief, with
checkered lines all through,
I read his whole life's story—or, at least,
I think I do.

There's a flint-lock of "ye olden time," a
sword of shining steel—
Mute witnesses, but eloquent, of the way
he used to feel,
And from a hook depending is a bugle,
burnished bright,
That spoke the magic "Forward!" in the
thickest of the fight.

His voice is low and gentle now—but
then it ran along
And held the "right wing" motionless—in
courage doubly strong.
His words and deeds united were by
faith in freedom's cause;
He spoke and fought for conscience' sake
—and not for men's applause.

Then, too, the deep sea's treasures, on
the kitchen walls are hung;
A wondrous shell, within whose ear the
far Pacific sung;
An antler's branch like coral; a sponge
of rarest hue—
All speak of dear old grandpa and of
what he used to do.

Now, his face is quite a study of the line
engraver's art;
A portrait of "old age" is he—right well
he looks the part;
And, though his sight is failing, there is
something in his look
Of a sweetness wise and holy—a reflection from the Book.

I lie upon the settle and watch the seared old face,
Whose wrinkles and whose crowsfeet are
but the signs of grace,
And see with tears, through laughter,
the grotesque shadow go,
Of grandpa and the great oak chair, slow
rocking to and fro.

— *Philadelphia Ledger.*

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

She went next to the parlor. The Squire's chair was empty, and on the little stand at its side the "Gentleman's Magazine" lay uncut. His slippers, usually assumed after dinner, were still warming on the white sheepskin rug before the fire. But the large, handsome face that always made a sunshiny feeling round the hearth was absent; and the room had a loneliness that made her heart fear. She waited a few minutes, looking with expectation toward a piece of knitting which was Mrs. Sandal's evening work. But the ivory needles and the colored wools remained uncalled for, and she grew rapidly impatient, and went to her mother's room. Mrs. Sandal was lying upon her couch, exhausted with weeping; and the Squire sat holding his head in his hands, the very picture of despondency and sorrow.

"Can I come and speak to you, mother?"

The Squire answered: "To be sure you can, Charlotte. We are glad to see you. We are in trouble, my dear."

"Is it Harry, father,?"

"Trouble mostly comes that way. Yes, it is Harry. He is in a great strait, and wants five hundred pounds, Charlotte; five hundred pounds, dear, and he wants it at once. Only six weeks ago he wrote in the same way for a hundred and fifty pounds. He is robbing me, robbing his mother, robbing Sophia, and you."

"William, I wouldn't give way to temper that road; calling your own son and my son a thief! It's not fair," said Mrs. Sandal, with considerable asperity.

"I must call things by their right names, Alice. I call a cat a cat, and I call our Harry a thief; for I don't know that forcing money from a father is any better than forcing it from a stranger. It is only using a father's love as a pick-lock instead of an iron tool. That's all the difference, Alice, and I don't think the difference is one that helps Harry's case much? Eh? What?"

"Dear me! it is always money," sighed Charlotte.

"Your father knows very well that Harry must have the money, Charlotte. I think it is cruel of him to make every one ill before he gives what is sure to be given in the end. Sophia has a headache, I dare say, and I am sure I have."

"But I cannot give him this money, Alice. I have not realized on my wool and wheat yet. I cannot coin money. I will not beg or borrow it. I will not mortgage an acre for it."

"And you will let your only son, the heir of Sandal-Side, go to jail and disgrace for five hundred pounds! I never heard tell of such cruelty. Never, never, never!"

"You do not know what you are saying, Alice. Tell me how I am to find five hundred pounds. Eh? What?"

"There must be ways. How can a woman tell?"

"Father, have I not got some money of my own?"

"You have the accrued interest on the thousand pounds your grandmother left you. Sophia has the same."

"Is the interest sufficient?"

"You have drawn from it at intervals. I think there is about three hundred pounds to your credit."

"Sophia will have nearly as much. Call her, father. Surely between us we can arrange five hundred pounds. I shall be real glad to help Harry. Young men have so many temptations now, father. Harry is a good sort in the main. Just have a little patience with him. Eh, father?"

And the Squire was glad of the pleading voice. Glad for some one to make the excuses he did not think it right to make. Glad to have the little breath of hope that Charlotte's faith in her brother gave him. He stood up and took her face between his hands and kissed it. Then he sent a servant for Sophia; and, after a short delay, the young lady appeared, looking pale and exceedingly injured.

"Did you send for me father?"

"Yes, I did. Come in and sit down. There is something to be done for Harry, and we want your help, Sophia. Eh? What?"

She pushed a chair gently to the table, and sat down languidly. She was really sick, but her air and attitude was that of a person suffering an extremity of physical anguish. The Squire looked at her and then at Charlotte with dismay and self reproach.

"Harry wants five hundred pounds, Sophia."

"I am astonished he does not want five thousand pounds, father. I would not send a sovereign of it. Julius told me about his carryings-on."

She could hardly have said any words so favorable to Harry's cause. The Squire was on the defensive for his own side in a moment.

"What has Julius to do with it?" he cried. "Sandal Side is not his property, and, please God, it never will be. Harry is one kind of a sinner, Julius is another kind of a sinner. God Almighty only knows which kind of sinner is the meaner and worse. The long and the short of it is this: Harry must have five hundred pounds. Charlotte is willing to give the balance of her interest account, about three hundred pounds, toward it. Will you make up what is lacking, out of the interest money. Eh? What?"

"I do not know why I should be asked to do this, I am sure."

"Only because I have no ready money at present. And because, however bad Harry is, he is your brother. And because he is heir of Sandal, and the honor of the name is worth saving. And because your mother will break her heart if shame comes to Harry. And there are some other reasons too; but, if mother, brother, and honor don't seem worth while to you, why, then, Sophia, there is no use wasting words. Eh? What?"

"Let father have what is needed, Sophia. I will pay you back."

"Very well, Charlotte; but I think it is most unjust, most iniquitous, as Julius says—"

"Now, then, don't quote Julius to me. What right had he to be discussing my family matters, or Sandal matters either, I wonder? Eh? What?"

"He is in the family."

"Is he? Very well then, I am still the head of the family. If he has any advice to offer he can come to me with it. Eh? What?"

"Father, I am as sick as can be to-night."

"Go thy ways then. Mother and I are both poorly, too. Good-night, girls, both." And he turned away with an air of hopeless depression, that was more pitiful than loudest complaining.

The sisters went away together, silent, and feeling quite "out" with each other. But Sophia really had a nervous attack, and was shivery and sick with it. By the lighted candle in her hand Charlotte saw that her very lips were white, and that heavy tears were silently rolling down her cheeks. They washed all of Charlotte's anger away; she forgot her resolution not to enter her sister's room again, and at the door she said, "Let me stay with you till you can sleep, Sophia; or I will go and ask Ann to make you a cup of strong coffee. You are suffering very much."

"Yes, I am suffering, and father knows how I do suffer with these headaches, and that any annoyance brings them on; and yet, if Harry cries out at Edinburgh, everybody at Seat Sandal must be put out of their own way to help him. And I do think it is a shame that our little fortunes are to be crumbled as a kind of spice into his big fortune. If Harry does not know the value of money, I do."

"I will pay you back every pound. I really do not care a bit about money. I have all the dress I want. You buy books and music, I do not. I have no use for my money except to buy happiness with it; and, after all, that is the best interest I can possibly get."

"Very well. Then you can pay Harry's debts if it gives you pleasure. I suppose I am a little peculiar on this subject. Last Sunday, when the rector was preaching about the prodigal son, I could not help thinking that the symptoms for the bad young man was too much. I know, if I had been the elder brother, I should have felt precisely as he did. I don't think he ought to be blamed. And it certainly would have been more just and proper for the father to have given the feasts and the gifts to the son who never at any time transgressed his commandments. You see, Charlotte, that parable is going on all over the world ever since; going on right here in Seat Sandal; and I am the elder brother's side. Harry has given me a headache to night; and I dare say he is enjoying himself precisely as the Jerusalem prodigal did before the swine husks, when it was the riotous living."

"Have a cup of coffee, Sophy. I'll go down for it. You are just as trembly and excited as you can be."

"Very well; thank you, Charlotte. You always have such a bright, kind face! I am afraid I do not deserve such a good sister."

"Yes, you do deserve all I can help or pleasure you in." And then, when the coffee had been taken, and Sophia lay restless and wide-eyed upon her bed, Charlotte proposed to read to her from any book she desired; an offer involving no small degree of self-denial, for Sophia's books were very rarely interesting or even intelligible to her sister. But she lifted the nearest two, "Barret's Mags," and "The Veiled Prophet," and rather dismally asked which it was to be.

"Neither of them, Charlotte. The 'Mags' makes me think, and I know you detest poetry. I got a letter to-night from Agnes Bulteel, and it appears to be about Professor Sedgwick. I was so annoyed at Harry I could not feel any interest in it then; but if you don't object I should like to hear you read it now."

"Object? No, indeed. I think a great deal of the old professor. What gay times father and I have had on the Screes with him, and his hammer and leather bags! And, as Agnes writes a large, round hand, and does not fresco her letters, I can read about the professor easily."

"RESPECTED MISS SANDAL,—I have such a thing to tell you about Professor Sedgwick and our Joe; hoping that the Squire or Miss Charlotte may see him, and let him know that Joe meant no harm at all. One hot forenoon lately, when we were through at home, an old gentlemanly make of a fellow came into our fold, and said, quite natural, that he wanted somebody to go with him on to the fells. We all stopped, and took a good look at him before anybody spoke; but at last father said, middling sharp-like—he always speaks that way, does father, when we are busy—

'We've something else to do here than go raking over the fells on a fine day like this with nobody knows who.'

"He gave father a lile, cheerful bit of a laugh, and said he didn't want to hinder work; but he would give anybody that knew the fells well a matter of five shillings to go with him, and carry his two little bags. And father says to our Joe, 'Away with thee! It's a crown more than ever thou was worth at home.' So the strange man gave Joe two little leather bags to carry; and Joe thought he was going to make his five shillings middling easy, for he never expected he would find anything on the fells to put into the bags. But Joe was mistaken. The old gentleman, he said, went louping over wet spots and great stones, and scraffling over crags and screes, till you would have thought he was some kin to a Herdwick sheep."

Charlotte laughed heartily at this point. "It is just the way Sedgwick goes on. He led father and me exactly such a chase one day last June."

"I dare say he did. I remember you looked like it. Go on."

"After a while he began looking hard at all the stones and crags he came to; and then he took to breaking lumps off them with a queer little hammer he had with him, and stuffing the bits into the bag that Joe was carrying. He fairly cap't Joe then. He couldn't tell what to make of such a customer. At last Joe asked him why ever he came so far up the fell for little bits of stone, when he might get so many down the dales? He laughed, and went on knapping away with his little hammer, and said he was a jilly jist."

"Geologist she means, Charlotte."

"Of course; but Agnes spells it 'jolly-jist.'"

"Agnes ought to know better. She waited table frequently, and must have heard the word pronounced. Go on Charlotte."

"He kept on at this teckless work till late in the afternoon, and by that time he had filled both bags with odd bits of stone. Joe said he hadn't often had a harder darrack after sheep at clipping-time than he had after that old man, carrying his leather bags. But, however, they got back to our house, and mother gave the stranger some bread and milk; and after he had taken it, and talked with father about sheep-farming and such like, he paid Joe his five shillings like a man, and told him he would give him another five shillings if he would bring his bags full of stones down to Skeal-Hill by nine o'clock in the morning."

"Are you sleepy, Sophy?"

"O dear, no! Go on."

"Next morning Joe took the bags, and started for Skeal-Hill. It was another hot morning; and he hadn't gone far till he began to think that he was as great a fool as the jolly jist to carry broken stones Skeal-Hill when he could find plenty on any roadside close to the place he was going to. So he shook them out of the bags, and stepped on, a gay bit lighter without them. When he got near to Skeal-Hill he found old Abraham Atchison sitting on a stool, breaking stones to mend roads with; and Joe asked if he could fill his leather bags from his heap. Abraham told Joe to take those that wasn't broken if he wanted stones; so Joe, told him how it was, and all about it. The old man was like to tottle off his stool with laughing, and he said, 'Joe, take good care of thysen'; thou art oversharp to live long in this world; fill thy bags and make on with thee.'"

"Don't you remember old Abraham, Sophy? He built the stone dike at the lower fold."

"No, I do not remember, I think."

"You are getting sleepy. Shall I stop?"

"No, no; finish the letter."

"When Joe got to Skeal-Hill, the jolly-jist had just got his breakfast, and they took Joe into the parlor to him. He laughed all over when Joe went in with the bags, and told him to set them down in a corner, and asked him if he would have some breakfast. Joe had had his porridge, but he said he didn't mind; so he told them to bring in some more coffee and eggs and ham and toasted bread; and Joe got such a breakfast as isn't common with him, while the old gentleman was getting himself ready to go off in a carriage that was waiting at the door for him. When he came downstairs he gave Joe another five shillings, and paid for Joe's breakfast, and for what he had eaten himself. Then he told him to put the leather bags beside the driver's feet, and into the carriage he got, and laughed, and nodded, and away he went; and then Joe heard them say he was Professor Sedgwick, a great jolly-jist. And Joe thinks it would be a famous job if father could sell all of the stones on our fell at five shillings a bagful, and a breakfast at odd times. And would it not be so, Miss Sandal? But I'm not easy in my mind about Joe changing the stones; though, as Joe says, one make of stone is about the same as another."

"Sophia, you are sleepy now."

"Yes, a little. You can finish to-morrow."

Then she laid down the simple letter, and sat very still for a little while. Her heart was busy. There is a solitary place that girdles our life into which it is good to enter at the close of every day. There we may sit still with our own soul, and commune with it; and out of its peace pass easily into the shadowy kingdom of sleep, and find a little space of rest prepared. So Charlotte sat in quiet meditation until Sophia was fathoms deep below the tide of life. Sight, speech, feeling, where were they gone? Ah! when the door is closed, and the windows darkened, who can tell what passes in the solemn temple of mortality? Are we unvisited then? unfriended? uncounseled?

"Behold!
The solemn spaces of the night are thronged
By bands of tender dreams, that come and go
Over the land and sea; they glide at will
Through all the dim strange realms of men asleep,
And visit every soul."

Facing a Giant.

"Frau Schmidt, will you please to watch mother for a minute? I'm going to try if I can find father."

Christian Klein's mother was very ill—ill of a complaint called hunger, of which many people died in the cruel old times, nearly four hundred years ago. His father had been away since daybreak, in the hope of getting food for her; and now it was getting near evening and he had not returned. So Frau Schmidt came in and Christian Klein went out.

Very picturesque looked the old town of Riesenburg (Giant's Tower) in the red light of sunset. Its gray old church towers and steep, narrow streets and queer little loophole shaped windows, and tall, wooden house-fronts, striped with white and black—all looked fairy-like in the crimson glow. High over all rose the shadowy pines that covered the rocky hill, on the brow of which stood out, dark and stern, the battlements of the Grand Duke Ludwig's castle.

But the town people were in no mood to enjoy the view splendid though it was. To them that grand old fortress overhead was like a wolf's den, or a vulture's nest. Oppressed, ground down, forced to pay such heavy taxes that they had barely enough to live upon, and in daily terror of being murdered besides (for a prince of the fifteenth century held all his subjects' lives in his hand), the poor wretches had no hope except that the Grand Duke might die or be killed, and that his successor might be a little less cruel and hard-hearted.

Suddenly there came a merry burst of hunting horns from the wood above, and up the narrow path leading to the castle rode a long train of green-coated horsemen, headed by a figure at the sight of which everyone trembled. Could a huge black bear have mounted on horseback, it would have made a very fair likeness of the Grand Duke, whose chief pleasure was to go out and kill something, whether man or beast it mattered not a whit.

The blast of horns disturbed for a moment a group who had gathered around a pale, scared-looking man in the dress of a peasant, who seemed to be telling them something indeed.

"I saw him with my own eyes," he was saying, "bound hand and foot upon a horse. They said he had killed one of the Grand Duke's deer, and that he is to be hunted to death for it by the stag-hounds to-morrow morning. Poor neighbor Klein!"

A faint cry broke forth behind the speaker, and he turned hastily around, but only saw a little boy disappearing behind the corner.

The Grand Duke's deer park lay upon the side of the hill upon which his castle stood, surrounded by a palisade so high and strong that it was no easy matter to get into it. Nor, indeed would anybody be likely to try, for what with the savage dogs which kept watch there all night, and what with the Grand Duke's fierce soldiers who had orders to kill anybody that was found trespassing, whoever got in had little chance of ever getting out again.

Just as the moon rose that night, a man who was passing to and fro like a soldier on duty in an open space at the upper end of the deer park, heard a slight rustling among the boughs overhead, and a small, dark figure, no larger than a child, dropped almost at his feet.

The man started back, but the child, so far from being frightened, came up to him, and said, eagerly:

"Oh, please, can you tell me where the Grand Duke is? I want to see him."

The soldier stared blankly at him for a moment, and then burst into a loud horse-laugh.

"A brisk lad in truth! And pray what dost thou want with the Grand Duke, my young prince?"

"I am not a prince," said the boy, simply; "I am Christian Klein, of the Leder Strasse (Leather Street), and my father is to die to-morrow for killing one of the Grand Duke's deer. But I am sure if the Grand Duke knew why he did it, he'd never be so cruel as to kill him."

"And why did he do it, then?" asked the soldier.

"Mother's dying for want of food, and father went out to try to get her some, and she's been watching for him all day, and if he doesn't come back she will die, I know she will."

The man was silent a moment, and then asked, gruffly:

"How came a slip of a boy like thee here this hour of the night? Knowest thou not that the Grand Duke's blood hounds are loose, and we guards have orders to kill any one who enters without leave?"

"I know that, but I don't care, if I can save father."

"A brave boy truly," muttered the sentinel. "I doubt if any living soul would do as much for me. Well, lad, if thou fearest not dogs and spearsmen, art thou not afraid of the Grand Duke?"

"No," said the little hero, firmly. "I know that they tell fearful stories about him, but I can't believe he's so bad as they say, and then I always think how sad and lonesome it must be to have everybody hating him so, and no little children to love him as I love papa."

The soldier was silent for a moment, and then said in an altered voice:

"Ghild, thou hast thy wish. I am the Grand Duke. Behold him now."

He threw back his cap as he spoke, and the savage face which haunted the dreams of every man in Riesenburg stood out in all its terrors under the brightening moonlight. But to Ludwig's unbounded amazement, the child, instead of screaming and shrinking back, sprang forward, and cried joyfully:

"Oh, I am so glad. I thought I'd never find you, or that the soldiers wouldn't let me speak to you. You'll let father come back to us?"

"What! after killing one of my deer?" growled Ludwig, in his harshest voice. "No, he has broken my laws, and he shall die!"

The boy's face fell, and he stood a moment as if thunderstruck, while the Grand Duke watched him keenly.

"Kill *me*, then, and let father go," said Christian, at length. "I'm too little to work for mother, and she can do without me; but if any harm should come to father, she would die."

As he stood there in the moonlight, with the black shadows of the wood behind him, Ludwig fancied that he saw in his face a strange likeness to his own little boy who had died long ago—one of the few living things which that iron-hearted man had ever loved.

"Come with me, and show me where thy mother lives," said the Grand Duke at last. "If thou hast spoken truly, well and good; if not—"

The flash of those terrible eyes, which had never known fear nor mercy, sufficiently filled up the blank as the Prince and the peasant boy went forth into the darkness.

"Good news, mother!" cried little Christian, rushing into the dark and dismal room where his mother was lying all alone, for good Dame Schmidt had at length been forced to leave her.

"Who talks of good news," answered Frau Klein, in a dreamy voice; for her mind was so weakened by hunger and distress that she hardly knew what was passing around her. "There is no good news for us, unless it pleases God that the Grand Duke should die."

A quick drawn breath, as of someone in pain, answered her from without, and Prince Ludwig's mighty figure stalked into the room, which he surveyed wonderingly by the light of the lantern that he carried.

"The boy spake truth in very deed," muttered he. "What a place! 'Tis worse than any one of my castle dungeons!"

It was indeed. The plank walls shook and groaned at every gust of wind. The mud floor was worn into countless hollows by the rain which had trickled through the cracks in the roof. The air was chilly and damp as a burial-vault, and the white, pinched face of the poor creature who lay helpless on her rotting straw might have passed for one who was already dead.

Roused by the stranger's entrance (though she did not recognize him), she rose half erect, with a look of terror in her sunken eyes.

"What has happened?" gasped she. "My husband—"

"Fear not. Thy husband shall be here within two hours," said Ludwig, turning hastily away, as if ashamed of himself. But at the door he turned again, and, holding out his hand to Christian, said, "Little one, wilt thou kiss me before I go?"

The child put his thin arms around the great, thick neck, and as his little wan cheek touched the old tyrant's grim, bearded face, Ludwig's savage eyes grew dim with unwonted tears.

Two hours later Hans Klein was in his sick wife's arms, and little Christian was looking wonderingly at a packet containing a heavy gold chain which he had seen on the prince's neck, with a slip of parchment inscribed: "From Grand Duke Ludwig to the little boy who did not hate him."

Thirty years later two men, the one in dark robes, the other wearing the rich dress which showed him to be the mayor of Reisenburg, stood together in the old church of St. Adelbert, beside the tomb in which Grand Duke Ludwig had just been laid.

"God bless him!" said the mayor. "If he began by doing evil, he ended by doing much good."

"Thanks to thee, Master Klein. And they might well write upon thy tomb (though I trust it may be long ere thou needest one), what they have written on thy monument in the market-place yonder: "God hath sent His angel and shut the lion's mouth."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

A Timely Word to the Receiver of Gifts.

From the receiver's standpoint all gifts may be divided into things that we want, and things that we don't want. It takes no particular skill or grace to receive things that we want, but as, in times of general giving, like Christmas, the larger part of the gifts we get are things that we don't want, that branch of receivership is worth attention. The two ordinary reasons for not wanting things are the vulgar one that they do not strike us as intrinsically desirable, and the more complex reason that we don't want to receive them from the particular giver. A general remedy applicable to reluctances due to either of these causes is to keep strenuously in mind the happiness of the giver in giving. Remembering that you are delighted with a trifle from some one you love, because it makes you happy to have been passively instrumental in procuring him the happiness of giving; applying the same principle, you can accept ever so costly a gift from some one for whom you care little without any irksome sense of obligation, since of course the giver had the best of it any way, and it is a great deal kinder and more generous to sacrifice one's personal inclinations and accept, than to refuse. Remember persistently that by receiving with due grace you secure to another person a desirable form of happiness.

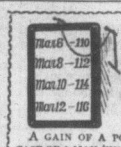
After all, little children do it best. They are the superlative receivers, and it is because they are that we delight to give them things. They are frankly and delightfully appreciative. Obligations sit as lightly on them as air. They value their gifts simply by the pleasure they get out of them, and prefer a rag baby to the deed of a brick house. They take a jumping jack from Mary, the laundress, and a jewelled pin from Aunt Malinda Crœsus, without the least distinction of happy approval. The nearer we get to their guilelessness, the nearer we approach perfection in receiving, and in all the Christmas attributes besides. *From the "Point of View," in December Scribner.*

— K. D. C. Co.—GENTLEMEN:—My wife was a sufferer from Dyspepsia for years, could not get anything to relieve her until a friend persuaded her to try K. D. C. The effect was marvellous, less than one package cured her. I believe you have the genuine article for dyspepsia. To the suffering I would say, try it for yourselves and you will be able to vouch for the truth of what I say.

Yours truly,
ADDISON LECAIN,
Conductor Windsor and Annapolis railroad.

— "Can you do anything with my account to-day, sir?" asked a collector. "I'd like to pay it," replied Gazzam, "but the fact is I havn't any gold coin, and the doctors declare that notes carry microbes about. One can't be too careful you know, and under the circumstances I wouldn't pay you with notes for all the world."

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50C. AND $1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

HACKNOMORE

—WILL MAKE—

Asthma Run,
Bronchitis Leap,
Croup Skip,
Influenza Die,
Throat Troubles
Never Return.

HACKNOMORE is for sale everywhere, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.

G. A. MOORE, Chemist, St. John, N. B., Proprietor.

INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co.

Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK

—FOR—

BOSTON,

COMMENCING NOVEMBER 2nd, the Steamers of this Company will leave

SAINT JOHN

—FOR—

Eastport, Portland and Boston

—EVERY—

MONDAY & THURSDAY

Mornings at 7.25 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.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

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.

C. E. LAECHLER,
Agent St. John, N. B.

E. A. WALDRON,
General Agent,
Boston.

J. B. COYLE,
Manager Portland.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'91. Winter Arrangement. '92.

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

Trains will leave Saint John,

Day Express for Halifax & 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 Saint John,

Express from Sussex,.....	8.30
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,.....	22.30

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 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 4.43 p. m.

LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 1.20 p. m., arrive 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.

Connections—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 and Annapolis Railway, and on board Steamer City of Monticello.

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

At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S,
YOU CAN PURCHASE THE
Finest Shoes FOR THE LOWEST PRICES.
WINDSOR N. S.