

REST, PEACE, JOY, AND SALVATION
IN CHRIST.

Dear Jesus, my Saviour, in Thee I find
rest,
When weary, and worn out with pain;
Thy presence brings comfort and peace
to my breast,
And quickens my spirit again.

When demons in darkness have compassed
me round,
And threatened my soul to destroy;
How often I've heard Thy sweet voice,
And the sound
Hath filled me with hope, and with joy.

For me Thou hast conquered Both hell
and the grave,
For me Thou art pleading above;
And now, I will praise Thee, Thou
"mighty to save,"
And sing of Thy wonderful love.

And when through the river of death I
must pass,
I know Thou wilt be with me there,
And surely will place me in heaven at
last.
Thy bliss and Thy glory to share.

With martyrs, apostles and prophets,
I'll praise
The Lamb who once died on the tree!
In strains more exalted than angels can
raise,
Amen! even so let it be.

R. S. MORTON.

Millsville, Kings Co., N. S.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

The sheep-shearings at Up Hill Farm were a kind of rural Olympics. Shepherds came there from far and near to try their skill against each other—youth men in their prime mostly, with brown, ruddy faces, and eyes of that bright blue lustre which is only gained by a free, open air life. The hillside was just turning purple with heather bloom, and along the winding, stony road the yellow aspens were dancing in the wind. Everywhere there was the scent of bog-myrtle and wild rose and sweet briar, and the tinkling sound of bells babbling over glossy rocks. And in the glorious sunshine and luminous air the mountains appeared to expand and elevate, and to throw out glowing peaks and summits into infinite space.

Hand in hand the Squire and his daughter climbed the hillside. He had left home in high spirits, merrily flinging back the mother's and Sophia's last advice; but gradually they became silent, and then a little mournful. "Wonder why it is, father," asked Charlotte, "I'm tired, and low, and low can fresh air and sunshine make one melancholy?"

"Maybe, now, said thoughts are catching. I was having a few. Eh? What?"

"I don't know. Why were you having said thoughts?"

"Well, then, I really can't understand why. There's no need to fret over changes. At the long end of the great change puts all right. Charlotte, I have been coming to Barf Latrig's shearing for about half a century. I remember the first. I held my nurse's hand, and wore such a funny little coat, and such a big lace collar. And, dear me! it was just such a day as this, thirty-two years ago, that your mother walked up to the shearing with me, Charlotte; and I asked her if she would be my wife, and she said she would. Then, take after her a good deal; she had the very same bright eyes and bonny face and straight, tall shape thou has to-day. Barf Latrig was sixty then, turning a bit gray, but able to shear with any man they could put against him. He'd be ninety now, but his father lived till he was more than a hundred, and most of his forefathers touched the century. He's had his troubles, too."

"I never heard of them."

"No. They are dead and buried. A dead trouble may be forgot; it is the living troubles that make the eyes dim, and the heart fail. Yes, yes; Barf is as happy as a boy now, but I remember when he was back-set and fore-set with trouble. In life everything goes round like a cart-wheel. Eh? What?"

In a short time they reached the outer wall of the farm. They were eight hundred feet above the valley; and, looking backwards upon the woods from their airy shelf, the tops of the trees appeared like a solid green road, on which they might drop down and walk. Some steps in the stone wall admitted them into the enclosure, and then they saw the low, gray house spreading itself in the shadow of the noble sycamores—

... musical with bees;
Such loveliness the pasture ground.

As they approached, the old statesman strode to the open door to meet them. He was a very tall man, with a bright, florid face, and a great deal of white hair. Two large sheep dogs, which only wanted a hint to be uncivil, walked beside him. He had that independent manner which honorable descent and absolute ownership of house and land give; and he looked every inch a gentleman, though he wore only the old dailymen's costume—breeches of buckskin fastened at the knees with five silver buttons, home-knit stockings and low shoes, and a red waistcoat, open at the top in order to show the fine fluff on his shirt. He was precisely what Squire Sandal would have been if the Squire had been forced by circumstances into contact with a more cultivated and a more ambitious life.

"Welcome, Sandal! I have been watching for thee. There would be little prospect in a shearing if thou wert absent. And a good day to thee, Charlotte! My Ducie was speaking of thee a minute ago. Here she comes to help thee off with thy things."

Charlotte was untying her bonnet as she entered the deep cool porch, and a moment afterward Ducie was at her side. It was easy to see the women loved each other, though Ducie only smiled, and said, "Come in, I'm right glad to see you, Charlotte. Come into my best room and cool your face a bit. And how is Mrs. Sandal and Sophia? Be things at their usual, dear?"

"Thank you, Ducie; all and everything

is well—I hope. We have not heard from Harry lately. I think it worris father a little, but he is never the one to show it. Oh, how sweet this room is!"

She was standing before the old-fashioned swivel mirror, that had reflected the generations; a fair, bright girl, with the light and hope of youth in her face. The old room, with its oak walls, immense bed, carved armchairs, drawers, and cupboards, made a fine environment for so much life and color. And yet there were touches of that resemblance to her, as seemed to be the protest of the present with the past—vivid green and scarlet masses of geranium and fuchsia in the latticed window, and a great pot of odorous flowers upon the hearthstone. But the peculiar sweetness which Charlotte noticed came from the polished oak floor, which was strewn with bits of rosemary and lavender, to prevent the slipping of the feet upon it.

Charlotte looked down at them as she ejaculated, "How sweet this room is!" and the shadow of a frown crossed her face. "I would not do it, Ducie, for any one," she said. "Poor herbs of grace! What sin have they committed to be trodden under foot? I would not do it, Ducie; I feel as if it hurt them."

"Nay, now, flowers grow to be pulled, dear, just as grasses grow to be loved and married."

"Is that what you think, Ducie? Some cherished in the jar; some thrown under the feet, and bruised to death—the feet of wrong and sorrow—

"Don't you talk that way, Charlotte. It isn't lucky for girls to talk of wrong and sorrow. Talking of things bespeaks them. There's always them that hear; them that we don't see. And everybody pulls flowers, dearie."

"I don't. If I pull a rose, I always believe every other rose on that tree is about it. They may be in families, Ducie—who can tell? And the little roses may be like the little children, and very dear to the grown roses."

"Why, what fancies! Let us go into the yard, and see the shearing. You've made me feel as if I'd never like to pull a posy again. You shouldn't say such things, indeed you shouldn't; you've given me quite a turn, I'm sure."

As Ducie talked, they went through the back door into a large yard walled in from the hillside, and having in its three great sycamores. One of the trees stood at the top of the enclosure, and a circle of green shadow like a tent was around it. In this shadow the Squire and the statesman were sitting. Their heads were uncovered, their long clay pipes in their hands; and with a placid complacency, they were watching the scores of busy men before them. Many had come long distances to try their skill against each other; for the shearing at Latrig's was a pastoral game, at which it was a local honor to be the winner. There the young statesman who could shear his six score day found a more like capacity, and it was Greek against Greek at Up Hill shearing that afternoon.

"I had two thousand sheep to get over," said Latrig, "but they'll be bare by sunset, Squire. That isn't bad for a posy, is it? When I was young, I wouldn't have thought much of two thousand; but every dailyman then knew what good shearing was. Now, the old man shook his head slowly. "Good shearers are few and far between. Why, there's some here from beyond Kirkstone," said Latrig, "Neb Sore."

It was customary for young people of all conditions to give men as aged as Barf Latrig the honorable name of "grandfather"; and Charlotte said, as she sat down in the breezy shadow beside him: "Who is the first, grandfather?"

"Why, our Stephen, to be sure. They'll have to be up before day-dawn to keep a-ye with our Steve—Steve, how many is thou ahead now?" The voice that asked the question, though full of triumph, was thin and weak; but the answer came back in full, melow tones.

"Fifteen ahead, grandfather."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Charlotte Sandal says 'he's go glad.' Now then, if thou looses round I wouldn't give a penny for thee."

Then the women who were folding the fleeces on tables under the other two sycamores lifted their eyes and glanced at Steve; and some of the elder ones sent him a merry gibe, and some of the younger ones smiled, that made his brown, handsome face deepen in color; but he was far too earnest in his work to spare a moment for reply. By and by the Squire put down his pipe, and sat watching with his hands upon his knees. And a stray child crept up to Charlotte and climbed upon her lap, and went to sleep there, and the wind flung down four representatives of four generations all over with wailing shadows; and Ducie came backwards and forwards, and finally carried the sleeping child into the house; and Stephen, busy as he was, saw everything that went on in the group under the sycamores.

Even before sundown the last batch of sheep were fleeced and smitten, and turned on to the hillside; and Charlotte, leaning over the wall, watched them wander contentedly up the fell, with their last trotting beside them. Grandfather and the Squire had gone into the house; Ducie was calling her from the open door; she knew it was tea time; and she was young and healthy, and hungry enough to be glad of it.

At the table she met Stephen. The strong, bare-armed Hercules, whom she had watched toiling the shearing day for his shears as easily as if they had been kittens under his hands, was now dressed in a handsome tweed suit, and looking quite as much of a gentleman as the most fastidious maiden could desire. He came in with the news that he had begun, flushed somewhat with his hard labor, and perhaps also with the hurry of his toilet; but there was no embarrassment in his manner. It had never yet entered Stephen's mind that there was any occasion for embarrassment, for the friendship between him and the Squire and his own had been devoid of all sense of inequality. The Squire was "the Squire," and was perhaps richer than Latrig, but even that fact uncertain, and the Sandals had been to court, and married into county families; but then the Latrigs had been for exactly seven hundred years the neighbors of Sandal—good neighbors, shoulder to shoulder with them in every trial or emergency.

The long friendship had never known a rift.

... Smitten. Marked with the cipher of the owner in a mixture mostly of tar.

but one temporary shadow, and this had been during the time that the present Squire's mother ruled in Sandal; the Mistress Charlotte whose influence was felt in the old seat. She had entirely disapproved the fancy of her husband, and it was said the disputes which drove one of her sons from his home was caused by her determination to break up the companionship existing between the young people of the two houses at that time.

The Squire remembered it. He had also, in some degree, regarded his mother's prejudices while she lived; but, after her death, Sophia and Charlotte, as well as their brother, began to go very often to Up Hill Farm. Naturally, Stephen, who was Ducie's son, became the companion of Harry Sandal; and the girls grew up in his sight like two beautiful sisters. It was only within the past year that he had begun to understand that one was dearer to him than the other; but though none of the three were ignorant of the fact, it was as yet tacitly ignored. The knowledge had not been pleasant to Sophia; and to Charlotte and Stephen it was such a delicious uncertainty that they hardly desired to make it sure; and they imagined their secret was all their own, and were so happy in it that they feared to look too curiously into their happiness.

There were to be a great feast and dance that night, and as they sat at the table, they heard the mirth and stir of its preparation; but it came into the room only like a pleasant echo, mingling with the barking of the sheep dogs, and the bleating of the shorn sheep upon the fells, and the murmur of their quiet conversation about "the walks" Latrig owned, and the scrambling, black-faced breed whose endurance makes them so profitable. Something was also said of other shearings to which Stephen must go, if he would assure his claim to be "top-shearer," and of the wool-factories which the most astute statesmen were beginning to build.

If I were a younger man I'd be in with them," said Latrig. "I'd spin and weave my own fleeces, and send them to Leeds market, with no go-between to share my profits." And Steve put in a sensible word now and then, and passed the berry-cake and honey and cream; and withal met Charlotte's eyes, and sought her smile, and was as happy as love and hope could make him.

After tea the Squire wished to go; but Latrig said, "Smoke one pipe with me, Sandal," and they went into the porch together. Then Steve and Charlotte sauntered about the garden, or, leaning on the stone wall, looked down into the valley or away off to the hills. Many things they said to each other which seemed to mean so little, but which meant so much when love was the interpreter. For Charlotte was eighteen and Stephen twenty-two; and when mortals still so young are in love, they are quite able to create worlds out of nothing.

After awhile the Squire lifted his eyes and took in a bit of landscape which included them. The droop of the young heads towards each other, and their air of silent communion, and a vague suspicion in his heart. Perhaps Latrig was conscious of it, for he said, as if in answer to the Squire's thought, "Steve will have all that is mine. It's a deal easier to die, Sandal, when you have a son like Steve to leave the old place to."

"Steve is in the female line. That's a deal different to having sons. Lassies are cold comfort for men. Eh? What?"

"To be sure; but I've given Steve my name. Any one not called Latrig at Up Hill would seem like a stranger."

"I know how you feel about that. A Squire in Sandal out of the old name would have a very middling kind of time, I think. He'd have a sight of ill-will at his back."

"Thou means with them?"

The Squire nodded gravely, and after a few minutes silence, said: "It stands to reason they take an interest. I do in them. When I look up at this or that Sandal, or when I look up at their faces as I sit smoking beside them, I'm sure I feel like their son; and I don't mind giving them my name. They've been seen and talked to. It's none likely, then, that they forget. I know they don't."

"I'm quite of thy way of thinking, Sandal, but Steve will be called Latrig, thou art never known any other name, thou art."

"To be sure. Is Ducie willing?"

"Poor lass! She never names Steve's father. He'd no business in her life, and he very soon went out of it. Stray souls will get into families they have no business in, and the wind flung down four representatives of four generations all over with wailing shadows; and Ducie came backwards and forwards, and finally carried the sleeping child into the house; and Stephen, busy as he was, saw everything that went on in the group under the sycamores."

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Try as she would, it was impossible to prevent herself drifting into most unusual silences. Stephen's words and looks filled her heart; she had only half heard the things her father had been saying. Never before had she found an hour in her life when she wished for solitude in preference to his society—her good, tender father. She put Stephen out of her mind, and tried again to feel all her old interest in his plans for their amusement. Alas, alas! The first secret, especially if it be a love secret, makes a break in that sweet, confidential intercourse between a parent and child which nothing restores. The Squire hardly comprehended that there might be a secret. Charlotte was unthoughtful of wrong; but still there was a repression, a something undefinable between them, impalpable but positive as a breath of polar air. She noticed the mountains, for he made her do so; but the birds sang sleepy songs to her unheeded, and the yellow aspens made a kind of sunshine at her feet that she never saw; and even her father's voice disturbed the dreamy chain of thoughts that touched a deeper, sweeter joy than moor or mountain, bird or flower, had ever given her.

Before they reached home, the Squire and Steve became silent. He came in the hall with the face of one dispirited and unhappy. The feeling spread through the house, as a drop of ink spreads itself through a glass of water. It almost suited Sophia's mood, and Mrs. Sandal was not inclined to discuss it until the Squire was alone with her. Then she asked the question of all questions the most irritating, "What is the matter with you, Squire?"

"What is the matter, indeed? Love making. That is the matter, Alice."

"And Stephen Latrig?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. Opportunity is a dangerous thing."

"My word! To hear you talk, one would think it was matterless how our girls married."

"It is never matterless how any girl marries, Squire; and our Charlotte—"

"Oh, I thought Charlotte was a child yet! How could I tell there was danger at Up Hill? You ought to have said so better after your daughters. See that she doesn't go near-hand Latrig's again."

"I wouldn't be so foolish, William. It's a deal better not to notice. Make no words about it; and if you don't like Stephen, send Charlotte away a bit. Half young people's love affairs is just because they are handy to each other."

"Like Stephen! It is more than a matter of liking, as you know very well. If Harry Sandal goes on as he has been going, there will be little enough left for the girls; and they must marry where money will not be wanted. More than that, I've been thinking of brother Tom's boy for one of them. Eh? What?"

"You mean you have been writing to Tom about a marriage? I would have been above a thing like that, William. I suppose you did it to please your mother. She always did handle me as a vague, she always did dislike the Latrigs. I have heard that when people were in the grave they ceased from troubling, but—"

"Alice!"

"I meant no harm, Squire, I'm sure, and I would not say anything of the dead for anything, speak of your mother; but I think about my own girls."

"There now, Alice, don't whimper and cry. I am not going to harm your girls, not I. Only mother was promised that Tom's son should have the first chance for their love. I'm sure there's nothing amiss in that."

"A young man born in a foreign country among blacks, or very near blacks. And nobody knows who his mother was?"

"Oh, yes; his mother was a judge's daughter, and she had a deal of money. Her son had been done to sea; and the very best German and French schools; and now he is at Oxford. I dare say he is a very good young man; and, at any rate, he is the only Sandal of this generation except our own boy."

"Your sisters have sons?"

"Yes. Mary has three, they are Lock-erby; Elizabeth has two, they are Perci-sons. My poor brother Laurence was drowned, and never had son or daughter; so that Tom's Julius is the nearest blood we have."

"Julius! I never held tell of such a name."

"Yes, it is a silly kind of a foreign name. His mother is called Julia; I suppose that is how it comes. No Sandal was ever called such a name before; but the young man mustn't be blamed for his godfather's foolishness, Alice. Eh?"

"I'm not so unjust. Poor Laurence! I saw him once at a ball in Keadal. Are you sure he was drowned?"

"I followed him to Whitehaven, and found out that he had gone away in a ship that never came home. Mother and Laurence were in bad bread when he left, and he never fret for him as she did for Tom."

"Why did you not tell me all this before?"

"I said to myself, there's time enough yet to be planning husbands for girls that haven't a thought of the kind. We were very happy with them; I couldn't bear to break things up. I never once feared about Steve Latrig—not I."

"What does your brother and his wife say?"

"Tom is with me. As for his wife, I know nothing of her, and she knows nothing of us. She has been in England a good many times, but she never said she would like to come and see us, and my mother never wanted to see her. So there wasn't a compliment wasted, you see. Eh? What?"

"No, I don't say William. All about it is in a muddle; and I must say, I never heard tell of such ways. It is like offering your own flesh and blood for sale. And to people who want nothing to do with us! I'm astonished at you, Squire."

"Don't go on so, Alice. Tom and I never had any falling out. He just got out of the way of writing. He likes India, and he had his own reasons for not liking England to him. There's no back-speakings between Tom and me, and he'll be glad for Julius to come to see our people. We will ask Julius to Sandal, and you say, yourself, that the

half of young folks' loving is in being hands to each other. Eh? What?"

"I never thought you would bring my words up that way. But I'll tell you one thing: my girls are not made of melted wax. William, you'll be a wise man, and a strong man, if you get a ring on their fingers if they don't want it there. Sophia will say, very soft and sweet, 'No, thank you, father'; and you'll move Scawfell and Langdale Pikes before you get her beyond it. As for Charlotte, you yourself will stand 'marrying' better than she will. And you know that nothing short of an earthquake can lift you an inch outside your own way."

And perhaps Sandal thought the hyperbole a compliment; for he smiled a little, and walked away, with what his wife privately termed a "peacock air," saying something about "Greek meeting Greek" as he did so. Mrs. Sandal did not in the least understand him; she wondered a little over the remark, and then dismissed it as "some of the Squire's foolishness."

(To be continued.)

John Liked Fun.

John was tricky. Those who thought him a "beauty," smart and obedient, knew that he was mischievous and full of his "jokes."

John certainly did have a love of fun in his "make-up," which made him a jolly companion of four boys who in turn did like to "plague the poor old chap," the family horse.

John was black-coated, strong and intelligent. His tricks were not vicious ones. He never kicked, balked nor ran away, being sober and well conducted when driven or ridden by the senior member of the family.

He had a fondness for his master, who petted him a great deal. The women could drive him.

He brought them home in just the same condition they started out. It was only with the boys of the family that John ventured to "plague."

There were four of them—Ernest, Walter, Henry and Albert—bright young fellows who delighted to tickle John's nose with a fragrant smelling apple, snatching it away when he prepared to enjoy it.

John was a pig in his love for mellow apples. The boys thought it fun to tease him a little and make him anxious to get it before giving it up to him.

They really did teach him to play "hide and seek" with them.

One of his tricks was to sigh and swell up his body when he was added, if one of the little boys was about to ride him. Of course the saddle was invariably turned after they had ridden a little distance.

Another trick was snatching a cap from their heads, galloping away with it to the furthest corner, whinnying defiance to the capless youngster.

One May afternoon as I sat beside a window some boyish voices called, "We are going to ride out to Muddy Fork. John is lazy—don't have enough to do." I peeped at me, and I plainly saw fun in his eyes. He made a nip at an apple geranium and then went along as sober as judges are said to be.

His expression plainly said to me: "These four boys seated upon my back are hunting for fun; I'll help find it." Ernest and Albert whistled gayly, Henry and Walter urged "lazy bones" along.

"Such a good horse as he is. It isn't every one that would carry such a load of restless boys," was my thought as John slowly crept along, head down, apparently minding deeply.

In an hour, four boys, wet and muddy, walked in at the gate, angry and ready to "have it out with that old horse."

"What has he done?" I inquired.

"Done!" chorused an indignant quartet of boyish voices. "He poked along as if he was almost asleep until we got into the water. All at once he laid down, spilled us off his back and just galloped back home."

"He did it on purpose, of course he did. He thinks he can play tricks on us like boys. He don't dare try ten with men."

"I'd like to pound his head," said one.

We went to the back gate and saw him standing there, looking meek and subdued, only,—I detected a twinkle in his eyes.



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

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
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Palatable as MILK. AS A PREVENTIVE OF
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THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED.
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Trains will leave Saint John,
Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene, 7.30
Fast Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.50
Express for Sussex, 8.00
Fast Express for Yarmouth, 8.30
A parlor car runs each way on express
trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and
Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John
for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at
10.00 o'clock, and take sleeping car at
Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and
Halifax at 7.00 o'clock will run
to destination, arriving at Montreal at 10.00
o'clock Sunday evening.

Trains will arrive at Saint John,
Express from Sussex, 8.30
Fast Express from Quebec and Montreal
(except Monday), 9.00
Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.00
Day Express from Halifax, 12.30
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