

THE CHIGNECTO POST
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E. WOODWORTH, Manager.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

—Cattle in Sherman, Texas, are dying from a peculiar disease.

—If a broom is hung up when out of use it will last much longer than if allowed to stand or lie about in corners.

—An Iowa cattle grower has dehorned 125 cattle with no bad results, and regards it as a great economy. He thinks that horns do \$1,000,000 damage annually in Iowa alone.

—The tasteful and judicious planting of fruit and ornamental trees enhances the value of real estate more than an equal amount of money invested in any other way.

—The land that will maintain twenty common-breed cows will maintain twenty well-bred ones, and the annual profit from the latter will be considerably more than from the former.

—Wool waste is said to furnish the most difficult of all fertilizing materials to be obtained—a nitrogenous fertilizer. Where obtainable it should not be allowed to become a total loss.

—It is found that there is a falling off of the wool product this year in Pennsylvania and Ohio alone of over a million pounds. The wool crop has proven to be a very short one in Texas also, and more or less so in other states.

—The Maryland peach peninsula promises an extraordinary yield of fruit this year. The soil is a special loam with a clay bottom, and high bluffs near Chesapeake Bay protected the trees from frost. This year's crop is estimated at 2,600,000 to 3,000,000 bushels.

—The London Mill gives the crop of wheat in India as about 252,000,000 bushels, against 265,000,000 bushels last year. Russian exports in the cereal year have been 37,900,000 bushels against 52,400,000 bushels the year before. Present shipments are one-half those of a year ago.

—Three American horses are to be shipped to Ross Bonheur. One was bred on the Sun River, in the Rocky mountains; another is a wild horse caught on the head waters of the Niobrara; and the third is a mustang from the Brazos river, Texas. They are designed as specimens of horses used on our frontier.

—Keep four places deodorized by the free use of dry earth or moss. A sprinkling over the stable floor will absorb unpleasant odors and promote the health of the horse or other animal stabled there. The pungent odors of the cow stalls will all be removed by a slight sprinkling of the damp floor each morning. Try it, and see what a change.

—Manitoba crop reports were recently published in the *Free Press*. The wheat yield is most satisfactory. An average of 16 to 20 bushels is commonly reported, and oats vary from light to fair. Barley is not up to the average, and root crops are a satisfactory crop. On the whole the results are better than expected and the drought has been less injurious than was feared.

—The practice of seeding down to grass in the fall with winter rye is gaining ground with farmers throughout New England. It is generally agreed, however, that the sowing of clover seed should be deferred until early spring. It can be safely sown just before the snow is all gone, or after the ground is bare and still frozen. The action of frost and rain will cover the seed sufficiently.

Damage Caused by the Destructive Fungus.

In the present extensive use of timber and lumber, only the roughest approximate estimate is possible of the annual loss by fungi and the amount of loss can be indicated in only a few items. The cost of replacing decayed ties by the railways of the United States for 1885 exceeded \$30,000,000. Repairs of station-buildings and road crossings, \$15,500,000. Repairs of wooden and wood parts of bridges, \$6,250,000 (estimated). Repairs of freight-cars \$22,500,000 (estimated). Repairs of passenger-cars, \$7,500,000 (estimated). The renewal of telegraph poles and fixtures on 160,000 miles of line constitutes a large item. The loss to the agricultural interests is much greater. The tenth census reports the cost of fencing in 1873 at \$77,763,473, will most of which was for repairs. The loss caused by fungi on the 9,000,000 dwellings, with their accompanying buildings, and the \$405,520,055 worth of agricultural implements which appear in the census reports, and that on the 6,554,997 tons of marine, and on wharves above water, form other large items. The lumber interests are also a great loser through the quantities of timber that are destroyed in store. The mere mention of these facts makes it evident that the regular annual loss from this source must be rated at many dollars.—From "Woods and their Destructive Fungus," by P. H. DEXTER, C. E., in *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

Several Congressmen have been known to tell the truth lately. They called each other liars.

CHIGNECTO POST.

Deserve Success and you shall Command it.

VOL. 17.—NO. 16.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886.

WHOLE NO. 849.

Conditions Requisite to the Preservation of Timber.

The cheapest operation to protect our woods, and quite sufficient for many purposes, is to season or thoroughly dry the timber, reducing the contained moisture from eight to twelve per cent. of the weight of the wood, and when in this condition, with a circulation of air around it, to prevent the collection and absorption of moisture, the wood will last indefinitely, as the fungi can not grow in such surroundings. Every one is more or less familiar with the soundness of timber in the upper parts of buildings, while in lower parts near the foundations it is often decayed on account of moisture. In many situations, however, where timber must be used, the conditions of growth of the fungi are present, and it will decay; some species can be used which resist the attacks of the fungi for a long period, but the final result is decay unless the wood is treated by some process preventing the growth of fungi, which must be capable of doing either one of two things: 1. It must keep the fibers dry, preventing the absorption of moisture. 2. If the wood must be in a damp place and kept moist, some antiseptic must be present, sufficient to prevent the growth of any of the various kinds of destructive fungi. Timber entirely submerged does not come under these considerations. To use the first process successfully means more than a thin coat of paint or a season of wood when exposed to continued moisture. It must be some substance which penetrates the tissues of the wood sufficiently far, in case the exterior surface is broken, to prevent any absorption of moisture. Woods impregnated with the heavy tar or lighter oils are protected more from the fact of prevention of access of dampness to the fibers than by the contained antiseptics, unless in the exception of a great percentage of creosotes. In the second method the moisture is permitted to come in contact with the fibers of the wood, and reliance depends upon the antiseptic. In this case, the entire wood should be saturated to give the greatest measure of success; not merely an exterior protection of a half-inch or so in depth, the latter fact, as before explained, being the cause of many of the failures which have taken place. The antiseptic treatment, to succeed, must destroy all the germs which have found lodgment in the timber, and also those which may come from the exterior.

—From "Woods and their Destructive Fungus," by P. H. DEXTER, C. E., in *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

The Human Family.

It is said that the human family living to-day on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000 densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 120 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black races to the densest, the remaining 70,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 200,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 250,000,000 have nothing that can be called a house, are barbarous and savage. The range from the topmost round—the Anglo Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The line of the race lying below the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.

—The New England Homestead with the assistance of some 1500 correspondents, gives a very complete review of the present condition and prospects of the apple crop of the country. The present year is "even," or bearing year for apples in New England, but though there is a large yield of fall fruit, the reports indicate that the crop of winter apples will be about 70 per cent. of the usual "even" year yield in the six States. But the falling-off in New England will be partly made up by the great crop in the apple sections of Nova Scotia. Annapolis and Kings counties last year exported only 40,000 barrels, but this season will have a surplus of 100,000 barrels.

—Fifty thousand tons of soot are taken from chimneys in this year. It is not lost, however, there being a use of it for manure—about 1,000 pounds to an acre—the value being set at \$41,000.

—A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Fall into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied: "I would if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

One Cure For Night Sweats.

"I tell you," said a gentleman with a taste for something new under the sun, "the days of drugs are gliding swiftly by. Doctors of medicine will be driven to agricultural pursuits. The contents of pharmacies will languish on the shelves; medical colleges will be turned into very different institutions, and the human race grow healthier, happier, stronger and wiser all the time."

I looked an interrogatory.

"You want to know why I thought you won't believe me when I tell you. Well, all these things will happen because the world is outgrowing old ways. It is turning its back on things that reach you through the stomach alone, and traveling more and more in the direction of things that take hold on the mind, or enter one through the medium of thought. Don't be afraid! I'm not going to emit a malediction, but I have just heard something that makes me think in this train of thought."

I looked another interrogatory. He went on: "Well, my sister, Mrs. Kardie, has seemed to me fairly started on the road to the grave because of consumption. She had night sweats and every indication of that dreadful disease. She doctored, she traveled, but she grew no better. Indeed, we could see that she grew steadily worse. Somebody told her that she could cure the night sweats by setting a large pie of fresh water under her head every night. Of course she laughed at the idea. People always do laugh at any remedy that involves neither trouble nor expense. No; she rather thought such a remedy an insult to her intelligence. Her daughter, however, thought everything worth trying, and slipped the pan of water under the bed without her mother knowing it. Curious, but that night she missed her usual sweat. And every night thereafter when the pan was under the bed there was no sweat."

"Then she was told and was greatly astonished and delighted. After that, when the water had not changed, the sweats returned, though she did not know that the water had been changed, so it couldn't have been the result of imagination. The sweats have been entirely stopped by this simple remedy, and Mrs. K. seems to be getting well. It's a simple thing, but I wish you would write it out in your newspaper letters, for it may do sufferers good. The pan must be set under the middle of the bed, directly under the spine of the patient. Once, when Mrs. K. rolled over in her sleep on the side of the bed away from the water, the sweats returned."

Photographing from a Balloon.

From an illustrated paper in the September *Century* we quote as follows: "The mountains crossed in this delightfully easy manner, we were over the town of Bloomfield; and an exposure was made on what seemed to us the fine type of the better class of New England homes, a small, white, two-story house, with its large fields, trim fences, and ample buildings, was directly below us. This view, taken at the height of one mile, is wonderfully distinct, when we consider the distance of the objects from the camera, the conditions necessary to the taking of an instantaneous picture, and our very unsteady support. The stone and rail fences, bounding the fields of all sizes and shapes, are shown with great sharpness. The pasture, meadow, and cultivated land are plainly indicated; also the curious regular arrangement of the crops. The trim and regular appearance of the orchards is well contrasted with the variety and freedom of growth in the woodland; and the photographic effect of the autumnal colors is indicated by the foliage of a group of white birches near the center of the view, as contrasted with the dark unchanged green of the orchards."

—John Bright, though now 74, is still regarded as the greatest speaker, the Demosthenes of the House. His wonderful voice still retains in age much of its delightful music, and his periods are full of the same pure and vigorous English as those of Milton, on which he has founded himself, and a copy of whose "Paradise Lost" he carries, as the best loved companion, always with him. But then, as he himself says, Gladstone speaks without preparation as many elegant words in one night as he does in one season. He takes three months to prepare one of his orations, recites it carefully, like Macaulay, again and again, and studies every attitude and intonation.

—A teacher, in catechizing her class of boys at Sunday-school, asked, "Who was the strongest man in a little chap of eight years answered, without a moment's hesitation: 'Sullivan. Now ask me who is the best rower.'—Harper's Magazine for September.

—The peacock is vain and the weathercock vain, and yet there is no resemblance between the two.

—Motto for Marmosets.—The greatest good the greatest number.

The Ambitious Kangaroo.

They had a great meeting a king to select, And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way. And said, "I'm the one you should surely elect. For I can out-leap every beast here to-day."

Said the eagle, "How high can you climb toward the sky?"

Said the nightingale, "Favor us, please, with a song!"

Said the hawk, "Let us measure our powers of eye!"

Said the lion, "Come wrestle, and prove you are strong!"

But the kangaroo said, "I will surely be best. In our choice of a king, to make leaping—A. R. Wells in *St. Nicholas* for September.

ONLY A HUSK.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At the time he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken moving machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife didn't need the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shy, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, next day, when the money and the man died out, he dreamt while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlady's wife came to the barroom to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but did not love the landlady. In his years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spirit who had brought him to the barroom to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betty! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk?"

With a snip and a snap Betty turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

"I can't go on his feet and stand to-night."

"No! I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."

"I know it won't!" said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left.

"I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Ah, he muttered, grinding his teeth in the gravel, 'Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honor and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see!'"

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom. She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old order."

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her

work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out, went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom! What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you only set him at work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, Tom. Set him to work, and he'll be set up, and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was completed.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing-house again, and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir, you may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Helen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. The morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dawning within her before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—almost nine.

"Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with old grime upon his hands, and the odour of oil about his garments."

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been in the old shop?"

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and the old work."

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"O Tom! I've got my now, bless him! I bless him! my own Tom! my husband! my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—the household gods in that restored—with the bright angles of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no idea of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"O Tom! old boy, what's up?"

"I'm up, right side up."

"Yes, I see; but hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and child, and my dear little ones, were not enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you hear what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

—Mr. Winans says, it is reported, \$85,000 for Scotch shootings. If he would, he could not possibly stop in a season over a fifth part of his vast domains. In fact, in some of his numerous forests—Fassnake and Glen Connach for example—not a single deer has been shot since he took them five or six years ago. Protection is carried to perfection. They are patrolled by the keepers on a regular system. The men, kept under surveillance, meet at certain hours at certain appointed stations, while there are sentinels in the middle of the wider ranges, on which even keepers and gillies are forbidden to intrude. All the trout streams are strictly preserved; so that the fish, the deer, the grouse, the ground game for once ought to be having a happy time of it.

—A youngster who has ready wit reached his arm across his teacup at the supper table to help himself to something on the table. He was reproved for doing so. "Why, I have always been taught at school to cross my t's, was his quick reply."

—Hasn't that a grievance? It is a bad thing to carry around. Sell your grievance for a song, but do not sing the song.

—Swearing is wholly unknown in Japan. The worst word a Japanese ever applies to a man whom he dislikes is "beast."

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JOSEPH W. DOBSON,
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My words are new and always sweet. And with them others can't compete. The ladies, too, I would invite. For I can trim their bangs straight.

My hearty thanks I now extend To all my patronizing friends; And in the future I will try My very best to satisfy.

WM. KNIGHT,
Sackville, Nov. 7th, 1885.

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WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE.

Express for Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave, 2.30 a. m. Accommodation for Moncton, 7.30 a. m. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 11.30 a. m. Express for St. John, 12.30 p. m. Express for St. John and Quebec, 7.40 p. m. Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.15 a. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for Halifax, Pict