

POSTAL GUIDE.

Table with columns for destination, departure time, and arrival time. Includes routes to Montreal, Ottawa, and other cities.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Arrival of Trains from Union Station.

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POPE BONIFACE'S MULE.

—TRANSLATED FROM ALFONSO BAUDRY.

He has seen nothing so novel as

Avignon in the time of the pope.

From morning to evening there were processions,

pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers

and hung with tapestries; cardinals arriving

by the Rhone, banners floating on the

wind, galleys dressed with flags, the pope's

soldiers singing in Latin on the squares,

the rattles of the mendicant friars; then

from one end to the other, noisy houses

which crowded around the great papal

palace like bees around their hive. There

was, besides, the tic-tac of the loom-makers,

the come-and-go of shuttles weaving the

gold of the chandeliers, the little hammers

of the silversmiths making vessels, the

trying of the sounding-boards at the

instrument makers, the songs of the loom

twanders, from above the sound of bells, and

always, from below the tambourines sound-

ing in the direction of the bridge. For

with us when the people are happy they

must dance, they must dance; and as at

this time the streets were too narrow for

the farandole, fiers and tambourine-players

posted themselves on the bridge of Avig-

non, in the fresh breezes of the Rhone, and

they day and night the people danced, the

people danced—ah! happy time! happy

city! Halberds which would not out,

state prisons where they put the wine to

cool! No poverty, no war! That is the

way that the pope of the Comtat governs

his people; that is why their people have

always so regretted them.

There was one above all, a good old man

called Boniface. He was about an amiable,

such a handsome prince; he smiled at you

so pleasantly from his mule's back, and

when you passed near him—whether you

were a poor little madder gatherer or a

great city magistrate—he gave you a bened-

iction so politely. A true pope of Vézère,

with something about him of his laugh-

ing sprig of sweet marjoram in his hair,

and not the suspicion of any favoritism.

The only favorite the good father had was

his vineyard—a little place which he had

planted himself, three leagues from

Avignon, among the myrtles of Chateau-

neuf.

Every Sunday, when vespers were over,

the worthy man went to look after it, and

when he was up there, seated in the warm

sun, his cardinals stretched about among

the trees stumps, he had a flagon of new

wine opened, that beautiful ruby wine

which has ever since been called the pope's

Chateau-neuf, and he drank it in little sips,

looking tenderly at his vines. Then, when

the flagon was empty and the day was

growing late, he returned cheerfully to the

city, followed by all his bishop, and when

he passed over the bridge of Avignon, in

the midst of the tambourine and fiers

and the little gaiter dancing step when

she passed over the bridge. Nevertheless,

after her adventures, there was always a

little coldness toward her. There were

whispers as she passed on her way to the

people about their heads; the children

laughed and pointed to the belfry. The

good pope himself had no longer such con-

fidence in his friends, and, in an attempt

to take a little nap on her back on

Sunday when returning from the vineyard,

he had always a hidden fancy—"Suppose

I should wake up there, on the plain, or

the mule saw this, and she suffered from

it without saying anything; only when

Tisset Vedene's name was pronounced,

after her adventures, there was always a

little coldness toward her. There were

whispers as she passed on her way to the

people about their heads; the children

laughed and pointed to the belfry. The

good pope himself had no longer such con-

terrible that the dust of it could be seen

from Pampeluna—a whirlwind of blonde

dust, through which Tisset, in a blue

tabby, sat and remained of the unfortu-

nate Vézère Vedene.

A blow from a mule's heel is not gen-

erally so terrible, but this was a papal

blow; and she had kept it for seven

years! There is no more perfect example

of ecclesiastical rancor.

"Don't Don't Retter, but Cur."—

is the exclamation of thousands suffering

from catarrh. To all such we say, Catarrh

can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It has been used in thousands of cases;

why not in yours? Your danger is in

delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dis-

seminary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.,

for pamphlet on this disease.

"All men!"

"Yes, my holy father, all alone, I see,

look at her up there. Do you see the ends

of her ears move? You might think they

were two swallows."

"Yes, my father, the poor pope, raising

his eyes; 'she has gone crazy! She will

kill herself! Will you come down, un-

happy creature!"

She would have asked nothing better

than to come down; but how? The stair-

case? It was not to be thought of. The

poor mule was desperate, and while her

big eyes were roving over the platform she

thought of Tisset Vedene.

"To escape, what a kick

to-morrow morning!"

At last they came to take her down, but

it was necessary to lower her by a great

machine with cords. Tisset what he humili-

ation for the mule of a pope to see her

little suspended at this height, swimming

in the air like a bird, and all Avignon

at the end of a thread. And all Avignon

looking at her!

The unhappy pope did not sleep all

night. She was up there, and she was

round on that accursed platform, with

the laughter of the people below. Then she

thought of the wicked Tisset Vedene and

she thought of the mule with her head that

she was going to fling at him to-morrow.

His should be the dust from Pampeluna.

While this reception was preparing for

him Tisset Vedene was descending the

Rhone upon a papal galley, on his way to

Naples, with the young nobles sent every

year to under the influence of Queen

Joan for practice in diplomacy and good

manners. Tisset was not of noble birth,

but the pope wished to reward him for the

care he had bestowed upon his mule, and

especially for the activity which he had

expended on the day of her rescue.

Ah, how displeased the mule was the

next day! "Ah, the villain! He suspected

something!" she thought, shaking her

little bells with fury. "But it is all the

same. Go, you knave! You will find

your kick when you come back. I keep it

for you!"

After the departure of Tisset the pope's

mule resumed her tranquil method of life

and her former behavior. The happy days

of the mule were over, and she was to

pass the rest of her life in the hands of

the little gaiter dancing step when she

passed over the bridge. Nevertheless,

after her adventures, there was always a

little coldness toward her. There were

whispers as she passed on her way to the

people about their heads; the children

laughed and pointed to the belfry. The

good pope himself had no longer such con-

fidence in his friends, and, in an attempt

to take a little nap on her back on

Sunday when returning from the vineyard,

he had always a hidden fancy—"Suppose

I should wake up there, on the plain, or

the mule saw this, and she suffered from

Health and Home recommends a sleepless

people to court the sun, which it declares

to be the very best specific, and adds

that "the whole skin is tawny red

from the sun."

"A field of corn.—Thomas Sablin of

Eglington, says: 'I have used Hollis-

way's Corn Cure with the best results,

having recovered from the heat of the

summer, and now I feel as well as ever.

It is not a half-way cure of relief, but a

complete extingisher, leaving the skin

smooth and clear from the least appear-

ance of the corn.

A Connecticut youth of 22 has just mar-

ried a widow of 73. He evidently wanted

a wife who knew how to cook.

—Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had

dyspepsia for twenty years. Tried many

remedies and doctors, but got no relief.

His appetite was very poor, had a distress-

ing pain in his side and became grad-

ually wasting away of flesh, when he

heard of, and immediately commenced

Discovery. The pain have left and he re-

covered in the enjoyment of excellent health,

in fact he is quite a new man.

A capital crime—well, kindness is about

as good as any of them, if it admits that

kindness is a crime.

—There is nothing to equal Ayer's

Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood, and as

a good spring medicine. "This book is printed

on writhed paper. What a pity to waste

paper in that way."

—Do not delay in getting relief for the

little folks. Mother Gray's Worm Ex-

terminator is a pleasant and sure cure.

If you love your child why do you let it

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