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100 Boys

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The Gazette.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near the cares which on me prey,
And seem my very soul to overweigh,
Vanish as swift as night's dark clouds, which steal
Across the skies and dawn's glad portals seal.
Blown far and wide by winds of new born day.
Some hidden grief, now long remembered, may
Remain, but holdeth not that sovereign sway
Of years gone by—for peace and joy I feel
When thou art near.

And, dear one, if, while being far away,
From me some unknown sorrow come and lay
Itself hard on my heart, then I would kneel
And pray to him to send thee back to heal
The wounds which pain me, but no longer stay,
When thou art near.

—William Bartlett Tyler.

FIGHT WITH THE DEVIL.

Old Fundy was a well digger. The greater part of his life was spent in the bowels of the earth, and when he was on its surface he went about with his head bowed and his eyes fixed on the ground, as though he was seeking a hole big enough for him to crawl into and burrow like a mole, as his natural propensity suggested. When he was digging a well he almost lived in it, going down early in the morning, taking his dinner with him and staying there all day.

He was a dark skinned, grim old man, with straight black hair, streaked with gray, a face peppered over with little blue spots—the effects of the premature explosion of a blast—and black eyes that seemed to avoid the glaring light of the sun.

How he got the name of Fundy is not positively known—for that was not his real name—but it may have been bestowed upon him by some classical wag, who, in virtue of his occupation, christened him De Profundis, which being shortened to Fundis eventually became Fundy.

The negroes regarded him with a feeling somewhat akin to awe, averring that he had actually had a peep into his satanic majesty's dominions, and they were wont to say in a mysterious whisper: "De debbel 'll git dat ole Fundy yit—allers a diggin' en a diggin', a tryin' tir git deeper 'n deeper. He drap t'rough some dese days an fin' hese'f in hell, sho."

This idea was rather encouraged by the fact that the old man, who seldom had a word to say to anybody when he was above ground, kept up a constant muttering and growling, intermingled with much profanity, when he got a few feet beneath the earth's surface, and the deeper he got the more garrulous and profane he became, which led the superstitious darkies to believe that he held converse with the boss devil himself.

When he had a well to sink he spent a day searching over the ground for a spot that he deemed favorable for the purpose, never adopting the many tricks that well diggers generally resort to to find water, as they say, and while he paced slowly around, stopping now and then and muttering to himself, the negroes, who were watching him from a little distance, would say: "De ole black man (devil) right onder 'im now; he talkin' ter 'im; wonner w'y he don't tell 'im right off whar de bes'es' water; reckon dey hef ter meke a barg'in fus'."

They didn't dare speak to the old man while he was thus engaged, and when he had selected a spot suitable for his purpose, he would mark it with a stake and go away, and then they would go and lay their ears on the ground and fancy they could hear the sound of rushing water fifty or sixty feet below.

"Umph!" they would say, "de debble he know all 'bout it, en he tell 'im w'en he done meke 'im sw'ar somep'n—dat wa't it is. De debbel belong ter dat ole Fundy now, but bimeby he belong ter de debbel, fur sho."

Exactly three days later the well digger would return at daybreak and begin work, marking off a square and setting to with pick and spade as if he were going to penetrate the very center of the globe.

This exact period of three days intervening between the choice of ground and the beginning of labor was another cause of superstitious conjecture among the negroes.

"Dat was part uv de bargin. Ef he bergin any sooner ur any later somep'n gwine ter happ'n ter 'im. Dat de reasin he was blowed up onct—he din'a' keep ter de bargin."

Fundy would work away by himself, grumbling and growling as he went down, until he got too deep to thrown out the soil with his spade, and then he would rig his windlass and accompanying rope and tub, and some man belonging to the place where he was working would assist him.

He had sunk a well on the plantation of a gentleman living some miles from A——. Forty feet down he had struck a vein of good water, and was preparing to begin the curbing, the bricks used for that purpose lying about in piles among the heaps of clay, stone and other debris that had been hauled up in the tub.

The negro who was assisting him came, as usual, a little after dawn, and was surprised to find that the old man was not there.

"I wonner whar dat ole Fundy dis mornin'?" he said, looking around. "W'at dat?" His ears had caught a peculiar sound coming, apparently, from the well, and he went and leaned over it, placing his hands on the windlass to support himself. After a few minutes' listening, "My gawdermighty!" he exclaimed, "de debbel done got 'im dis time, sho!" and then he ran off to the negro quarters, whence in a little while he returned, accompanied by a dozen or more other negroes, all talking vehemently.

"I tell yer de debbel done got 'im," said he who had made the discovery; "I heered 'um down dar jis' a-fightin'. Ole Fundy was a cussin' en de bebbel wus jis' a-sayin' bah—bah—bah."

"How yer know de debbel talk dat away?" asked one of his comrades.

"'Cuze I knows he does; ain't he got horns en huffs?"

That seemed to settle the question, and they all approached the well, some of them leaning over it.

"You hear dat!" said the same speaker; "jis' list'n! Did anybody uver hear sich cussin'? En' jis' list'n ter de debbel. He don' kier nuttin' 'bout he cussin'; reckin he like 'um—meke 'um toto easy."

"My bruthrin," said one of the darkies, who was a sort of preacher, "how of'n hes I tol' yer yer better putt a bridle on yer tongue ur a halter 'round yer neck w'en I'se heard yer a takin' ther Lawd's name in vain. Now tuck warnin' by dis here 'sample—dis here ole man, w'at's de orfules' cussin' man es uver wus. De debbel done got 'im now, en' he'll git all on yer some dese days, sho's yer don' repent ther evil uv yer ways."

Just then a prolonged cry of distress came from the bottom of the well.

"Durn it!" said the negro who had brought the others there, "I b'lieve ole Fundy gwine ter whip de debbel dis time."

"Dar yer go, Br'er Isum," said the preacher, "a cussin' an' a sw'arin' at sich a time es dis, w'en de farder uv lies an' cussin's a druggin' a sinful mortul down ter hell. He'll come arter you nex' time, Br'er Isum—I don' 'spec' nuthin' else."

"I wun't a cussin', Br'er Jim," said Isam. "I jis' said durn it, en' dat ain't cussin'."

"W'at is it, den, ef 'tain't cussin'?"

"I dunno," said Isam, "but 'taint cussin', I knows dat."

"Well, go on, go on," said the preacher; "go on an' see w'at Sat'n 'll call it w'en he come to git yer; ef 'tain't cussin' it's foolishness, en' dat's jes' es bad."

In the meantime the noise at the bottom of the well had ceased and the negroes stood in silent awe listening intently.

"Dey's gone," said one under his breath; "do debbel done drag 'm down wid 'im."

"O, my bruthrin," said the preacher, "ain't yer gwine ter tuck warnin' by dis hero sample! How does yer know but some on yer'll be called ter follow 'im, en' den whar'll yer be—whar I say? Does yer know? No, yer don't. But I does. Yer'll be whar ther fire ain't nuver squinched; whar yer'll heve ter eat brimstone en' drink bilin' pitch; yer'll be in ther claws uv satan en' he'll tramp on yer wid 'is huffs, en' he'll butt yer wid 'is horns, en' he'll pitch yer wid 'is pitchfo'k. Yes, my bruthrin, yer kin cuss den, en' de mo' yer cuss de better he'll like it en' de mo' he'll laugh. Ain't yer gwine ter stop dis lyin' en' cussin' en' stealin' 'fo' it's too late?"

"Wat dat yer says 'bout stealin', Br'er Jim?" said Isam. "Who b'en a-stealin'?"

"Don't yer know, Br'er Isum?" asked Jim sarcastically. "Who was it went inter ole masser's million patch en tuck 'is watermillions?"

"I dunno who tuck um," said Isam; "but who eat um? tell me dat."

"Dat's anudder ting," replied Jim. "Ef a man steal a hoss, is it furbid dat I shill ride 'im?"

"I dunno 'bout dat," said Isam; "but ef de man w'at dat hoss b'long ter fin' yer on he back I reckin he gwin tell yer somep'n 'bout it."

"Ugh!" ejaculated Jim just here—his face was turned toward the well—"w'at de debbel dat?"

His little congregation looked round to see what it was that seemed to have frightened Jim.

"My gawdermighty!" cried Isam; "ole Fundy done fowt de debbel en' whip 'im," and then the negroes all ran away, scattering in every direction.

Old Fundy's head and shoulders appeared just above the surface of the ground, he having climbed up by the rope attached to the windlass. His hands were covered with blood, of which there were glouts on his grim, weather beaten face and his flannel shirt. Climbing high enough to step on to the solid earth he limped to a pile of bricks and sat down, rubbing his legs, muttering curses to himself. By and by he got up, and picking up a piece of rope lying near, wound it around his body and descended into the well, from which, after a little while, he emerged again and began to turn the windlass. It seemed to task his strength somewhat to wind the rope up, as if there were a heavy burden attached to it, but in time the big dirt tub appeared, and in it, tied tightly, lest it should fall out, was a goat—a big billy goat, only half of which was in the tub, the hind quarters hanging over the side. Holding the windlass with one hand while he landed his load with the other, the old well digger, with a few imprecations scarce mete for ears polite, proceeded to unfasten the carcass and drag it out of the way, after which he sat down to recover his breath.

The old man had come at daybreak to his work, and while awaiting the arrival of his assistant, Isam, had busied himself selecting bricks for the first corners of the curbing. He then examined the windlass and its appurtenances to see that the constant friction had done no damage, for a load of bricks on a man's head is no pleasant reminder of his own carelessness. There was an old billy goat roving about the lot, a veteran with the beard of a prophet, but Fundy hadn't noticed him, and while he was stooping over making the knot, that attached the tub to the rope more secure, the goat, as if curious to see what he was about, had come close up behind him. Whether he suddenly took it into his head that the old man, who in that position appeared to be a quadruped, was another goat, or whether he was moved by the natural desire to butt when there was a fair target to butt at, it is impossible to decide, but certain it is his "rambunksions" instincts brought him up on his hind legs in a belligerent attitude, from which he came down with a vim that sent the old man down to the bottom of the well. Fortunately Fundy landed on his feet, he having, with that impulse which prompts us to grasp anything within reach to save ourselves, caught the rope and gone down clinging to it, the tub pressed out in front of him and dragging against the side of the well, acting as a break.

But he had hardly reached the end of his rapid downward journey when his assailant, like that famous heroine of Mother Goose memory, came tumbling after; for the impetus of the blow had carried the giver as well as the receiver into the trap, as frequently happens in more important affairs.

The water in the well was not as yet very deep, and standing in it he and the old goat fought it out—old Fundy, with the aid of a clasp knife that he had in his pocket, coming out victorious.—Robert Boggs in Times-Democrat.

Georgian and Circassian.

The Georgian has a beauty quite different from that of the Circassian. The Circassian is dazzling, queenlike and stately. She has a fair skin. She is elegant in form. She is kindly and gentle in voice, but lazy in movement and without spirit. One of her own sex has said: "There is no soul in a Circassian beauty; and as she pillows her pure, pale cheek upon her small dimpled hand you feel no inclination to arouse her into exertion; you are contented to look upon her and to contemplate her loveliness." The Georgian is a creature with eyes like meteors and teeth almost as dazzling as her eyes. Her mouth does not wear the sweet and unceasing smile of her less vivacious rival. But the proud expression that sits upon her finely arched lips accords so well with her stately form and lofty brow that you do not seek to change its character.—"The Isles of the Princes."

Flirtation as a Study.

A Harvard senior has "thirty handkerchiefs with lace on the edges nailed up conspicuously in his room, each the souvenir of a distinct summer flirtation." Although flirtation is, so to speak, an elective study at Harvard, it is evident that the young men prosecute it with vigor.—New York Tribune.

"Ragged" Sunday Schools.

London's "Ragged Sunday Schools," which are declared to be the great means of reaching and improving the poor children of that city, are increasing fast in numbers and influence. They now have 40,000 scholars and 4,000 teachers.—New York Sun.

"LOOK IN THY HEART."

Vainly, one summer's day, I sought to write
Some record of my woes, and leave some mark
Behind; so that another, in the dark
Of this world's ways, might know and fear the light
Of thy perilous eyes, and learn that deeper night
Is all that comes of watching them—when hark!
A voice of sympathy. It was the lark
Of English song, and this his saw of might:
"Look in thy heart and write." Sweet Sidney, how
Couldst thou foresee my plight? and by that word
Solve all my doubts? Yet still I have the same
Misgivings as before—'twas then as now—
E'en is my heart I found no cheer, and heard
No sound save foolish echoes of thy name.

—G. Melville Upton in Overland Monthly.

SEEING THE GUILLOTINE.

Hugo's Account of an English Lady's Visit to the Paris Executioner.

M. Sanson lived in the Rue du Marais du Temple, in an isolated house, of which the jalousies were always closed. He received many visits. Numbers of English people went to see him. When visitors presented themselves at M. Sanson's they were introduced into an elegant reception room on the ground floor, furnished entirely with mahogany, in the midst of which there was an excellent piano, always open and provided with pieces of music. Shortly afterward M. Sanson arrived and asked his visitors to be seated. The conversation turned upon one subject and another. Generally the English people asked to see the guillotine. M. Sanson complied with this request, no doubt for some consideration, and conducted the ladies and gentlemen to the adjoining street, (the Ru Albony, I think), to the house of the scaffold manufacturer. There was a shed at this place, where the the guillotine was permanently erected. The strangers grouped themselves around it and it was made to work. Trusses of hay were guillotined.

One day an English family, consisting of the father, the mother and three pretty daughters, fair and with rosy cheeks, presented themselves at Sanson's residence. It was in order to see the guillotine. Sanson took them to the carpenter's and set the instrument at work. The knife fell and rose again several times at the request of the young ladies. One of them, however, the youngest, was not satisfied with this. She made the executioner explain to her in the minutest details what is called the toilet of the condemned. Still she was not satisfied. At length she turned hesitatingly toward the executioner. "Monsieur Sanson," she said. "Mademoiselle," said the executioner. "What is done when the man is on the scaffold? How is he tied down?" The executioner explained the dreadful matter to her and said, "We call that 'putting him in the oven.'" "Well, Monsieur Sanson," said the young lady, "I want you to put me in the oven."

The executioner started. He made an exclamation of surprise. The young lady insisted. "I fancy," she said, "that I should like to be able to say I have been tied down on it." Sanson spoke to the father and mother. They replied, "As she has taken a fancy to have it done do it." The executioner had to give in. He made the young miss sit down, tied her legs with a piece of string and her arms behind her back with a rope, fastened her to the swinging plank and strapped her on with the leather strap. Here he wanted to stop. "No, no, that is not yet all," she said. Sanson then swung the plank down, placed the head of the young lady in the dreadful neck piece and closed it upon her neck. Then she declared she was satisfied. When he afterward told the story Sanson said, "I quite thought she was going to say at last, 'That is not all. Make the knife fall.'"—Things seen by Victor Hugo.

England Over Populated.

It requires no argument to show that England is very seriously over populated. The increase in the last fifty years is under estimated at 8,000,000, and the £159 value per head calculated by the late Dr. Farr (who died in 1883) is converted into a debit factor. Human over production is evident in every profession and trade, and while the duration of life has risen nineteen years, the population goes on increasing at an alarming rate of compound interest. Between 1861 and 1871 in round numbers our population increased 3,000,000; between 1871 and 1881, 3,400,000, and between 1881 and 1891 it will be found to stand at nearer 4,000,000. When the community is obliged to take up stock of any kind (but especially live stock) at the rate of 400,000 to 500,000 a year beyond its requirements, the stock becomes a curse and not a blessing.—Cor. London Times.

Relics in the Alps.

There have recently been discovered in the high Alps near the summit of the great St. Bernard five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in the pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery in that it is a proof that St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and also that as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.—Public Opinion.

Quoting from "the Commandments."

"Pray, what do you mean by the Miz?" said a little country girl to a new made friend of her own age from the city. "Why, before I came up here, I thought all that wasn't in New York was in the Miz." "Yes, yes! But just what is the Miz?" said the country girl. Her friend replied, with surprise and horror: "Haven't you learnt the commandments? Doesn't it say, 'The Lord made heaven and earth, and all that in them Miz?'"—Good Housekeeping.

Alaska's Wealthy Church.

The Greek church at Sitka, Alaska, is one of the wealthiest in the world, its treasure consisting for the greater part in old paintings of the saints set in frames of gold and silver. One picture, a present from the czar, is valued at $40,000. The massive doors of the church are heavily inlaid with the precious metals.—New York Evening World.

Thought It Was an Owl.

A near sighted young man in the city went out on a hunting expedition the other day. In the woods he saw what he thought was an owl perched on a tree. He fired several times at the object, but it never stirred. Just at this juncture he discovered that he had been deluded by a piece of mud on his eyeglass.—Watertown Times.

A Young Man's Experience.

"When you get very tired," said one young man to another, "do you ever lose command of words and ideas?" "No," said the other young man, "I can't say that I do; but I have felt that way sometimes when I got home very late at night."—Somerville Journal.

The Parisian's Business Day.

The first thing that strikes an American business man in Paris is the remarkable manner in which French hommes d'affaires spend their business day. It is the boast of the Parisian that he accomplishes more in a few hours in way of desk work than his English or American cousin does in a day. The Parisian certainly believes in the early worm, for he is at his desk promptly at 8, sometimes earlier. The cabinet ministers frequently grant interviews at 6 in the morning. At about midday comes the most important event in the life of the Parisian—breakfast. As most merchants live some distance from their offices this meal is generally taken at the cercle or club.

Every Frenchman belongs to a club, and when the head of the house leaves for his particular cercle his clerks follow suit to a more humble reunion and the office is left to the tender mercies of the porter or concierge. This breakfast at the cercle is a table d'hote affair of several courses and occupies an hour. A stroll on the boulevard is next in order, a visit to the Salle des Depeches, a cognac at the cafe and a perusal of the morning papers. About 3 o'clock the clerks come in one by one and by 4 business is in motion again. At 5 the carriage calls for the head of the house—it is time to drive to the Bois. The juniors leave shortly afterwards, those who can afford it taking cabs for the daily tour to the Cascade and those less fortunate sit in the open air at one of the numerous cafes on the boulevards or avenue des Champs Elysees, sip their absinthe and watch the carriages go by. The business day is finished.—Paris Cor. New York World.

Dangers of the Boxing Glove.

It is a mistake to suppose that the boxing glove is less injurious to the person with whom it comes in contact than the bare fist is. The fist cuts, but the glove stuns like a sand club or a piece of lead pipe, and is more apt to produce congestion of the brain and other internal injuries. No prizefighter was ever hurt by letting him bleed, and on the other hand he may be seriously injured by the muffled blow that produces the jar without breaking the skin. Moreover, these glove contests have brought in the fashion of matching second or third rate men against first rate ones, the bets being made on the question as to the number of rounds during which the former can contrive to hold out against the latter. What earthly sense or profit can there be in such a performance as that?

Of course the boxing glove has its use, like the button on the foil; it enables the pupils to learn the rudiments of the science—how to assume the proper positions, and how to use his arms. Gentlemen who move in polite society cannot afford to go about with faces scarred, seamed and discolored; it is not the fashion, and fashion must be considered. But I would banish the glove from everything in the shape of an "exhibition," whether amateur or professional.—Julian Hawthorne in The Cosmopolitan.

Ominous Peacock Plumes.

You remember, do you not, how all of the ladies used to admire peacock feathers? Every boudoir contained a bunch of them; every parlor was made richer by their gorgeous tints. They were even used now and then as a border to a frieze, and they were fastened on screens, painted on plaques, pinned on curtains, and embroidered on chairs. But now, go where you will, you will see no peacock feathers. They are banished from hall and bower. Why? Because it has been decided that they bring bad luck. Even fashion couldn't stand against that. They had to go. The news spread rapidly, and every lady, sitting down to reckon up the beginning of her bad luck, concluded that it was when she bought her peacock feathers. The ladies of the Woodruff hotel held a meeting and decided to banish these ominous plumes. So they all went. All along the avenues the ladies followed their example. The servants caught the infection and refused to stay in a house where the exquisite but fateful feathers were kept. So the comfort and peace of mind of the vainest of birds is restored, for he will be molested no more.—Chicago Tribune.

Hydahs of Queen Charlotte's Island.

These people have a novel way of hunting birds, using instead of a bow and arrows, a peculiarly shaped harpoon. This instrument is about five feet long, the point being made of a piece of walrus tusk ten inches long. The stick is of cypruss and about half way up three fish bones are arranged around the stick, these points extending outward in order to stick the bird in case the point on the end should miss. This harpoon, when used, is held in the left hand. In the right is a paddle of hard wood eighteen inches long, on the face of which is a groove extending almost to the end. The tip of the harpoon is fitted into this groove and then the weapon is thrown with double force. The native can strike a fowl in water fully 100 feet distant. A hunter usually carries with him a number of these harpoons of various sizes.—New York Mail and Express.

Tree Planting in Belgium.

A foreign paper gives the official report of the head officer having charge of woods and rivers in Belgium, from which it appears that the total length of highways in that country amounts to 4,227 miles, of which there are already planted more than one-half, or 2,417 miles, with 264 miles yet to be planted. The present value of the trees is now four times as much as their original cost, or have a money value of more than $2,000,000. Among the trees thus planted elms are in the largest numbers, then oaks, next poplars, and in diminishing numbers are ash, beech, maples, Norway spruce and larch. Fruit trees are in much smaller numbers.—Chicago Times.

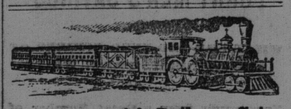
Horses and Bulls Fighting.

In England conflicts between horses and bulls are not uncommon and are usually disastrous to the horses. A fiery colt often chases cattle in the pasture, biting them as they ran; but when he tackles a bull the latter usually won't run, but charges the colt broadside and often kills him. Having come off best once, the bull thereafter is apt to charge horses that are grazing quietly. It is never safe to leave any bull in a pasture with horses.—London Live Stock Journal.

Dread of Originality.

But it is not simply at the height of national existence that this impulse for self preservation responds to the mimicry of lower life. You will observe its operation in our social customs and common propensities; for it is a fact that not anything is more dreaded or shunned by average human beings than originality—that is, unlikeness to others. It has always been dangerous. It is even yet likely to secure for its possessor a great deal of annoyance.—"Our Heredity from God."

RAILROADS.



New Brunswick Railway Co'y.

(ALL RAIL LINE.)

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS: in effect October 24th, 1887. Leaves St. John Intercolonial Station—Eastern Standard Time.

8.40 a. m—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, and for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

3.45 p.m—For Fredericton and intermediate points.

8.30 p.m—(Except Saturday night)—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points west, (except Saturday and Sunday nights), for Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Presque Isle and Grand Falls, with Pullman Sleeping Car for Bangor.

ARRIVALS AT ST. JOHN.

5.45 a.m—(Except Monday Morning)—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, Presque, Isle and Edmundston.

10.00 a.m—From Fredericton and intermediate points.

4.10 p.m—From Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points west, and from Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Grand Falls and Presque Isle.

LEAVE CARLETON.

8.25 a.m—For Fairville, and for Bangor and all points west, Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock and points north.

3.30 p.m—For Fairville, and for Fredericton, and intermediate points.

ARRIVE AT CARLETON.

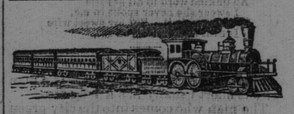
10.10 a.m—From Fairville and Fredericton.

4.20 p.m—From Fairville and points west.

H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division. F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.

J. E. LEAVITT, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., October 17, 1887.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1887 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1888

ON and after MONDAY, Nov. 28th 1887 the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Trains will Leave St. John.

DAY EXPRESS	7 30
ACCOMMODATION	11 20
EXPRESS FOR SUSSEX	16 35
EXPRESS FOR HALIFAX & QUEBEC	18 00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18 00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

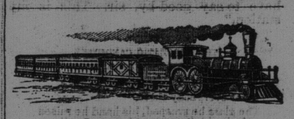
Trains will Arrive at St. John:

EXPRESS FROM HALIFAX & QUEBEC	7 00
EXPRESS FROM SUSSEX	8 35
ACCOMMODATION	13 20
DAY EXPRESS	19 20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 22nd, 1887.



Grand Southern Railway.

ST. STEPHEN & ST. JOHN.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, Feb. 5, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN at 2.00 p. m., and Carleton at 2.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 5.14 p. m.; St. Stephen at 7.42 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.30 a. m.; St. George at 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 1.00 p. m.; St John at 1.15 p. m.

Freight, up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAMES MOULSON, 40 Water street, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the Warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

Baggage will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water Street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

J. N. GREENE, Eanager.

F. W. HOLT, Superindendent.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

—FOR—

BOSTON,

Via Eastport and Portland.

COMMENCING MONDAY, November 14, and until further notice, Steamers of this Line will leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, at 8 a. m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

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

Also, leave Boston for Annapolis every Monday, at 8 a. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent.

NOVA SCOTIA

STEAMSHIP CO., Limited,

—TO—

DIGBY, ANNAPOLIS,

Yarmouth, Kentville, Halifax, and all intermediate stations.

ON and after NOVEMBER 14th, and until further notice, the Steamer SECRET will leave Saint John for Digby and Annapolis every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings, at 7.45 local time. Returning will leave Annapolis and Digby same days, after arrival of trains from Halifax and Yarmouth.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Reed's Point Wharf.

BOARDING.

MRS. CHAPMAN, ENGLISH LADY, has taken the house, 136 Carmarthen Street, and will be pleased to receive Gentlemen boarders, who will have with her all the comforts of home. Terms moderate. A Good Table.