

# NG CLOTHS!

First Importation of Novelties in  
LOAK CLOTHS, including

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Stripe Alice Cloth;  
Self-colored Box Cloths,  
Box Cloths, include Bottle Green, Olive,  
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rtment will re-open on Monday, 4th inst.,  
and styles of OUTSIDE GARMENTS to order

with good work and style.

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NG TRADE,

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WARE, and  
E FURNISHING HARDWARE,

, we are prepared to serve our  
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careful and critical comparison  
ecure the Best Value for their  
we offer cannot be equalled by

75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

JOHN, N. B.,  
March 15, 1889.

nd: In answer to yours  
that you can buy Clothing  
NG STORE, 5 Market  
r than any other place I  
s first-class. They invite  
r fine large stock. They  
uths, Boys and Children;  
Gents' Furnishing Goods,  
st what you want. You  
SCOVIL, FRASER &

friend,  
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## D VALUE

; Ladies' and Children's Wove  
and Colored Cashmeres;  
y Coats, Embroidered  
s; Gent's Ribbed  
s, etc., etc.,

eral Dry Goods Store,  
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ST. JOHN ACADEMY OF ART.  
STUDIO BUILDING, 74 GERMAIN ST.,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE SCHOOL-ROOMS are now open to Pupils  
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The aim of the School is to give Pupils a good  
training in

DRAWING AND PAINTING.  
The course taught consists in—  
Drawing from Models and objects;  
the Antique;  
Life;  
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Lectures on PERSPECTIVE, including Parallel,  
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A specialty is made of Portraits in this School.  
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pencil, and to Paint them in Pastel and Oil.

Principal—JOHN C. MILES, A. R. C. A.  
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SND FOR CIRCULAR.

A NICE LOT OF  
PERFUMES,  
In Bulk,

JUST RECEIVED AT  
A. CROCKETT'S,  
162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

DAVID CONNELL,  
Horse and Boarding Stables, Sydney St  
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.  
Horse and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit-outs  
short notice.

## CHIPPWA INDIAN SERENADE.

[From the Fifth Canto of "The Story of Sivalla"]

I.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
O beautiful bird of the willow,  
O beautiful bird of the willow,  
Thou with the deer eyes of the fawn!  
As fair is thy face as the moonbeams,  
Warm glowing as love in its childhood,  
And smiling so bright as thy glances  
As are the sun's after the dawn.

II.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
With love-glances those star-eyes adorning,  
When you look at me I am so happy,  
As blossoms when kissed by the dew.  
Ah, sweet as the breath of the nightfall,  
Or the flowery fragrance of morning,  
In the moon of the soft-falling leaf,  
The mouth of my Kee-woomis, true.

III.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
Does not my veins' blood spring to thee, dear,  
Like a fair bubbling spring to the sunlight,  
That round the pool from fringed plays?  
Like the wind to the green dancing branches,  
To my heart sings when by me, dear,  
Like the bird to its mate in the alders,  
In the moon of the strawberry days.

IV.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
When coldness with sunshine is blending  
Thy fair face across, is this breast stricken  
With gloom—oh the fair-shining lake  
When chasing clouds over the waters  
In shadows are swiftly descending,  
While waiting throbs with anguish,  
My heart-strings across, wildly break.

V.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
Thy smiles stir this troubled heart, weeping,  
To brighten with joy, as the sunbeams  
Make bright as the dawn the valley,  
The dimpled and glad-languishing waters  
When winds, Indian-summer, are sweeping  
As swift as the deer's nimble footsteps  
Sweep over the smooth, mossy wood.

VI.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
Behold, it is I—do but hear me,  
Blood of my heart beating! long absent—  
Oh, hasten on wings of love borne:  
I pledge now my vows in the valley,  
Winds whisper "be evermore near me,"  
As witness ye clouds in the red cast,  
As witness ye pale palms of morn.

VII.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
The blood of my veins is frost-chilled,  
As brooks in the moons of the winter,  
Whenever thine eyes glance across;  
But, when thy face greets me, smiling,  
My throbbing heart's streams are warm thrilled,  
And rush gladly on as the river,  
When the warm sun of April shines down.

VIII.  
Awake! my beloved, awake!  
See how the East woodlands are shining;  
Soon over the white-misted prairie  
Shall glimmer "the sunshine of love."  
Hark! blithely twitter through the sweet maples  
Songs tender, with fond hopes combining,  
Lo, sunrise! Earth smiles—and the water—  
And the blue arch of Heaven above.

—A. H. Chandler, in Boston Transcript.  
Moncton, N. B.  
\* The daybreak.

## A WINTER COURTSHIP.

The passenger and mail transportation between the town of North Kilby and Sanscrit Pond was carried on by Mr. Jefferson Briley, whose two-seated covered wagon was usually much too large for the demands of business. Both the Sanscrit Pond and North Kilby people were stayers-at-home, and Mr. Briley often made his seven-mile journey in entire solitude, except for the limp leather mail-bag, which he held firmly to the floor of the carriage with his heavily shod left foot. The mail-bag had almost a personal acquaintance with him, of long association. Mr. Briley was a meek and timid-looking body, but he had a warlike soul, and encouraged his fancies by reading awful tales of bloodshed and lawlessness in the far West. Mindful of stage robberies and train thieves, and of express messengers who died at their posts, he was prepared for anything; and although he had trusted to his own strength and bravery these many years, he carried a heavy pistol under his front-seat cushion for better defense. This awful weapon was familiar to all his regular passengers, and was usually shown to strangers by the time two of the seven miles of Mr. Briley's route had been passed. The pistol was not loaded. Nobody (at least not Mr. Briley himself) doubted that the mere sight of such a weapon would turn the boldest adventurer aside.

Protected by such a man and such a piece of armament, one gray Friday morning in the edge of winter, Mrs. Fanny Tobin was travelling from Sanscrit Pond to North Kilby. She was an elderly and feeble-looking woman, but with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes, and she felt very anxious about her numerous pieces of baggage and her own personal safety. She was enveloped in many shawls and smaller wrappings, but they were not securely fastened, and kept getting undone and flying loose, so that the bitter December cold seemed to be picking a look now and then, and creeping in to steal away the little warmth she had. Mr. Briley was cold, too, and could only cheer himself by remembering the valor of those pony-express drivers of the pre-railroad days, who had to cross the Rocky Mountains on the great California route. He spoke at length of their perils to the suffering passenger, but she felt none the warmer, and at last gave a groan of weariness.

"How fur did you say 'twas now?" "I do know," I said, Miss Tobin, answered the driver, with a frosty laugh. "You see them big pines, and the side of a barn just this way with them yellow circus bills? That's my three-mile mark." "We've got four more to make." Oh, my laws!" mourned Mrs. Tobin. "Urge the beast, can't ye, Jeff'n?" "I ain't used to bein' out in such bleak weather. Seems if I couldn't git my breath. I'm all pinched up and wigglin' with shivers now. 'Tain't no use lettin' the boss go step-a-ty-step, this fashion." "Landy me!" exclaimed the affronted driver. "I don't see why folks expect me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the boss to death on the road. I make a good average o' time, and that's all I can do. Ef you was to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath fur eighteen years you'd want to ease it all

you could, and let those thrash the spokes out o' their wheels that wanted to. North Kilby, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Sanscrit Pond, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Me an' the beast's done it eighteen years together, and the creature warn't, so to say, young when we begun it, nor I neither. I reelly didn't know's he'd hold out till this time. There, git up, will ye, old mar!" as the beast of burden stopped short in the road.

There was a story that Jefferson gave this faithful creature a rest three times a mile, and took four hours for the journey by himself, and longer whenever he had a passenger. But in pleasant weather the road was delightful, and full of people who drove their own conveyances, and liked to stop and talk. There were not many farms; and the third growth of white pines made a pleasant shade, though Jefferson liked to say that when he began to carry the mail his way lay through an open country of stumps and sparse underbrush, where the white pines now-a-days completely arched the road.

They had passed the barn with circus posters, and felt colder than ever when they caught sight of the weather-beaten acrobats in their tight-fitting leotards. "My gorry!" exclaimed Widow Tobin, "them pore creaturs' looks as cheerless as little birch trees in snow-time. I hope they dresses 'em warmer this time o' year. Now, there! look at that one jumpin' through the little hoop, will ye?"

"He couldn't git himself through there with two pair o' pants on," answered Mr. Briley. "I expect they must have to keep limber as eels. I used to think, when I was a boy, that 'twas the only thing I could ever be reconciled to do for a livin'." I set out to run away an' follow a rovin' showman once, but mother needed me to home. There warn't nobody but me an' the little gals."

"You ain't the only one that's be'n disappointed o' their heart's desire," said Mrs. Tobin sadly. "I warn't so that I could be spared from home to learn the dress-maker's trade."

"I would a come handy later on, I declare," answered the sympathetic driver, "bein' as you went an' had such a passel o' gals to clothe an' feed. There, them that's livin' is all well off now, but they must ha' been some inconvenient for ye when they was small."

"Yes, Mr. Briley, but then I've had my mercies, too," said the widow somewhat grudgingly. "I take it master hard now, though, havin' to give up my own home and live round from place to place, if they be my own children. There was Adeline and Susan Ellen fussin' an' bickerin' yesternight about who'd got to have me next; and, Lord be thanked, they both wanted me right off, but I hated to hear 'em talkin' of it over. I'd rather live to home, and do for myself."

"I've got consider'ble used to boardin'," said Jefferson, "sence marm died, but it made me ache 'long at the fust on 't, I tell ye. Bein' on the road's I be, I couldn't do no ways at keepin' house. I should want to keep right there and see to things." "Course you would," replied Mrs. Tobin, with a sudden inspiration of opportunity which sent a welcome glow all over her. "Course you would, Jeff'n," she leaned toward the front seat; "that is to say, on- less you had jest the right one to do it for ye."

And Jefferson felt a strange glow also, and a sense of unexpected interest and enjoyment.

"See here, Sister Tobin," he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Why can't ye take the trouble to shift seats, and come front here 'long o' me? We could put one buff to look o' the other—they're both wearin' thin,—and set close, and I do know but we shid be more protected aginst the weather."

"Well, I couldn't be no colder if I was friz to death," answered the widow, with an amiable simper. "Don't ye let me delay you, nor put you out, Mr. Briley. I don't know 's I'd set forth to-day if I'd known 't was so cold; but I had all my bundles done up, and I ain't one that puts my hand to the plough an' looks back, 'cordin' to Scripture." "You wouldn't wanted me to ride all them seven miles alone?" asked the gallant Briley sentimentally, as he lifted her down, and helped her up again to the front seat. She was a few years older than he, but they had been schoolmates, and Mrs. Tobin's youthful freshness was suddenly revived to his mind's eye. She had a little farm; there was nobody left at home but her self, and no she had broken up housekeepin' for the winter. Jefferson himself had savings of no mean amount.

They tucked themselves in, and felt better for the change, but there was a sudden awkwardness between them; they had not had time to prepare for an unexpected crisis.

"They say Elder Bickers, over to East Sanscrit, 's been and got married again to a gal that's four years younger than his daughter," proclaimed Mrs. Tobin presently. "Seems to me 't was a fool's business."

"I view it so," said the stage-driver. "There's no 'sint' to be a mild open winter for that family."

"What a joker you are for a man that's had so much responsibility!" smiled Mrs. Tobin, after they had done laughing. "Ain't you never afraid, carryin' mail matter and such valuable stuff, that you'll be set on an' robbed, specially by night?" Jefferson braced his feet against the dasher under the worn buffalo. "It is kind o' scary, or would be for some folks, but I'd like to see anybody get the better o' me. I go armed, and I don't care who knows it. Some o' them drover men that comes from Canada looks as if they didn't care what they did, but I look 'em right in the eye every time."

"Men folks is brave by natur'," said the widow admiringly. "You know how Tobin would let his fist right out at anybody that undertook to sass him. 'Twas meetin' days, if he got disappointed about the way things went, he'd lay 'em out in win'rows; and ef he hadn't been a church member he'd been a real fightin' character. I was always 'fraid to have him roused, for all he was so willin' and meechin' to home, and set round clever as anybody. My Susan Ellen used to boss him same 's the kitten, when she was four year old."

"I've got a kind o' a sideways cant to my nose, that Tobin give me when we was to school. I don't know 's you ever noticed it," said Mr. Briley. "We was settin', as lads will, I never bore him no kind o' a grudge. I pitied ye, when he was taken away. I reelly did, now, Fanny. I liked Tobin first-rate, and I liked you. I used to say you was the han'riest girl to school."

## Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill effects.

"After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."—B. L. Loughridge, Bryan, Texas.

"I had tried almost everything for chronic liver complaint, but received no relief until I procured Ayer's Pills, and found them invaluable."—W. E. Watson, 77 East Illinois st., Chicago, Ill.

## Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

"Lemme see your nose. 'Tis all straight, for what I know," said the widow gently, and with a trace of coyness she gave a hasty glance. "I don't know but what 'tis arched a little, but nothin' to speak of. You've got real nice features, like your marm's folks."

It was becoming a sentimental occasion, and Jefferson Briley felt that he was in for something more than he had bargained. He hurried the faltering sorrel horse, and began to talk of the weather. It certainly did look like snow, and he was tired bumping over the frozen road.

"I shouldn't wonder if I hired a hand here another year, and went off out West myself to see the country."

"Why, how you talk?" answered the widow.

"Yes'm," pursued Jefferson. "'Tis tamer here than I like, and I was tellin' 'em yesterday I've got to know this road most too well. I'd like to go out an' ride in the mountains with some o' them great clipper coaches, where the driver don't know any minute but he'll be shot dead the next. They carry an awful sight o' gold down from the mines, I expect."

"I should be scared to death," said Mrs. Tobin. "What creatur's men folks be to like such things? Well, I do declare."

"Yes," explained the little man. "There's sights of desperadoes makes a han'some livin' out o' followin' them coaches, an' stoppin' an' robbin' 'em clean to the bone. Your money or 'em clear and he flourished his stub of a whip over the sorrel mare."

"Landy me, you make me run all of a cold creep. Do tell somethin' heartenin', this cold day. I shall dream bad dreams all night."

"They put on black crape over their faces," said the driver mysteriously. "No body knows who mose on 'em, be and like as not some o' them fellers come o' good families. They've got so they stop the cars, and go right through 'em as bold as brass. I could make your hair stand on end, Miss Tobin—I could so."

"I hope none on 'em 'll git round our way, I am sure," said Fanny Tobin. "I don't want to see none on 'em in our crape bunnits comin' after me."

"I ain't goin' to let nobody touch a hair o' your head," and Mr. Briley moved a little nearer, and tucked in the buffaloes again.

"I feel considerable warm to what I did," observed the widow by way of reward.

"There, I used to have my fears," Mr. Briley resumed, with an inward feeling that he would never get to North Kilby depot at a single pace. "But you see I had nobody but myself to think of. I've got cousins, as you know, but nothin' nearer, and what I've laid up would soon be parted out; and—well, I suppose some folks would think o' me it anything was to happen."

Mrs. Tobin was holding her cloud over her face—the wind was sharp on that bit of open road—but she gave an encouraging sound, between a groan and a chirp.

"I wouldn't be like nothin' to me not to see you drivin' by," she said, after a week. I says to Susan Ellen last week I was sure 'twas Friday, and she said no 'twas Thursday; but next minute you druv by and headin' toward North Kilby, so we found I was right."

"I've got to be a featur' of the landscape," said Mr. Briley playfully. "'Tis kind o' weather the old mare and me, we wish we was done with it, and could settle down kind o' comfortable. I've been lookin' in this good while, as I drove the road, and I've picked me out a piece o' land two or three miles long, and I can abide the thought o' buildin' a two-placed place, with death; and both Sister Peck to North Kilby and Miss Deacon Ash to the Pond, they vie with one another to do well by me, fear I'll like the other stoppin'-place best."

"I shouldn't covet livin' long o' neither one o' them women," responded the passenger with some spirit. "I see some o' Miss Peak's cookin' to a farmers' supper once, when I was visitin' Susan Ellen's folks, an' I says, 'Deliver me from such pale-complected baked beans as them?' and she gave a kind of stare. 'Come settin' jest at my left hand, and couldn't help hearin' me. I wouldn't have spoken if I had known, but she needn't have let on they was hers. I guess them beans tastes just as well as other folks,' says she, and she wouldn't never speak to me after-ward."

"Do know's I blame her," ventured Mr. Briley. "Women folks is dreadful judicky about their cookin'. I've always heard you was one o' the best o' cooks, Miss Tobin. I know them doughnuts an' things you've give all your own."

"I never let on, but Miss Ash's cookin' 's the best by a long chalk. Miss Peak 's handy about some things, and looks after mendin' me up."

"It does seem as if a man o' your years and your quiet make ought to hev a home you could call your own," suggested the passenger. "I kind o' hate to think o' your bangein' here and boardin' there, and one old woman mendin', and the other settin' ye down to meals that like 's not don't agree with ye."

## KID GLOVES!

—64c.—

## FAIRALL & SMITH.

Sent Post Free to any address.

### OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Quaint, Curious and Interesting Things That Happen in Maine.

Isaiah Reed, of Boothbay, whose son was killed two weeks ago while coasting, died Saturday week from grief, says the *Damariscotta Herald*.  
Nearly all the ice houses have finished their work from a bottle with a cork. A large quantity of splendid ice has been obtained this season, and the ice men expect to dispose of it at a good figure.  
Mrs. Adelia Blanchard, of Abbot, is suffering from a very severe injury to her eye. A short time ago she was trying to remove the stopper from a bottle with a fork. The fork glancing, one time struck the lid of one eye, the others hitting just over the eye. She is now unable to see at all with the injured eye, and the doctor thinks the case a serious one.

A Bangor gentleman, seeing a runaway, rushed out, and after a lively grapple with the reins, which he caught as the animal was passing, managed to stop him. In a few moments the owner of the team rushed up out of breath, and his first exclamation was, "Where's my whip?" The gentleman received no thanks for stopping the runaway, and he now feels as though it was his duty, under the circumstances, to have saved the whip and let the horse go.

Hiddeford and Saco girls have some queer tastes, according to the *Hiddeford Journal*, which has been investigating the luncheon question. One lady makes an excursion to the brickyard, each summer, and lays in a supply of rice blue clay to eat through the winter. Another's favorite dainty is a soft brick, and long experience has taught her how to select the choicest specimens.

Soft clay pipes, which one girl buys by the dozen, ground up slate pencils, chalk, sea-sand, white rags, brown wrapping-paper and starch are among the favorite luxuries of others.

"Hooray!" said Jefferson. "I was scared you meant to keep me sufferin' here a half an hour. I declare, I'm more pleased than I calculated on. You tell Susan Ellen the news, won't ye? She'll be surprised to hear you've just come on a visit. How you must ha' tugged to get them bundles ready, an' all for nothin'; but now I'll lend a hand 'bout everything." An I expected till lately to die a single man!"

"I wouldn't have been a shame; 'taint natur'," said Mrs. Tobin, with confidence. "I don't see how you held out so long with bein' solitary."

"I'll hire a hand to drive for me, and we'll have a good comfortable winter, me an' you an' the old sorrel. I've been promised a rest this good while."

"Better keep her a-steppin'," urged thrifty Mrs. Fanny. "She'll spring up master, an' disappoint ye, come stiffin'."

"You'll have me, now, won't ye, sartin?" pleaded Jefferson, to make sure. "Yau must be one o' them plays with a man's feelin'." Say right out you'll have me."

"I s'pose I shall have to," said Mrs. Tobin somewhat mournfully. "I feel for Miss Peak an' Miss Ash, pore creaturs. I expect they'll be hardshipped. They've always been hard-worked, an' may kind o' looked forward to a little ease. But one on 'em would be left lamentin' anyhow, and she gave a girlish laugh. An air of victory animated the frame of Mrs. Tobin. She felt but 25 years of age. In that moment she made plans for cutting her husband's hair, and making him look smart-cuddled and ambitious. Then she wished that she knew for certain how much money he had in the bank; not that it would make any difference now. "He needn't bluster none before me," thought gaily. "He's harmless as a fly."

"There's the big ellum past, an' we're only a thin o' a mile from the depot," said Mr. Briley. "Feel warmer, do ye?" "Who'd have thought we'd done such a piece of engineerin', when we started out?" inquired the dear one of Mr. Briley's heart, as he tenderly helped her to alight at Susan Ellen's door.

"Both on us, jest the least grain," answered the lover. "Gimme a good smack, now, you clever creature!" and so they parted. Mr. Briley had been taken on the road in spite of his pistol.—*Sarah Orne Jewett in the Atlantic Monthly* for February.

### IT FRIGHTENS THE FLIES.

When visiting a friend last summer he called on attention to a curious plan for preventing the plague of flies in his house. The upper sash of one of the windows in his sitting-room being open for ventilation, there was suspended outside a piece of common fishing-net. My friend told me that not a fly would venture to pass through it. He has watched for an hour at a time and seen swarms fly to within a few inches of the net and then, after buzzing around, depart. He told me the flies would pass through the net if there was a thorough light—i. e., another window in the opposite wall. Though the day was very warm, I did not see a single fly in the room during my visit, though elsewhere in the town they were to be seen in abundance. I suppose they imagine the net to be a spider's web, or some other trap intended for their destruction.—*Notes and Queries.*

### THE PEERLESS FOUNTAIN PEN

Has all the requisites of a PERFECT FOUNTAIN PEN. A FREE FLOW OF INK. ALWAYS READY TO WRITE.

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Fishing Tackle.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

MRS. H. M. DIXON,

Stamping, Pinking and Fancy Work done to order.

## NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

Commencing January 7, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at  
18.40 a. m.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.  
PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.  
12.35 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.  
PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM  
Bangor at 6.45 a. m., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 p. m., Sleeping Car attached.  
Woodstock at 7.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon.  
Vancouver at 10.20 a. m.; 18.40 p. m.  
Houlton at 10.15 a. m.; 18.40 p. m.  
St. Stephen at 9.55 a. m.; 19.45 p. m.  
St. Andrews at 10.20 a. m.; 12.50 p. m.  
Fredericton at 17.00 a. m.; 12.50 p. m.  
Arriving in St. John at 9.45; 10.00 a. m.; 14.00 p. m.

LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE.  
18.25 a. m.—Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from St. John.  
12.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME  
Trains marked \* run daily except Sunday. \*Daily except Saturday. \*Daily except Monday.  
F. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager.  
H. D. McLEOD, Supt. Southern Division.  
A. J. HEATH,  
Gen. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

1888--Winter Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, November 26th, 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 and Quebec..... 18.00

A Sleeping Car will run 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 and Quebec..... 7.00  
Express from Sussex..... 14.30  
Accommodation..... 15.30  
Day Express..... 19.20  
All trains stop at St. John by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,  
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