IN THE PINE WOODS.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE HILL

"I've been thinking of going into a logging camp during the winter," said Paul Howard. "My not obtaining that situation in Hamilton's store, is a great disappointment to me. I must be earning in some way, or I cannot complete my education."

Mrs. Howard, a pale, slight woman, was busy preparing their evening meal as her son spoke, and she paused, with the bread-knife uplifted, to say:

"Why, Paul, dear, these logging camps have ruined many a boy. Really, I cannot have you go!"

"Does not the Word say: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them who fear him?' Perhaps, I have a mission work to do in a logging camp; who can tell?"

"I know you are a good son, Paul. But so many have been overcome, and their good resolutions swept away as the hurrying snow."

"I know, mother. But the right way is to overcome, and not be overcome. I am quite sure I shall not have greater temptation than did Daniel within the king's court. Walter is nearly fifteen, mother, and quite old enough to care for you. I must earn money, so I can go away to school next year. And some day I can earn enough, so my mother will not have to work as she does now."

Paul pleaded his cause so well, that when the men started for the great pine woods, he went with them. The scenery was all new to the boy, and for the time being he was glad he was not to stand behind a counter and measure tape and ribbon, but could exercise the strength the Creator had given him.

It was late when the camp was reached, and after supper every man was glad when they could retire to their hastily prepared beds of pine boughs, to rest. Paul took out the small Bible, he always carried with him, and by the light of the huge camp-fire, read a chapter, and knelt down, and made a silent prayer.

"What are you doing? studying Greek?" called out one.

"Oh, he is one of your pious lads," said one who was called "Fearless Jim." "Let the parson alone, to-night. He'll be tired enough, to-morrow night to turn in, the same as the rest of us."

Paul was tired the next night. However, the Bible was read, and the silent prayer made, the same as on the previous evening. Most of the men ridiculed Paul. But there was one young man who said, after a few days: "I'd give anything, Howard, if I was as brave as you. I once professed religion, myself, but I was a coward, and went back."

When Sunday came, Paul took out the Bible and began reading to himself, when Harry, the young man who had told Paul he had once professed religion said:

"Read a chapter aloud, Howard, I used to like reading it."

So Paul read the fourteenth chapter of John, and strange to say nearly all of the men ceased their conversation, and listened; although no one made any comment, save Harry Barr, who said:

"That is the most comforting of anything I have heard in a long time."

That night, when Paul knelt as usual, Harry knelt beside him.

"Two parsons, I declare!" called out Fearless Jim. "If we keep on we'll have a school of theology before long."

But Paul was so kind and obliging the men could not help regarding him with a kindly feeling, although they at times ridiculed him.

The weather grew severe, and heavy storms ensued, the great drifts piling up, until they seemed shut in from the outside world. And to make things worse, Fearless Jim cut himself so badly that he came near dying from loss of blood.

As the next few days brought no favorable symptoms in the case of Fearless Jim, it was said by one:

"We'll have to get a doctor out here, or Jim will go under."

"Looks as though we could get a doctor! Why, man alive! you couldn't even go after one, unless, 'twas in a balloon!"

"A slight built fellow could manage to get over the snow, on snow-shoes, if he knew how to rightly use 'em," said one elderly man named Andrus.

"But could he bring the doctor back on his back?" asked another.

"No. But a man that knew his business could state the case so a doctor could send something."

"To begin with, I don't suppose there are a pair of snow shoes nearer than the Indians."

"I have a splendid pair," said Andrus. "In fact, I never go into camp without them. I could go now; but I am too heavy, with the snow the way it is."

"I am not heavy," said Paul coming forward. "And I fully understand using snow-shoes. Send me if you like."

"It's quite an undertaking," said Andrus. "It's thirty miles to the nearest town."

"There is a little cabin where a settler lives, ten miles this side of the town, I noticed, answered Paul; "which would help, in case one became too tired."

"I see you took notice of things as we came in, your head appears to be level. I think you could go. But you'll want to take a compass; and not start in too heavy at first, you know what I mean? Save up your strength for a long pull."

Several of the men shook hands with Paul before he left on his perilous journey, and all felt their respect growing for the brave boy. Alone, upon the vast expanse of snow, Paul felt himself to be nearer to God than ever before, and almost unconsciously he repeated:

"I know not where his islands lift
There fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

He did not pause until the settler's cabin was sighted; and coming to it he knocked at the door, and asked for food. He was kindly entertained, and invited to call upon his return. As it was getting late, Paul's host thought he had better remain over night, and go into the town in the morning, do his business, and return, and stay with him over night. To this Paul agreed, as walking on snow so poorly packed, was hard work. So it was in the afternoon of the third day when Paul came into camp.

Jim had been growing weaker, and could only speak with difficulty. But he managed to say:

"No one will dare to make fun of you in my presence, should I get well. If I do not, I thank you for your kindness to me."

"I was afeared you'd gone under," said Andrus, as he grasped Paul's hand. "And I blamed myself for having you go. However, now it's done, I'm heartily glad."

Fearless Jim did recover; and he was quite a different man. When the camp broke up, and the men were about to return home, Fearless Jim said:

"Boys I've got a proposal to make. I want every man of you to give Howard a dollar towards his education fund. I'll give five. Not because he went after that medicine for me. I would not insult him like that; for he would not have gone for money, even if we had offered him a hundred dollars. We can afford to give him the money because his example has shamed us, until we've saved it in keeping from drink many times over. I shall always respect Christianity after this, because I've seen one person live it every day, and that is better than forty sermons to me."

Paul protested against taking the money. But when he returned home, and went to the postoffice, he found a check for forty dollars awaiting him.—*Advance.*

LIVING IN TODAY.

"Mamma, why do you not use the lovely toilet set that Mrs. Eaton gave you for your dressing-case at Christmas?"

"Because, my dear, it is so delightful to have something with its first freshness on it in reserve, to use when making ready for guests whom we delight to honor."

"But, mamma, if you will consent to use them every day, and 'take the good of them,' as we say, I will promise to replace them when they have become soiled, or have lost their first daintiness."

The above conversation was repeated to me by the mother herself, who used the incident as a text on which to found a little sermon on the duty and the beauty of living in the present.

"I feel quite competent," she said, "to speak of this subject, because I have been so derelict myself. I can see now that I have lived too much in the future. There has always been in my thoughts and plans an unformulated, and for the most part, perhaps, unconscious reference to an indefinite 'sometime' when our circumstances would justify the use of my precious bits of cut glass, choice china, finer linen, modish gowns, etc., every day, unhampered by the consciousness that they could not be replaced if broken or defaced. But my daughter's appeal caused a startling 'arrest of thought.' A voice seemed to say to me, 'Here are you, fast nearing that point in your life when you may well begin to listen for the soft dip of the silent ferryman's oars as he approaches to convey you to the other shore. Your life is already lived. The future is too brief and uncertain to be counted upon, or to afford opportunity for much change. The memories of home and home life which your children are to retain forever are already fixed and unchangeable. And yet, even now, you are so absorbed in the contemplation of some indefinite future, or the pursuit of some desired acquisition, that the beauty and the duty of to-day are half-forgotten or overlooked altogether.' And then and there I resolved to endeavor to redeem the remaining time. Henceforth I am determined to make each day as it passes just as beautiful in every way as I possibly can."

Said another woman to me: "For many years I kept my most beautiful things laid away, to be taken out and used only when company was expected. But one day there came a fire which destroyed in an hour all my cherished daintinesses. Oh! how I regretted then that they had not been used and enjoyed while they were in my possession, and perished through use instead of being destroyed by disaster."

Do not these little incidents homely though they are, suggest a prevailing fault in our American life—the ever-present struggle for some future, perchance indefinite, good? And how easy for this habit of life to crystallise into a deplorable and almost irremediable habit of mind. It becomes at last well nigh impossible to make one's plans with simple reference to today, its own peculiar beauties and privileges. "Some time," we say, "I mean to check this busy hurried life, and take time to read and study, take a little pleasure-trip every year, perhaps oftener, and begin really to live."

Alas! the future—that ever-alluring "some time"—is a receding quantity. It is never reached. Like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow it allures, recedes, vanishes, and in infinite but hopeless regret the allured and disappointed soul wakes up to find that opportunity, too, is gone.

Here is a testimony of another friend: "I have always looked forward to a time when, my children grow and establish in life, and the most active period of my own life passed, I could conscientiously devote time and strength to self-culture. Many a woman past middle life—even as late as sixty years of age—has successfully undertaken the Chautauqua course. And now I, too, have at last joined a ladies' club—a few neighbors who are to mutually assist one another in acquiring not only knowledge itself, but the power of original thought, facility of language and expression. But I freely acknowledge to you that the pursuit is far less incouraging than might be supposed. We read and study faithfully and assiduously, but, alas! we cannot remember what we 'learn,' and I have arrived at the conclusion, that, for the most part, it is a futile struggle for women of my age, 'with one foot in the grave,' as we say (one of our number has already passed on before), to strive for that mental culture which they neglected to secure while it was yet within there power. Besides, however dilettante one's aims or plans may be at the first, the horizon enlarges and expands so much, one finds there are so many things one wants to know, that the effort to reach satisfactory results, though laudable, is discouraging."

The habit of living in and for the future comes at last to permeate one's whole being, one's very ego. 'Some time—ah, some time!—we shall have leisure to put ourselves *en rapport* with the highest spiritual life, to spiritualize our whole existence, so to speak." But one day a great shock comes. Something tells us that our habit of soul is fixed, that even were we to be translated to heaven today, we should find that, like Glory McQuirk, we were "not in" the atmosphere of the place.

In view of these things, as the preachers say, what better motto for living could there be than this: "*In medias res?*" Why should we not leap right into the heart of things—cut our garment from the whole piece instead of using the little pieces, as Mrs. Whitney so aptly puts it; search for every hidden beauty of the present hour and bring it forth into the blessed light of today; enter at once into that long-anticipated era of hospitality wherein we are to entertain, *con amore*, our own and our children's friends; brighten up the home with all our reserved resources; enter now, this very day, into all the highest and best our opportunities afford for beautiful home living, for mental and spiritual culture?

In short, why not begin at once to realize all our dreams—translate them into life instead of dooming them to remain forever in that unsubstantial essence, "the stuff that dreams are made of?"—MRS. LLOYD, in *Advance.*

CHRISTIAN KINDNESS.

AN engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now get out of here!" he said thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman!"

"What's he been up to, Bill?" said a man who was putting freight into the next car.

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected, as he limped along the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him.

"Hullo, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me to load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

The prospect of a little money brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff and cramped and hungry.

"Do you live round here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer. The man watched him narrowly, and when the car was loaded handed him twenty-five cents, saying: "We're short of hands in the freight-room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it." The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you're cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it is likely that you've got into some scrape; if you hadn't you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I'm going to ask you if you've got a mother."

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different."

"If I recommend you at the office, they'll take you; but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend your evenings and Sundays with me.

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice. "An' if it hadn't been for my mother—well that was a long time ago. You've got switched upon the wrong track, I am very sure, and as you haven't any mother to help you get on the right one, God helpin' me, I'll do it, if you'll let me.

"Preachin' isn't in my line, but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he would try. He was taken into the freight-yard, and was under his new friend's eye constantly, and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position, but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him, and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christianity worthy any man's emulation.—*Exchange.*

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The Old Reliable.

Disease is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations without. Hence to cure the disease the cause must be removed, and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. Warner's SAFE Cure is established on just this principal. It realizes that

95 Per Cent.

of all diseases arise from deranged Kidneys and Liver, and it strikes at once a the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a food and restorer, and, by placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

For the innumerable troubles caused by unhealthy Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing disorders of Women; for all Nervous Affections, and physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Its past record is a guarantee for the future.

H. H. WARNER & CO.
London, Rochester, Frankfort, Toronto, Paris Melbourne.

Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have any rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.

Engine lathes are now made which are driven by electric motors directly on the spindle in lieu of belts.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world, who use it to restore and keep the hair a natural color.

"Mrs. Blimber is very nervous about there being thirteen at table to-night." "Does she think something unpleasant will happen?" "Yes; she only has a dozen knives and forks."

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of Puttner's Emulsion.

Mrs. Knervs rang the bell for the domestic. "Norah," she said, when the kitchen maid appeared, "I'll feed the canary myself after this. The doctor says I must take more exercise."

Don't worry. Don't run in debt. Don't trifle with your health. Don't try experiments with medicines. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the best of blood-purifiers.

"Do you go to school, Willie?" queried the visitor. "No," said Willie, who has a tutor. "School comes to me. I wish it didn't, too. Some days are too wet for me to go out, but there ain't any too wet for Mr. Diggins."

Whooping Cough.

For Whooping Cough and all throat affections, chest troubles, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best embrocation ever discovered. It promptly relieves inflammation, pain and soreness from whatever cause arising.

Fair Purchaser—"When the store is crowded like this you must sell an awful lot." Clerk—"No, ma'am not much. Most of these people are simply shopping."

Mrs. D'Avnoo—"I advertised for a French nurse." Applicant—"Oi hov beenin France, mum." "Not very long, I guess." "No, mum; Oi only shtaid long enough to get the accint."

My Daughter's Cure.

Mrs. George L. Hicks, 76 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I testify to the wonderful merits of K.D.C. My daughter has suffered severely at intervals for the past two years and was steadily getting worse. She tried three of the best doctors in the city, but obtained no relief, also every remedy that friends would recommend with the same results and continued to grow worse all the time. She was recommended by a friend to try K.D.C, and sent for a sample package. Before taking all of the sample the symptoms of dyspepsia were gone, and though she has since taken only one $1 package the symptoms have not returned. She has also gained considerably in weight, and her friends are surprised at the change in her appearance. If any person in Toronto suffering from the same disease would like to call on me, I could tell them more fully what K.D.C has done for my daughter."

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that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion *cannot* be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world *means something.*

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes *Wasting*, promotes the makisg of *Solid Flesh*, and gives *Vital Strength.* It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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GRANGER CONDITION POWDER The Best on Earth. For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Poultry.

For Immediate Relief after Eating Use E. B. C.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A little boy, three years old, was told that he must not say goose when he meant more than one, but "geese." Soon after the nursemaid entered the room, and he applied his freshly gained knowledge by saying: "Nurse, when I'm alone, I'm a goose; but, when we are together, we are geese."

Dr. Blank's little daughter, Margaret, whose doll was suffering from an attack of "teeth trouble," informed her grandmother that she was very anxious, and that she had taken the baby to papa's office for medicine. "And what did papa say?" asked grandmamma. "Was it aconite or belladonna?" "He said, 'Three dollars,'" replied Margaret, gravely.

Little Ned was much interested in two black-bonneted nuns who frequently passed his house. He was told that they were good to the poor, and especially kind to the little children under their charge. "I shouldn't think they ought to call 'em nuns if they're so good," said Ned, seriously. "Tain't fair to call 'em nuns. I should think they ought to call 'em somes."

Stewart's mother was making sandwiches of devilled ham. The little fellow came along, and, seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it, regarded it earnestly awhile, and then said: "Mamma, what is that stuff?" "This? Oh, this is devilled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture, and in an awed voice inquired, "Why, mother, have they killed him?"

When Others Fail

Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Take only Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. 25c.

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During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARD'S & Co.

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PAIN CURED IN AN INSTANT.

Let Radway's Ready Relief be used on the first indication of Pain or Uneasiness; if threatened with Disease or Sickness, the Cure will be made before the family doctor would ordinarily reach the house.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH

ACHES AND PAIN

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains, and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL.

COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, SWELLINGS OF THE JOINTS, LUMBAGO, INFLAMMATION,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First, and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

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And All Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration. Yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

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Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 419 St. James St., Montreal, Canada, for book of Advice.

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That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

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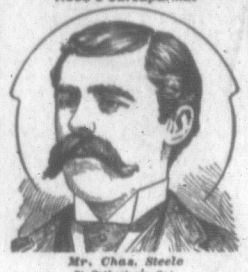

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St. Catherine's, Ont.

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"For a number of years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get only little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was that tired in my limbs that I gave out before half the day was gone. I tried a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

source until, upon recommendation of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I have continued its use, having taken three bottles, and

I Feel Like a New Man.

I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES STERLE, with Erie Preserving Co., St. Catherine's, Ontario.

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Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.30
Express for Sussex	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton [daily]	10.30
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

☞ The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
October, 1894.

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will be received and

TWO DOLLARS each will be paid to Five Persons and

ONE DOLLAR each to Ten Persons

sending the number representing greatest value.

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