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Poetry.

MY TREES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

At evening, when the winds are still,
And wide the yellowing landscape glows,
My fir-woods on the lonely hill
Are crowned with sun and loud with crows.
Their flocks throng down the open sky
From far, salt flats and sedgy seas,
Then dusk and dew-fall quench the cry,—
So calm a home is in my trees.

At morning, when the young wind swings
The green, slim tops and branches high,
Out-puffs a noisy whirl of wind,
Dispersing up the empty sky.
In this dear refuge no roof stops
The skyward pinion winnowing through,
My trees shut out the world,—their tops
Are open to the infinite blue.

Literature.

DOUBLE DEALING.

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE STRANGER ADOPTED.

The next morning there appeared an advertisement in the Boston *Transcript* offering five hundred dollars to suitable parties who would adopt a female infant and stating that applications were to be made by letter, addressed to the office of the paper.

Of course a great many answers were received, for there were hosts of people who would agree to almost anything for five hundred dollars, while there were others who were really anxious to adopt the little baby girl that was to be so strangely thrown upon the world.

One alone out of these many epistles pleased Mrs. Marston. It was written in a clear, elegant hand, signed "August and Alice Damon."

It was from a young couple, and stated that only a month previous they had lost their own little daughter—a babe of a few weeks—and their hearts were so sore over their loss, their home so lonely and sad that they would gladly take a little one to fill, as far as might be possible, the place of their lost darling, and if the child in question pleased them, and there was nothing objectionable connected with her birth or antecedents, they would gladly adopt her without the payment of the premium that had been offered.

Mrs. Marston, after reading this communication, immediately dashed off a note asking the young people to call upon her at their earliest convenience—in case they were at liberty to do so, the next morning at ten o'clock; she would reserve that hour for them.

Promptly at that time a young gentleman and lady of prepossessing appearance were ushered into Mrs. Marston's private parlor, and one glance into their kind and intelligent faces convinced her that she had found the right parties to whom to entrust the child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Damon," Mrs. Marston said, graciously receiving them, and glancing at the cards that had been sent up before them to announce their arrival "I am very much pleased to meet you."

She invited them to be seated, and then entered at once upon the object of their visit.

"I have appointed an interview with you in preference to all other applicants," she said, "because of the real interest and feeling evinced in your letter to me. But before we decide upon the matter under consideration, I would like to know something about you and your prospects for the future."

Mr. August Damon, a fine-looking young man of perhaps twenty-five years, frankly informed the lady that their home was in Boston; that he was a clerk in a large wholesale boot and shoe house; his salary was a fair one, and there was a prospect that he might become a member of the firm at no very distant date, if all went well with the business.

He said that both he and his wife were very fond of children, and had been almost heart-broken over the loss of their child. They had resolved, if they could find one to whom their hearts turned, to adopt another, and bestow upon it, as far as might be, the love and care that their own child would have received if it had lived. They had seen her advertisement in the *Transcript*, and had determined to respond to it, hoping thus to succeed in their object.

"Nothing could be better," Mrs. Marston eagerly said in reply. "This is just the opportunity that I desire. I feel sure that you would give my little one the kindest care, and I shall relinquish her to you most willingly.

"I shall expect you will do by her exactly as you would have done by your own; that you will give her your name, educate her, and give her such advantages as your means will allow. This must be your part in our contract, while mine will be to renounce all claim upon her, and make over to you the amount which I specified in my advertisement."

August Damon never once took his eyes from the face of that proud, beautiful woman while she was speaking. They burned with a strange fire, an indignant flush mantled his cheek, and an expression of contempt curled his fine lips.

His wife viewed the apparently heartless mother with speechless wonder, her eyes fastened upon her in a sort of horrible fascination.

Her sweet delicate face was colorless as the snowy ruffle about her white neck, and she trembled visibly as she listened to her abrupt and apparently unfeeling disposal of a human soul.

There was an awkward pause after Mrs. Marston concluded, and she seemed to become suddenly conscious of the very unpleasant impression which her strange words and proceedings had produced upon her visitors, and a rush of vivid colour mantled her cheek.

She could not fail to realize that her guests were well bred, even cultivated people; the stamp of true gentility was upon them, and it was extremely galling to her haughty spirit to feel that they had been weighing her in the balance of their own refined and noble natures, and had found her sadly wanting in all those gentler qualities and attributes which naturally belong to a woman, and especially to a mother.

But she was impatient of all restraing and discomfort. She threw off the feeling with the usual shrug of her shapely shoulders, and raising her handsome head with a haughty air she continued, somewhat imperiously:

"Do you accede to the conditions that I have mentioned; and you, madam?" turning her great dark eyes full upon the gentle but shocked wife.

"Oh, how can you bear to part thus with your little one, the darling whose pulses are throbbing with your own life-blood? "exclaimed sweet Alice Damon, tears starting to her earnest, gray blue eyes, her delicate lips trembling with emotion.

"That is a question that I cannot allow myself to consider," responded Mrs. Marston, with a peculiar gesture of her jewelled hands, which might have meant either pain or repugnance, "neither can I enter into any explanation upon that point; the fact remains, I must part with her, and it is my wish to make the best possible provision for her."

"We should be glad to see the child, madam," Mr Damon gravely remarked

"Of course. I will have her brought in immediately," and Mrs. Marston arose to ring a bell.

A moment later a portly matron entered the room, bearing in her arms a lovely babe about a month old, arrayed in a richly embroidered robe, and wrapped in the softest and whitest of flannels.

Alice Damon uttered an eager cry, in which the tenderest motherlove and the keenest pain were blended, as she caught sight of the beautiful child who recalled so vividly her own lost treasure.

Starting from her seat she glided swiftly over the soft carpet, and the next moment the tiny creature was clasped close to her aching heart, while a sob burst from her as she pressed her quivering lips to its velvet cheek.

Then she turned to her husband with it still in her arms.

"Oh, August, she is lovely!" she murmured, in husky, unsteady tones. "And dear, my heart longs for her!"

Mr. Damon stood looking down upon the two for a moment, while he seemed struggling with some deep emotion.

He took one of the soft little bands that lay outside the heavily wrought blanket tenderly in his own, and bent for a nearer view of the small face.

"Her eyes are blue," he said, under his breath.

"Yes, like our own darling's. Oh, August, we will take her, will we not?" pleaded his wife eagerly.

A look of fondest love leaped into his eyes as they met hers, but he did not reply to her just then.

He turned again to Mrs. Marston.

"I have an important question which I feel it necessary to ask you?" he began

"In a moment," she returned, and signed to the nurse to withdraw.

"Now, if you please," she returned, and as the door closed after the woman.

"Is your child legitimate? If you can assure me of that, and that nothing of dishonor can ever touch her in the future and that, as far as you know, she inherits no taint of insanity or incurable disease, I see no reason why we should not accede to your conditions and adopt the babe as our own."

Mrs. Marston's face had grown crimson during this speech, and her eyes flamed with anger. Twice that week she had been obliged to meet this humiliating suspicion, and it was more than her proud spirit could endure.

"Do you presume ——" she began haughtily.

"Madam," August Damon interrupted gravely, but with the utmost respect, "pray do not accuse me of presumption when I have only the well-being of your own child at heart. If you will but consider a moment you canuot fail to realize that it is both natural and proper I should wish to be assured that the child I contemplate taking as my own is of honorable parentage, and with no heritage of future misery hanging over her. We shall, of course, use every precaution to prevent her from realizing that she is not our very own; but there may come a time when unforesnen events will lead her to suspect the truth, and then she will demand to be told her history, I must have it in my power to tell her that no story of shame, no stain, was attached to her birth."

The gentleman's tone was firm but courteous, and the proud woman before him realized a pride as deep seated as her own and that she had no common character to deal with.

He had a perfect right to ask her these questions, she knew, and she was bound to answer them in all sincerity.

The anger died out of her eyes; the color left her face, and there was more of humility in her manner than she had before displayed, as she replied:

"Mr Damon, I assure you that you need never fear even a breath against the fair fame or parentage of my child. I was legally married to a noble, high minded gentleman on the 15th of last March, although the ceremony was not performed in this country. More I cannot tell you regarding my private history. As to the little one's constitution, she inherits no taint of disease or mental trouble that I am aware of. I have always enjoyed vigorous health, as my physique at the present time ought to prove to you.

"I know," she continued, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "that the giving away of my child, when to all appearances there is no necessity for such an unusual act, appears like a monstrous proceeding; but I am so situated that I cannot help myself; the need is imperative—a relentless fate compels me to the unnatural act. I can tell you nothing more; if you see fit to adopt the babe, after hearing this, well and good; if not, I must reply to some other application, and make other arrangements for her."

"I am satisfied with what you have told me, and the child shall come to us. Alice, she is yours if you so wish," said the young husband, turning with a fond smile to his fair wife.

"I do wish it, August, I could not give her up now. See! how contented she is!" and the sweet woman looked lovingly down at the little face lying so peacefully upon her bosom.

"You are willing to make the gift a legal one, I suppose," said Mr. Damon, turning again to Mrs. Marston, who, with a look of intense relief upon her face, was closely watching the young couple.

"If you mean by that, that I will sign papers to ratify the bond, I must say, No!" the woman replied, with decision.

"Oh what use would such papers be," she went on, "since I could not place my real signature upon them, and the name by which I am known to you to-day, would amount to nothing, legally. I can only give her to you here, now, in this informal way. Take her—she is yours; and may she be a great comfort to you during your future lives."

"I see," replied Mr. Damon," papers of adoption would amount to nothing;" but, nevertheless he did not appear very well satisfied with this conclusion.

"And here is the future little Miss Damon's dowry," continued Mrs. Marston with a smile, as she took a roll of bills from the same drawer whence she had paid Dr. Turner, "and I cannot begin to tell you how much of gratitude goes with it."

"Madam, I cannot except your money," August Damon said, flushing hotly, as he drew back from the proffered bribe; for such it seemed to him.

"I am rich; I wish you to have it," said the lady.

"It is the child that we want, for her own sake, not for what you offer as an inducement to adopt her," returned the young man with dignity.

"But I must insist," Mrs. Marston replied. "If you have no immediate use for it, put it at interest somewhere for her, and let it accumulate for a marriage portion. You will have to name her," she resumed, with a glance at the little one. "Call her whatever you wish, and may she prove a real blessing to you."

She approached Alice Damon as she spoke, laid a roll of the bills between the soft, pink hands of the now sleeping babe bent over her and imprinted a light kiss upon her cheek, then turning quickly away, she bowed to the husband and wife and walked abruptly from the room

A half-hour later the mysterious little stranger was sleeping peacefully in the dainty cradle that had once held Alice Damon's namesake, while two tender, earnest faces bent fondly over her, as husband and wife prayed that she might long be spared to be a comfort and a blessing to them, and never realize the shadow that rested upon her birth.

The next morning, at an early hour, Mrs. Marston and her "maid" quietly left the —— House, and the city, leaving no address, nor any clue to the destination behind them.

CHAPTER IV.

A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE AND AN ADVENTURE.

Thus the stranger's child found a home, with loving hearts and willing hands to care for her.

But August and Alice Damon Huntress had, for certain reasons, withheld their surname from the mother of the child they had adopted.

"I shall never put myself in the power of this woman," he had said to his wife, while discussing the question. "If we adopt this little one we must so arrange matters that she can never be taken from us; so that she can never even be found by those who gave her to us, or be told that she is not our own flesh and blood."

So he had called himself August Damon, which was the truth as far as it went, but no one in Boston knew him by any other name than Huntress, and he did not intend that the mother of the little one should ever know what became of the child after it was given into his hands.

They gave her the name of Gladys, for, as Alice Huntress said, she began to brighten and gladden their saddened hearts and lives from the moment of her coming to them.

The Huntresses lived in a very quiet way, on an unpretentious street in the city of Boston. Mr. Huntress had a good salary, but they were people of simple tastes, and had more of a desire to lay by a snug sum for declining years than to live extravagantly and make a show in the world.

For several years nothing occurred either to entice or drive them out of the beaten track; then all at once August Huntress conceived a brilliant idea, put it in practical use, secured a patent, and became a rich man.

No other children came to share the love and care bestowed upon Gladys, and the hearts of her adopted parents were literally bound up in her.

Every possible advantage was lavished upon her, and at the age of twelve years she was a bright, beautiful little maiden, with glossy brown hair, lovely dark blue eyes and regular features, and gave promise of rare beauty when she should reach maturity a few years hence.

About this time it appeared necessary for the interests of the house with which Mr. Huntress was conuected that he should remove to New York city.

Accordingly the beginning of Gladys Huntress' thirteenth year found the family established in a well furnished mansion on Clinton avenue, one of the pleasantest portions of Brooklyn, while Mr. Huntress' office was located in Dey street, New York.

Here Gladys at once entered the high school, having passed her examinations most creditably, and giving promise of becoming a brilliant scholar.

She dearly loved study, and asserted that as soon as she should complete the high school course she should "make papa send her to Vassar to finish her off"

And now there occured an incident destined to have a wonderful influence on the young girl's whole future life.

One afternoon in May, after school was over for the day, Glady's persuaded her mother to allow their coachman to drive her over to New York to meet and bring her father home to dinner.

She had not as yet ever been allowed to go out alone in this way; but Mrs. Huntress could not accompany her that day, having an engagement with some friends; but she knew her driver was perfectly trustworthy, he was very fond of the young girl, and she was sure that no harm could befall her, so the desired permission was given, and the youthful maiden drove off in high glee and full of importance at being permitted to go by herself to the great metropolis.

The Fulton Ferry was safely crossed, and the carrage was rolling slowly up to Broadway, when Gladys' attention was arrested by a group of street gamins, who had surrounded a boy whom they appeared to be jeering and tormenting in a cruel manner, and who seemed completely dazed by his position and greatly distressed by the ill treatment to which he was subject.

He was a peculiar looking boy, having a slender though perfect form, a delicate, rather aristocratic face, and a finely shaped head crowned with masses of light waving hair, in which there were rich tints of gold and brown.

He was very pale and his full, large blue eyes had a strange expression in their depths—half wild, half pathetic—which went straight to our young heroine's heart.

He was neatly but plainly clad, though his garments had become somewhat disarranged by the rude handling of his tormentors, and he was making ineffectual efforts to recover a very good-looking straw hat that had been snatched from his head and was being ruthlessly tossed about by the vicious gamins, who were triumphing in his distress with a sort of fiendish joy.

"John, what are they doing to that poor boy?" Gladys asked, leaning forward and speaking to the coachman.

"They're a set of imps, miss, and as usual up to some of their infernal tricks," replied the man. "It looks to me as if the lad is half foolish, and they're making game of him."

"It a shame," cried the little lady, flushing indignantly. "See what a nice looking boy he is—so different trom those coarse, rude children. Stop, John, and let us help him to get away from them."

"Indeed, miss, I can't; it wouldn't be at all proper," returned the dignified driver. "It's the business of the police to look after such cases, not for a young lady in your position.

At that instant a mischievous ragmuffin seized the strange lad by the hair, giving it such a savage pull that he cried out with fright and pain, while a shout of mocking delight rang out from the motley crew around him.

Gladys Huntress sprang up in her carriage, an angry flush surging over her pretty face,

"John, stop!" she cried, imperiously. "Stop!" she repeated laying her gloved hand upon his arm with a touch which he involuntarily obeyed, and, drawing his reins, his well trained horses came to a stand close beside the group we have described.

"Boys, what are you doing? Let him alone. Aren't you ashamed to torment a boy who is weaker than yourself?" the young lady exclaimed in a tone of authority and scorn, which for a moment arrested their cruel sport, while they gazed open mouthed with astonishment at the elegant equipage and its fair occupant who had so nobly espoused the cause of their luckless victim.

But it was only for a moment.

Everybody knows what lawless creatures the street urchins of New York are, and the next instant a derisive shout rent the air at this strange and unlooked for interference.

"Hi!" cried one, who appeared to be the leader in the fray, "Mr. Chalkface must be some prince in disguise, and 'ere comes the princess with 'er coach and span to the rescue."

Another shout more deafening than the preceding one rent the air at this sarcastic speech, and Gladys shrank back with a look of disgust on her young face.

"Pretty little Miss Uppercrust," the young rascal insolently resumed, encouraged by the applause around him, "I guess it'll take more'n you and your fine feathers to squelch Nick Tower. See 'ere now, how d'ye like that?" wherewith he gave the poor boy a brutal punch in the ribs which elicted a shriek of agony from him.

Gladys' eyes blazed wrathfully. For a moment she gazed straight into the face of the impudent urchin, her beautiful lips quivering with contempt, while every eye was fixed upon her with wonder and curiosity.

It was a new departure for a young and delicate girl to face them like that. It was their experience to have every one of the better class shrink from them in disgust and get out of their way as soon as possible.

Gladys saw that their attention was all concentrated upon her, and that the boy, upon whom they had been venting their malice, was for the time unheeded.

She saw, too, that he was stealthily edgeing his way toward the carriage, and a sudden bright thought flashed into her mind.

She bent forward as if to speak again, and the interest deepened on those youthful faces beneath her.

Quick as a flash she turned the handle of the carriage door, threw it open, and, with a significant gesture, she cried out in clear, ringing tones:

"Come here boy, quick! quick!"

The lad needed no second bidding.

With one bound he was outside the circle of his tormentors, another brought him to the side of the carriage, and the next instant he had sprung within the vehicle, where he sank panting and trembling upon a rug at the young lady's feet.

The door was immediately shut and fastened. Gladys' face was glowing with triumph over the success of her ruse, while, at an authoritative chirrup from the coachman, who, sooth to say, had keenly enjoyed the spirited and courageous attitude assumed by his young mistress in defence of the persecuted boy, the horses started on, leaving the group of gamins speechless and spell bound with amazement at this unexpected masterstroke.

It was only for a minute, however; the next rage at having being outwitted by a girl, and that one of the hated favorites of fortune, preceded their astonishment, and a succession of frantic yells burst upon their ears, while as with one mind they stooped to gather mud from the gutter, rolled it into balls and then sent their filthy missiles flying after the receding carriage and its occupants.

Gladys did not pay the slightest heed to this attack, though one vile mass came plump against her pretty sunshade, where it adhered for a moment and then rolled into the street, but leaving an unsightly stain where it had struck upon the rich glossy silk.

The irate little wretches would have followed up the assault had not a policeman suddenly made his appearance upon the scene, when they took to their heels, scattered and disappeared around a corner, like a flock of frightened sheep, quicker than it has taken to relate the occurence.

Gladys gave a sigh of relief as the noise and pelting ceased, and then she turned her attention to the luckless waif whom she had befriended in his hour of need.

"Get up, boy," she said, kindly, "they cannot hurt you now."

But as he still crouched, trembling and frightened, at her feet, she turned to the coachman, and said:

"John, help him up, he is too frightened to move."

"Come, my lad, you've nothing to fear now," the driver remarked, encouragingly, and reaching over the back of his seat he took the boy by the arm and lifted him from the floor, placing him opposite his young mistress.

He glared wildly about him at first, but as his eyes fell upon Glady's sympathetic face the fear faded from them and he seemed reassured.

Then all at once he put his hand to his head in a distressed way, and called out:

"M'ha! m'ha!"

"What does he mean, John? Can they have hurt him, do you think?" Gladys asked, looking perplexed, and regarding the boy's blank though beautiful face with anxiety.

"I don't know, miss; perhaps it's his hat he's troubled about."

The lad turned quickly at the word hat, nodded his head emphatically, and showed two rows of white, handsome teeth in a broad, satisfied smile.

"M'ha! m'ha!" he repeated, and then there followed a lot of gibberish that was wholly unintelligible to his listeners.

"How strangely he appears!" Gladys exclaimed, regarding him curiously.

"He do, indeed, miss. The poor chap is an idiot, or I'm much mistaken."

"An idiot! Oh, how dreadful! Poor boy," cried Gladys, pityingly. Then she added soothingly: "Never mind your hat, papa will buy you another."

The young stranger nodded contentedly, as if he understood her, while his great blue eyes were fixed earnestly and confidently on her face.

"What is your name and where do you live?" continued the young girl, wondering what she would do with him now that she had rescued him from his persecutors, if he could not tell where he belonged. The only answer to his query was a senseless smile, accompanied by a low crooning sound of contentment.

"Oh, dear! can't you talk at all? What is your name? you must tell me or I shall not know where to take you," said Gladys, beginning to look greatly disturbed, and wondering what would be the result of the strange adventure.

The boy reached out a white, slender hand, and touched the girl caressingly on the cheek, at the same time making a sound indicative of pleasure and admiration, but uttering no intelligible word. It was evident that he was not only simple-minded, but that there must be some paralysis of the vocal organs as well, that prevented his talking.

A flush sprang to the young girl's face, and a strange thrill pervaded her at the touch of those delicate fingers.

"He is the most beautiful boy I ever saw," she said; "but, oh! how dreadful for him not to know anything! I wonder who he is, John."

"I'm sure I can't say miss," replied the man, looking perplexed and somewhat annoyed.

"How old do you think he can be?"

John gave a long look at the young stranger.

"He's small of his age, miss, but I reckon he must be older than yourself."

"Older than I? oh! I do not think that can be possible," Gladys exclaimed, attentively studying the strangely attractive yet vacant countenance before her.

"What shall we do with him, John?" she inquired after a moment of thoughtful silence.

"I think we'd best take him straight to the office, tell the master all about him, and he'll settle the matter."

"Yes, I believe that will be the best plan," Gladys returned, looking greatly relieved. "Papa will know just what to do. But," bending forward and laying her hand on the boy's arm to attract his attention, more fully while she spoke slowly and very distinctly, "can't you tell me where you live boy? do try, and then we can take you directly to your home."

The lad looked up with a most confiding smile at her, gently took her hand from his arm, clasped it tenderly in both his own, and murmured, in an exceding rich and mellow tone, some strange sounds.

"Oh, how sorry I am for him!" Gladys said, with starting tears. "I wonder if he has any father or mother, brothers or sisters. It would break my heart to have a lovely brother like this, and not have him know anything. Hurry on, John, please, I am anxious to know what papa can do for him."

(*To be continued.*)

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3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address
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And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, November 26th, 1888, 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 will run daily on the 18.10 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	13.30
Day Express	19.20

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 20th, 1888.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect Oct. 22nd, 1888.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

6 25 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, McAdam Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.

12 00 M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. Joun, and points East.

3 15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 25 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St John, and points East.

2 30 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. John, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

7 15 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points; St. Stephen, Houlton Woodstock, and points North.

LEAVE GIBSON:

8 00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON

5 55 A. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.

A. J. HEATH,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

GEORGE W. ALLEN,

Barrister-at-Law,
Winslow's Building, St. John St.,
FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, October 24, 1888.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

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Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

Special Certificate in Midwifery.

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TO LET.

Possession given 1st February, 1889

THE SHOP at present occupied by J. D. Reid, Harness Maker. Apply to
MISS HOGG,
On the premises.

Fredericton, Nov. 7, 1888

TO LET.

THAT pleasantly situated House and premise at the upper end of George Street, formerly occupied by the late F. P. Robinson.

Furnace and frost proof cellar, and Garden in good state of cultivation.

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At Bank of Nova Scotia

Fredericton, Jan. 18, 1888.

Notice of Removal.

THE undersigned has removed his Office to DR. BROWN'S BUILDING, Queen Street, next door above the store of Messrs. George Hatt & Sons, where he will attend to business as usual.

MONEY TO LOAN on approved security, in amounts to suit applicants at current rates of interest.

WILLARD KITCHEN.

Fredericton, May 9.

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5 and 10 Cents Each.

To Travelers.

THE BEST and CHEAPEST stock of Trunks we have ever offered, now open for inspection and sale. All prices from 75 cts., to $10. Valises, Satchels and Shawl Straps, Umbrellas, ect., at bargain prices.

Wilmots Block, Queen Street,

SIMON NEALIS.

STOVES

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Steam Engines

FOR SALE.

WE have on hand, a very large stock of STOVES, comprising Cook, Cylinder, Close and Parlor. These Stoves are all FIRST-CLASS, and will be sold very low for Cash for the remainder of the year. Also, Four Steel Hot Air FURNACES, which will be sold at a Bargain to clear. We have also on hand, two small Steam Engines, one eight and one ten horse power, which we will sell very cheap. All sorts of mill repairing done in first-class style.

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