CHIPPEWA INDIAN SERENADE.

[From the Fifth Canto of "The Story of Sylvalla."]

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

Awake! my beloved, awake! With love-gleams 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 tragrance of morning, In the moon of the soft-falling leaf, is The mouth of my Kee-woo-mis, true.

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 fern-fringed plays? Like the wind to the green dancing branches, To you my heart sings when by me, dear, Like the bird to its mate in the alders, In the moon of the strawberry days.

Awake! my beloved, awake! When coldness with sunshine is blending Thy fair face across, is this breast stricken With gloom-as the fair shining lake When chasing clouds over the waters In shadows are swiftly descending, While wailing notes throbbing 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-shining gold The dimpled and glad-laughing waters, When winds, Indian-summer, are sweeping As swift as the deer's nimble footsteps Sweep over the smooth, mossy wold.

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 wabun,* Winds whisper "be evermore near me," As witness ye clouds in the red east,

As witness ye pale lamps of morn.

Awake! my beloved, awake! The blood of my veins is frost-chilled, As brooks in the moons of the winter, Whenever thine eyes glance afrown; But ah, 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! birds 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 stayersat-home, and Mr. Briley often made his seven-mile journey in entire solıtude, except for the limp leather mail-bag, which he held firmly to the floor of the carriage with his heavily shod left foot. The mailbag had almost a personality to him, born 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 ness. 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 lock 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 reto cross the Rocky Mountains on the great their perils to the suffering passenger, but they did, but I look 'em right in the eye she felt none the warmer, and at last gave every time." a groan of weariness.

"You see them big pines, and the side of days, if he got disappointed about the way a barn just this way with them yellow things went, he'd lay 'em out in win'rows

my laws!" mourned Mrs. Tobin. "Urge 'fraid to have him roused, for all he was so the beast, can't ye, Jeff'son? I ain't used willin' and meechin' to home, and set round if I couldn't git my breath. I'm all pinched to boss him same 's the kitten, when she up and wigglin' with shivers now. 'Tain't was four year old." no use lettin' the hoss go step-a-ty-step,

this fashion." to go back an' forth every day but Sabbath to say you was the han'somest girl to ye down to meals that like 's not don't agree fur eighteen years you'd want to ease it all school."

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

harrow margin espec at bottom

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 tights. "My gorry!" exclaimed Widow Tobin, "them pore creatur's 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 could'nt 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

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

"Twould a come handy later on, I declare," answered the sympathetic driver, "bein' 's you went an' had such a passel o' gals to clothe an' feed. There, them that 's livin' is all well off now, but it 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 child'en. There was Ad'line and Susan Ellen fussin' an' bickerin' yesterday 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

"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'son,"—she leaned toward the front seat; "that is to say, on-

and a sense of unexpected interest and en-

"See here. Sister Tobin," he exclaimed trouble to shift seats, and come front here crape bunnits comin' after me." long o' me? We could put one buff'lo top o' the other,—they 're both wearin' thin, be more protected ag'inst the weather." again.

"Well, I couldn't be no colder if I was friz to death," answered the widow, with an | did," observed the widow by way of reamiable simper. "Don't ye let me delay ward. you, nor put you out, Mr. Briley. I don't "There, I used to have my fears," Mr. know 's I'd set forth today if I'd known 't Briley resumed, with an inward feeling victory animated the frame of Mrs. Tobin. was so cold; but I had all my bundles done that he would never get to North Kilby up, and I ain't one that puts my hand to the depot a single man. "But you see I had plough an' looks back, 'cordin' to Scriptur'."

"You would n't wanted me to ride all them seven miles alone?" asked the gallant Briley sentimentally, as he lifted her down, out; and-well, I suppose some tolks he had in the bank; not that it would make and helped her up again to the front seat. would think o' me if anything was to hap- any difference now. "He needn't bluster She was a few years older than he, but they pen. had been schoolmates, and Mrs. Tobin's there was nobody lett at home now but her-self, and so she had broken up housekeep- ''Twouldn't be like nothin' to me not to ing for the winter. Jefferson himself had see you drivin' by," she said, after a savings of no mean amount.

They tucked themselves in, and felt better for the change, but there was a sudden

"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 busi-

"I view it so," said the stage-driver. 'There's goin' to be a mild open winter for

"What a joker you be for a man that's had so much responsibility!" smiled Mrs. Tobin, after they had done laughing. "Ain't you never 'fraid, 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 membering the valor of those pony-express like to see anybody get the better o' me. I drivers of the pre-railroad days, who had go armed, and I don't care who knows it. Some o' them drover men that comes from California route. He spoke at length of | Canady looks as if they didn't care what

answered the driver, with a frosty laugh. ondertook to sass him. Town-meetin' she wouldn't never speak to me aftercircus bills? That's my three-mile mark." | and ef he hadn't been a church member he'd "'Ve we got four more to make? Oh, been a real fightin' character. I was always to bein' out in such bleak weather. Seems clever as anybody. My Susan Ellen used

"I've got a kind of a sideways cant to my nose, that Tobin give me when we was to "Landy me!" exclaimed the affronted school. I don't know 's you ever noticed driver. "I don't see why folks expects it," said Mr. Briley. "We was scufflin', as and your quiet make ought to hev a home me to race with the cars. Everybody that gits in wants me to run the hoss to death on the road. I make a good everage o' away. I re'lly did, now, Fanny. I liked your bangein' here and boardin' there, and time, and that's all I can do. Ef you was Tobin first-rate, and I liked you. I used one old woman mendin', and the other settin' you?"

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.

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"Lemme see your nose. 'Tis all straight, for what I know," said the widow gently, and with a trace of coyness she gave a warped a little, but nothin' to speak of. 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 ing 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 clipper coaches, where the driver don't better," she said unconsciously and half 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 scairt to death," said Mrs. Tobin. "What creatur's men folks be to like such things! Well, I do declare."

han'some livin' out o' followin' them the news, won't ye? She'll be surprised to if they are just right, transferring the rock coaches, an' stoppin' an' robbin' 'em clean hear you've jest come on a visit. How you to her pocket for future consumption. to the bone. Your money or your life!" must ha' tugged to get them bundles ready, and he flourished his stub of a whip over an' all for nothin'; but now I'll lend a hand 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

"They put on black crape over their faces," said the driver mysteriously. "Nobody knows who most on 'em be, and like as not some o' them fellers come o' good less you had jest the right one to do it for families. They've got so they stop the isin' of her a rest this good while." And Jefferson felt a strange glow also, brass. I could make your hair stand on end, Mis' Tobin-I could so !"

"I hope none on 'em 'll git round our way, I am sure," said Fanny Tobin. "I with enthusiasm. "Why can't ye take the don't want to see none on 'em in their

"I ain't goin' to let nobody touch a hair o' your head," and Mr. Briley moved a and set close, and I do' know but we sh'd little nearer, and tucked in the buffaloes

"I feel considerable warm to what I

nobody but myself to think of. I've got Briley's hair, and making him look smartcousins, as you know, but nothin' nearer, and what I've laid up would soon be parted that she knew for certain how much money

Mrs. Tobin was holding her cloud over youthful freshness was suddenly revived to her face-the wind was sharp on that bit his mind's eye. She had a little farm; of open road-but she gave an encourag-"Twouldn't be like nothin' to me not to

minute. "I shouldn't know the days o' the week. I says to Susan Ellen last week I was sure 'twas Friday, and she said no, awkwardness between them; they had not 'twas Thursday; but next minute you druv had time to prepare for an unexpected by and headin' toward North Kilby, so we found I was right." "I've got to be a featur' of the land-

scape," said Mr. Briley plaintively. "This road in spite of his pistol.—Sarah Orne kind o' weather the old mare and me, we Jewett in the Atlantic Monthly for February. scape," said Mr. Briley plaintively. "This wish we was done with it, and could settle down kind o' comfortable. I've been lookin' this good while, as I drove the road, and I've picked me out a piece o' land two or three times. But I can't abide the thought o' buildin'-'twould plague me to death; and both Sister Peak to North Kilby and Mis' Deacon Ash to the Pond, they vie with one another to do well by me, fear I'll like the other stoppin'-place

"I shouldn't covet livin' long o' neither one o' them women," responded the passenger with some spirit. "I see some o' Mis' Peak's cookin' to a farmers' supper once, when I was visitin' Susan Ellen's folks, an' I says, 'Deliver me from sech light—i. e., another window in the opposite pale-complected baked beans as them!' and wall. Though the day was very warm, I pale-complected baked beans as them!' and "Men tolks is brave by natur'," said the had known, but she needn't have let on pose they imagine the net to be a spider's "How fur did you say 'twas now?" widow admiringly. "You know how Tobin they was hers. 'I guess them beans tastes web, or some other trap intended for their would let his fist right out at anybody that just as well as other folks', says she, and destruction.—Notes and Queries.

"Do' know's I blame her," ventured Mr. Briley. "Women tolks is dreadful pudjicky about their cookin'. I've always heard you was one o' the best o' cooks, Mis' Tobin. I know them doughnuts an' things you've give me in times past, when I was drivin' by. I never let on, but Mis' Ash's cookin' 's the best by a long chalk. Mis' Peak 's handy about some things, and looks after mendin' me up."

"It does seem as if a man o' your years

Liver Disorders — KID GLOVES!

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"Lor', now, Mis' Tobin, le's not fuss round no longer," said Mr. Briley impatiently. "You know you covet me same 's I do you."

"I don't nuther. Don't you go an' say fo'lish things you can't stand to."

in a word with you ever sence- Well, I Damariscotta Herald. expected you'd want to get your feelin's kind o' calloused after losin' Tobin."

"I do' know but I can fight for ye town- to dispose of it at a good figure. meetin' days on a pinch," urged Jefferson

"I never see the beat o' you men fur twenty times."

"I hope to gracious if I ever breathed a word to none on 'em!" protested the lover. did look like snow, and he was tired bump- kept silence, as if he had made a fair proposal, and expected a definite reply.

The lady of his choice was, as she might have expressed it, much beat about. As she truly thought, she was getting along in the rest of the time. It was not likely she would ever have the chance of choosing again, though she was one who liked varietv. Jefferson wasn't much to look at, but he was pleasant and kind of boyish and in the mountains with some o' them great | young-feeling. "I do' know 's I should do aloud. "Well, yes, Jefferson, seein' it's you. But we're both on us kind of old to dainty is a soft brick, and long experience change our situation," and Fanny Tobin has taught her how to select the choicest gave a gentle sigh.

scairt you meant to keep me sufferin' here her favorite dishes. One young lady may "Yes," explained the mild little man. a half an hour. I declare, I'm more pleased often be seen picking from the sidewalk There's sights of desp'radoes makes a than I calc'lated on. You tell Susan Ellen bout everythin'. An' I expected till lately to die a single man!"

"'T' would re'lly have been a shame; 't aint 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 prom-"Better keep her a-steppin'," urged thrifty Mrs. Fanny. "She'll stiffen up

master, an' disapp'int ye, come spring.' "You'll have me, now, won't ye, sartin?" pleaded Jefferson, to make sure. "Yau ain't one o' them that plays with a man's feelin's. Say right out you'll have me."

"I s'pose I shall have to," said Mrs. Tobin somewhat mournfully. "I feel for Mis' Peak an' Mis' Ash, pore creatur's. I expect they'll be hardshiped. 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 She felt but 25 years of age. In that moment she made plans for cutting her ened-up and ambitious. Then she wished none before me," thought gayly. "He's harmless as a fly."

"There's the big ellum past, an' we're only a third of 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 creatur';" and so they parted. Mr. Briley had been taken on the

It Frightens the Flies.

When visiting a friend last summer he called my 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 bnzzing around, depart. He told me the flies would pass through the net if there was a thorough she give a kind of quack. She was settin' jest at my left hand, and couldn't help hearin' me. I wouldn't have spoken if I had known but she needs't have spoken if I

Naturally, the Cat.

Overheard in a German household where English only is spoken:
Carl: "Mother, in the milk pail was a dead mouse." Mother: "Well, hast thou it thereout

taken ?" Carl: "No; I have the cat therein thrown !"

Distiller .- "I am getting out a new brand of whiskey, a splendid article. Can you

suggest a name?" Consumer .- "How does Eureka strike

Highly Appropriate.

"Eureka! What does that mean?" "Eureka means I've got 'em."

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, "I've been tryin' to get a chance to put | died Saturday week from grief, says the

Nearly all the ice houses have finished their work on the Penobscot river. A "There's nobody can fill his place," said large quantity of splendid ice has been obtained this season, and the ice men expect

Mrs. Adelia Blanchard, of Abbot, is suffering from a very severe injury to her eye. A short time ago she was trying to remove conceit," and Mrs. Tobin laughed. "I the stopper from a bottle with a fork. The hasty glance. "I don't know but what 'tis ain't goin' to bother with ye, gone half the fork glancing, one tine struck the lid of one time as you be, an' carryin' on with your eye, the others hitting just over the eye. You've got real nice features, like your Mis' Peaks and Mis' Ashes. I dare say She is now unable to see at all with the you've promised yourself to both on 'em 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 "'T ain't for lack o' opportunities set afore | the reins, which he caught as the animal me, nuther;" and then Mr. Briley craftily 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 years, and must put up with Jefferson all his duty, under the circumstances, to have Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. Daily except Monday. saved the whip and let the horse go.

Biddeford and Saco girls have some queer tastes, according to the Biddeford Journal, which has been investigating the luncheon question. One lady makes an excursion to the brickyard, each summer, and lays in a supply of nice blue clay to eat through the winter. Another's favorite specimens at a glance. Each of these "Hooray!" said Jefferson. "I was ladies has lived to a good old age to enjoy soft, shelly rocks, and after a nibble to see Soft clay pipes, which one girl buys by the dozen, ground up slate pencils, chalk, seasand, white rags, brown wrapping-paper and starch are among the favorite luxuries

Professional Shop-Burners. Inspector McDevitt, of the Philadel-

phia insurance patrol, has uncovered a mara's nest for the benefit of a Record reporter. Burning houses and stores for the purpose of collecting insurance has become, he says, so much a recognized part of business among a certain class that, like all other industries, it is being developed by the aid of capital, specially trained workmen, and improved methods. Mr. McDevitt estimates that one in six of the fires in Philadelphia is the result of the trained firebug's operations. The headquarters of the "firm" is in New York, and there are agencies in all the principal cities of the east. The people in the business own large wholesale clothing stores, from which the small shops kept by the Hollanders and Poles are supplied with both new and second-hand goods. The firebugs are sent to burn down the places where the speculation is likely to pay. They are no ordinary bungling kerosene-and-match operators. They go about in the guise of "glass-put-in" men, and they operate by means of chemical combinations, which leave no trace even if the fire is put out before much damage is done. If the clothes are destroyed, the wholesaler gets the full price of them, but if they are only damaged the salvage on the goods is taken into account by the wholesaler. This is all very important, if true.

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PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at

and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

†3.35 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

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

Bangor at †6.45 a.m., Parlor Car attached; †7.30 p m., Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15 a. m.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at †10.20 a. m.; †8.40 p. m. Houlton at †10.15 a. m.; †8:40 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.55 a. m.; †9.45 p. m.

St. Andrews at †9.20 a. m.; Fredericton at †7.00 a. m.; †12.50 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45; †10.00 a. m.; †4.00

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 a m.-Connecting with 8.40 a. m. train from

†3.20 p. m.—Connecting with 3.35 p. m. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME 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

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