

ALEC YEATON'S SON.

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned, And the white caps flecked the sea; "An' I would to God," the skipper groaned, "I had not my boy with me!"

Sung in the stern sheets, little John Laughed as the scud swept by; And the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!" And the skipper's eyes were dim, "Good Lord in heaven, if I but betide, What would become of him!"

"For me—my muscles are as steel, For me let hap what may; I might make shift upon the keel Until the break o' day."

"But he, he is so weak and small, So young, scarce learned to stand— O pitying Father of us all, I trust him in Thy hand!"

"For Thou, who markest from on high A sparrow's fall—each one!— Surely, O Lord, Thou'lt have an eye On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, helm hard port, right straight he sailed Toward the headland light; The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed, And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail Though hosed from wind and waves— They who could tell about that gale Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went; Ere half the night was sped, The winds were hushed, the waves were spent, And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin, The folk on Gloucester shore Saw a little figure floating in Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck! Pull mates, and waste no breath!" They knew it, though 'twas but a speck Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town At God, His strange decree, That let the stalwart skipper drown, And the little child go free!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Atlantic Monthly.

JACK.

To my mind there was never on earth a nobler piece of horse-flesh than Jack. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, and if there was anything extra in his breeding no one knew of it. He was just plain, ordinary Jack to us who knew him best, but if you should come some day upon a certain California ranch and see just by the side of a gate that leads into the lawn in front of a spacious adobe house, a tall stone standing white and silent against the sky, and seeing upon the stone the one word "Jack," should ask what it means, there would be a story unfolded to you which would make Jack no less than a hero. For Jack lies buried under that tall stone, and he died on that very spot.

I can remember quite well when first I saw him. It was at the dusk of the day when a forbidding-looking Mexican rode up to our door and asked me if the senior was at home. Yes, the senior—that is my father—was at home, and was at that moment on the rear verandah enjoying a cigarette. I summoned him and left him with the Mexican. They chatted a few moments, and then went off toward the corral. Father returned in half an hour, and as he sank into a chair said: "Child, there's a white horse out in the corral that you may have if you can ride him, though his appearance won't do you much honor."

"You mean the horse that Mexican was riding?" "Yes. The fellow wanted money, and the horse was his only resource. He probably wanted to wed some dark-eyed, smiling senorita, and so for the sake of his dark-browed beauty, who will in all probability thrash him before they have been a month wedded, he has sacrificed his best friend, and I have made a good buy. Now kiss me, daughter"—he always called me daughter or child—"and that will be my receipt in full for your palfray."

I kissed him, as any dutiful daughter would, and then together we went out to the corral and inspected the purchase and the gift. He was white from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, which appendage was ragged and frayed, and hung in a dejected kind of way as if its owner was sorry that he had ever been born. His eyes were red and weak, and he hung his head half-way to the ground in a state of utter despair, while every movement of his body showed his ribs under his hide. Plainly he had been ill-treated, and I was anything but favorably impressed with him, but father said there were some good points in him, and rest and good keeping would work a wonderful change, and father was right. One would scarcely recognize the prancing, proud, high-headed animal two months after as the same Mexican had ridden up to our door.

I was the only girl in a large family, and I was born right here on this ranch, and proud I am of it, because to my feminine mind, there is no place on earth quite so near heaven as a California ranch in spring, after the rainy season is over, and every nook and corner is vividly green, and the hills are so grandly beautiful, and the cattle grow fat and sleek feeding all day in the tall sweet grass. There is nothing in all the world quite like that, and I love the life. Being the only girl, I was thrown upon my own resources for amusement, and plenty of it I had. When just able to toddle about I was put upon a horse, and loving hands held me steady while I took my first lessons in riding. At fifteen I could ride "straddle" any horse on the place, and proud was I the day when father brought home a gaudy side-saddle and gave it to me, along with a habit made by my mother's hands, and from that time it must be a very bad weather that kept me from a gallop up the valley, or out through the pass and down the old stage road to the little town where the railroad ran. Though there were always a dozen or more horses on the ranch, and I might use any of them, I had never had one to call my own until Jack came. I called him Jack because it was short, and because a little story which had pleased my childish fancy had contained a character in the shape of a horse by that name.

As I have said, Jack got on wonderfully well under good treatment, and from a

scrubby, ill-conditioned brute, he grew into a really good-looking animal, and his snow-white mane and tail were a glory in my eyes. From my hands he got the best part of his feed, and he got to know me, and would nicker in the dearest way when he saw me coming toward him. He had a playful way of rubbing his soft nose against my shoulder to indicate that he was hungry, and when we got well acquainted, and he had learned his new name so that he would come trotting up when I called him, I grew to love him as if he was one of my big brothers.

And oh, the glorious days that Jack and I spent together, roaming up and down our green valley, making excursions to town, spending whole afternoons down by the little river that flowed by the ranch, Jack splashing about in the water like a great dog. Then how we used to chase jack-rabbits that started up at Jack's tramp in the grass, as if inviting a chase; and what times we had at the round-ups in the spring. I can never forget those days with Jack, and they make me sad now when I think of the way he died, and of the nobility in one animal.

You must know that all this was a good many years ago, before the railroads had cut up the country, and stage-lines were not, as now, comparatively unknown. The railroad I have mentioned was thirteen miles away, and from the small town nearest to a stage-line ran near the ranch and on up into the mountains, a hundred miles away. It carried many passengers back and forth, as well as fortunes in gold, and more than once masked men had stopped the stage with the old cry of "hands up," and had plundered and sometimes killed the passengers. I had heard the danger of carrying valuables on the stage spoken of so often that it was always with vague alarm that mother and I waited for father's return from his annual trips with the herds to the markets, for he always came back with a heap of gold, and there was always danger.

The year that Jack died I was just past nineteen. As one may imagine, there hadn't been very much love-making in my rather isolated life, but there had been some wooers, and a certain son of a certain rancher whose lands touched ours had found his way to my heart, and I wore the conventional ring. That year he and father had gone together with their herds, and together they would return. They would take the stage from the railroad station, and at nightfall we would meet them at the pass with the wagon. The hired men were getting the wagon ready when I saddled Jack, and went cantering off toward the pass, intending to go up the trail to meet the home-comers and be the first to greet them.

Jack was never in better spirits. He seemed to feel something of my own joy at the near approach of those I loved best, and he fairly flew along over the grass, tossing his noble head in the air and spurning the earth with his proud feet. The mating quail, hidden in the weeds, would spring up with a startled whir as we came upon them; the long-eared and long-legged jack-rabbit would start from his feeding and go careering away over the rolling ground; the doves feeding in the wild mustard would hear our approach and take wing. It was just such a gallop as we had taken many a time before, but we were happier that day, I think.

When we came to the trail I pulled Jack in for a breathing spell, and slowly he walked along in the direction from which the stage would come. The blue and purple hills were away in front of us, and I knew that at this moment the great lumbering vehicle, drawn by its four bronchos, was making its way down them. Riding up a short distance I came to a deep gulch which crossed the trail, and at the bottom of the depression ran a small stream of water. The place was known as Hobson's Creek, and the stage always stopped there for water. It was a rugged place, and the passengers always dismounted from the stage in crossing it so as to lighten the pull on the horses. I rode Jack down into the shallow stream and allowed him to drink his fill, and then in a spirit of mischief I turned his head up the creek and began exploring. In two minutes I was completely hidden from the trail by a turn in the stream. We spent half an hour wading in the water, and then I turned to go back to the trail. Just at the bend Jack pointed his keen ears straight forward and stopped. That was a way of Jack's when he wanted to say there was somebody around. His acute hearing had detected the presence before me. I strained my ears and listened, and was rewarded by hearing the murmur of voices. The sounds grew louder as they came nearer down the trail. Then I heard horses splashing in the creek, and pretty soon the crackling of twigs as the horses were ridden into the bushes that grew along the stream.

I waited and I heard the men, for they were men, dismount and tie their animals. I was not ten yards from them now and could hear them plainly. The first words I understood were uttered in a rough tone, and they were: "She'll be along in about an hour." Then came a reply, "Yes, who's a drivin', Bible?" "Glad ter hear that. Bible is good 'nough drivin' a stage, but he ain't nothin' when it comes ter a scrimmage, an' it'll be easy work with him." "The hull job is all right. Old Anderson and that young Estudillo is ther ones we want to look after. Both uv 'em has got a big roll, an' it may be they'll fight fer it. We'll watch 'em close; an' the munit they git inter ther stage, kiver 'em, and shoot the first move they make. Two uv us kin do that while ther others kin look after the bags inside."

I listened in wild-eyed terror. With the first words almost, the presence of the men was explained. They were to rob the stage! "Old Anderson and young Estudillo" were my father and the man whose ring I wore. What must I do? What could I do? Jack made an impatient movement and stamped a hoof in the water. Oh, Jack, Jack, I whispered, bending low over his neck. What must we do? In answer he raised his head and looked up the steep bank. He had spoken, and I understood. We must get out of the gulch without showing ourselves, and then, then, to the railroad station for help. A little way behind us the banks were less steep, and any sure-footed horse could climb them. I turned the animal's head and gently urged him forward. Softly, Jack, softly; one false step and the noise of your hoof would betray us. Jack understood, and he hardly rippled the shallow water as he raised and put down his hoofs. Fifty yards up stream, and we could climb the

bank. I urged Jack up. He was ten seconds in accomplishing the feat, and we were at the top of the bank and looking out over the level country. The men hidden under the bank below could not see us. There to the right was the white, sandy trail stretching away in the distance. At the end of it, nine miles away, was the town, and there was aid. My heart came up in my throat. Nine miles there, nine miles back, and the stage to be here in an hour. Could I make it?

All this darted through my brain in an instant. I loosened the taut reins, and Jack understood. He leaped forward, and the ride was begun. His hoofs fell noiselessly on the soft soil. Two hundred yards and we were on the trail. Then I gave Jack his head, and how nobly he responded. He straightened his beautiful neck, his long tail, caught by the winds, spread out in a line, and his proud feet struck the earth and left it again in the same instant, as he settled down into a sweeping gallop that carried us like the wind. His head pointed straight to the sun in the West, and I in the saddle said never a word, but leaned forward over his neck and held him steady. One, two, three, five miles flashed by and he had not begun to breathe hard. Six miles, and still that regular beat of his hoofs. Seven, and there was foam at his bit. Eight, and the perspiration had stained his white coat a dull, leaden color. I patted him gently on the neck. He understood, and the hoof-beats went a little faster. Up a rising ground and there was the station only a mile away, and I could see the figures of men around the hotel and saloon that was the natural center of the village. I could see a dozen horses hitched at the rack in the street. Jack saw it all just as I did, and down the slope we went on a dead run.

The men saw the wild rider coming and knew something was wrong. There were twenty of them in a group looking eagerly down the trail, and I saw one wave his hat to me. One minute, two, three. We dashed down the straggling street raising a cloud of dust. Up the street, and when I drew rein with a suddenness that threw Jack back on his haunches, a dozen hands seized his bit and anxious faces were looking into mine.

"Quick! quick!" I almost shouted. "They are going to ambush the stage at Hobson's Creek, and father is on it!" They knew me, every one of them, and the stage and Hubson's Creek was enough. They liked father, and then there was the prize money from Wells-Fargo if the bullion box was saved. There was a rush for the horses. Five minutes and a score of armed and mounted men were gathered around me. Jack had drunk a swallow of water from a trough and sunk his head up to the eyes in the cooling liquid and was himself again.

I looked at the sun. In another half of an hour the stage must reach the creek. A man laid his hand on my bridle. "You ain't goin', Miss?" For answer I shook loose his hold and we were off with a rush. Not go, with father and that other in danger! The fresh horses under the spurs went like the wind, and Jack with nine miles run already made would not be left behind though it killed him to keep up. As I glanced about at the tough but fearless fellows my courage ran high. We could not be late now. The intoxication of the ride took possession of me, and Jack felt it too, and I held a tight rein to prevent his spending his strength too soon. There were few words said, the pace was too fast for that. Only now and then I bent over and murmured some word to Jack, and he always understood. Half the distance had been covered before I noticed that Jack had begun to labor. At last the distance and pace had told, and the free sweep of his stride gave way to an irregular movement. Would he give up? Not he. I drew him in to ease him up, but he shook his head angrily and forged ahead, right up with the leading horses, and for a mile he was nose and nose with them, but swinging from side to side and breathing heavily. Another mile and the leaders were drawing away from him, but there was no give up. Could he stay to the end?

Even I didn't know Jack. It would be stay or die. Two miles further! Jack was covered with perspiration, his mouth was wide open, his body was quivering, he was all but gone, but he was running. "Your hoss kain't stand it, Miss," said one of them. I made no answer, but my heart sank. I must go on. I could do nothing when I got there, but those dear to me were in danger, and a woman is a queer thing when what she loves is concerned. Jack seemed to know my thoughts, and if he had halted he gathered strength now. The cottonwood trees in the creek were in sight. The men began loosening their pistols in their belts. That there would be danger to me if a fight ensued never occurred to me. I thought only of those in the stage and of Jack.

He was with the rear horses now, some of whom had also tired. Half a mile further; one more effort, Jack; stay a little longer. He stumbled and swayed as if he would fall. I spoke to him and he recovered. I looked ahead, and there, coming around a turn across the creek was the stage. Thank God! we were in time. In the soft sand the running made little sound and the men in the bushes had not seen us. Oh, that last half-mile. Jack, dear Jack knew that the terrible strain was almost over, and putting his head low down, he went on with a headlong rush as if the demon was after him. We were within a hundred yards of the creek when five mounted men dashed up on the bank and there was a wild yell.

I have a confused memory of pistols firing, the rushing of horses and the shouts of the men, and the next thing I knew Jack was standing dripping wet on the creek's bank, father was helping me from the saddle, another was standing with the light of love in his eyes, half a dozen men were telling how it was done, and four crestfallen gentlemen of the road were standing tied together with a lariat, scowling at us. A fifth was lying motionless in the sand. I rode home in the stage and Jack was led by one of the crowd who insisted on accompanying us and seeing the "young gal" all safe and sound. On the way they said so much about my "grit" and "sand" and pluck that I was covered with confusion, and when they said good-bye at my door I even forgot to thank them for the part they had played so well.

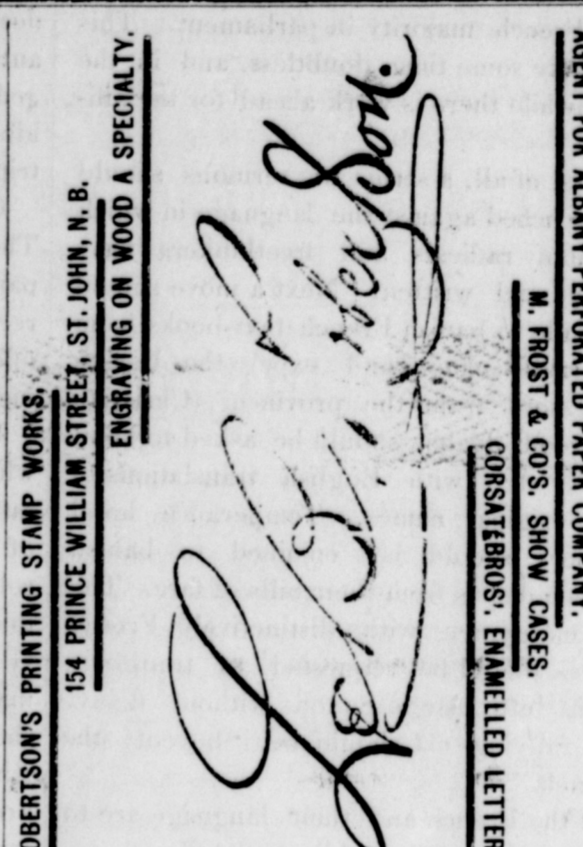
Father kissed me and called me his brave little girl, and some one pressed my hand rather too warmly, bringing a blush in consequence. When the crowd had turned away I went down to the gate where they had left Jack standing. He raised his head as he heard my step and gave a low whinny, and I went up to him, and putting my arms about his throat, kissed him on the forehead. Father came up and looked at him, and then, with sorrow in his tone, said: "Daughter, you'll never ride him again."

Poor, dear, noble Jack. He had done his duty and it had cost him his life, but there never was a greater hero. It was as if one of the family was going, and when they said he was dying I kissed his great sad eyes and turned away, and I had looked my last on the noblest horse that ever lived. He died in the night and they buried him there by the gate, and father had that white stone made and put over the grave. Now, these many years after, when I see it there in the moonlight, I sometimes imagine it is Jack, waiting to take me on the last long journey.—Tree, in Chicago Horseman.

Ball Dresses for Chicago Rosebuds. There is a new stuff being sold in the shops this season for the ball dresses of debutantes which is a pleasing change from the everlasting illusion skirts and white silk or satin bodice, in which their fresh and palpitating loveliness is increased for most of the social functions of their first winter. The stuff is called rainbow tulle, and is being sold in great quantities. It is the ordinary white illusion, with heavy silk threads in rainbow colors drawn through it at intervals of about an eighth of an inch. A bright blue thread, a red, a yellow, a lilac, and a green one, then there is a little space, and the blue thread begins again and the whole series is repeated. The foundation is, of course, the usual white silk skirt, over which are several layers of tulle, and there are three ballet skirts of the rainbow illusion. The bodice is of white silk, if preferred, but many make up with it a bodice to match some one of the rainbow threads in color, and have a sash of the same. It is a boon and a blessing to the dark, pale girls, to whom the dead whiteness of the regulation debutante costume is very trying. It has often been the case that a pale girl has been a failure at her first ball because the unrelieved colorlessness of her dress made her look blank and dull, and afterward, in the richly colored gowns of her second season, blossomed out a positive beauty. So this fabric is having great vogue with girls of that type, as it combines color and that delicacy and freshness which is requisite in a debutante's gown.—Chicago News.

"What Would be Nice"? A PAIR OF FAIRALL & SMITH'S REMARKABLE 64c. Kid Gloves—Equal to "Josephine."

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ROBERTSON'S PRINTING STAMP WORKS. 154 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. ENGRAVING ON WOOD A SPECIALTY. M. FROST & CO'S. SHOW CASES. CONSULTORS. ENAMELLED LETTERS.

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High Before and Behind. A Washington despatch says that the wife of a prominent Ohio Congressman, who has recently returned from a fortnight's visit to Mrs. Harrison, was asked many particulars about it at the White House yesterday as she sauntered through the East Parlor. She said it was very amusing to read the letters that were flowing in upon Mrs. Harrison from all sorts of people and on all sorts of reform topics, begging her to do this and not to do that, and give some assurance in advance that she positively would or would not do the other. On leaving, the lady said to her hostess: "What shall I tell your old friends in Washington, besides telling them that you are not a bit spoiled, but the same wholesome, genial woman as in the old days there?" "Well, tell them," said Mrs. Harrison, laughingly, "that as to low-necked and short-sleeved dresses, personally, no; as to wine, I haven't made up my mind; as to bustles, yes."—Philadelphia Press.

An Open Question. Governness—Name the wisest man that ever lived. Little Dick—Solomon. Governness—Correct. Name the wisest woman. Little Dick (after meditation)—Well, if I say you, ma will get mad, and if I say ma, you will get mad.—Philadelphia Record.

One Difference. St. Peter—Enter. Why do you hesitate? New Spirit—I don't see any usher. "We have no ushers here. Sit where you please." "Dear me! How different heaven is from a church!"—Philadelphia Record.

FADED SEA-FLOWERS. One voice that whispers in my ear; One little face that mocks my sight; One vain regret; one anxious fear; One thought by day, one dream by night. The same, amid the heedless throng, In silent, sleepless hours the same; At midnight, moon and evensong I see thy face, I hear thy name. Such is my life apart from thee! So weak the heart that would forget! O golden sand that glides away! Is round, about, above me, yet I see the sun shine bright once more Where on the ledge the breakers leap; Green grass that girls a shingly shore; White gulls that wing an azure deep. Ah! was it mine indeed that day To dream with thee those golden hours? O golden sand that glides away! O gleam of sunlight on the showers! O passing gleam! O vanished hour! And what to me may still remain? This little spray-dashed, faded flower; A past delight—a present pain. —George Forster, in Temple Bar.

MOORE'S Almond and Cucumber Cream, FOR SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN. It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips. It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise. It removes Tan, Pimples, Scaly Eruptions and Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and brilliant. An excellent application after shaving. PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE. Sample bottles free on application. Prepared by G. A. MOORE, DRUGGIST, 169 BRUSSELS ST. cor. Richmond.

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NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. Commencing December 31, 1888. PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT 7.00 A. M.—For McAdam Junction and St. Stephen. 8.40 A. M.—Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Bangor, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston. PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 13.35 P. M.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. VANCOUVER AT 11.15 A. M.; 7.40 P. M. 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 16.45 A. M., Parlor Car attached; 17.30 P. M., Sleeping Car attached. Vancouver at 11.15 A. M.; 12.00 noon. Woodstock at 10.20 A. M.; 7.40 P. M. Houlton at 10.30 A. M.; 7.40 P. M. St. Stephen at 9.55; 11.50 A. M.; 9.45 P. M. St. Andrews at 9.20 A. M. Fredericton at 7.00 A. M.; 12.50, 13.40 P. M. Arriving in St. John at 15.45; 10.00 A. M.; 14.00; 17.15 P. M. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 18.25 A. M.—Connecting with 8.40 A. M. train from St. John. 13.20 P. M.—Connecting with 3.35 P. M. train from St. John. EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. 1 Daily except Saturday. 2 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..... 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., November 20, 1888.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN CHEAP TELEPHONES. THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city. A Company also purpose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of Telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public. ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO. A representative of the Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

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