

ESTHETICISM.

There was a man of Yukatan Who hadn't washed since life began, But on the continental plan He wore his unbleached hide; And when he chanced to come their way, The chaff and the poppin'ay, At once removed to distant spray Upon the windward side. But happiness, as I can guess, Does not depend on cleanliness, For maidens did this chief caress In number twenty score; Some loved the color of his brow, Some praised his judgment in pow-wow; His abstinence from soap, I vow, Delighted many more. And here we find, tho' undesigned, Taught by the subtle female mind, A lesson for the most refined, Like us, to profit by; Tho' cracks and flaws the surface blot, Tho' all the matters be not rot, Or even dirt, it rhymes only, To an esthetic eye.

NOT TOO LATE.

"So Madge has really made up her mind to pay us a visit at last," Dr. Grantly says, glancing across the pretty breakfast table at his wife, who appears deeply interested in a dainty epistle she is perusing, traced in a delicate feminine hand. "Yes, Robert, she is really coming in fact," with a bright smile at her husband. "She will be here this evening. The train from New York is due a little after seven, I think, and you must be on hand to meet her."

"Well, well, to be sure," the doctor returned vaguely. "Train due a little after seven? I won't forget, my dear, and you had better delay the dinner, don't you think?"

"Yes; certainly," Mrs. Grantly replies, briefly, "and I'll get Jane to fix the blue room up pretty for her. In fact, I'll try and arrange everything, something like what it was when she was here before. Do you remember? Just about this time two years ago."

"Of course, I do, my dear," her husband replies with a smile, "my memory is not quite all gone, and come to think of it Arthur was here about the same time on three months leave. By Jove! that reminds me, he has been promoted lately, and is Captain Strachan now?"

"Is it possible? but I am so glad for his sake. No one," with the sweetest of smiles—"with the exception of you, of course, deserves success and promotion more than he, in fact, do you know, Robert, I should think he would be a very attractive man to women, he has so much in his favor?"

"Perhaps," her husband replies, reflectively, "that is the reason, and I think my dear, that the remark can apply well to your friend, Miss Madge Neville, they have both been spoiled, made too much of, in fact, and are therefore very difficult to satisfy, and hard to please."

"I suppose you are right," Mrs. Grantly replies, "but oh dear," with a little sigh, "one cannot find it in their heart to judge Madge, I know I have often thought her very exacting, and as you say rather hard to please, but then she is so sweetly pretty, so lovable, I don't wonder she is spoiled, her very beauty alone entitles her to so much attention, and she receives it everywhere she goes?"

"She is a lovely girl, no doubt," Dr. Grantly says, after a slight pause; but, my dear little woman, you can't make me believe she is a happy one. You remember we saw her for a little while at Long Branch last summer, and hers was not the face of a happy woman—it was too sad a one for that?"

"Mrs. Grantly does not answer for a moment; at last she says very slowly: "You must have imagined it, Robert. Surely Madge has everything that should make any rational woman happy: youth, beauty, independent means, hosts of friends, and, well, everything that goes to make life desirable in this nineteenth century of ours."

"Allowing all that, my dear," her husband replies quietly, "even those great blessings amount to little in the end. There is something even more a woman craves, and that is a love pure and disinterested. The longing will come to her sooner or later to love and be loved, and if she should be disappointed in just that one thing, all those other blessings are poor in comparison. How many girls have frittered away the best part of their lives, and wrecked the remainder, so to speak, the substance for the shadow, and ending at last in accepting men wholly unsuited to them. I could point you out half a dozen of them at this moment, my dear. Women who were once sweet and lovable, and have become in consequence disappointed and embittered. Ah, well," he adds, with a little sigh, "if girls would only be sensible, and even if, when they are gifted to more than the average degree, they would remember that one good, honest affection is worth its weight in gold."

"You are right, of course," Mrs. Grantly replies, and there is a troubled ring in her voice, "but I cannot imagine Madge ever disappointed or embittered, why, with a bright smile, "she is the brightest, most lovable little woman in existence, no man could help being fond of her. Why, Robert, to begin with, if I remember rightly, Arthur appeared to actually half worship her, they were continually together, he was her most devoted slave, and he told me himself he thought her one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen."

"And then you know," his wife continues, "Madge as much as told me, in fact acknowledged, she cared for him, and gave him every encouragement?"

"She certainly did," her husband replies, a little coldly. "And I can give you the guide to it all, if you wish. I can assure you positively, my dear, Arthur was truly and deeply in love with her, he has his faults I daresay, but he is not a man to love lightly, he is too noble and whole-souled for that. He acknowledged to me himself he was fond of Madge, and had asked her to be his wife and she consented."

"Madge never told me anything about this," Mrs. Grantly cries, indignantly; "not one word!"

"Well, my dear, all the same it is the Ladies desiring Butcher's Celebrated Pattens will find them, together with all the latest Periodicals, at 95 King Street. Give us a call. A. W. D. Knapp."

truth. You remember Madge received a telegram and had to cut her visit short and returned to New York a few days before Arthur left. Business in Montreal obliged him also to leave hurriedly, but I know when they both parted here, about this time two years ago, Madge had promised to marry him, and they were engaged. I feel positive also," the doctor adds, a flash of indignation in his blue eyes, "there is nothing between them now, and it is her fault!"

"Mrs. Grantly does not answer, but her face has grown very pale, and her hands tremble slightly. "It is a wonder," she says at last very slowly, "you have never told me of this before!"

"Well, my dear, what good would it have done. I took it for granted, besides, that Madge had confided in you, and as you were silent on the subject, also, I thought to let it rest altogether?"

"I am very fond of them both," Mrs. Grantly says, a little tremor in her voice, "and I thought at the time if they fell in love with one another it would be so suitable. I never dreamt, though, that things had gone quite so far, though I have often wondered if the liking they appeared to feel for each other, was real or feigned. And, Madge, of course, has her faults, like the rest of us; but she is not heartless and unfeeling."

"Ah, well, my dear, I certainly hope she is not, for every one's peace of mind, but," with a hurried glance at his watch, "I have a consultation at nine, so must be off. I don't think I'll be home for luncheon either, little woman." So with a smile and a kiss he hastily dons his coat, and snatching his hat and cane, runs lightly down the stone steps and is lost to view.

With a smile, Mrs. Grantly watches her husband depart. When he is quite out of sight she turns away with a little sigh. Soon after, Jane and her mistress are arranging and disarranging different rooms, and Mrs. Grantly is not a little perplexed which her fair guest would prefer. "Madge is so fond of pretty things," she muses, "and she has everything so lovely at home."

The day wears on to its close. It is uncertain and rainy; but inside all is brightness and warmth. Six o'clock chimes out from the old cathedral bells, and the day for toil is over. With a little sigh, Mrs. Grantly ensconces herself in a deep arm chair, and places her slippers feet on the burnished fender. As she gazes into the burning coals, her thoughts fly back to the days of her girlhood—to the old school days, where she and Madge Neville first met. The step was a short one from acquaintanceship to friendship, and soon they became bosom friends and companions, though some years Madge's senior, they were as fond of one another as sisters almost. Blessed with uncommon beauty and talents, since her debut into fashionable life, only the girl's naturally bright and loving disposition has saved her from becoming a spoiled and selfish beauty. Madge had always been so true and open, telling her all her little secrets and little love affairs, that the idea of her keeping silence, especially concerning Arthur, troubles Mrs. Grantly more even than she will allow to herself. A slight tap at the door rouses her from her reverie. One enters with a card on the salver. One glance is enough. She springs to her feet, and is out of the room before the astonished girl can realize the fact. As she enters the drawing-room, a fair, handsome, military-looking man rises to greet her, a broad smile curving his lips. "I thought I would give you a surprise," he says.

"And you have certainly accomplished it, and a most pleasant one too," Mrs. Grantly replies, bestowing upon him at the same time, a substantial proof of her delight and regard.

"I thought I would take you by storm, you see, I have only six weeks' leave of absence, hardly worth while one would think to take a trip across the ocean. Still I wanted to see you all, and have also some business that needs looking after personally in Montreal. I thought on the whole it would be pleasanter to give you a surprise—so here I am!" He concluded with a laugh.

"You certainly are," Mrs. Grantly allows, joining in merrily. "You are looking well too," she adds inspecting him from head to foot, "better even than you did the last time we saw you, now two years ago."

For a moment only his clear gray eyes, and he turns his face away. But it is for a moment only, and he is his own bright self again.

"I am so sorry Robert is not in, but I am expecting him every moment, he has gone down to meet an old friend of ours who will be here by the 7.20 train I think, they will be here," with a hurried glance at her watch, "at any moment." If her life had depended upon it, poor Mrs. Grantly had not the friend was, and judging from her ambiguous words and manner, Captain Strachan came at once to the conclusion it was an elderly lady expected.

"Oh, well, I shall give him a little surprise at my rate," he rejoins, "I intended writing him first, and then thought better of it."

"Yes, he will be so delighted to see you, he," but a familiar steps catches her ear, and Madge Neville's sweet laugh rings out. "With a cheery "Well, my dear, here we are!" the doctor leads in his young guest, and the surprise all round is mutual.

One glance, and all the bright color fades instantly from Miss Neville's face, a cold look creeps into her eyes and the small gloved hands tremble ever so slightly. Captain Strachan himself has drawn up, if possible, another inch higher, and receives the cold little bow she disdains him, with a reserve equal to her own. Mrs. Grantly is thoroughly disconcerted, and glances appealingly at her husband, whose face at the moment is a study.

"A nice couple to entertain," he thinks, "what a time Mary will have between them both!"

But Mrs. Grantly is a wise little woman in her way. She appears not to notice there has anything gone wrong at all, and with wonderful tact breaches over the awkward *contredans*. Through dinner and later on in the cosy library where they all gather round the bright fire, Madge is as gay as ever, but her jests and sallies are reserved for the doctor and Mrs. Grantly only. Never once does she glance at Captain Strachan, he might as well not be in the room.

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existence for all the attention she bestows upon him. Sitting at Mrs. Grantly's feet, the flickering firelight playing on the coils of her rich dark hair, her lovely eyes sparkling with merriment one moment then shadowed with doubt the next; every curve of her slender, graceful figure outlined by the bright flames; she is indeed a picture of young and beautiful womanhood.

A half amused, half indignant smile curves Captain Strachan's lips, as he sits silent and listens to her laughter and jests. His own heart is heavy enough, his thoughts bitter enough, and she can laugh and jest—and forget so soon. "So soon," and his firm lips trembled slightly. Only two years ago—she is not an arm's length from him now—and she has forgotten he is in the room at all. It seems all so hard for him to forget—it appears as if she had never remembered. "God knows," he muses bitterly to himself, "I never thought there could come a time when I could see her—could sit and listen to her voice, and then feel thankful that I am nothing nearer than an acquaintance now."

The pretty timepiece on the mantel chimes out ten, and a weary look creeps into Miss Neville's eyes.

"You must be worn out," Mrs. Grantly cries, remorsefully. "How thoughtless of me, but time has passed so quickly; will you come now, dear?"

"Yes, I will. I confess to feeling a little worn out." She rises as she speaks, and holding out her hand to the doctor, bids him good-night with the sweetest of smiles: one cold little bow to Captain Strachan, then linking her arm in that of Mrs. Grantly, the two ladies leave the room together.

The next morning at breakfast, Captain Strachan announces in a slightly constrained manner, that he is afraid his business affairs will compel him returning immediately to Montreal. In vain the doctor and Mrs. Grantly argue and expostulate; his mind appears firmly made up. Madge never opens her lips or raises her eyes, but she has grown almost as pale as the white cashmere morning gown she wears.

"When do you think then of going?" the doctor asks after a still little pause. "I should like to get away, if possible, tonight," he answers, "but tomorrow morning early will do."

"Then we will not see you again?" One glance at the cold, lonely face opposite him, and he answers: "I think not."

How beautiful she is! He cannot help admitting it to himself. The heavy, dark hair is coiled in rich masses around her small, pretty head, and the long, black lashes rest against the creamy skin. But the pretty red lips are set in a cold determination, and nothing but a most scornful disdain flashes from her eyes. She wears but one ring, a circlet of diamonds, and he wonders, as he catches its gleam, if a lover has placed it there. The doctor laughingly hands her a button-hole bouquet. She smilingly accepts it, placing it in the belt of her gown, which seems to fall in straight, Grecian-like folds around her. As she lifts her eyes, she meets his fixed upon her, and then for the first time they gaze long and steadily at one another. A strained silence follows, and poor Mrs. Grantly rushes to the rescue.

"By the way, Arthur, while I am thinking of it," the doctor remarks, "what has become of your cousin? The one they call Arthur, too! Is he in your regiment yet?"

"Oh, yes, he is still in the 23rd. He was married about six months ago, to a Miss Blanche Fairley, a girl with lots of money and very little good looks to boast of, but awfully nice, I believe. Do you know?" he adds, with a laugh, "it has been deuced awkward for both of us, being both Arthur Strachan, we are so often mistaken for each other, and both being in the same regiment, and though I am some three or four years older than he is, we look very much alike; altogether it's quite a nuisance. We are all the time getting each other's letters, so to save further trouble, one of us, I think, must take on an extra name and be called by that."

"I forget now," Mrs. Grantly says, "how you both came to be given the same name; some family arrangement?"

Capt. Strachan laughs. "Why, you see, his father and mine were brothers. I was born in India, and named after my grandfather, and then a few years later my uncle names his boy after him, too. It seems strange we should be both in the same regiment, though; don't you think so?"

"Very," the doctor agrees emphatically. "He has never been out of Canada?"

"No, never," Capt. Strachan replies. "I was present at his wedding, which was a very pretty affair. He—ah, Miss Neville, are you faint? Let me get you a glass of wine?" for Madge had risen, swaying slightly, her face deadly white.

"No, no," she murmurs, her color returning again. "It was just a little faintness; I am much better now—thank you."

But she does not eat a mouthful; and her lips tremble slightly as she turns her face away that he may observe the change she feels has come over her. Mrs. Grantly is alarmed. She feels, instinctively, something has gone very wrong, and it is not her health; unless with a scorching look at

the pale, suffering face, she is not strong, and won't confess it.

"Madge shall tell me all—everything," thinks the quiet-determined little woman to herself. "I am going to get at the bottom of all this, before I am twenty-four hours older."

It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, when Dr. Grantly bustles into the surgery. "Do you care about having a spin around, Arthur? The horse is at the door."

"Thanks, awfully; but I prefer a cigar if you don't mind," Captain Strachan replies, laughing.

The doctor smiles; shakes a case of instruments at him, reprovingly, and disappears in a thoroughly hurried and professional manner.

The young man begins by making himself comfortable and stretching out full length on the sofa, lights a cigar and though late in the day, starts with the laudable intention of perusing the morning papers. He is deeply interested in the political debates or, at least, appears to be until he hears his own name.

The speaker is Mrs. Grantly and she is addressing someone earnestly. The door leading from the library into the surgery is wide open, and he hears every word as if she were speaking to him. Clearly, quietly she repeats her question:

"Now, Madge, will you tell me the meaning of this hard feeling between you and Arthur?"

"Yes, if you wish, only—with a half sob—"don't blame me too much—promise me?"

"Certainly dear! For I know, without the telling, that you have suffered."

"Oh, yes, I have suffered so much, Mary, though I have not a long story to confess. I can tell it all to you in a few words; but oh, I am so tired."

"Can it be possible," he thinks, "that this faint, sweet voice is the same that filled him with so much bitterness last night?"

"Don't tell it to me then," he hears Mrs. Grantly urge, "if it wearies you at all I can wait, dear."

"No, no, Mary; I wish you to know now, for I can rest better. You remember Arthur and I met here for the first time two years ago. We liked each other from the first, and though many men," with a little sigh, "if I confess it myself, have offered themselves to me he was the only man I ever loved." With a groan Arthur Strachan buries his face in his hands and waits for the remainder, "How I believed and trusted in him," the sweet voice continues, "and God knows he was worthy of it. Ah, well, before we parted, I had promised to be his wife in June, and I was so happy, so jealously happy, I wished no one to know—not even you, and left without telling you one word, though I intended writing you all particulars. I had only been home a week, when one evening, at a large reception, I met a Miss Leigh. I took a great fancy to her from the first and we soon became quite friendly. In the course of conversation one day she informed me of the engagement of her cousin, Blanche Fairley, to Arthur Strachan of the 23rd Regiment. For a moment, Mary, it seemed as if the whole world turned black to me. But I wanted further proof. She went on to say they had been lovers for years, but Arthur was such a desperate flirt, Blanche felt actually uncertain about giving herself to him. Everything though was satisfactory at last, and the lovers were happy together. As a last hope, I asked a description of him—she gave it without the slightest hesitation. I had no more doubts, I must think of Arthur Strachan in the future only as a man lost utterly to every feeling and sense of honor—a man unworthy of any woman's affection. But, oh! it was hard. It was so bitter trying to live it all down, and make myself believe I had never cared. I wrote him one letter, in which I told him I never wished to see his face, or hear of him from again, and that his own conscience, if he had any, would tell him the reason, without further words on the subject. He wrote me, but I burnt his letter unopened. Twice again letters from him reached me, but I destroyed them all unread. Looking back upon it all now, I can see my folly."

"Oh, Madge, dear," Mrs. Grantly groans, "how could you do it?"

"At first," the girl continues, drearily, "I thought I would never get over it—the blow, both to my pride and affection; but time softens everything, and I resolutely put it all from me, and to the world was gay and brighter than ever—or, at least, I tried to be. If I died for it, no one should guess how bitterly and deeply I had been wounded. So time has passed, and then I come up to visit you again, and he appears suddenly on the scene, too, and I find, oh, Mary, that I have made a dreadful mistake, and he is not by any means the scoundrel I believe him to be. I find suddenly, he has a cousin by the same name, in the same regiment in England; and that this cousin, and not my Arthur, was the one engaged, and now married, to Miss Fairley. Oh, Mary," she cries, with a passionate sob, "what a wretched mistake it all has been."

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Grantly answers, gravely. "But do her eyes deceive her? It is not too late to make it all right, little woman, if you will," and Arthur himself is kneeling beside her, his whole soul in his eyes.

With a little smile, Mrs. Grantly slips from the room, knowing full well she will not be missed, or her absence greatly regretted.

"Madge, darling," he whispers, "I have heard it all, and I don't blame you. Perhaps, dear, I should beg your pardon for listening, but I knew and had listened to it all before I realized I had been playing the contemptible part of an eavesdropper. Can you forgive me, dear? Every word of

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"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c. "THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing July 8, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 6.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and points north.

FULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. 8.45 a. m.—For Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points west; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock.

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, for St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 1.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.30 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west, also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at 6.00 a. m.; 3.35 p. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached.

Vancouver at 11.15, 10.55 a. m.; 17.10 p. m. Woodstock at 17.50, 10.30 a. m.; 18.20 p. m. Houlton at 17.40, 10.30 a. m.; 18.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.00, 11.40 a. m.; 13.15, 10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.45 a. m. Fredericton at 16.00, 11.20 a. m.; 13.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 5.45; 7.20 a. m.; 12.10, 17.10, 10.30 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 7.55 a. m.—Connecting with 8.45 a. m. train from St. John.

7.40 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. Trains marked 1 run daily except Sunday. (Daily except Saturday.) Daily except Monday.

F. W. GRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 7.00 a. m., and Carleton at 7.30 a. m., for St. George, St. Stephen, and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 a. m.; St. Stephen, 11.55 a. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.00 a. m., St. George, 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.40 p. m., St. John at 1.00 p. m.

FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 lbs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky freight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleton, before 6 p. m.

BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance.

W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. Stephen, N. B., June 17, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889--Summer Arrangement--1889

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.00

Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.10

Fast Express for Halifax, 11.30

Express for Sussex, 11.50

Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 8.20 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 8.30

Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec, 11.50

Fast Express from Halifax, 14.50

Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 19.10

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi, 23.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1889.

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, 10th June, trains will run as follows:—

No. 1. Lv. BUCTOUCHE, 7.30

Lv. MONCTON, 16.45

Little River, 7.48

Lewisville, 10.49

St. Anthony, 8.04

Humphreys, 10.53

Cocagne, 8.20

Tristram, 17.15

Notre Dame, 8.22

Cape Breton, 17.25

McDonald's, 8.38

Scotch Sett., 17.33

Scotch Sett., 8.50

McDonald's, 17.45

Cape Breton, 8.58

Notre Dame, 18.00

Irishtown, 9.08

Cocagne, 18.03

Humphreys, 9.30

St. Anthony, 18.19

Lewisville, 9.34

Little River, 18.35

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