TO SIRIEL.

As slumber on mine eyelids fell, There came before me in the gloom, There came within my cheerless room, With love-lit eyes and cheeks abloom, On yesternight, A vision bright, As slumber on mine eyelids fell.

'Twas she, 't was she! I knew full well, For, as she passed across the floor, I knew her by the smile she wore, Whose radiance soothed my spirit sore-Fair as a bride

My couch beside-As slumber on mine eyelids fell.

Drawn by some love-enchanting spell, I touched her wavy, silken hair, And felt her warm face, blushing fair, And breath, as sweet as mountain air-What time birds sing In joyous spring,

As slumber on mine eyelids fell.

This is no idle dream I tell, No fancy's harp-born, lyric strain; For all that stirs the heart and brain By day the night reveals again-Thou only, dear,

Did'st reappear, As slumber on mine eyelids fell! -A. H. Chandler in Boston Transcript.

# JOHN AND LUCY.

There had been mist all day. It had completely enwrapped the farmhouse and the waste that girdled Low Edge. At 3 o'clock Lucy Somery, peering through a corner free from the ice glazing which obscured have his looks noticed while he said: the other panes of glass, saw the fine work that had been going on under the white veil. The veiled sun was having a struggle with the remaining mist; now and then a gleam got free and indicated that before long the sun might hold its own against the misty veil.

The red ball looked as if he telt the cold; Lucy shivered, and turning from the window stirred the fire on the open hearth; then she went to a box below the sideboard, and taking up a log, east it on the fire.
"Eh, what? What is it, my lass?" A

prodigious yawn, and then Farmer Somery sat upright and looked about him.

He was a tall man, but his neck was short, and therefore his fresh-colored face, with its framing of black hair, only here and there touched with gray, seemed, as he sat, to sink forward on his chest. He had the farther end of the yard. broad shoulders and strong hands, and yet his face gave an impression of weakness. "What is it?" he asked again.

Lucy smiled. "I only put a log on the fire and it waked | you there?" you. As you are awake, father, perhaps you'll tell me what it is you want me to

She seated herself on the wooden settle beside the hearth. Lucy was very tall; she moved perhaps a trifle stiffly, but sitting as she did now, still, and in a listening attitude, she looked a grand woman. A young Juno, with broad white forehead and blue kindling

"Well, lass, it is soon said-can you manage without Peggy? I'm not sure that -" he hesitated and once more fingered | the woman, he looked so weak and gentle, | talk. She could not see her way. Wal- afternoon church; today her father has his waistcoat button-"that we have any call to a help at Low Edge."

Lucy was still looking into the fire, and to all appearance she saw something pleasant in it. Gladness shone in her eyes, and the smile that curved her lips made them lovely, but she did not let her father share this joyful feeling; she bent still closer over the hand she was toasting.

"Well?" he said, impatiently, "you're not taking it to heart, child. are you? It mayn't be for long, and I'll take all off you

Lucy got up abruptly, but she did not

"I'm very glad, father," she said as if she was in a hurry to get her words out. "Peggy's been more than tiresome lately, and Walter will do all that's hard for me without grudging."

Farmer Somery uncrossed his legs, sat upright, and looked more decided than he could have been expected to look.

"No, lass, not that; I'll do it myself. I don't care to put more on Walter. The lad has plenty to do if he does it thoroughly. Maybe he's too tond of indoor jobs, for he's his tone to one of apology, though Lucy had stood still without as much as turning her head. "There, I don't want to blame him, but if you need help, mind, I'm ready to give it, Lucy."

"Thank you, father." She moved forward to the end of the room that looked on the farm yard, behind Mr. Somery's chair. She paused and gazed out of the window again in a listless, undecided way; her arms hung limply beside her and her head was bent forward.

All at once she raised it, listening to a sound outside. A horse was coming up the road; it stopped, and Lucy instantly opened the oak door at the end of the room and slipped out so quietly that her father did not notice her departure.

A man came in, bringing a blast of cold air from the entrance passage, his hearty manner and kindly expression seeming to protest against the chilly air.

"A happy New Year to you, neighbor."

He shook hands with Somery, who ad-

vanced a step to meet him. "Better late than never, but I'm only

now home again. I've done as I said. I've been to London since I saw you."

"Eh, have you so?" Somery smiled un-easily. There was a timid expecting look

"Yes," the visitor spoke, cheerfully, as is what he is; I wish he was careful of her, he seated himself and pulled a huge over- and then he would send that loafing lad he seated himself and pulled a huge over- and then he would send that loafing lad closed his eyes with a look of relief, as if "Why should you thank me? I am glad filled pocketbook from the front of his about his business. Somebody will have a he had shifted his burden to competent to have a tenant in it." He turned away greatcoat. "I have had the papers made out and I've got the needful. Your signature is all that is wanted, old friend."

Somery's lips quivered. He put out his side.

Somety's lips quivered. He put out his side.

"Eh!" she thought, "if her mother had

near I was to-"

over his shoulder. "Lucy, child, here's Mr. Rogers. Why, where's the lass gone? She was here a ter.

minute ago." Rogers turned to the farther window. Lucy was crossing the yard. The grave-taced, sturdy-looking man sighed as he watched her; then he came back to his and she could not answer herself.

seat opposite the farmer.

"Miss Son
in her hat and cloak."

"Miss Son
found you."
Lucy looke

"Miss Somery has just crossed the yard in her hat and cloak."

Somery looked at him. There was a sharp contrast between the two faces. In the father's ill. I've sent for Dr. Welch."

"Good day." She had not seen him for some time. He now took his meals in the kitchen with Mrs. Jakes. "Have you heard father's ill. I've sent for Dr. Welch."

"Good day." She had not seen him for kitchen with Mrs. Jakes. "Have you heard that we are to leave Low Edge?"

"Good day." She had not seen him for kitchen with Mrs. Jakes. "Have you heard that we are to leave Low Edge?"

Lucy's father had married young, but he was older than John Rogers, and he was handsomer. The young man had good features, but his eyes, though large and thoughtful, were of too light a gray to suit well with his dark skin and brown hair. Still he was more remarkable looking than Somery, from the strength and decision of his expression. When the signature had been duly executed, Somery pushed away the papers and then got up and closed the door left open by the exit of Peggy and Dick, who had been previously called in as witnesses.

, Pages obured

"I wish I could do something for you, Rogers," he said. John Rogers flushed. He opened his

mouth and tightly closed his lips to check the first words that had come. He frowned a little, then-

"You can do something for mc, but you will not like to do it, Somery." "Well?" said the other.

"It's the old grievance—that boy, Walter Player. If you'll let me do it I'll find him a good place, where he'll get looked after and well paid."

"Ah!" Somery sighed and looked un-easy; "you see I took him as a charge poor Townsend asked it of me."

"I've told you before," Rogers said, impatiently, "in your place I would not have accepted such a charge. The man died before his letter reached you. There had been no pledge given on your side—even if it were your friend's son I could understand it; but the son of his cousin, a fellow you know nothing about! You must expig yard, and it brooded over the outlying cuse me, but it is a quixotic piece of tolly."

"He's no fit companion for Miss Lucy; he's a handsome loafer, that's what he is." Somery smiled and closed his eyes, but he looked grave again when his friend turned round to the table. "Where did you think of placing the lad,

"In Australia, with a man I've known from a boy. He'd get plenty of work, plenty of food and thirty shillings a week. It would be the making of the fellow," Rogers answered, roughly.

The pond in the pig yard was frozen over, and the draggled ducks could only paddle among the blackened straw, less happy than some cocks and hens that were of his illness. amusing themselves on the dung heap at

Lucy's pale face had become rosy in the cold, nipping air, and this tint deepened when she reached the half-open barn door. indoors. "Walter," she said in a loud voice, "are

A lad came out so quickly that she started back in surprise.

at one another. Walter was hardly any taller than she was and in some ways he low and shining instead of being dark red since. and his fair skin was more sunburnt, but She his eyes were as blue as Miss Somery's

her companion.
"Will you please go and see who has come?" she said: "he came on horseback, so you can tell without going in; I think it is Mr. Rogers."

Walter's handsome face became sulky. He moved slowly across the yard, then he "You want to know, I suppose, so that

you may go in and see him? The girl looked sorrowful at his mocking

"That is not likely, and you know it. I Walter smiled, he drew nearer, but she

"Please make haste," she said; "I have to go and see Mrs. Jakes; it will be dark to sign away every stick belonging to me,

He crossed the pig yard, and opening the gate, went through the farm yard to the

Lucy did not wait for his return. It occurred to her that Mr. Rogers might come out by the back way to look for her, and not learned much in six months of what she passed out into the lane, which took a he's kept to do." He suddenly changed sudden bend toward the village in the op-

posite direction from the pig yard. Mrs. Jakes' cottage was up a turning on the left. It had only three rooms, but it looked neat. The green spikes of crocus and snowdrops already peeped through the brown mold of the garden, and between window and door the wall glowed with scarlet berries.

Mrs. Jakes had been an humble friend of Mrs. Somery's, and Lucy often went to see her and listen to her stories.

To-day the patient-faced old woman felt that her visitor was absorbed by some thoughts of her own, and she was too sympathetic to go on with her talk.

She peered into the girl's face. "Are you well, dear, or is there somehing troubling you?"

Lucy smiled. "No, oh! no; I'm afraid I have been dull. Well, I'll make up for it next time. It's getting dark, and you know father connot bear me to be out late, he's so careful

She kissed the old woman, and then nodding back at her, she walked quickly along

the fast-darkening road. "She is a real beauty, she is." Mrs. Jakes stood looking after the tall, straight girl as long as she could see her. "How she do love her father; more's the pity he

ear I was to—"

own. Phebe Somery would have taken
He checked himself and looked timidly thought of her child before she succored a ergy. Yes, she must work to support her stranger."

Mr. Somery had once said to his daugh-"You may be mistress of Thorndale if

you please." This evening, as she went toward home, Lucy asked herself why this could not be, "Miss Somery-Lucy-thank God, I've | him.

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure for these complaints until the poison is eliminated from the system. To do this thoroughly, the safest and most effective medicine is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial.

"For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine."—G. C. Brock, Druggist Lowell Mass gist, Lowell, Mass.

"My wife was for a long time a suf-ferer from tumors on the neck. Noth-ing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure."—W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

"Ill! ——" She put her hand to her forehead. "He was quite well when I left

She went on so fast that Rogers had to hurry to overtake her. "He seemed well when I started to go

Lucy's voice was so calm that it puzzled Mr. Rogers. In the gloom he could not

see how ghastly white she was.

"Thank you." She spoke gratefully, but that was all. It seemed as if she could not say another word till she had reached her father.

Farmer Somery still lay in bed or on the sofa, but he was now conscious of the changes that had taken place during the weeks

Mrs. Jakes was housekeeper, Lucy was nurse, an active, neat-handed maid had taken Peggy's place. Mr. Rogers often came, but Walter rarely showed himselt

from the doctor.

little hope that he would regain the use of living. Come, dear, we may never meet "I thought you were at the farther end," his limbs; but his power of speech was not again." He put his arms around her, when she laughed, and then they stood looking affected, and he might live for years to Mrs. Jakes opened the house door.

Lucy had been in the room during the was very like her, though his hair was yel- doctor's visit, and there had been silence

She sat beside the invalid's sofa, thinking. She had been devoted to her father were. Looking at the two it seemed that through this long illness, and had resisted she ought to have been the man and Walter | Walter's entreaties to come out and have a while she looked calm and strong. When ter could not manage the farm without Lucy spoke, however, she seemed shy of help, and how could they pay for help till the expenses of this illness were met? She wondered if her father had laid by money, Walter had not spoken openly, but she him. He said Mr. Rogers had invited wondered if her father had laid by money. Walter had not spoken openly, but she knew that he loved her, and she—well, she had not known what happiness meant before Walter came to Low Edge. Yet, now, in considering the position, Lucy thought of her father, and tried to put Walter, and her feeling for him, aside.

"Lucy." She turned to the sofa. Her father looked very grave. "Yes, father."

"Do you mind the day I was took ill, I asked if you could spare Peggy?" "Yes, father."

"I ought to have told you then. I ought | while Lucy was at church. to have said, 'Look here, lass, I'm going so as to stave off my creditors."

"Did you sign?" Lucy looked dazed. "Yes. Well, my lass, even that cup and spoon belong to John Rogers. What can we do, Lucy?

Lucy's hands trembled so that she turned away from the gaze he fixed on her. "I must look to you now for help," he went on. "I can't renew the lease of this place. Likely as not a new tenant has

offered himself; Rogers got the agent to waive the customary notice.' Lucy rose as she turned round. Her arms hung straight beside her, but there was a determined look on her face.

"Mr. Rogers can advise you better than was it? What had come between her and I can. I should have said, 'Stay on here;' but, then, I don't understand business." He looked very sad, and she could hear

sound of reproach in his voice. "There's no money to pay men or rent. either. I owe still a few sums which I did not care to trouble Rogers with. I thought," his face flushed, "this Michaelmas, when you come of age, you'd may be lend me the cash. You know there's 100 to Somery, beaming with smiles; and there coming to you then. I won't take it all, child," he said, pleadingly.

She gave him a cordial smile. "I wish it had been more, father, then you might have done without so much help

There was a pause. Lucy stared into the opposite wall, with her hands clasped

"You have not told me what we are to do." Her father spoke fretfully. "Must we decide at once?" She had

been thinking, but she could not find a "We ought not to lose time." Then he

out and I've got the needful. Your signature is all that is wanted, old friend."

Somery's lips quivered. He put out his hand and warmly shook the other man's.

hand and warmly shook the other man's.

"You are something like a friend, John Rogers," he said. "You don't know how near I was to—"

Now Phobe Somery would have taken up with near I was to—"

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted, old friend."

She went back to the chair by the fireture is all that is wanted. Her father tried to draw her into that back is waited. Her father tried to draw her into that back is waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. But back is waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. But back is waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father tried to draw her into talk to Somery. Waited. Her father

father and pay his debts.
At last she came back to the sofa. She bent over her sleeping father, listened, and then she went softly out by the door at the further end of the long room. Walter Player was standing near the

cart-shed. His face was full of discontent. It did not brighten when Lucy came up to

Impure Blood CLOVES are going wonderfully well. We know what is doing it. Five out of six will say---Their prices are doing it. Anyhow, we can't help seeing they're going uncommonly. Suppose you

can get a better Glove than you thought for 64c., and you can't get over seeing that the Glove is really better than you expected, is it the price that makes you buy or the better Glove? Are you going to hide your good fortune from everybody? In truth, the Glove is in fit, style and durability equal to any HIGH-CLASS GLOVE. Made in Button, Foster Lace Fastening and Stud Clasp. with Plain and Stitched Bucks.

## FAIRALL & SMITH,

## KID GLOVE AGENCY, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

"It's bad enough as it is. Why do you come and tell me? Heard, d'ye say? Of course, every one has heard-your father's | mend it, won't you?" bankrupt."

get a place as lady's maid." "You'll go to service—you!" He looked disgusted. Presently he took her hand and

clasped it between his. "Look here," he said hoarsely; "I meant to have asked you to marry me; I was going to do it-what was enough to keep you and your father would keep me—and then I got this news. "He seemed well when I started to go home, and then I heard young Player shout, I put the lad on my horse and came away to find you."

"Was father left to Peggy, then?"

I call it a burning shame for a man to go on keeping everything dark, and letting others take fancies in their heads. If I'd to think of my feelings at all." He took known the truth I'd not have stayed a week in the place, and then I should have been drew it away.

spared this." She looked up in surprise and yet timid-ly; every word had stabbed her, but as she "I did all I could think of. He's on the met his eyes the keenest wound of all was sofa in your parlor, and is warmly wrapped his unconsciousness of her suffering. His eyes were full of passionate love, but Lucy

felt a want of something in their expression.

"Good-by," she said; "we had better
part now. You will find friends wherever you go." She could not speak, she felt

"I suppose I shall, but I shall find nothing like you-you darling." He suddenly tried to put his arms around her, but she drew

herself away. "I must see father first now," she said: "but if he had not had this illness, it might

have been, Walter." "No," he said angrily. "Contound him, that's the worst of it. It seems he's been To-day Somery had received his sentence in debt for years. He used to bet at the much I love you." races, you see. No, I could never have He was partly paralyzed, and there was married you, my girl. I've got to make a tage. He did not smile at Lucy, though

"Lucy," she looked gravely at the young pair, "Mr. Somery wants you."

It is a bright Sunday afternoon in August. Mr. Somery sits in a garden chair under a porch, purple and white with clematis, and Lucy sits near him. She usually goes to asked her to stay at home. After all her careful thinking, her father told her he them to Thorndale until they could find a home, but Lucy refused this invitation, and they moved into a little cottage just outside Mr. Rogers' garden. The girl laid aside her book, and sat puzzling over her own thoughts. She had absolutely refused to keep a servant, so she seldom had a quiet time like this. In the old days Mr. Rogers seemed to care for her, and she knew her father thought so. Since they had come so near him Mr. Rogers had only come twice to see her father on Sunday afternoons

At first she had felt glad of this avoidance. Her pride shrank from seeing the man from whom her father had accepted so much obligation. She did not know whether the weekly money Somery gave her for food and necessaries did not also come from Mr. Rogers. Lately she had earned a little by doing plain sewing for the rector's daughter. But for this lady's visits Lucy would have had no one to speak

Lucy's thoughts had gone back a good way. How kind Mr. Rogers used to be. She could remember when she looked forward to his visits, and all at once he had become so stern in his manner to her, and she had shrunk from seeing him. What her old friend? And then a vision of a fair face, with passionate, adoring blue eyes, passed before the girl, and she put up her hands to shut it out.

The gate clicked, opened, and some one came in. Lucy looked up and saw Mr.

He did not see her, as she sat a little hidden by her father's chair. He came up he saw Lucy, and a grave, awkward expression took their place. "I hope I see you well, Miss Somery,

he said, stiffly. Somery remarked the change of tone. He looked anxiously from one to the other. "What is it? Have you two quarreled?" The farmer's voice was so feeble that the

question sounded pathetic. Rogers stared defiantly; he felt too nervous to speak. Lucy put her hand in his.

"I am so glad to see you at last," she said, gratefully. "I have been wanting to thank you for giving us this cottage."
"Why should you thank me? I am glad and began to talk to Somery. Lucy

"Good-by, father. I'll soon be back. Good day, Mr. Rogers."
She nodded as she passed.

She went in the opposite direction from Thorndale, along a lane fragrant with honey-suckle, flaunting its pink and yellow beauty on the hedges. At the end of half an hour she thought she might go back. Her heart was sore.

"I will keep out of his way in future," she thought. She turned and saw Rogers coming to-

He stopped when they met, and Lucy Advt.

He put up one shoulder and looked un- melted when she saw how very sad his eyes

"Mr. Rogers, how have I vexed you? Please tell me; if I can mend it, let me His stern frown frightened her; he put

Lucy bowed her head, and a red flush out his hand to stop her words. came in her cheeks. "Don't speak like that," he sai "Don't speak like that," he said. "What "What are you going to do?" she asked. I had to do was hard enough, and you have 'We must both work hard; I shall try and | made it harder. Your father-well, I've promised him I'll ask you to marry me. Wait, if you please. I know on your side it would only be a bargain, but, of course, it would add to his comforts. Please understand, I came to say this before you

spoke as you did just now." Lucy had reddened, then she grew white and looked at him with such scared eyes

"Please don't mind," she said; "may I

ask two questions?" He gravely bent his head. The man's heart was beating strongly, but he kept his eyes from her fair face.

"Won't you tell me why-why you left off being friends with me?" Was it"—she Bangor at 16.00 a. m.; 13.35 p. m. Parker Car atstammered—"was it because of Walter tached; †7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at \$11.15, 10.55 a. m.; †7.10 p. m. His face said "Yes," but he did not

The next question did not come so easily to Lucy. She twisted her fingers together more than once before she spoke. "Is it," she said, abruptly, " because of

father that you ask me to-to marry you?" He could speak now. His soul seemed to shine out of his eyes as he fixed them on "My girl," he said, "can't you teel how

she had promised to be his wife; he asked to speak alone with her. "Look here,"-he did not offer to kiss her, he had gone back to the old brotherly manner he used to have before her troubles -"Walter Player is going to Melbourne,"

he said, "but he wants to see you first.

Go out and say good-by to him, Lucy;

you'll find him at the gate. I'll go and talk with your father." Lucy looked at him, then she stood a moment thinking.
"Well, lass," he said, "why not-why

not see the lad?" She put her arms round his neck and kissed him. "You are a noble man, John," she said,

"We will go to the gate together, dear, and say good-by to Walter Player." John put his hand on her head, but he only said in a choking voice, "God bless

### you."-Philadelphia Times. A Few Hens For Profit.

One of the most successful men with a few hens, that we know, is Mr. A. F. Hunter, who conducts a small but very profitable poultry farm near Boston. It has been well said of him "he writes sound common sense for his readers and he evidently knows what he is talking about.' His long connection with the New England Farmer and contributions to the poultry columns of other papers has taught 'practi-cal people to look upon him as an authority upon poultry raising topics. He is an easy pleasant writer who learned all he knows by hard earned experience. For this reason alone we believe he is especially fitted to edit a poultry paper. And we are more than gratified to receive a copy of a new poultry paper,—entitled FARM POULTRY, -wherein Bro. Hunter figures as having entire charge of the editorial columns. The paper is to be published monthly from the house of I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., and is to be devoted entirely to the interest of persons raising poultry on farms, and in the suburbs of towns. "How to make money with a few hens" is the motto of the new paper. If any one can give points on that motto, it is Mr. Hunter; for he has the faculty of making his hens lay when prices are highest. Last year 113 pullets and 12 year old hens paid him \$157 in one hundred and fifty-four days, during the winter, a record not easily beaten. The publishers propose to give the readers of FARM POULTRY from eight to twelve pages of new, fresh, live, interesting experiences of practical persons in each number, all for the small sum of fifty cents per year. A list of breeders and market men will be published monthly, worth many times the cost, to any one desiring to buy or sell poultry and eggs. On receipt of 50 cents in stamps, I. S. Johnson & Co. will send the paper to any address, one full year, or a sample copy for five cents. Address FARM-POULTRY, 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass.-Advt.

Kissable girl (suddenly)-"Take care, some one will see you!" Good-looking

annoying but are difficult to cure. You will not be disappointed it you try Baird's French Ointment. It also cures insect stings, piles, chapped hands, etc. Sold by all dealers.—Advt.

wore a wide, antique collar and band cuffs." The paper said she wore "a snide antique collar and handcuffs." For cramps, cholera, diarrhœa, summer

The reporter wrote that Miss Blank

Lucy held her head up, and a warm flush drick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.—

RAILWAYS.

"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 16.40 a. m.-Fast Express for Bangor, Portland,

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

3.00 p. m.—Fast Express, for St. Andrews, St-Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock and "via Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and the West. CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL.

t4.45 p. m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-nediate stations. 18.30 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Povtland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Henl ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BUSTON RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, \$3.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Woodstock at †7.50, †10.30 a. m.; †8.20 p. m. Houlton at †7.40, †10.30 a. m.; †8.30 p. m. St. Stephen at †9.00, †11.40 a. m.; †3.15, †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †7.55 a. m.; 3.25 p. m. Fredericton at †6.00, †11.20 a. m.; †3.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at #5.45; †8.20 a. m.; †2.10, †7.10, †10.30 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. †7.55 a. m.—Connecting with 8.45 a. m. train trong 1.430 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from

EASTERN STANDARD TIME! Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. WDaily except Monday. A week after, Rogers came to the cot-F. W. CRAM, 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 inter-mediate points, arriving in St. George at 9.50 am.;

LEAVE St. Stephen at 8.90 a. m., St. George, 10.00 a. m.; arriving in Carleton at 12.40 p.m., St. John softly, as she felt his strong heart-beats. FREIGHT up to 500 or 600 hs.—not large in bulk—will be received by JAS. MOULSON, 40 WATER STREET, up to 5 p. m.; all larger weights and bulky

reight must be delivered at the warehouse, Carleon, before 6 p. m. BAGGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will

### 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. 7.09
Accommodation for Point du Chene. 11.10
Fast Express for Halifax. 14.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halitax at 8.30 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 Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., June 8, 1888.

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

All trains are rur by Eastern Standard time.

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

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 .....16 49 Humphreys ....16 53 Irishtown .....17 15 St. Anthony .... 8 04 Cocagne ...... 8 20 Notre Dame.... 8 22 McDongall's ... 8 38 Scotch Sett..... 8 50 Cape Breton.... 8 58 Irishtown..... 9 08 Cocagne......18 03 St. Anthony....18 19 Little River....18 35 Humphreys .... 9 30 Lewisville..... 9 34 AR. MONCTON... 9 38 AR. BUCTOUCHE. 18 53

Trains will connect at Moneton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Planfax. Returning will leave Moneton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax. C.F. HANINGTON, Moneton, June 9, 1889.

Shoo Fly! Don't Bother Me. I get FLY SCREENS from BEVERLY.

50 cents Each. SUITS ANY WINDOW.

BEVERLY, the Wringer Man. who sells on Instalment plan. A. & J. HAY,

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc. JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER and REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET.