

THE BELLS OF LYNNE.

The night is falling, the north wind blows, It bitters bells over marsh and lea; The ploughman clings to his cap as he goes, And the curlew tilts in the spume of the sea.

But far and faint, and sweet and thin, Oh, hear the bells from the old gray town, The ancient, red-roofed city of Lynne, That lies where the winding hills come down!

As soft as the bitter winds are blown, The smiting winds, from the fields of snow, So often the bells of Lynne float down To the dunes and the desolate wastes below.

As soft as the human heart is torn By the pain of loss, by the strife of sin, So oft are the bells of heaven borne O'er the sobbing wastes, like the bells of Lynne.

—James Buckham, in the Congregationalist.

FOILED BY HIMSELF.

[Concluded.] CHAPTER II.

"Has Mrs. Crawford gone up-stairs to her room yet?" It was Mr. Barnett who spoke.

"No, sir."

"Would you tell her, please, I wish to see her here in the library?"

"Very well, sir."

The servant departed; and in a short time Mrs. Crawford made her appearance. It was now Monday evening, and on the morrow the funeral of Mr. Monkton would take place.

"Sit down, Mrs. Crawford," he said addressing that lady. "Close the door, please; I do not want any one to hear what I am going to say."

"Dear me, I hope there's nothing wrong," said she. "I was just thinking of going to my bed. Miss Ashley is away up-stairs to hers, and Henry Monkton to his. What was it you were wanting?"

"I will tell you directly. Has Miss Ashley said anything to you about Mr. Monkton's will?"

"No, and I didn't like to speak of it to her, but you'll know all about it?"

"Henry Monkton has not spoken about it either, has he?"

"Not to me; but I couldn't have told him anything about it. I didn't think he has mentioned it to Miss Ashley. He is maybe feared in case he hears that he's not to come in for anything. He'll be wanting to keep on hoping as long as he can."

The solicitor could not repress a smile at this last sentence. "I will tell you why I sent for you, Mrs. Crawford. I suppose you are not particular whether you get to bed for an hour or two yet?"

"Oh, no. If you're wanting me, I can bide up brawly."

"I want you to give me a hand in looking through these book-cases. I have had some of the books down already. The fact is, Mrs. Crawford, I can't find Mr. Monkton's will; and I have searched every place that I can think of. I know he used to keep it in this room."

"Mercy on us! The idea o' that! canna find the will! Where can it have gane, think ye?"

"I only wish I knew. It should be produced and read at the funeral tomorrow. If I don't find it, I will have to read from the draft; but Henry Monkton will probably demand production of the principal. It will be a fortunate thing for him if it cannot be got."

"Ay, I darsay; but we mauna let that happen. Miss Ashley is left something in it, I hope?"

"She is left everything with the exception of some small legacies to the servants, and an annuity to his brother sufficient to keep him above want. You are remembered in it also. But if the will is not found, Henry Monkton will take everything, as his brother's sole heir."

"Will he, the vagabond! I was vexed to see't. Tell me what to do, and we'll begin at once."

"Well, we will take down these books one by one, and see if the will is not by accident between the leaves of one of them, or it may even be at the back of the book-case."

"There was silence in the room for a considerable time while the search went on. Eleven o'clock struck. They were the only two awake in that large house. Mr. Barnett was the first to speak."

"Did Henry Monkton tell you that his brother and he were on friendly terms before the death happened?" he inquired.

"He says he met him last Tuesday in town, and that they spoke to each other; but I can't believe it."

"This is the first time I've heard o' that; but I've spoken to Henry Monkton as little as I could."

"I asked Miss Ashley if Mr. Monkton had mentioned it to her, and she said he had not. He would surely have told her if it had been the case."

to the other two. This will was drawn out and signed prior to the quarrel between the brothers. The one I want was executed after that time."

"It would be very sick sorry to see him get anything, much less two-thirds. We have had as will at onyrate. The other may not be far aft. We'll finish what we're at, I reckon. Is that will for nae use at a'?"

"In the event of us not finding the other it will be. It contains a provision for Miss Ashley, which is one good thing. If there was no will, she would get nothing. If the other is not forthcoming, we must act on this one."

"Do you think Mr. Monkton would ken o' that will being inside the book?"

"No; I don't think he would. That book does not seem to have been disturbed for a long time. He must have thought he had destroyed it. But yet—the solicitor stopped short in his speech as a sudden thought struck him. "If it be true that his brother and he had been friendly again, he may have burnt the last will, intending to make a new one; or he might be aware of the existence of this one, which would do perfectly well," he said. "He may have even burnt the will on the evening on which he died. Was there any appearance, Mrs. Crawford, of his having burnt any papers?"

"I heard the housekeeper say he had been burning some papers; but, of course, they might be some auld letters or things o' no consequence."

"Quite possible. We will not assume that it is burnt yet, till we see.—There goes twelve o'clock. Another twenty minutes and we will have finished.—What's that?"

It was a noise like that faint creaking of a door, distinctly heard through the stillness of the house, seemingly coming from one of the rooms on the floor immediately above. Mr. Barnett and Mrs. Crawford both strained their ears to listen. For the space of nearly a minute they heard nothing.

"Perhaps it's Miss Ashley or the housekeeper looking out to see if the hall gas is still lit, or if we are up-stairs," Mr. Barnett said. "I hope it is not that brother spying about to see what we are after. If he had happened to be outside this door a little while ago, he might have heard us talking of the will.—There it is again. Some one is certainly awake up-stairs."

Listening intently, they now heard a slight sound, as of a footstep coming slowly down the stairs, step by step. The footstep seemed too light to be that of Henry Monkton; it must be either Miss Ashley or the housekeeper, Mrs. Bolding.

"They're taking their braw time, whoever it is," said Mrs. Crawford in a whisper. "They have got to the foot of the stair now. They're coming in here.—The Lord preserve us; it's Mr. Monkton himself!"

The door had opened, and a tall figure in white walked slowly into the room. Mrs. Crawford, almost fainting with terror, covered down on the floor and clung to the tails of the solicitor's frock coat. Both were on the opposite side of the desk from the apparition, which advanced with noiseless tread into the centre of the room, and there paused, regarding them with a fixed stare. It held something in his right hand like a long blue packet. Mr. Barnett, his blood freezing in his veins, stood literally paralyzed and incapable of motion. He felt his hair rise on his head. For the space of one dread minute he actually believed that the spirit of his dead friend stood before him. Then came a wild feeling of relief as he recognized the apparition. It was not the dead man in the spirit, but his brother in the flesh, whom he beheld. It was Henry Monkton in a fit of somnambulism.

There he stood, clad in nothing but his long night-shirt, his feet bare, his eyes wide open and unseeing, utterly unconscious of where he was or in whose presence. It was the first time in his life that Mr. Barnett had beheld anyone thus walking in their sleep. The sight to him was something ghastly and terrible—a sort of a life in death. What was the man going to do? What was that which he held in his hand?

Mr. Barnett stooped down and whispered his discovery of who the apparition was into the ear of the terrified Mrs. Crawford, who quickly recovered from her fright, and both together watched the movements of the somnambulist, who seemed uncertain what to do next. First he laid down the blue packet he carried on the desk, which the solicitor now saw to be a long envelope, evidently containing something. From this envelope the sleeping man drew forth a document, which he opened and seemed to glance over, after which he reloaded and returned it to the envelope. This he laid on the desk, left it there, and walked forward to the fireplace, where he stood for a minute or two leaning against the mantelpiece, apparently wrapt in thought. Struck by a sudden thought, Mr. Barnett bent across the desk, took up the envelope, drew out the document enclosed and hastily scanned it over. A single glance was sufficient. It was the missing will.

Quick as thought he snatched up the will from Mrs. Crawford, which was lying beside him, thrust it into the envelope, and slipped the newly discovered one safely into his pocket. Next he leant over and softly placed the envelope with its new enclosure back where it had lain. It was but the work of a second or two; Mrs. Crawford watching him the while with bated breath, half suspecting what the envelope had contained.

The somnambulist, after standing in the same position at the fireplace for some seconds longer, returned to the desk, took up the will, went again to the fireplace, and held the envelope and its contents above the now burnt-out fire, as though about to drop them into the flames which he imagined he saw. Then he turned hurriedly and glanced towards the door, but as if wishing to hide it from the gaze of someone, stood for a minute in that position, and then slowly walked out of the room, closing the door behind him. Mr. Barnett darted after him and followed him cautiously up-stairs. He watched him until he saw him go along the corridor and enter his room in safety; after that the solicitor returned to the room below.

"Mercy on us! did ever any mortal see the like o' that?" This exclamation burst from the lips of Mrs. Crawford as Mr. Barnett rejoined her in the library. The good woman had recovered the use of her tongue, and was inclined to laugh at her recent fears. "I really thought it was the dead man himself," continued she. "Eh,

but he was awfu' like him, though!—What paper was that ye took? Was it the will, and had he got it after a'?"

"Yes; it was the will. Here it is, safe and sound. He may do what he likes with the one he has got. I will take care this one does not fall into his hands again."

"But how could he come to get it, think ye?"

"That is quite easily understood, Mrs. Crawford. Mr. Monkton must have had it beside him the night he died, and it would be lying among the loose papers on the desk. His brother, hunting amongst these papers on his arrival here, had found the will; and knowing that if it were destroyed or put out of the way, he himself would be heir to everything, resolved to repress it. I remember you said he seemed a little confused when you entered the room. You had probably disturbed him while perusing the will. He has had it in his possession all along. The wonder is that he has not burnt it before this. Perhaps he could not make up his mind whether to destroy it or give it up. I can understand now his non-interference with things. He knew that the game was in his own hand."

"It maun preyed on his mind to a terrible extent, though. That man be what caused him to walk in his sleep?"

"No doubt. He seemed to be acting over again what occurred in this room when he found the will. You saw him look towards the door, as if he had heard some one coming, and then put his hand behind him, apparently to hid his will?"

"Ay, he just looked something like that when I saw him the first day standing by the fire. I'll not forget what I have seen this night in a hurry.—Ye're sure that's the right will now?"

"Yes; there's no doubt of it this time. It is dated 5th August, 1881, exactly four months to a day later than the other."

Mr. Barnett's supposition as to the manner in which Henry Monkton had got possession of the will was quite correct. He had found it on Mr. Monkton's desk amongst the other papers; and after reading it was unable to make up his mind whether to destroy it or leave it somewhere where it might be found by Mr. Barnett.

Mrs. Crawford had disturbed him in the library before he had had time to read it, hence he hastily folded it up and carried it with him to his room till he could peruse it at leisure.

Prior to his meeting with Mr. Barnett in the garden he had, after much inward discussion, determined to destroy the will; and as he knew the solicitor to be well aware of its existence, he invented the story of having met his late brother in London, and of having become reconciled to him, in order to raise a belief in Mr. Barnett's mind, when he found the will not forthcoming, that Mr. Monkton might have destroyed it, intending to make a new one. He was made aware of his brother's visit to town on the Tuesday through an acquaintance who had met him coming from Mr. Barnett's office.

About half an hour after Mr. Barnett had retired to his room, Henry Monkton suddenly awoke from the deep sleep into which he had fallen, and sat up in bed unaware that he had ever left it. His room was not quite in darkness, for a small flame suddenly shooting up from the fire, dimly lit the surroundings. The light attracted his attention.

"I have been dreaming of that cursed will again," he muttered, trusting his hand under his pillow to feel if the document were safe. "Fully fifty times have I resolved to destroy it, and as often something has held me back. The fire is still burning. I will be tormented no longer. This very minute it shall be consigned to the flames; then surely I shall have peace. It is an unjust will. It should never have been made. That girl, an utter stranger, to get everything, and I nothing. Not while I live to prevent it."

Not allowing himself one instant for reflection, he rose, and crossed the room quickly to the fireplace. The flame was still burning invitingly. By its light he read the writing on the back of the envelope, to make himself certain that it was the one containing the will, then thrust both envelope and its contents into the fire. With glittering eyes he watched the creeping flame speedily devour them. For some seconds the whole room was brilliantly illuminated, and then came darkness. The incubus was removed; the will was gone forever!

Mr. Monkton's funeral was over. Dust had been consigned to dust, to await the final resurrection. The next act in the drama was the reading of the dead man's will, an event usually looked forward to by eager prospective legatees.

In the drawing-room, after the funeral were assembled, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Ashley, Henry Monkton, Sir Andrew Dawson, Mrs. Crawford's son Peter, who was a clerk in the city, and Mr. Barnett. Several of the principal servants were also present. Henry Monkton, in spite of his best efforts, could not wholly conceal his agitation. Miss Ashley appeared calm and composed. She was thinking more of the kind guardian she had lost than of what he had left behind him. Mr. Barnett, who had the will in his pocket, now rose to speak.

"You all know, of course, that it is customary for the will of the deceased person to be read immediately after the funeral," he began, fixing his eyes on Henry Monkton, who quailed under their keen glance. "But before I say more, I wish to know, supposing the principal will not at hand, if I may be allowed to read from the draft which I have here? Draft and principal are precisely alike in substance."

No one spoke for some seconds. No one, indeed, had any interest to speak save Henry Monkton. Miss Ashley was no relation to the deceased, and Mrs. Crawford and her son were but distant connections. Mr. Barnett was about to resume when Henry Monkton interrupted him. "What is the good of reading from the draft?" he said. "We must have the will itself. Where is it? Why have you not got it?"

"These inquiries, Mr. Monkton, you are probably in a better position to answer than myself. Have you no idea where your brother's will is?"

The question was put so direct that Henry Monkton lost his temper. "What do you mean?" he said in an angry tone. "How should I know anything about it? It is not likely I shall gain anything by it. You would take care of that while framing it, I'll bet."

Mr. Barnett, without taking notice of this inuendo, simply said: "Then you know nothing of the will? You have not seen it?"

"No; I have not seen it, it that will satisfy

you; and now kindly proceed. I suppose the upshot of all this is that there is no will?"

"Oh, no. You are mistaken; the will is here all right enough," Mr. Barnett said, producing it. "But I have to thank you for its restoration, as well as for its disappearance; I only got it last night."

Henry Monkton amazed and confounded at the production of the will, which he could only conclude to be a later one than that which he had burnt, had not a word to say. He was, however, at loss to understand the last sentences uttered by Mr. Barnett. "I do not understand you," he said at length. "I have no connection with the will whatever. If it was ever lost, it is evidently found again. Be kind enough to leave me out of the matter altogether; I know nothing about it."

"My friends," said Mr. Barnett, "look at this man. He comes down here pretending regret for the brother he has lost, and with a lying story on his lips that his brother and he, who for a very long time had not spoken to each other, had become friends again a week today—three days before that brother's death. He finds his brother's will in the library, reads it, and seeing that he himself is left almost nothing, and that this innocent girl here inherits everything, resolves either to destroy or conceal it. In his policy he does not assume the mastership here; he interferes with nothing, knowing well that he can bide his time; and this for the purpose of deceiving those around him into a belief that he neither expects nor desires to gain anything by the death of his brother. He intended no doubt to counterfeit surprise when no will was to be found. This will which I hold in my hand is the one taken from the library by that man. Up till last night, at 12 o'clock, it was in his possession, at which time it found its way into my own."

Not one of the hearers was half so much astonished at hearing this speech as was Henry Monkton. Believing that he had burnt the will which he had found, he was amazed at what he heard. But he thought he saw an opening to prove the falsity of some part at least of the solicitor's statement.

"You will all observe," said he, rising and gaining courage, "that this gentleman accuses me first of sealing my brother's will, then, apparently, of restoring it again. This restoration, according to his story, would seem to have taken place last night at midnight. At that time I was in bed and asleep; he, for aught I know, was the same. I did not see him after dinner yesterday. The whole tale is a base fabrication."

"It is true. I have a witness here.—Mrs. Crawford, will you kindly tell me whether you saw last night? Perhaps you will convince him."

"Deed, I'll soon tell, and no be backward either," said Mrs. Crawford; and she proceeded to relate in detail what she had seen: the white figure entering the library; her terror when she saw, as she thought, the apparition of her dead relative; the packet which it carried in its hand; how the figure turned out after all to be Henry Monkton himself, walking in his sleep; and how Mr. Barnett had succeeded in substituting the one will for the other.

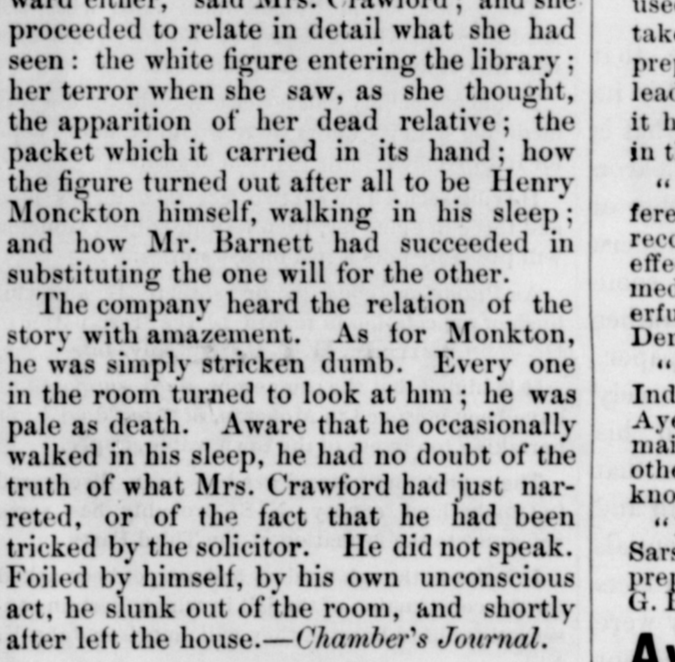
The company heard the relation of the story with amazement. As for Monkton, he was simply stricken dumb. Every one in the room turned to look at him; he was pale as death. Aware that he occasionally walked in his sleep, he had no doubt of the truth of what Mrs. Crawford had just narrated, or of the fact that he had been tricked by the solicitor. He did not speak. Foiled by himself, by his own unconscious act, he slunk out of the room, and shortly after left the house.—Chamber's Journal.

Divorced from her Dead Husband.

The rare ceremony of divorcing a woman from her dead husband according to the old requirements of the Mosaic law took place at the B'Nai Jacob Synagogue. The woman was Mrs. J. Levin, whose husband, a peddler, was killed on June 27 by two tramps. She had no children, and the old law of the orthodox Jews is that in such a case the dead man's eldest brother is to marry the woman and raise up children in the name of the deceased. Mrs. Levin, however, did not desire to marry Israel Moses Levin, her husband's brother, nor her. She had to be divorced, and as there were not in Louisville two orthodox Jewish rabbis, who were required to perform this ceremony, they were brought here from Chicago. The divorce took place in the synagogue in the presence of a small congregation that had thrifly been charged 25 cents a head.—Omaha Herald.

For cramps, cholera, diarrhoea, summer complaint, use Kendrick's Mixture. Kendrick's Mixture, a positive cure in nearly every case. Sold by dealers. 25 cents.

Ought to be the Best Model.



Herr Kutt (the barber)—Vell, young mens! Vot sthyle do you vant your hair cut? Tommy Tomkins—Same style as yours! —Puck.

The consciousness of having a remedy at hand for croup, pneumonia, sore throat, and sudden colds, is very consoling to a parent. With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, one feels, in such cases, a sense of security nothing else can give.—Adeit.

Mrs. Wickwire - If woman were given the credit she deserves. I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the worlds history.

Mr. Wickwire—I guess you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poorhouse.—Terre Haute Express.

RAILWAYS.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

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

Commencing October 7, 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.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 14.45 p. m.—Night Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 18.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Piquette, etc.

FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR. RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM Montreal, 18.30 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached. Bangor at 6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached. Fredericton at 7.30 p. m. Sleeping Car attached. Woodstock at 9.15, 10.35 a. m.; 12.10, 12.35 p. m. Woodstock at 6.00, 11.00 a. m.; 11.50, 12.20 p. m.

Houlton at 6.00, 10.55 a. m.; 12.15, 12.30 p. m. St. Stephen at 19.20, 11.30 a. m.; 13.15, 13.20 p. m. St. Andrews at 16.45 a. m. Fredericton at 16.20, 11.20 a. m.; 13.20 p. m. Arriving in St. John at 9.45, 9.05 a. m.; 12.10, 12.30 p. m.

LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE. 8.00 a. m. for Fairville. 4.30 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.

W. W. CRAM, Gen. Manager. A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. Agent.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY!

St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after THURSDAY, Oct 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

LEAVE St. Stephen at 7.45 a. m., St. George, 9.50 a. m., arriving in Carleton at 12.25 p. m., St. John at 12.45 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.

BAULGAGE will be received and delivered at MOULSON'S, Water street, where a truckman will be in attendance. W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

Intercolonial Railway.

1889--Summer Arrangement--1890

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..... 14.30 Express for Sussex..... 16.25 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax 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 Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 11.50 Fast Express from Halifax..... 14.50 Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 20.10 Express from Halifax, Piquette and Mulgrave..... 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 etc. by Eastern Standard time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

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

BUCTOUCHE AND MONCTON RAILWAY.

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

No. 1. No. 2. Lv. BUCTOUCHE, 7.30 Lv. MONCTON..... 10.45 Little River..... 7.45 Lewisville..... 10.49 St. Anthony..... 8.04 Humphreys..... 10.53

Cocagne..... 8.20 Irishtown..... 11.15 Notre Dame..... 8.22 Cape Breton..... 11.25 McDougall's..... 8.28 Scotch Sett..... 11.33 Scotch Sett..... 8.50 McDougall's..... 11.45 Cape Breton..... 8.58 Notre Dame..... 11.90 Irishtown..... 9.08 Cocagne..... 11.93 Humphreys..... 9.30 St. Anthony..... 11.19 Lewisville..... 9.34 Little River..... 11.35

AR. MONCTON..... 9.35 AR. BUCTOUCHE..... 11.33 Trains will connect at Moncton with I. C. R. trains Nos. 9 and 2 to St. John and Halifax. Returning will leave Moncton after arrival of Nos. 4 and 1 from St. John and Halifax. C. F. HANINGTON, Manager. Moncton, June 9, 1889.

HOTELS.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 25 to 32 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Modern Improvements. TERMS, \$1.00 per day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 cts. W. E. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL DUFFERIN, ST. JOHN, N. B. FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOUSE, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the City. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

WILL LEAVE "HEAD OF BELLISLE" every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Indiantown. Returning, will leave wharf at Indiantown every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 11.30 p. m. G. MABEL, Manager.

NOTICE.

The purpose of a General Overhauling preparatory to taking up the winter service, the S. S. "CITY OF MONTICELLO" will be taken off the Bay Route for TWO OR THREE WEEKS, during which time the service will be continued by the STEAMER "DOMINION," and the days of sailing will be Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, and the hours of sailing will be 7 A.M.

H. D. TROOP, Manager.

When You Need

An Alternative Medicine, don't forget that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cocke, Denton, Texas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: 'I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten.'"

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."—G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W. T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

STEAMERS.

FALL ARRANGEMENT. For Washademoak Lake and Oromocto. UNTIL further notice the above favorite steamer will leave her wharf, Indiantown, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 a. m., local time.

Afternoon Service.

Steamer OSCAR WILDE will leave Indiantown for Oromocto every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 1 p. m., returning leaves Oromocto MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 7.3