PROGRESS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 1.

IN WINTER.

Oh, to go back to the days of June, Just to be young and alive again, Hearken again to the mad, sweet tune Birds were singing with might and main! South they flew at the summer's wane, Leaving their nests for storms to harry, Since time was coming for wind and rain Under the wintry skies to marry.

Wearily wander by dale and dune Footsteps fettered with clanking chain. Free they were in the days of June; Free they uever can be again. Fetters of age and fetters of pain, Joys that fly and sorrows that tarry; Youth is over and hope were vain Under the wintry skies to marry.

Now we chant but a desolate tune-"Oh, to be young and alive again !" But never December turns to June, A length of living is length of pain. Winds in the nestless trees complain; Snows of winter about us tarry; And never the birds come back again Under the wintry skies to marry.

ENVOL.

Youths and maidens, blithesome and vain, 'Time makes thrusts that you cannot parry; Mate in season, for who is fain Under the wintry skies to marry?

-Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE BUTT OF THE CAMP.

He was a mean-looking specimen, this Simon Gillsey, and the Gornish Camp was not proud of him. His neck was long, his mouth was long and protruding, like a bird's beak, his hair was thin and colorless, his shoulders sloped in such a manner that his arms, which were long and lean, seemed to start from somewhere near his waist.

His body started forward from the hips, and he used his hands in a deprecating fashion that seemed to beseech so much recognition as might be conveyed in a passing kick.

He was muscular to a degree that would never be guessed from his make-up, but the camp was possessed with a sense of shame at tolerating his presence, and protected its self-respect by reminding him continually that he was considered beneath contempt.

Simon seemed quite unconscious of the difference between the truth and a he. It was not that he lied from malice-the hands said he hadn't "spunk" enough to know what malice was-but sheer mental obliquity led him to lie by preference, that the less he saw reason to believe

hastily to his neighbor. Gillsey would wake up with a nervous yell, and grabbing his toe, seek to extricate it from loop. Then would come another and sharper pull at the other toe, diverting Gillsey's attention to that member.

The game would be kept up till the bunks were screaming with laughter, and poor Gillsey bathed in perspiration and anxiety. Then the boss would interfere, and Gillsey would be set free.

These are only instances of what the butt was made to endure, though he was probably able to thrash almost any one of his tormentors, and had he mustered spirit to attempt this, all the camp would have seen that he got fair play. At last, however, it began to be suspected **Lot 4**,

that Gillsey was stealing from the pork barrels and other stores. This was serious, and the men would not play any more jokes upon the culprit. Pending proof, he was left severely to himself, and enjoyed comparative peace for nearly a week.

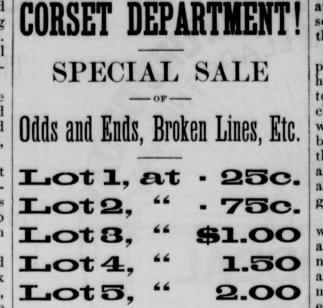
This peace, strange to say, did not seem to please him. The strange creature hated to be ignored, and even courted further indignities. No one would notice him, however, till one night when he came in late, and undertook to sleep on the "deacon-seat."

A word of explanation is needed here. The "deacon-seat"-why so called I can-not say-is a raised platform in front of the fireplace, between the chimney and the tier of bunks. It is, of course, a splendid place to sleep on a bitter night, but no one is allowed so to occupy it, because in that position he shuts off the warmth from all the rest.

The hands were all apparently asleep when Gillsey, after a long solitary smoke, reached for his blanket, and rolled himself up on the coveted "deacon-seat," with his back to the glowing logs. After a deprecating grin directed toward the silent bunks, he sank to sleep.

Soon in the bunks arose a whispered consultation, as a result of which four stalwart woodsmen climbed down, braced their backs against the lower tier, doubled up their knees, and laid their sock feet softly against the sleeper's form. At a given signal the legs all straightened out with tremendous force, and poor Gillsey shot right across the "deacon-seat" and into the midst of the fire, bringing up with a thud upon the back-logs.

With a yell he bounced out of his scorching quarters and plunged into his bunk, not burnt, but very badly scared. After that he eschewed the "deacon-seat."



This is a rare chance for Bargains, many of these Corsets being marked

HALF PRICE. _____ ALSO _____

THE VE WAIST, FOR GIRLS,

in White and Drab, reduced to

60c. EACH. Our lady patrons are respectfully solicited to call and see the above goods, which are all laid out on our counters in the

Special Room for Ladies' Corset and Underwear Departments. Manchester, Robertson & Allison

a great circuit to get round a spur of the hills, it was hardly less than three times as far.

To Gillsey, in his log hut on a lofty knoll by the stream. the winter had gone by rather happily. The degradation of his punishment hardly touched him or his bar-One had to look twice to be sure that she barous brood; and his wages had brought him food enough to keep the wolf from the door. He had nothing to do but to sit in his cabin and watch the approach of spring, while his lean boys snared an occasional rabbit.

At last, on a soft moonlight night, when the woods were full of the sounds of melting and settling snow, a far-off ominous

apologies for not getting to camp sooner, so as to give the boys time to save something. The demonstrative handshakings and

praises and gratitude of the men whom he had snatched from a frightful death seemed to confuse him. He took it at first for chaff, and said, humbly, that "Bein' as sis wanted him to git thar in time, he'd did his best." But at length it dawned upon him that his comrades regarded him as a man, as a hero, who had done a really splendid and noble thing. He began to feel their gratitude and their respect.

Then it seemed as if a transformation was worked upon the poor cringing fellow, and he began to believe in himself. A new, firmer, manlier light woke in his eye, and he held himself erect. He began to move about among the woodsmen as their equal, and their enduring gratitude gave his new self confidence time to ripen. From that day Simon Gillsey stood on a higher plane. In that one act of heroism

he had found his slumbering manhood. When the camp was established in the same place the following winter, Gillsey came seeking to be employed, and was taken into the party without question or remonstrance. He was no longer the "butt of the camp," but gave indications that a certain amount of dignity and self-respect had been awakened in him, so that

not once during the winter was he made the object of the old practical jokes.

"Sis," too, came several times to the camp, openly, and though she was rough and uncouth, the men had heard how she had been the agent who had aroused Gillsey to, perhaps, his first manly act, and they always loaded her with good thing to take

home with her.-Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Youth's Companion.

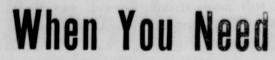
Her Presence of Mind.

A handsome young woman, with short, curly hair, wearing a double helmet cap and a tight walking jacket, was passing down State street. Her soft blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a certain feminine something about her were the only evidences,

> wasn't a beautiful boy. Directly in front of the State street entrance to Marshall Field's retail store she was overtaken by an accident. Her skirt fell down.

Under the old regime the situation would have been indescribably embarrassing.

It was embarrassing as it was. The young woman looked down in dismay at At last the unfortunate wretch was roaring smote his ear and turned his gaze the limp garment around her feet. But the caught purloining the pork. It became down to the valley. Down the s'ream, on moment she looked down she realized that known in the camp, somehow, that he was the still night, came the deadly, rushing she was perfectly clad in a dark-colored



An Alterative 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.



RAILWAYS.

3

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

"ALL RAIL LINE " TO BOSTON, &c.

THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing December 30, 1889.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at ^{†9.40} a. m.-Express for Bangor, Portland Bes-ton, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton and Woodstock.

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

11.20 a.m.-Express for Fredericton and inter-

4.10 p. m.-Fast Express for Fredericton, etc., and, via "Short Line," for Montreal, Ottawa, Tornto and the West.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR TO MONTREAL. 18.45 p. m.-Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Heul ton, Woodstock, Presque Isle. PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.

RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM

Montreal, 17.35 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car attached.

Bangor at †6.00 a. m. Parlor Car attached; 7.30 p m. Sleeping Car attached. Vanceboro at ¶1.15, †10.20, †10.45 a. m.; †12.25

. m. Woodstock at †6.15, †10.35 a.m.; †8.00 p. m. Houlton at †10.25 a. m.; †8.00 p. m. St. Stephen, at †8.50 a.m.; †10.20 p. m. St. Andrews at †8.05 a. m. Fredericton at †7.00, †10.00 a. m.; †2.55 p. m. Arriving in St. John at ¶5.45, †10.00 a. m.; †1.30,

2.30, †6.50 p. m. LEAVE CARLETON FOR FAIRVILLE.

18.30 a. m. for Fairville and West. 13.15 p. m.-Connecting with 4.10 p. m. train from

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

Trains marked † run daily except Sunday. ‡Daily except Saturday. ¶Daily except Monday. 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 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 fbs.—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. ties just now to the

W. A. LAMB, Manager. St. John, N. B., Oct. 2, 1889.

truth would conciliate his comrades.

He used to steal tobacco and other trifles whenever he found a good opportunity, and when he was caught his repentance was that of fear rather than of shame.

At the same time, the poor wretch was thoroughly courageous in the face of some physical and external dangers. The puni-est man in the camp could cow him with a look, yet none was prompter than he to face the grave perils of breaking a logjam, and there was no cooler hand than his in the risky labors of stream-driving. Altogether he was a disagreeable problem to the lumbermen, who resented any element of pluck in any one so unmanly or meagrespirited as he was.

In spite of their contempt, however, they could ill have done without this cringing axeman. He did small menial services for his fellows, was ordered about at all times uncomplainingly, and bore the blame for everything that went wrong in the Gornish Camp.

When one of the hands was in a particularly bad humor, he could always find some relief for his feelings by kicking Gillsey in the shins, at which Gillsey would but smile an uneasy protest, showing the conspicuous absence of his upper front teeth.

Then again the Gornish Camp was waggishly inclined. The hands were much addicted to practical jokes. It was not always wholesome to play these on each other, but Gillsey afforded a safe object for the ingenuity of the backwoods wit.

For instance, whenever the men thought it was time to "chop a fellow down," in detault of a greenhorn from the older settlements, they would select Gillsey for the victim, and order that reluctant scarecrow up to the tree-top. This was much like the hunting of a tame fox, as far as exhilaration and manliness were concerned; but sport is sport, and the men would have their fun, with the heedless brutality of primitive natures.

This diversion, though rough and dangerous, is never practical, save on green hands or unwary visitors ; but all signs fail in dry weather, and for Gillsey no traditions held. When he had climbed as high as his tormenters thought advisable-which usually was just as high as the top of the tree—a couple of vigorous choppers would immediately attack the tree with their axes.

As the tall trunk began to topple with a sickening hesitation, Gillsey's eyes would stick out and his thin hair seem to stand on end, for to this torture he never grew accustomed. Then, as the men yelled with delight, the mass of dark branches would sweep down with a soft, windy crash into the snow, and Gillsey, pale and nervous, but adorned with that unfailing toothless smile, would pick himself out of the debris and slink off to camp.

The men usually consoled him after such him ample compensation.

In camp at night, when the hands had all belongings, and told to "streak" for home. press. ST. JOHN, N. B. no words to tell them their awful peril. gone to bed, two or three wakeful ones would As he seemed reluctant to obey, he was A Serial by a New Writer, kicked into something like alacrity. Not staying an instant, every man ran for A Clearer Statement. sometimes get up to have a smoke in the The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly op-posite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. MISS FANNY MURFREE, the hillside, barefooted in the snow. Ere firelight. Such a proceeding almost always When he had got well out of sight the "Now, Patrick, in regard to wages, I'll Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms-\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIME, Proprietor they reached a safe height Gillsey stumbled resulted in skylarking, of which Simon woodmen returned to their camp. As for would be the miserable object. Perhaps the wretched Gillsey, after the lamentations give you thirty dollars a month, with board, Sister to "Charles Egbert Craddock," and fell, utterly exhausted, and for a fifty dollars without board. moment no one noticed his absence. the arch-conspirator would go to the cook's wherewith he enlivened his tramp had sunk "I don't understand that, sor; but I'll QUEEN HOTEL, SOME FORGOTTEN Then the boss of the camp looked back to silence, he began to think his bundle flour-barrel, fill his mouth with dry flour, take fifty dollars a month and ate meself, and then, climbing to the slumbering Simon's bunk, would blow the dusty stuff stump to examine it. To his blank amazeand saw him lying motionless in his tracks. FREDERICTON, N. B. or I'll take thirty dollars, and lave me ate Already the camp had gone down under the torrent, and the flood was about to you."-N. Y. Sun. POLITICAL CELEBRITIES. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. in a soft, thin stream all over the sleeper's ment he found a large lump of pork and a small bag of flour wrapped up in his A spring medicine is needed by everyone. lick up the prostrate figure; but the boss Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. face and hair and scraggy beard. This process was called "blowing him," and was turned back with tremendous bounds, A Series of Papers by Winter food, largely consisting of salt meat dilapidated overalls. swung Gillsey over his shoulder like a sack and animal fats, causes the liver to become counted a huge diversion. On soft nights, when the camp was hot and damp, it made, of course, a sufficiently The snow was unusually deep in the FRANK GAYLORD COOK, VICTORIA HOTEL, of oats, and staggered up the slope, as the water swelled with a sobbing moan from disordered and the blood impure, hence woods that winter, and toward spring there came a sudden, prolonged and heavy thaw. The ice broke rapidly and every loosened brook became a torrent. Past the door of the necessity of a cleansing medicine. The Also Stories, Poems, Travel Sketches, Essays, Papers on Education, Politics, Art, etc., by the best American Writers. ST. JOHN, N. B. his ankles to his knees. best is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.-Advt. nasty mess in the victim's hair, but Gillsey, Seeing the situation of the boss, several by contrast, seemed rather to enjoy it. It TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. With life-size portrait of Haw-thorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional por-trait, \$1.00. Keep on Trying. never woke him up. the camp, which was set in a valley, the more of the hands, who had climbed to a D. W. MCCORMICK, Proprietor. If with a maiden you're in love, And round her waist are trying To get your arm, while she resists With efforts most undying. level of safety, rushed to the rescue. They If the joker's mood happened to be more Gornish River went boiling and roaring seized him and his burden, while the others boisterous, the approved procedure was softly to uncover Gillsey's feet and tie a like a mill-racer, all forgetful of its wonted DOYAL HOTEL, formed a chain, laying hold of hands. serene placidity. **4** Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by ST. JOHN, N. B. long bit of salmon twine to each big toe. With a shout the whole gang surged up the From the camp to Gillsey's wretched Don't get excited, fume nor prance, Nor beat your breast and pound it. Upon her waist just keep your eye, And you'll discover if you try Some way to get around it! After waking all the other hands, the conhill,-and the river saw its prey dragged money-order, draft, or registered letter, to cabin was only about ten miles across the mountain, but by the stream, which made out of his very teeth. spirators would retire to their bunks. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., T. F. RAYMOND, Presently some one would give a smart After a rest of a few moments Gillsey 4 Park street, Boston, Mass. tug on one of the strings, and pass it over quite recovered and began most abject Out at Sea. Proprietor. -Lawrence American.

was an explanation of his raids upon the provisions, for nobody in the camp would for a moment imagine that Gillsey could,

unaided, support a family. One Sunday night he was tracked to a hollow about a mile from camp, where he was met by a gaunt, wild, eccentric-looking girl, who was clearly his daughter. The two proceeded to an old stump concealed under some logs in a thicket, and out of the hollow of the stump Gillsey fished a lump of salt pork, together with a big bundle of "hard-tack" and a parcel or two of some other kind of provender.

The girl threw herself upon the food like a famishing animal, devoured hugh mouthfuls, and then, gathering all promiscuously into her scanty skirt, darted off alone through the gloom. As soon as she had disappeared with her stores, Gillsey was captured and dragged back to camp.

At first he was too helpless with terror to open his mouth; but when formally arraigned before the boss he found his tongue. He implored forgivness in the most piteous tones, while at the same time he flatly denied every charge. He even declared he was not married, that he had no family, and that he knew no one at all in the Gornish district or that part of the province.

But the boss knew all about him, even to his parentage. He lived about ten miles from the camp, across the monntains, on Gornish river itself. As for his guilt, there was no room for a shadow of uncertainty.

A misdemeanor of this sort is always severely handled in the lumber camps. But every man, from the boss down, was filled with profound compassion for Gillsey's family. A family so afflicted as to own Gillsey for husband and sire appeared to them deserving of the tenderest pity.

ness of the young girl that had moved the woodmen to let her off with her booty; and now, the boss declared, if Gillsey were dismissed without his wages-as was customary, in addition to other punishment-the family would surely starve, cut off from the camp pork-barrel. It was decided to give the culprit his wages up to date. Then came the rough-and-ready sentence of the camp-followers. The prisoner was to be "dragged"-the most humiliating punishment on the woodmen's code.

Gillsey's tears of fright were of no avail. He was wrapped in a sort of winding-sheet of canvass, smeared from head to foot with grease to make him slip smoothly, and hitched by the fettered wrists to a pair of horses. The strange team was then driven, at a moderate pace, for about half a mile along the main wood-road, the whole camp following in procession and jeering at the unhappy thief.

When the man was unhitched, unbound, and set upon his feet,-not physically the an experience with a couple of plugs of worse for his punishment save that, pre-"black-jack" tobacco-which seemed to sumably, his wrists ached somewhat,-he sumably, his wrists ached somewhat,-he was given a bundle containing his scanty

miserable and shiftless as himself. Here The tall girl, she who had carried off the much more baggy than the style at present pork, heard the noise and came to her father's side.

> "Hackett's dam bust, shore !" she exclaimed in a moment.

Gillsey turned upon her one of his deprecating, toothless smiles. "'Taint a-goin' ter tech us here," said he ; "but I'm powerful glad ter be outer the Gornish camp ter-night. Them chaps be a-goin ter ketch it, blame the'r skins!"

The girl-she was a mere overgrown child of fourteen or fifteen-looked thoughtful a moment, and then darted toward the woods.

"Whar yer goin', sis?" called Gillsey, in a startled voice.

"Warn 'em !" said the girl, laconically, not stopping her pace. "Stop! stop! Come back !" shouted her father, starting in persuit. But the girl never paused.

"Blame the'r skins! Blame the'r skins!" murmered Gillsey to himself. Then, seeing that he was not gaining on the child, he seemed to gulp something down in his throat, and finally he shouted :

"I'll go, sis, honest I'll go. Yer kaint do it yourself. Come back home!" The girl stopped, turned round, and walked back, saying to her father, "They've kep' us the winter. Yer must

git thar in time, dad !" Gillsey went by the child, at a long trot, without answering, and disappeared in the woods; and at the same moment the flood went through the valley, filling it half-way up to the spot where the cabin stood.

That lanky youngster's word was law to the father, and she had .et his thoughts in a new channel. He felt that the camp must be saved, if he died for it. The girl said so. He only remembered now how easily the men had let him off, when they It was the pathetic savagery and haggard- | might have half killed him; and their jests and jeers and tormentings he forgot. His loose-hung frame gave him a long stride, and his endurance was marvellous. Through the gay and silver glades, over stumps and windfalls, through thickets and black valleys treacherous swamps, he went leaping at almost full speed.

Before long the tremendous effort began to tell. At first he would not yield; but presently he realized that he was in danger of giving out, so he slackened speed a little, in order to save his powers. But as he came out upon the valley and neared the camp he caught once more a whisper of the flood, and sprang forward desperately. Could he get there in time? The child had said he must. He would.

His mouth was dry as a board, and he gasped painfully for breath, as he stumbled against the camp door; and the roar of the flood was in his ears. Unable to speak at first, he battered furiously on the door with an axe. and then smashed in the window. As the men came jumping wrathfully from their bunks he found voice to yell: "The water! Dam broke! Run! Run!" But the noise of the onrushing flood was now in their startled ears, and they needed

a married man, and father of a family as sound, momently increasing in volume. divided skirt. The trousers were not worn by men. Her upper costume was in keeping with the lower.

Quickly recovering, she walked composedly, as a man might, into the store and up to the cloak department. Then she sent a clerk down to bring up her skirt. The score of witnesses were so paralyzed with admiration that they could not have made the incident a sensation if they wanted to .- Chicago Tribune.

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly

pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.-Advt.

His Position in the Firm

Smith-I understand you have formed a co-partnership.

Jones-For life. " Indeed !"

"Yes, I was married last week."

"What position do you hold in the firm ? "

"Silent partner."

"That's what I thought." - Yonkers Statesman.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."-Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.-Advt.

He Moved On.

Palmer-It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom. I have been talking within a week who are now dead: Curtleigh-I haven't the least doubt of

it. I'm sorry I can't stop to listen to you to-day, but the fact is I'm not prepared .--Boston Transcript.

It Materialized.

Lie One (time 11 a. m.) - Mother-Now, mind, Johnnie, there's a ghost in the dark closet guarding the jam !

Johnnie trembles violently and begins to water at the mouth.

Lie Two-(time 2 p. m.)-Johnnie-Oh, mamma! The ghost has eaten half of the jam.-To-Day.

Baird's Balsam of Horehound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup. hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief .--

Fencing Them Out. Mr. Williams-Wha' yo' doin' dat fo, Mr. Jo'son-puttin' mosquito nets up dis time in de vear?

Mr. Johnston-Waal, yo' see de doctor tole me de air war full of dese yer grippe micro bees; so I'se takin' precotions agin' gitten' 'em into de house.-Mail and Ex-



NEL

You can buy and sel from 10 to 1000 shares of stock, and proportionate mounts of grain and petroleum, on one per cent. (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest

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tor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks

information, and give customers the benefit of pri-vate wires to New York and Chicago. Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our ex-planatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

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PHOSPHORIZED

Clergymen, Singers and Public Speakers, will find Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion of the greatest benefit to them, where there is any tend-ency to weakness of the throat or Bronchial tubes,

as it soothes the irritated membrane, gives full-tone and strength to the vocal organs and imparts new life and vigor to the enfeebled constitution.

ATLANTIC FOR

SIDNEY,

A New Serial Novel by

MARGARET DELAND,

Author of

John Ward, Preacher,

OVER THE TEACUPS.

A Series of Papers by

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

FELICIA,

1890.



1889---Winter Arrangement---1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows :--

1 1 1 1 11

Intercolonial Railway.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 7.30 odation for Point du Chene.....11.10 Express for Sussex.....16.35

A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express trains leaving Halifax at 7.15 o'clock and St. John at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Que-bec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.20 and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.

The train leaving St. John for Montreal on Satur-day at 16.20, will run to destination on Sunday.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave ... 23.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.



Trains will run as follows: Leave BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 | Leave MONCTON, 15.30 Arr. MONCTON.....10.30 | Arr. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30

C.F. HANINGTON, Moncton, 14th Nov., 1889. Manager.

TICKETS - TO ----

MONTREAL and All Points West BY SHORTEST ROUTES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Travellers' Insurance Tickets for Sale. FRED. E. HANINGTON, TICKET AGENT, Intercolonial Depot.

HOTELS.

FLLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 TO 32 GERMAIN STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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