### THE END OF A FREAK.

"Who are you looking at, Harvey?"
"A rogue in grain who has blossomed out into a gentleman."

"Where? That fellow with the sprig in

"A sprig that cost half a guinea in Covent Garden. The last time I met Paul Winchcliffe he couldn't take five shillings on his palm without a gleam of joy."

"Ta-ra, old man. Bring you news of Carrie, if there's half a chance. "Which there won't be," said the other

with decisive gloom; "hope's dead." To this there was no answer. Doors were slamming; the whistle gave a short sharp shriek; with stately sinuous motion away went the Liverpool saloon train.

But though Harvey Mortimer had seen his brother off he did not at once leave Euston. Another departure was almost due from the opposite platform, and a curious fascination seemed to draw him over to that side.

The bell was even now ringing.

"Stand back, please sir," said the guard. But instead of obeying, the loiterer leaped into a vacant seat and in his turn was carried out of London. The notion that had seized him could only on review be called pure freak. He had no ticket; It was a spontaneous action. He had made so little preparation for any sort of jaunt that he was in the ridiculously shabby garments of Bohemia, at which trim Cyril, of the Cotton Exchange, directed so many shafts in vain. His plan at present only went one stage. He was curious to see what was Paul Whinchcliffe's destination. What twist of the wheel had brought this trickster to the top again? In the old days, when life had an engrossing pursuit—two, for art and love were rivals—there had been a great wrong and a contemptuous forgiveness. They had not met since, and that chip of ancient history would inevitably block the way, and prevent an outward recognition if their paths chanced to cross. So Harvey Mortimer thought.

But he was oddly inquisivive about Winchcliffe this afternoon. He kept a close watch on the platform when the train stopped, to see if the other got out. This happened at last, and Mortimer followed suit. "No ticket! too much hurry? Humph! you must pay from the start."

"Yes, first class if you like-how much?" The collector was suspicious that something was wrong in spite of the offer, and dallied until the impatient people behind forced a summary conclusion. By then Winchcliffe had vanished.

It was a strange country outside the station. But still the magnet drew.

most first. He had a grey overcoat and a silk umbrella, and a flower at his breast." "You'd be meaning Mr. Winchcliffe, sir.

Him that's to marry Miss Griffiths up at Harshill tomorrow, and a bonny bride he'll have. We all wish her joy though we haven't known her long, for they haven't been here long, and most of us have been up today to look at the presents. They are just splendid. Its a sort o' open house, you see, at Harshill." The cabman was garrulous. He had time

to be so, for fares were few. His well-oiled tongue had conveyed several pieces of interesting information. "Anyhow there's no alias. It's above

board so far," muttered the listener, "but I pity the girl.'

"Which is the road to Harshill?" "First turning to the left, sir."

"How far is it?"

"A mile. Drive up, sir?" "No. I'll walk."

But the tip was equal to the cabman's meditated charge, and the red face shot into a smile from ear to ear.

"Quite a gent, though he do wear strange togs," was his comment in the "Crown."

A fine house on the high road was all alight and the doors were opened to the new arrival and there was no challenge. Perhaps a score of people-most of whom were obviously villagers-were scattered about a reception room inspecting a miscellaneous collection of wedding gifts. Harvey Mortimore was beginning to wonder at his own vagary; but he stared with the rest. He had nothing else to do.

Suddenly a voice sounded in his ear. It's time to close up the show, Higgins; I've just had Colonel Griffiths' orders. The strange guest swung round and his eyes flamed full in Paul Winchcliffe's.

There was a spasm of recoil, and the thin lips whitened.

"You!" It was a hoarse cry, that died in the speaker's throat. Harvey Mortimer made no answer at all. He deliberately turned back to the showy wares on the great table and seemed to be lost in study of some Indian filigree work. He drifted into reverie. This graceful silver ornamentation reminded him of some treasures in the house of his lost love's aunt. Carrie Merton and he had plighted their troth while she was decked as a Hindoo woman of quality for some charity tableaux. He could have sworn it was the same finery. But then there is a family stamp on all

"I want you, sir, please." going stream through a second apartment, in which stood a number of larger tokens of friendly regard for the girl whose marriage morn was near. He was stopped on the further threshold by a policeman.

these Indian productions.

"Well, what is it?" "There's a gem bracelet missing. I'm afraid I shall have to search you, sir." Almost before he realized the situation the indignant young man had submitted, and was, as the result handcuffed. The trinket had been taken from his coat-pocket.

He was stunned for a second.

was afraid there were sharpers about." "And what is he, pray?"

"Take me to the master of this house, I I demand to see him." "All in good time, sir. He's a magistrate. You'll see him most likely when your

brought up. Not as he'll act in the case. But no doubt he'll give evidence. You see as you may say, it's him as you've tried to

It became apparent that the prisoner was

in danger of being dragged away to a cell in the adjoining town and left to frame his defence at leisure. His wrath produced an

"What a dullard you are! I will see Colonel Griffiths—is that his name?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders. He gave an inclination of the head, and several able-bodied men approached. There was a gradually growing group around, full of satisfaction at such an agreeable bit of excitment and professing the greatest horror of one another at the audacity of London

"Now, my man, you've got to go with me, and I hope you'll go quiet. It won't help you at all to be violent You'll only get it worse in court. You've been taken in the hact, and your cheek now'll all go against you."

On the outskirts of the throng of spectators a dark face hovered. The taunting countenance caught Harvey Mortimer's eye. He recognized it.

"Master and man both here-allies as usual!" he cried. The other winced. "There's enough of this. It's no matter f you do know Mr. Higgins. I expect you

gentry know a great many people that you The policeman chuckled at his wit, winked at the flunkey, and roughly jerked his

Seeing no alternative Harvey Mortimer resigned himself to the humiliation of a night in gaol. Luckily he would not be missed in town. He had the fame of a sky smiled and the mountains glistened as lonely and eccentric painter. "Stop." It was the quiet summons of

one used to command. The group at once divided and a tall soldierly man passed up between.
"What is this?" he asked, with surprise

"A mistake-a plot," said the victim

eagerly. He poured out his complaint. But the by-standers smiled incredulously and Sergeant Bridgelow told a story of deliberate theft, proved by possession, that sounded in his ears at least as absolutely convincing. Was not the recovered brace-

"You are innocent, I understand you to affirm. Then, as a stranger, what is your business or purpose here?"

It was surely a pertinent question, and Harvey Mortimer's brows puckered. What had brought him down? It was difficult to frame a reply.

"I can establish who I am." "But not why you came? That is a suspicious circumstance in itself. Where is Whinchcliffe? Will you fetch him, Higgins?

That functionary went off with a show of alacrity. But he did not soon return. Instead there was a still more startling intercome through just now? He would be alwas wholly concentrated on the informal trial in the centre of the disarranged library. But a strange ringing outburst carried every eye in a new direction.

A fair fragile girl darted forward. The glad light of welcome was on her face. "It is Harvey Mortimer at last. Oh,

Harvey, where have you been?" I was forced to winter in Algeria. wrote to you, but there was only silence. When I came home I went to Frome. But they told me Mrs. Merton was dead. I lost trace of you entirely. All inquiry

"Perhaps that is because I was always known by aunt's name in those years, when papa' was in India. It was aunt's humor, so that I should not be snapped up by a fortune-hunter, she said; as it people knew | barrassment by her teasing. of papa's claim on the Harshill estate!" "Yes. I was inquiring for Miss Carrie

They were both slowly recollecting that this meeting had many witnesses. "Then you know this gentleman, Carrie?"

said Colonel Griffiths, with a peculiar blend of annoyance, severity, and uncertainty in his tones. "Yes, and there has been a shameful trick. Oh, I have heard what Mr. Morti-

mer has been charged with. It is preposterous! And it is all-somebody's wickedpocket. My maid Bruton stood in that doorway yonder and saw it." "You see there is a blunder," said

Colonel Griffths severely to the crestfallen policeman. He was already moving the steel bracelets from Harvey Mortimer's "Who am I to lock up, Miss?" he said,

with a flash of spite at the girl who had made him, as he conceived, look foolish. "Higgins was the man who removed the trinket and slipped it where it was found," Carrie Griffiths said. She was determined that none should go away with a doubt as

to the genuine character of this rescue. Soon her tather and Harvey and she were alone in another apartment. Fragment by fragment a coherent story was built up. And certain grave inferences were present to the minds of all three.

Colonel Griffiths speedily made an honor-

able man's amends. "I am sorry, Carrie, that I opposed your wish to consider an old tie binding," he said; "you judged Mr. Mortimer more fairly than I did; and I regret even more the persuasions by which I induced you at length to accept a man who appears to have been guilty of a forgery not so very far back. His father was an old army com-"It was a quarter of an hour later, and rade. That must be the excuse for my Harvey Mortimer had drifted with the out- partiality. But I have not cared for Paul on better acquaintance; I own that."

"And he recommended Higgins to you," interposed Carrie.

"Yes, an accomplice, for a purpose. Your hand was the stake to be played for. Whew! It was a near thing. And no skin over some fresh straw, and, wishing doubt Higgins made away with those let- her good night, threw myself down near ters. He would have the opportunity. the gate.

Where is Wincheliffe?" It was the second time the Colonel had there was menace in his accents.

"It's absurd!" he gasped. "Winchcliffe he was watched, and saw the doom of his ing for my master the whitest, most preci- found a tribe of Dusuns differing widely in is in this. Did he not put you up to it?" enterprise. He carried bad news. Neither ous of his fold. It was as though I were the language, religion, and customs from other "He certainly dropped us a hint to look of the precious pair was seen again at Harsround and see that nothing was gone. He hill. And there was no marriage on the heavens seemed so deep or the stars of performed in the forest in the presence of morrow.

All the same, it was a bright day for

"Do you know, I heard you as much as admit that you had no purpose here, Harvey; you owned that," she whispered.

He only smiled. "That was in my ignorance. I have

"Oh, what is it?"

for my dog Labri.

would catch fleeting glimpses of the black face of the collier of Piedmont.

the distant hill-side the tingling of bell, and see toiling up the steep ascent the farm mule laden with provisions. At his side I would gradually distinguish the alert, little head of Miarro, the farm boy, or the red turban of old Aunt Norade. Then, indeed, I was joyous. I would coax her to tell me all the village news, the baptisms, the marriages, and, above all, words of the master's daughter, the demoiselle Stephanette, the pretti-est girl for miles around. Without manitesting too much curiosity I would find out if she attended the fetes, if there were many new gallants, and then, if I were asked what concern it was of mine? I could only not interested in her?"

One Sunday I waited vainly for my supplies. In the morning I said, "It is because of the grand mass. Then, towards noon, a heavy storm came up and I feared the mule could not travel on the roads, the sunlight glanced over the raindrops. I listened to the flapping of the wet leaves against each other, and far off I heard the roar of the river, swollen by its many tributaries from the mountains, and through it all I could distinguish the sonorous music of the mule bells. Gaily they rang out, with the joy of the Easter chimes, and, there, seated between the leather bags, who do you think? the master's daughter, smiling and rosy with the fresh mountain air. Little Miarro was ill, and Aunt Norade away with the children. All this Stephanette told me as I helped her to dismount, and also that she was very late because she had lost her way.

for a tete rather than a mcuntain ride.

herds were on the plains and I took my supper at the farm, I had seen her flitting through the halls, but then she seemed cold and haughty, never noticing the sera step away and smiling. Is it a wonder I

After we had taken the provisions, Mademoiselle Stephanette looked about her with the utmost curiosity. How daintily she lifted her petticoat as she entered the Do you know the stars by name?" pass, asking me all sorts of questions, it I slept on the bundle of hay in the corner which was covered with a sheepskin, and if I were not afraid. She praised my shepherd's cloak, my crook and gun. Everything seemed to amuse her.

"Then this is your life, you poor fellow, she said at length. "How tiresome it must be always to be alone. What do you do? What do you think about?"

herd). I have heard of the fairy Esterelle, who lives only in the forests of Luberon, does she never wile away the time for you? visit having indeed the air of an apparition.

"Fare you well, gentle mistress."

Then she was gone. As she disappeared down the slope it seemed to me that every stone rolling away under the mule's feet fell ness. It was placed in Mr. Mortimer's on my heart. I listened until the last echo died away. I remained motionless in the twilight not daring to move lest my ravishing memory should prove but a dream.

As the evening deepened and a blue cloud trailed over the valley, I was roused by the noise of the sheep crowding into the fold. As I jumped to my feet, a voice called me by name, and, in the dim light, I recognized Mademoiselle Stephanette, no longer laughing and gay, but soaked to the skin and trembling with cold and fear.

She knew the anxiety her absence would cause, and was horrified at the idea of passing the night on the mountain. "It is not a trouble that will last, dear

I built up a roaring fire to dry her gown which was soaked with water from the Sorgue. Then I broughts her milk and cheese, but the poor little one would neither warm herself nor eat, and as I watched the great tears streaming from her eyes I near-

As I lay there so near the gate I could

starlight you will know that during the hours of sleep there is a mysterious world and the ponds are aglow with weird, flick- | with directions for using.

#### MLLE. STEPHANETTE.

Long ago, when I was guarding sheep on the Luberon, there used to be days at a stretch that I would not see a soul. My isolation in the pasture was complete, save

At long intervals the hermit of Mont de L'eure would pass by bending low in search of herbs, and far over the winding road I

On every fitteenth day I would hear on

feeling of fear.

She was gaily attired with ribbons and flowers. Her petticoat of brilliant hue was covered with lace; she seemed dressed

Never before had I been quite so near her. Sometimes in the winter, when the vants. And now she was facing me, only

I longed to reply, "Always of you." It would have been quite true, but my sorrow was too deep to find expression in light words. I think she understood it and took mischievous delight in increasing my em-

"Does your sweetheart never come to see you up here, Bon Berger? (good shep-As she said this she seemed to me like the fairy Esterelle herself, her fleeting

"Adieu, kind shepherd."

It seemed that at the foot of the hill she had found the river swollen by the rain, and, in her efforts to cross, she had not only gotten drenched but lost the mule. It was no longer possible to reach the farm, for the road over the mountain was impassable at night, even had I been able to leave the herd to show her the way.

mistress," I said, trying to comfort her. "In July the nights are short."

By this time it was quite dark, not a single sunbeam crowned the mountain peaks, all the rosy afterglow had vanished in the west. Finally mam'selle consented to go in the "fold" to rest. I spread a new

feel the blood burn hotly through my heart,

we seated onrselves near it without a word. ber of the family.

# PHOSPHOLEINE. A PERFECT

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Emulsion of God Liver Oil

EAGAR'S

So pleasant to taste that patients want to drink it like cream. This Emulsion SEPARATES reply, "Mon Dieu, she is so fair; who is IN TWO LAYERS, like cream rising on milk, and readily reunites on shaking

# Beware of IMITATIONS which do NOT SEPARATE! 50 cts. per Bottle.

ering lights. The spirits of the mountans are set free to wondering lightly to and fro. In the atmosphere there is a tremulous movement, an intangible sound as though one heard the branches growing and the unfolding of the flowers. The day—that is for human beings, but the night is nature's If one is not used to it there is always a

AT

Mademoiselle Stephanette shivered and crept close to me at the slightest sound. Once, from the pond that shone below, welled up a long, melancholy cry. At the same moment a star fell, making from the sky to the pond a swift thread of light, as though the wail had become incarnate.

"What was it?" she asked, under her "A soul entering paradise, sweet mistress," I answered, making the sign of the

She imitated the sign; then, with her head still erect as though startled, added: "It is true, then, Berger, that here in the mountains you are sorcerers?"

She continued to gaze heavenward, her head resting on her hand, completely hidden in the sheepskin like a tiny, little shep-"And what is beyond the stars? I never

the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. "Yes, I know them well. Listen! Just above you is the Milky Way, or 'the Path of St. Jacque.' It runs in a straight line from France to Spain. It was the good St. Jacque, of Galice, who traced it there to point out a way for the brave Charlemagne in his war with the Saracens. Further away you can see the . Chariot of Souls (the Great Bear). with its four spreading wheels. The three stars directly in front of us are 'the Animals,' and the one nearest the 'Charioteer.' Do you see the shower of stars around them? Those are the souls which the good God will not permit to enter His portals. A little lower down you

can distinguish 'Rateau' (Orion). can distinguish 'Rateau' (Orion). It serves as clock of us shepherds, and when it shines bright we know it is midnight.

"Just after midnight 'Jean de Milan' (Sirius) is brightest. Of this star the shep-(Sirius) is brightest. Of this star the shep-

herds have a legend. "It seems that one night Jean de Milan, Orion and the Pleiades were invited to a wedding among the stars. The Pleiades, in great haste, set out first by the highest route. Orion, taking a lower path, soon overtook him, but Jean de Milan, oversleeping, was last of all, and furious at being left, flung his hammer in their midst. Hence, Orion is sometimes called the 'Hammer of Jean de Milan.' But most beautiful of all, dear mistress, is the star of the shepherds. It shines before us at daybreak when we set out with the troops, and at night on our return it mellows the twi- parts of the world. light with its soft rays. Sometimes we call it 'Maguelonne;' the beautiful Maguelonne

"How is that, Berger? There are mar-

riages among the stars?" "Certainly my mistress." And, as I tried to explain to her the shepherds' belief, I felt something light and delicate touch my shoulder. It was the dainty, tired head of mam'selle Stephanette, who, weary and content, was resting on my shoulder. Her ribbons and laces moved ever so little in the soft breeze, and from time to time her loosened hair would float against my face and neck. She rested so without moving until the stars began to pale, and were at last effaced by a flood

on my shoulder forever .- Alphonse Daudet, Trans. by Mary A. Fanton.

A Curious Marriage Ceremony.

Some interesting notes have been contributed to a North Borneo newspaper by not only with love but with a fierce pride, in remembering that near me, within a few feet, my mistress lay asleep. I was guard- him to the island of Banguey. There he him to the island of Banguey. There he he for control of Banguey. There he had a tribe of Drawn differing widely in the control of Banguey. There he had a tribe of Drawn differing widely in the control of Banguey. asked the question, and on this occasion | not only with love but with a fierce pride, | Mr. Creagh, the Governor of British North But Higgins had probably observed that | feet, my mistress lay asleep. I was guard- | him to the island of Banguey. There he King's treasurer. Never before had the tribes bearing that name. Marriges are THE Late in the night I heard the gate creak softly and mam'selle appeared. She could not sleep, she said, the sheep tossed the straw and cried so in their sleep. She would like to stay near the fire. I folded my heavy coat about her, and, stiring the fire, we seated onrselves near it without a word. If you have even passed a night in the starlight you will know that during the hours of sleep there is a mysterious world awakened in the silence and solitude. Then But anger of this sort could do no good, and Harvey Mortimer repressed it with difficulty, and tried another line of tactics.

"Take me to the master of this house, I demand to see him."

All the same, it was a bright day for Carrie Griffiths. The last cast of treachers to keep her loyal lover from her side was a signal failure. It had precipitated what it was intended to avert.

"Take me to the master of this house, I demand to see him."

All the same, it was a bright day for Carrie Griffiths. The last cast of treachers to keep her loyal lover from her side with a wooden knife in the collistic from a small incision made with a wooden knife in the calt of the man's softly and mam's elle appeared. She could not sleep, she said, the sheep tossed the straw and cried so in their sleep. She would like to stay near the fire. I folded my heavy coat about her, and, stiring the fire, home' where he resides in future as a mem-

awakened in the silence and solitude. Then | Chouillu, Montreal, will secure you samples the brooks sing with mellow, purling tones, of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate,

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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.

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ALL

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprie or.

ine sample room in connection. Also, a first-cl ss Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. FOTEL DUFFERIN,

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cared about it before, but now I know it is CONNORS HOTEL, CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B. JOHN H. McINERNEY, Proprietor.

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E have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the provinces if not in all Canada.

The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit wil satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.

A. B. SHERATON, MANAGER.

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(Via C. P. R. Short Line) Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Bruns wick and Nova Scotia. who was in love with Piere of Provence (Saturn) for seven long years and was at last happily married."

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty.

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Canadian Express Co. General Express Forwarders, Shipping

Agents and Custom House Brokers. to pale, and were at last effaced by a flood of light from the east.

And I, as I watched her sleeping thus almost in my arms, felt a rush of happiness that surged over my whole life. But the stars above her were not more pure and clear than the thoughts of my heart. And with what a deep, soft light they shone around. They seemed to transfigure the scene, and as I gazed at them it seemed to me that one, the most sparkling and bright, had lost its way and foundits resting place on my shoulder forever.—Alphonse Daudet,

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performed in the forest in the presence of two families. There is no public gathering of an Act empowering the Company to acquire by

Dated at the City of St. John, the 9th. day of February, A. D., 1893.

JOHN F. ZEBLEY, President.

# RAILWAYS.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily--Sunday excepted -- as follows:

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax...... 13.30 Express for Sussex...... 16.30 Through Express for Point du Chene, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago...... 16.55.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 19.40 o'clock.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 8.25 Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... Express from Point du Chene and Moncton Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp-

Express from Halifax and Sydney...... 22.30

bellton..... 19.00

Every Tuesday at 9 p. m.

DETROITS CHICAGO. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m.

Seattle, Wash.

Pacific Cost. Every Saturday at II.45 a.m. Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Holders of Second-Class Passage Tickets to or through these points, will be accommodated in these Cars, on payment of a small additional charge per berth. Particulars of ticket agents. D. McNICOLL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Montreal.

C. E. McPHERSON, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't. St. John, N. B.

WESTERN COUNTIES R.Y.

Winter Arrangement. On and after Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12.00 noon; arrive at Annapolis

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.25 p.
4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL. J. BRIGNELL, General Superintenden

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., Ltd.

STEAMERS.

Proposed Sailing for March. UNTIL further notice the Steamer Bridgewater of this line will leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7. local time, for Digby and Annapolis; sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the Morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby and due at St. John

CONSOLIDATED ELECTRIC COM-NY, (Limited) will apply to the Legislature International S. S. Co. WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Two Trips a Week for Boston.

Commencing February 6th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for East-port, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday morning at 7.25 standard. Returning, will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m. and Portland at 5 p.m., for East-port and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5. p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.