LITTLE WILLIE'S GIFT.

By Archibald Forbes.

The universal pet of our school was a flushed and paled with each passing emo- would alarm his mother. tion, the winsomeness of the whole little a light and airy way, make game of a dunce. with a reason for his absence. We knew of him, in a casual way, as the

the baseborn contingent of our schoolfellows had tallen into some ludicrous blunder, which, in spite of the stern discipline maintained, had kindled his class into an irre- lie as he told us of this, increased in hopefulpressible roar of laughter, and had brought | ness of ultimate success. The color had come upon him condign and severe punishment | back into the child's tace, his head was no from the stinging taws. During a momen- longer on his breast, the glint had returned tary absence of the master from the school- to the soft blue eye under the long eyeroom Willie Stuart amused himself by lashes. I never saw him so beautiful as on chaffing the perpetrator of the blunder. the last morning he started with the peat The latter, sore and resentful, took the carts, blithe and sparkling. In the gloamlittle tellow's persiflage very ill. At length, ing of that same shortening day the carter to the utter amazement of us all, he grimly came home without him. He had waited

bastard like mysel'!'

ing scarlet, and bursting into a passion of | turroch for the night. tears as he flew at the throat of the other.

who for years had been a servant atship sent her away, but settled a small pen- happened. sion on her. Soon after her child was born and christened she had migrated into our parish, where her story was not known. and had lived there in good repute ever since. Our old nurse, kind and wise soul as she was, had held her tongue, and believed that none other in the parish save my father, the minister, knew the story. But now she remembered hearing that Bell Black, the mother of the fellow who had

Stuart's misfortune and sad, all his young life seemed dead in him to die, "an honest-born boy" The I fancy he had heard some kind of confirmation of it. He had been shunning me; but one afternoon the poor child came to me with his sorrow. "I believe it's a lee," said he wearily; "but God kens. I canna couple were made man and wife by my bring mysel' tae spier o' my mither-I wad father in the old barn-like church. During suner droon mysel'. But I'm no like thae loons-it kills me to doubt that I'm an honest-born laddie." I took the little fellow by the hand, led him down the brae to the manse, and took him by the side door into the little room which belonged to my brother and myself, and in which we were wont to learn our lessons. Leaving him there, I went and found the old nurse, told her riage lines." He devoured the certificate whom I had brought to see her, and beg- with ardent, hollow eyes, gave one great ged her to come into our room and give panting sigh of gratification, clasped the the child what comfort she might.

Good old Elspeth's heart went out to Willie at the first sight of him. She smoothed with her hand his bonny curls, and brought color to his pale face by kiss- wall. Ten minutes later I touched his ing the shy and unnerved little chap. As forehead. The "honest-born boy" was she talked it seemed at first as if, far from | dead. giving him any consolation, she was about to plunge him into utter despair. For she thought it the truest kindness to tell him all that she had already told me, and that I have recorded above; thus dashing from him any hope that he was other than he had been so abruptly characterized by his irritated schoolfellow. But the good old soul had kept in reserve some balm of Gilead for the wounded spirit. And it presently appeared that she was somehow conversant with the kindly principles of Scottish law in regard to the legitimation of offspring born before wedlock by the subsequent marriage of the parents.

"You're no honest-born, my bairn," said Elspeth, "but the guid auld law o' Scotland will mak' ye honest-born if yer faither an' mither can be persuadit tae come thegither an' be marriet like wise an' dacent folk. I've heard they were baith dour an' bitter, but time aften solders feuds. It's he gets at home where he is protected by no true that yer faither is abroad. He is copyright. the auld farmer's son o' the Mains o' Drumfurroch, in the Enzie, no ten miles awa'. My counsel to you, laddie, is that ye gae ye a guid name in the warld by marrying teenth century. However trifling such no be obstinate, for her ain sake, forbye yours. Ony gate, it's but tryin', an' it's surely weel worth tryin'; it's a noble an' a ments the bride stipulating for or the Gradually the firing and the tumult ceased.

good old Presbyterian woman blessed him and prayed that heaven might prosper so

worthy an effort.

Willie, comforted and heartened, would fain have started on his errand that same beautiful child named Willie Stuart. As I atternoon. But this was not to be thought write, post tot annos, I see before me the ot. He did not know the road to the Enzie; little man's long flaxen curls, his wistful he was equite unequal to so long a journey blue eyes, the delicate complexion that on toot and alone; his sudden absence downcast in thoughtful mood.

figure. The roughest of us was tender with | the moss of Forgie, which is within three | and captives through the dismal depths of Willie. He would participate eagerly in miles of the Enzie; and my suggestion was the Great African Forest in search of human our sports, and we could not say him nay; that on the following morning he should but one of us always quietly undertook to accompany the manse carts to the moss, go through thorny undergrowth, beneath the watch, lest in the hurly-burly of rugged on to the Drumturroch, which is visible horse-play any mischief should befall the from the moss, and return thereto in the child. He was an apt scholar, but sweet- afternoon in time to be carried back on the sodden ground, in the vitiated atmostempered as he was, and grateful for the one of the loaded carts. I advised that he love that was lavished on him, he had a vein | should not tell his mother of his project, of mild badinage, and would sometimes, in and undertook to turnish the schoolmaster

This programme the resolute little man, only son of a decent woman who lived a duly carried out. He had seen his fathere quiet and lonely life in a cottage near the | who had owned him readily, received him-Kirkton, and was spoken of as having been a lady's maid in a nobleman's family whose tather, now bedridden and very old, and place was in an adjoining parish. Her | had accompanied him part of the way back to neighbors called her Mrs. Stuart, and it the moss. But he had been stern and silent was understood that her husband was abroad | when the child, with piteous sobs and tears, making money in some unhealthy region had be sought him to made the son whom whither he would not bring his wife and he had owned an "honest-born" boy, and child. Country folk of the lower orders | had curtly told the little lad not to appeal up in the north forty years ago were not to him on that point any more. But Willie. much addicted to prying into the affairs of nevertheless, was not utterly disheartened their neighbors. The opportunities for tor his father had said that he should be gossip were few in a region where distances | glad to see him again. There was courage were great, and where there were no breed- and resolution in the little fellow beyond ing-places of scandal in the shape of vil- his years; and Elspeth and I agreed in re- his hands upon his breast and bowed. commending that he should repeat his visit One forenoon the only dull-witted one of occasionally, at all events while, the peatcarting season lasted.

The father, with each visit of his son, grew more and more affectionate; and Wilfor the lad for some time after the usual ny little man; you that's naething but a with a heavy flurry of snow then set in, and the carter had left in the full belief that the "It's a lee, a lee!" cried the child, flush- bad weather had detained Willie at Drum-

This was quite probable; but, again, it We dragged him back just as the master was possible that the child had been well over the forest. The rain filtered through returned, and the scene ended, Willie sit- on his way home to the moss before the the thick toliage overhead, and trickled in ting white and trembling over his dictionary. weather thickened. So the groom and I During the mid-day play-hour the boy started immediately in the manse gig, in- miserable wanderers, who grumbled and who had aspersed Willie and myself had an | tending to drive to Drumfurroch, keeping | crouched together in groups. encounter which improved the appearance of a keen look-out along the road and on neither of us. The same evening I related either side of it. We carried blankets and Osmani emerged from his tent. to our old nurse what had occurred in the a brandy flask in case of accidents. The school. To my utter astonishment she told | road was bad; the tog and snow thickened, me that the stigma which had been thrown and so slow was our progress that we were at Willie Stuart was warranted by the facts. only traversing the moss in the small hours She had the whole story from her sister, of the tollowing morning. It had lightened a little just as we were passing the manse Castle. Mary Stuart has been my lady's patch of moss land; and the sudden idea own maid. She had been courted by a occurred to me to alight and glance over tarmer's son of the neighbourhood, and she | that spot. It was a fortunate impulse, for had accepted him. But later they had there, just under the peat bank, on the quarrelled bitterly, on what account no- sparse todder left by the horses, lay Willie body seemed to know, and they parted in partially snowed over. At first I thought hot anger. The girl had soon to realize him dead; but he was only stiffened by that the rupture had not been on even cold, and soon revived. We promptly terms. Yet such was the stiffness of her wrapped him up warmly and administered nature that she preferred to endure restoratives. I drove him straight to his shame rather than sue to the man mother's cottage, while the groom walked with whom she had quarrelled. Her lady- on to the farm to tell his tather of what had

By nightfall Willie was in peril of imminent death from violent inflammation of the lungs, and he was all but comatose for days. When he came to himself, he found his father and mother bending anxiously over him. A common apprehension, a common solicitude, had united the dissevered parents. He ralled under the inspiration of a great happiness; but the doctor shook his head and talked ominousopened on Willie, had been a kitchen ser- ly of rapid wasting of the lungs. It was vant at the Castle about the time of Mary | not long ere the child knew that he was doomed; but he piteously entreated that For days little Willie moped about, pale his parents would gratity him by enabling him. The story had begun to spread, and | banns of marriage between John McPherson and Mary Stuart were duly proclaimed on three successive Sundays for the first. second, and third time. On the fourth Sunday, which fell on New Year's Day, the their absence I was sitting with little Willie, whose weakness and tragility were paintully visible through the hectic flush of excitement. As his parents now united in wedlock, entered the cottage, he started up into a sitting posture, and with extraordinary eagerness and extended arms he begged his mother to give him the "marpaper to his heart with the exclamation. Oh, father an' mither, this is a New Year's Gift frae Heaven itsel'!" and then he turned his happy, wasted face to the

James Whitcomb Riley. James Whitcomb Riley owns up to being 38 years old, He says he was a painter by trade and worked at sign writing a long time. He served an apprenticeship also as a house painter, but was never strong enough to follow the occupation steadily. The greatest drawback in life as a writer he has found to be the lack of an education. for he did not even have a common school training. He says: "There is not a rule of grammar that is familiar to me and I wouldn't know a nominative if I was to meet it on the street." He likes his serious better than his humorous verse, and looks upon 'Bereaved" as his most satisfactory work. He derives his best profits from England. The publishers over there have got out eight editions of his poems, and pay him by mere courtesy a larger royalty than

Pin Money.

Among the presents formerly offered as New Year's gifts were pins, which were an' see yer faither, an' plead wi' him tae gie | first made in the early part of the sixyer mither. Ye're a bonny boy, an' ye hae gifts might now appear, it was then highly a winsome face; he may weel be proud o' valued, as previous to the invention of pins ye. If ye gain him, surely yer mither will clumsy wooden Skewers were in use for the child, and their tears mingled as the | what was then deemed a luxury.

THE SLAVE RAIDER.

A Romance By Herbert Ward.

Alone, in a dark corner of his tent, toying with the beads of his rosary, sat Osmani ibn Seyt. His swarthy Arab face

For six weeks this famous slave raider It was the season of carting peats from had led his caravan of Manyema marauders prey. Day by day they had trudged impenetrable canopy of primeval trees; and each night they had slept, hungry, upon phere of decaying vegetation.

The region they had traversed was unin-

That afternoon a Manyema follower had been wounded by a wooden spear, adroitly concealed in the bushes, by the side of a well-worn elephant track.

Here at last was an evidence of man. The caravan had halted, formed an effective zereba, and Osmani had despatched scouts to survey the vicinity.

" Hodi!" cried a voice from without. Osmani started from his reverie and instinctively reached towards the loaded rifle

"Karib!" A curtain was drawn aside, revealing the figure of an armed negro. "Ah! Khalitan!"

"Salaam Bwana!" The negro crossed "Khabari gani? Speak what news?"

"Good news," replied the negro, mindtul of preserving a good omen; "the scouts have returned.

"Vema! And what have they found?" In a tew words the negro explained that the scouts had discovered traces of a large native village, situate about two hours' march to the eastward of their encampment.

Osman's face instantly lightened. "It is well," said he. "The sun is now setting. Two hours before the dawn we march upon that village. To-night, no fires, no noise. "Sikia ?"

"Our master's words are law." "Haya!" May Allah preserve us!" and "Ye cock yer head gey crouse, my bon- hour for starting homeward. A dense fog Osmani waved his hand in token of dis-

> With a profound salaam, the negro withdrew. Sentinels were posted, and soon the camp was wrapped in slumber.

> The night air grew cold. A storm swept streams upon the naked bodies of the

It was still dark and cheerless when "Similla! Similla! Make way, there,

for Bwana Osmani!" Silent and sullen the Manyema marauders arose, stretched their stiffened limbs, and buckled their ammunition belts around their waists. Each man rolled a strip of dirty white cotton-cloth about his head, turban wise, to serve as a discriminating mark in the coming fray with the naked

"Tendele! Tendele, upesi!" The order to march echoed through the camp. and in a few minutes Osmani and his marauders started forth in single file. No word was spoken, and the only sounds that betokened their progress was a slight swishing of leaves and the muffled tread of naked feet upon the spongy ground.

The c mp, containing numerous native slaves captured in former raids, together with a valuable stock of elephant tusks, was lett in charge of fifty well-armed Man-

yema allies of Osmani. The attacking party plodded onwards through the dark torest until they came

within sight of the village clearing Dawn was just breaking when the first deadly volley was fired, followed an instant atterwards by shouts of "Allah-'llah-la!" as the brutal assailants rushed upon their prey. Women and children, shrieking and crying, fled in all directions, dazed by the sudden onslaught. Fowls flew cackling towards the woods. Men's deep voices shouted incoherently, but above the thrilling uproar of gunshots, crys and groans, the tatal 'Ilah-la-ihu" of the Manyema sounded loud and relentless, as they crashed through the bushes into the midst of the multidude of panic-stricken savages, chasing the black | bring her father." figures that darted hither and thither, hurling them to the ground, and binding them

with strips of plaited grass cord. The sulphurous smoke from the raiders' guns, combining with the early morning mist, produced a dense tog, which settled in an almost impenetrable cloud upon the scene in the obscurity of which the Manyema guns flashed forth tongues of flame. Osmani had now lost all control over his trenzied mob, and their iron slugs whizzed and whistled through the air in all direc-

In endeavouring to penetrate the dark cloud of fog and smoke, the Arab leader suddenly tound himself face to face with a burly savage, who bounded towards him, brandishing a huge sickle-shaped knife. Osmani raised his revolver and fired. The savage groaned, and fell heavily to the ground. But Osmani's aim had proved untrue, for the savage, recovering from the shock, endeavoured to rise. The Arab stepped forward. "A curse upon you! Die, you black fiend!' The revolver was levelled at the native's head, Osmani's finger tightened upon the trigger, but just as he was about to fire the tatal shot he was startled by a piercing scream. "Hey! Hoyo!" cried a temale voice at his elbow, and the next moment a native girl sprang forward and threw herself at his his breath. The savage maiden's beauty Osmani added, "Bassi! You can go." fascinated him. Her mute appeal to spare the wounded native's life was answered. tor Osmani's hand dropped to his side. He paid no heed to the groaning savage. His eyes were riveted upon the graceful

maiden at his feet. A hurried footstep behind him caused him | to the ground exhausted. to start and turn. The negro Khalifan ran

"Hey. Bwana! Greatly have we feared for our master's safety; we have searched in every place for you

Pointing to the kneeling girl and the wounded savage-whose fate had been so strangely averted-Osmani waved his hand. saying: "Bind them. Bind them both!

A cool, refreshing breeze, dispelled the and stupefied, the drunken raiders were too holy endeavor, and a'a guid tolk maun pray that it may succeed." And Elspeth kissed nual allowance with which to purchase heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing absorbed in their carousal to notice Tinela's heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing heavy cloud of mist and smoke heavy cloud of mis

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DRUGGISTS AT

the devastated village and driving scores of of Osmani's tent, and disappear in the miserable captives, who slunk along in shadow and darkness. awed silence, with bowed heads and shiver-

Then, in complete contrast to the former scene, shone the early morning sun in all its radiance. Its bright gleams glistened through the distant trees, and tell upon the desolated scene.

By noon the wretched captives were herded together, and Osmani and his heartless minions commenced the return march to their forest encampment.

The arrival in the encampment was distinguished by triumphant shouts and howls. The marauders were beside themselves with delight, and the interval between their arrival and the setting of the sun was occupied by drinking and feasting. After securing their captives by means of grummets and torked sticks, the successful raiders gathered together in groups around blazing log-fires. Huge gourds and earthenware jars of termented palm juice, which constituted a particularly well-tavored portion of the spoils, were produced, and by degrees Osmani's followers relapsed into a state of maudlin drunkenness.

Khalifan, the negro, approached Osmani's swarmed like ants into a shady corner of Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. tent, leading his temale captive by the

"Bwana! In obedience to your words. have brought this heathen girl." "Ha! This is the girl who stayed my hand when I would have shot. Question

her. O Khalitan!" The negro turned to her The girl's eyes were downcast, but in answer to Khalitan's queries she mumbled a brief reply.

"It is Allah's mercy to let this heathen say that she begged her father's life." "Oh, her father was it? A powerful

Khalifan, who nearly killed thy master." "Allah be praised for our master's preservation," muttered the negro fervent-

"She's a comely creature. Inquire her name."

Atter a few words with the girl, Khalifan · Master! May it please you, her name's

Tinela. "It is well. Tell her that she enters my barem."

Khalitan explained his master's words. Tinela cast one hopeless glance around her, then in despair she threw herself upon the ground and cried piteously. "A curse upon her cries! Make her

cease!" roared Osmani, angrily. But Khalitan's endeavours to pacify the savage maiden were tutile. Springing to her feet. Tinela struggled wildly with the giant negro. Her cries and screams at length attracted the attention of several of Osmani's tollowers to his tent, but still the girl fought and struggled for freedom. Osmani's brow lowered, and, turning to

one of his satellities, he said gruffly, "Go! In a few moments Tinela's father. bruised, battered, and blood-stained, was

dragged torward from the crowd of cap-Straightening himself, and tolding his

arms, the savage chieftain cast a defiant look upon his persecutors, but when his glance tell upon his daughter Tinela he scowled and ground his teeth. There was a dignity of mien about the wounded savage that attracted even the admiration of his heartless captors; among whom physical courage was esteemed the highest virtue.

In response to Osmani's brief command two of the Manyema raiders shouldered and aimed their guns at the chieftain's breast. The savage remained unmoved; he merely shrugged his shoulders and glanced scorntully at the guns.

Tinela's eyes distended with terror. "Khalifan, tell the girl to look well upon her tather! She chooses lite or death for him. Another sound or struggle and that trowning savage yonder will be shot. Does she consent to behave with peace?"

After the negro had interpreted Osmani's speech the unhappy girl stifled a sob, then turned and cast a flashing glance upon the Arab chief, and bowed her head in sullen submission. "Ha! The savage is tamed? Lead her

to my tent, and take that ugly M'shenzi feet. Glancing downward, Osmani caught away." Then, turning to the bystanders. As the night hours passed the scene in the Arabs' camp grew wilder. The victo-

rious raiders gave themselves up to an unbridled carousal. The more sober of the party danced and sang until their bodies were bathed in perspiration, and they tell About midnight the revellers were

startled by a stifled groan which appeared to emanate from the direction of Osmani's tent, but reassured by the subsequent silence they said laughingly-

"Ha! Our master's vixen shows her teeth again." Merrily the dance and song continued, the deep bass voices of the sing-ers blending with the incessant booming of the drums. filling the still night air with reverberations.

Muddled with potent palm juice, careless, the victorious raiders swaggering through lithe figure glide from beneath the canvas

The night grew far advanced, and the singing and dancing ceased. The log fires burned low, casting a lurid glow upon the forms of the raiders, who, overcome with drink, now lay sleeping in all manner of grotesque attitudes. Deep black shadows enveloped the crowd of native captives, who were huddled together in the centre of the zereba. But they slept not.

The darkness increased: it was the hour before the dawn. The wind rustled through the tree tops in the forest, and the heavy breathing of the sleepers became more sonorous and regular, and the trogs in the adjacent swamps croaked dismally at intervals. Occasionally one of the wood fires burst into fitful flame, revealing the squatting form of a dozing sentinel. Then a shower of sparks would arise from another fire, where a half-burnt log had rolled

A watchful sentinel glancing towards the forest would have seen the glittering of keen eyes. But the palm juice had proved too potent. The Arabs' sentries slept. Dark figures led by the native girl Tinela.

Just as darkness settled upon the forest, climbed noiselessly over the stockade, and the camp. It one of the sentries had but raised his head he would have seen the gleam of murderous knives and spears. There was a silent movement among the

captives. One by one they arose, treed from their bonds. Then they crouched like leopards, ready to spring upon their

A shout, a rush of footsteps, and the Arab camp was doomed.

Dazed and surprised in their drunken slumbers, the Manyema staggered, and tell before the revengeful natives. Dett and alert the natives swarmed upon them, hacking and hewing with their keen-edged weapons; until, panic-stricken, the surviving Manyema rushed towards Osmani's tent. There they found Khalifan with a flaming fire-brand. Holding the canvas aside, the negro entered. The light of his torch fell upon the liteless body of their chief. Osmani ibn Sevi was stabbed in the heart with his own dagger. Tinela had

revenged herself. This discovery completed the disorder of the Manyema marauder, not one of whom

lived to see the approaching dawn. The last to fall was Khalifan, and the spear that pierced his body was hurled by a

female hand.

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