

## SECRET OF THE VASE.

Before people had even time to ask who were the Claverings and where did they come from, the Clavering Vase had captured the town, and then inquiries were out of the question, since he who asked argued himself unknown. Everybody who was any one straightway knew that the Claverings had come to town from "the East"—convenient source of mysteries—and that they occupied a great mansion by the park; that Reginald Clavering, the father, was a capitalist; with every letter thereof a capital; that Mrs. Reginald Clavering, the mother, was a philanthropist adept at organizing, lecturing with tracts and capable of advising and admonishing sisters in humble walks of life as if she had once been a female herself; that Augustine Clavering, the daughter, that summer at the mountains had refused a proffered alliance with Baron de Kakiyak, notwithstanding his accent, his oils and his dubious fingernails, and that Lionel Clavering, the son, being fully an inch and three-quarters across the chest, and abnormal without a cigarette, was a prominent member of "The Samson Athletic Club."

Of course, everybody knew these elementary facts as well as the numbers of ciphers in old Clavering's pile and the net cash price of Mrs. Clavering's diamonds; yet it had been reference by the society papers to the "Clavering Vase" which had rendered such public information interesting enough to be public. Then had followed a general curiosity to hear the tradition of this unique pottery, which brought full meetings to the boards that Reginald Clavering frequented, which caused "The Half Hours with the Prophet" that Mrs. Reginald Clavering led to become scant ten minutes, which gave Miss Augustine Clavering an opportunity to enumerate the title through the aid of an incredible number of "R's" and "Z's" and which even made Mr. Lionel Clavering attempt to recollect between puffs. How romantic it was; how grand to possess such an heirloom! Really the town must have a chance to inspect it! Would not dear Mr. Clavering permit its exhibition at the annual "Dorcas Sale"? Yes, dear Mr. Clavering would.

So the vase was exhibited under a glass case at "the Dorcas Sale," and connoisseurs displayed their cunning in surmises as to its origin. "Palissy ware," said one. "Nonsense," retorted another; "a perfect type of the first work at Minorea." "Etruscan," suggested a third; but when the fourth asserted, "Cypriote," the discussion ended since under that comprehensive head the potshards of the universe might be gathered.

Then there was the inscription on the base of the vase; people spelled it out and committed it to memory, and went away feeling that they had gained in social stature. And this was the reading of it:

Live, Clavering, beget and thrive  
While ye Clavering Vase survive.  
Now this was the tale of the Vase which society papers and friends and acquaintances had spread abroad: In the days of the Tudors the Claverings were a wealthy family of rank in the West of England. Even then the vase had been handed down from father to son as an heirloom essential to their prosperity. The vase, however, was known to have been changed at various epochs so as to keep the inscription within the vernacular. As for the gem itself, it had not come over with William the Conqueror, it was only because it was there already, awaiting the arrival of that whole-sale importer of nobility. In the early days of the Stuarts the family had been represented by two brothers who, unfortunately, differed in religious faith, the younger being firm in allegiance to the Church as constituted authorities saw fit to constitute it, the elder maintaining his right to worship in accordance with certain simple principles which he held in common with a sect called "the Brownists."

This truly noble man then had renounced his titles, his estates, and, taking "the luck of the Claverings" with him, had embarked with his wife and children on the May flower. That the vase had survived the tossings, and especially the crowding of that tiny craft was proof irrefragable of its integrity, the family had thrived and thrived, until its present full bloom had been attained.

This story having been printed and reprinted and told and retold, until its echoes had been deadened by the din of something new, it followed that all makers of "Elite Directories" for the town, put down the Claverings first, and then paused to consider. Reginald, the father, became the protoplasm of business enterprises. Mrs. Reginald, the mother, the mustard seed of ethical growth; Lionel, the son, the godfather of a cigarette and the patron saint of a cocktail; and Augustine, the daughter, the principal prize in an extraordinary drawing of the matrimonial lottery.

So when Dolly Cepher, announced to his father, Adolphus Cepher, retired forward and millionaire, that, having won Augustine's heart, he desired her hand, as a not unnatural consequence, the old man regarded his son with compunction.

"Really," he said, "you are not the fool that I knew you were. You couldn't have done better if you had tried. I congratulate you, my boy. Youth, and beauty, and wealth and station? She's the only girl, isn't she?"

"Yes," replied Dolly, quite clearly for him. "That is, she has a younger sister, Bessie, you know, who spends most of the time with an aunt in the East."

"Ah! muttered old Adolphus, who, having nothing to do, was quite energetic in doing it. "That looks suspicious. I must inquire into it. Likely they are ashamed of her."

Now, the only possible reason why the Claverings could have been ashamed of Bessie was that she was not quite up to the family standpoint of self-importance. She sometimes thought, she sometimes wondered, she sometimes doubted. Hence, since Miss Griselda Clavering of Armway was alone and more than willing it seemed judicious that she should visit there, at least until Augustine should become an elegant Ruth to Dolly Cepher's unworthy and obsequious Boaz.

And yet to one who had never met the Claverings Bessie was far from humble. She was still begirt by the penumbra of the ancestral haughtiness. Too apt was she to regard the world from a pinnacle of exclusiveness; too prone to express views regarding common people which a celestial might have deemed uncharitable. Yet her eyes were so kindly, her lips so sweet, that involuntarily they argued against her speech and carried the day.

There was a young schoolmaster in the village, who in those days rather irritated Bessie by his manner; not that it was open to honest criticism; it was perfect in its simple and unobtrusive dignity—too perfect for a mere schoolmaster!

"But my dear," her aunt would protest, "how does he offend you?"

"Offend me? Of course not. But why does he ape the gentleman?" And then, think of his name—Erastus Stubbs?

But one afternoon Miss Bessie, when driving out in the pony cart, met with an adventure. On the brow of a steep hill the vicious little horse got a bit between his teeth and dashed down like one that possessed herd that sought the sea. Bessie clung to the reins, as one in terror must cling to something; but her strength barely sufficed for their upholding. At the foot of the hill there ran a brook, spanned by a crooked bridge. The bank was high on either side, and the water ran dark and rapid and deep.

There was a man sitting under the trees below the bridge fishing; a fine-looking, stalwart young man, who, when he heard the rumble and fear of the approach, sprang to his feet and over the fence and out into the roadway, seized the curb with a grasp of iron, forcing the pony back on the haunches, not twenty feet from the embankment. And then, wonder upon wonder, this truly providential young man turned the cart around, a difficult task even under the favorable circumstances of an open field, and saying, "I suppose you wish to go home, Miss Clavering," jumped in, and drove soberly up hill, and repeated, oh, so kindly, in its frequency, "Never mind, it is all over now," and when he saw the tears coursing down the pallid cheeks he threw the reins between his knees and wiped them away.

"I do think, aunt," declared Bessie, that Stubbs is just a lovely name. It is so manly."

And this was the beginning of it, and one lovely Autumn evening, when Bessie with the schoolmaster walked slowly, with arms entwined, and he told of his dreams and hopes and far-away prospects, how he was studying mightily at the law, how before winter he would seek his fortune in the city, and how that fortune meant rapine, and that rapine meant her; this, then, was the ending; yet what a bright and hopeful beginning, too!

And the lovers were so happy together; their joy was so single, their ambitions so limited. In that quiet village they could always hear the call of birds and the murmur of the brook, but over the mountains and the meadows never came the din of feverish, artificial life. They were alone, as it is in Eden, and from the grandeur of simplicity and tranquility there came to them both and especially to Bessie, a share in nature's wisdom.

And one day this young girl stood flushed and indignant before her Aunt Griselda. "I hate wealth and position and family consequence," she said, "and, above all, I hate the Clavering Vase." The cause of this outburst was a letter which Bessie held tightly clenched in her hand. This letter was from her mother, Mrs. Reginald Clavering, and was couched in that matron's most masterly torenic style. The family had been informed by a prospective sharer in its consequence namely, Mr. Adolphus Cepher, Sr., that Bessie was so unimpaired of what was due her station in life as to infinitely associate with a person accurately designated by the impossible name "Stubbs." Since it had come to pass that a child of the house had thus proved recreant to the obligation of the Vase, only one course remained. Let Bessie return at once to the roof, and, if possible, derive from her sister Augustine and her brother Lionel a portion of the lott ancestral spirit which animated them.

"Oh, aunt," exclaimed Bessie, "didn't you hate that old Vase when you were a girl? I'm sure you did."

Aunt Griselda smiled curiously. "My day was before the days of the Vase," she replied.

"Why, auntie, aren't you ashamed to make yourself older than the hills? Why, Richard Coeur de Lion was nothing to that Vase."

"Yes, and that Vase was nothing to Richard Coeur de Lion. Listen, my child: love has so transformed you that I may now tell you something that will prove serviceable to your love. When I was a young girl the Claverings were poor country people—poor, but honest, remember; there's nothing to be ashamed of. Did you never hear of your Uncle Charles? No? Well, perhaps your father would not speak of him. He was a very erratic young man, so nearly allied to genius as to be thought mentally deranged by some folks. There was nothing he couldn't make, from a steam engine to a Vase. But he lacked balance, and frittered away his time and opportunity by a thousand mad pranks and practical jokes. Now, your father was vastly different—a shrewd, practical man, intent on riches. And he succeeded; he gained great wealth through an enterprise perfectly legitimate, perfectly honorable, but of which he grew ashamed."

"Your mother, my dear, was ambitious; she realized her own powers and she determined that they should be untrammelled by prejudice. Some of the family thought her purse-proud and haughty; pardon me, but success always stirs up such feelings in families. It was then that your Uncle Charles produced the vase; where he got it from I don't know, but more elaborate things were made in his workshop. He related the tradition with a mock-serious air which was wholly serious to your father, who, as head of the family, claimed the heirloom, and has ever since thoroughly believed in it. It is so easy, my dear, for people to believe in their own aggrandizement; half the gauds in the world are merest trash. He asserted its genuineness and no one dared to contradict him. He moved away, and your Uncle Charles died, and now one remains that knows the truth of it except a poor old woman that doesn't count. But, remember this, there is some joke concealed within that Vase; your uncle was ingenious, and hid a meaning in everything he did. I fear it is indeed broken your father's pride would in some way be shattered."

"You are not a poor old woman," asserted Bessie. "And you do not count above everybody. I'll remember this story; perhaps it may help me in the struggle I shall surely have. But oh! I love you most dearly for having taught me the value of 'kind hearts' and simple faith."

So Bessie returned to the city and was frowned on by her father and glared at by her mother, and disdained by her sister and puffed at by her brother. Daily she

was led before the Vase to recant; daily its story was reiterated for the stirring of her pride. But Bessie was strong and endured with patience, awaiting the winter, so cool, so resourceful, would come and all would be right.

One cold bright afternoon there was a commotion in the great mansion of the Claverings. The recalcitrant Bessie had returned from a walk, bringing a young man with her. They were together in the parlor, and it was feared that his name was Erastus Stubbs!

"I'll kick him off the front stoop," growled Reginald, the father, who was irascible and red-faced.

"No," advised Mrs. Reginald, "that won't do; we want a determination, not an impression. He must be forced to comprehend the impossibility of his ambition. It is an affair for the entire family. Let us one and all present ourselves before him, and through the moral weight of our presence, backed by the inherent virtue of our Vase, crush out his audacity forever."

It was a sublime sight, truly, that confronted Erastus Stubbs as he sprang to his feet on the entrance of the family. No wonder that he felt Bessie's little hand tremble against his arm: no wonder that that arm involuntarily responded! There was Reginald himself waddling pompously as he held the Vase aloft; there was his august spouse mouthing recondite anathemas; there was Miss Augustine, as contemptuous as when she had lopped the scion of the de Kakiyaks root and branch, with Dolly Cepher's trivial attachment to her girlish; there was Mr. Lionel, tardily expelling the last sweet whiff of a cigarette which he had been inhaling in the smoking-room.

"Hence!" ejaculated Mrs. Reginald Clavering in tones that tried her bodice.

"Hence, upstart! you can have no part or portion in our exclusiveness. The voice of the Ages and the Ancients surrounding that Vase forbid it!" And the bass of the father, the contralto of the daughter, the falsetto of the lover and the squeak of the son re-echoed "Hence!"

"Oh, pa, cried Bessie, springing forward impetuously; 'don't be cruel! I love him so! Remember that I know that this family exclusiveness is utter nonsense. Aunt Griselda told me so.'

Alas for the young girl's excited grasp; alas for that paternal arm shaken by such sacrilegious words! A gasp of despair arose like the wail of the family banished, as the vase fell to the floor and shattered into a myriad atoms.

For a moment there was silence, there was rigidity. Then Erastus Stubbs stepped forward, and from the ruins picked up the yellow sheet. As he exposed its glaring headlines, Reginald Clavering turned livid; Mrs. Reginald Clavering's bodice experienced a tidal wave of dismay; the lovers exchanged glances of wonderment; but Mr. Lionel, having no expression, remained expressionless.

Erastus Stubbs read aloud from the screeled with a schoolmaster's clear enunciation: "Use Reggie Clavering's world-renowned ointment: good for man and beast! It's the rubbing that does the business!" He paused impressively, and then with a gracious deferential manner said: "Mr. Clavering, I have the honor to ask your daughter Bessie's hand in marriage."

Erastus Stubbs request was granted; not by "Reggie," who was speechless, but by his august spouse, who readily saw the necessity of keeping such a secret within the family. And so an orthodox blessing, which really should have dated from Edward the Confessor, but for the untimely breakage, was brought forward and conferred on the happy pair.

Cure of Cuts and Wounds.

A medical paper commits itself to the statement that many lives are lost each year in consequence of the lack of a little common sense respecting simple cuts or wounds on the hands or other parts. Several cases have been recorded of ineptness relating to persons who have died from blood poisoning arising from small cuts on the hands. The history in all of these cases varies but little, and is practically the same. A man, for example, while working at his trade, or even while carrying out the simple detail of cutting a piece of bread, receives a small cut on the hand. The injury is so trivial that anything is considered good enough with which to stop the bleeding, and this end having been attained no more is thought of it. The small wound is left to take care of itself, and is exposed to all sorts of filthiness and sources of infection. By good luck, nothing may happen; but the public will do well to bear in mind that from the most trivial injury to the skin acute septicaemia may supervene, and may rapidly be followed by a fatal termination. By thorough attention to cleanliness the untoward consequences of a wound liable to become infected can be effectually prevented. On the other hand, when the septicemic attack has declared itself, as a rule little can be done by the surgeon to stem the virulence with which it develops. It should therefore, be borne in mind, that so long as wounds, however small, remain unhealed, the risk of contracting blood poisoning will always be present.

She Was a Queer Woman.

The story of Mrs. Maria Bensley is as romantic as any of the traditions of the middle ages. She was the wife of John Bensley, once a financial power in San Francisco. He failed and ran away, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, but she remained. After several transfers she got hold of the property, and, in turn, disposed of it to a fictitious woman, Mrs. de Tarente. Of course, when Mrs. Bensley wanted to do anything with the property, "Mrs. de Tarente" was always quite willing. She soon became a widow, but was still placed in many trying situations because of the creditors. One day she was dining at a hotel when a message was brought to her. She read it and faintly. As she fell she struck the floor with a clang. She was thin of body, but the people who lifted her found her wonderfully heavy, a fact which was explained when it was found that under her dress she wore a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. It is said that she wore this armor till she died from heart disease. She traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and based her pride on titles that were never bestowed. She had few friends and many enemies, and was altogether a most remarkable figure.

## AND THE HAT CAME BACK.

A Discarded Title Which the Owner Was Finally Compelled to Burn.

Captain Kay, of the British navy, was at anchor in Aden harbour once after three years in the East Indies, says the Youth's Companion. Being now on his way home he began to clear out his cabin. Among his traps was a hat-case, which, being opened, disclosed a "title" which had once been new and fashionable, but was now moth-eaten and out of date. Inside of it, in indelible ink, was printed its owner's name. The captain glanced at it and said to his servant: "Throw it overboard." Overboard it went. Soon afterward one of the crew of a boat from the flagship, coming from the shore, espied the hat floating in the water, picked it up, read the name inside and carried it to the commander of his ship, who in turn sent it to Captain Kay with his compliments, supposing it to have fallen overboard.

"Hang the hat!" said Captain Kay, and he chuckled it overboard again, adding: "Tell your commander I'm very much obliged to him."

Two hours afterward the hat again reappeared, this time with Captain Kay's compliments. "Captain Kay" was the commander of an American man-of-war lying farther down the harbor and the hat had been picked up by one of his boats. Captain Kay—had dried it carefully and then sent it to his owner.

"Tell Captain Kay—I am greatly obliged to him," said Captain Kay, and the American officer departed.

"Confound the hat!" said Captain Kay. "I shall have to ask N— to dinner. Here, bring me a lump of coal or something else that is heavy."

A lump of coal was placed in the hat and the hat was taken down the accommodation ladder, carefully allowed to fill with water and watched till it sank.

"That's the last of that!" said Captain Kay.

Two days later a parcel arrived addressed to "Captain Kay H. M. S. S." with 14 rupees annexed to pay. The money was paid, the parcel opened, and behold! here once more was the discarded hat, looking more disreputable than ever.

With it was a very civil note from the Aden superintendent of police. A diving boy, he explained, had brought up the hat. The superintendent had found the owner's name inside. He had taken for granted that Captain Kay would wish the boy's honesty rewarded and so had taken the liberty to give him five rupees. He hoped his action would meet with approval. The police station fees were 1 rupee, with boat hire, 12 rupees 8 annas. Captain Kay paid these different charges; then he ordered a big fire lighted in the stove hole, and, after jumping on the hat he ordered it pushed into the hottest part of the furnace. He watched it burn, and even as it crumbled into ashes the inscription, "Captain Kay, R. N.," was still visible.

## BORN.

Digby, April 2, to the wife of W. I. Erb, a son.  
Halifax, April 2, to the wife of George Grant, a son.  
Salsbury, April 3, to the wife of W. B. Henry, a son.  
Truro, April 1, to the wife of Ross Cummings, a son.  
Truro, March 20, to the wife of Stuart Fraser, a son.  
Chamtown, April 3, to the wife of L. L. Beer, a son.  
Smithtown, April 2, to the wife of T. A. Robertson, a son.  
Halifax, April 3, to the wife of William Prescott, a daughter.  
St. John, April 3, to the wife of C. F. Stubbs, a daughter.  
St. Andrews, April 1, to the wife of G. K. Greenlaw, a son.  
Mosherville, March 29, to the wife of Rupert Casey, a daughter.  
Martock, N. S., March 25, to the wife of Richard Creed, a son.  
Dartmouth, April 3, to the wife of H. R. Longueville, a son.  
Martock, N. S., March 25, to the wife of Winburn Saunders, a son.  
Grand Manan, March 29, to the wife of Alvin Sheppard, a daughter.  
Charlottetown, March 29, to the wife of Rev. W. Hamlyn, a daughter.  
New Glasgow, N. S., March 11, to the wife of Fred Woodworth, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Preston, March 20, by Rev. F. Dixon, John Grant to Eliza Beas.  
Lake George, N. B., April 4, Thomas H. McLearn to Maggie Kelly.  
Carleton Place, April 5, Rev. J. Seller, John A. Ward to Sadie Burridge.  
Petfordville, N. B., March 22, Daniel Armstrong to Mrs. Mary Campbell.  
Halifax, April 3, by Rev. Father Murphy, James Bennett to Katie Hicks.  
Cardigan, March 28, by Rev. J. K. King, Benjamin Jones to Annie E. Evans.  
Hampton, April 4, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Frank S. Creed to Mary E. Brown.  
Deerfield, March 31, by Rev. C. D. Turner, William James to Eliza Kennedy.  
Digby, March 25, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Samuel Connor to Sarah Hawkins.  
Glasville, April 2, by Rev. J. K. Beaslie, Arthur Truett to Mrs. Mary Delaney.  
Truro, April 2, by Rev. Dr. Heartz, William G. Teaman to Maggie Delaney.  
Smithtown, April 5, by F. N. Atkinson, Lamont Nedwell to Laura E. Gibson.  
Woodstock, March 28, by Rev. J. A. Bleakney, John Miller to Jane King.  
Lower LaHave, N. S., by Rev. G. A. Leck, George B. Oxner to Trephina Clark.  
Springhill, March 29, by Rev. D. Wright, John Bonnar to Margaret Murphy.  
Moncton, March 28, by Rev. W. W. Weeks, R. Bruce Milne to Stella Geldart.  
Deerfield, N. S., by Rev. C. D. Turner, Frank Nickerson to Mary Andrews.  
Springhill, March 29, by Rev. David Wright, James Durham to Ida McLean.  
Sackville, April 3, by Rev. J. W. Harrison, Charles A. Riley to Margaret A. Watts.  
Bale Verte, April 4, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Chas. R. McLaren to Emma A. Thomas.  
Mill Village, March 7, by Rev. T. F. Wooten, James E. Fancie to Cora E. Blades.  
Cardigan, N. S., March 21, by Rev. Truman Bishop, William A. Cann to Ellen S. Annis.  
Pentland, N. B., April 5, by Rev. F. C. Wright, Alfred G. Stewart to Edith O'Brien.  
Fredericton, April 6, by Rev. H. W. Weddall, James Burnett to Annie Fleming.  
New Tuxet, March 29, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Thomas H. Sabean to Ida J. Mullen.  
Hardwick, March 27, by Rev. John Robertson, William A. Taylor to Belia McLean.  
Wickham, March 14, by Rev. T. W. Carpenter, William McCrea to Elizabeth Foster.  
Weston, N. S., March 28, by Rev. F. E. Daley, Robert H. Reid to Ada L. Holmes.  
Yarmouth, April 4, by Rev. G. K. White, Captain Robert L. Baker to Synthia McGray.  
Liverpool, March 30, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Henry Leonard to Annie Kelly.  
St. John, April 4, by Rev. Mr. McFarlane, Thomas P. Love to Josephine Baxter Macgowan.  
Springhill, March 29, by Rev. W. Charles Wilson, John Edward Armstrong to Jane Wilson.  
Liverpool, April 3, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Daniel Boutillier to Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf.  
New Glasgow, April 6, by Rev. Anderson Rogers, Arthur Cruikshank to Mary E. McIntosh.

All acknowledge that for Style, Health,

Comfort and Economy, no waterproof

in existence is equal to a

MELISSA

For either Men or Women.

## RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

THE ONLY Trans-Continental LINE.

THE TRAIN leaving ST. JOHN, N. B. at 10:40 p. m., daily, except Saturday, arrives in MONTREAL at 4:20 p. m. the following day, (9 hours quicker than via any other line) making connections in Union Stations with through trains for OTTAWA, WINNIPEG and the PACIFIC COAST, for ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, etc., via the "Soo Line." Also for TORONTO, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, etc., etc. Fares always as low as by any other route, and train service unrivalled.

For full information enquire at Company's office, Chubb's Corner and at Passenger Station.

D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt., Montreal, St. John, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Piquash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
Express for Halifax..... 13.50  
Express for Sussex..... 16.20  
Express for Pictou, Piquash, Campbellton, and Montreal..... 16.50

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock.  
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 19.40 o'clock.  
A freight train leaves St. John for Montreal every Saturday night at 22.30 o'clock.

Express from Sussex..... 8.25  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 16.30  
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 16.30  
Express from Halifax, Pictou, and Campbellton..... 18.40  
Express from Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

## YARMOUTH &amp; ANNAPOLIS RY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a. m. 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 8.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.55 p. m. 4.55 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 12.50 p. m.

CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with St. John and Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with St. John and Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday. Through tickets may be obtained at St. John, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

Trains are run by Railway Standard Time.

Yarmouth, N. S. General Superintendent.

STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.  
Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING November 13th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard time.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.50 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Portland and St. John.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

1894 SEEDS CATALOGUE

Illustrated catalogue now ready and mailed free to all who send us their address. We offer a most complete assortment of carefully selected seeds and seed grain, and are pleased at all times to give special quotations for large quantities—Enslage Co. a specialty.

WM. EWING & CO., 142 McGill St. MONTREAL.