

## NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PLEASANT WORDS OF POETS AND WORK THEY HAVE DONE.

Counsel to the Legislature at Ottawa—More About Mrs. Hensley—Lotto's Tribute to his Friend—Hew Ainslie—Hon. Charles H. Collins and Ralph H. Shaw.

It cannot be supposed that our legislators at Ottawa and our leaders of Government are deeply impressed with the cry of impending danger to the land they call their own, and the necessity of a most prosperous commercial and industrial condition, as well as a stronger military armament; no, for they have just now been indulging in a personal quarrel over a bag of beans, as oblivious to all shame as if a great contemptuous world were not looking on. We look over where stand, beside the eloquent voice of the many waters, those magnificent beautiful walls and towers,—the halls that once echoed the voices of McGee and McDonald, and we hear not one human accent to rouse a throb of pride. No, there are thousands, like ourselves, indignant to be so wholly ashamed. Will not these thousands teach their shamers a lesson? We have no special aptness nor fondness for censure, but look rather for occasions of congratulation, and we roll a word of appreciation like honey under our tongue;—but look you, my Masters! how shall we commend you, while you continue in such a strain? We pity and will help, the multitude, weak and erring like ourselves, and we remember the plea of our brother, poor "sad, bad, glad, ma!" Villon—

Well you know, the saving grain  
Of sense springs not in every mother's son.

We can but estimate the frailty of the human, and its fallibility, even under the argon of learning and the boast of power; and we think of the degree of the temptation, before we mete the blame. But where shall we look for manly exhibitions, unless it be to the men who represent the people in the place where that "fierce light that beats upon a throne" always shines? If badly destitute of the "saving grain," if they cannot forget self and party for the sake of their country, though she were perishing, ought they to be there? Shall the successors of able and patriotic men, and the representatives of growing states that aspire to an independence, or a ed eration such as poets deem the world never saw, condescend to such things!—forfeit all dignity and nobility of spirit and bearing, and play the pettish part of ill-tutored children? Gentlemen,—be such, or come out from that place you are disgracing! In God's name, and for decency's sake it should be said.

From Current Literature for February we extract the following notice of Mrs. Hensley and her recent volume:

It is our exceptional privilege this month to record the appearance of a new poetic star in our firmament, Mrs. Sophie Almon Hensley, whose volume of verse, "A Woman's Love Letters," entitles the author to take a prominent rank among our modern poets. "Doubt," a selection from this volume, appears in our "Minor Key." "Mrs. Hensley" says Fanny Mack Lothrop, "is a poet according to the accepted estimate of the eternal fitness of things,—she possesses youth, beauty, charm of manner, and talent, all in a very conspicuous degree of finish and a sense of melody such as are usually to be found only in the works of those grown old and eminent in letters." Mrs. Hensley is the daughter of the late Rev. Henry Prior Almon, D. C. L., of Nova Scotia, a descendant of Cotton Mather, of Massachusetts. She was born in Nova Scotia, and educated in London and Paris. For her knowledge of the technique of verse she is indebted to Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, formerly Professor of English Literature at Kings College, Windsor, N. S.; and certainly no pupil ever did her teacher more credit. The cadence of her measure, her knowledge of perspective and her genius of restraint, (which make the imagination of the reader give double value to her words,) these are all her own, and they are unique in a young writer. Mrs. Hensley is a resident of this city, [3 West 102nd St. New York.] where her lectures on Browning have attracted much favorable notice.

The Memoir prefixed to the recent edition of Hew Ainslie's poems has to us a double interest, being the latest piece of prose writing from his pen whose product must be now most precious to his friends, who are many. Lato and Ainslie were friends of many years, and we have rarely come upon anything more touching than the words with which this most generally discursive piece of writing is concluded:

And now beloved old Hew Ainslie—last friend I had remaining who could call me "my dear Tom,"—farewell! I drop—not offending thy name by calling it "mountain daisy"—a Gowan of the green swaird upon thy honored grave.

America claims both these graves (Ainslie's at Louisville, Ky.) but Scotland may do them tearful reverence. Not many weeks had elapsed after the final sheets of this work now before us had been dispatched across the water to the publisher, before this loving veritable man had left us, and his cold form was "happied in the mools" in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Lato traces the career of his friend, from his birth at Bargeny Mains, on the banks of "Girvan's fairy haunted stream," April 5th, 1792, (just four years before the death of Robert Burns,) to his departure

at the patriarchal age of 86, March 11th, 1878, in that far West which so many of countrymen had helped to colonize; giving the most salient features of his hard and changeable life, his rugged, generous, whole-some nature, and his most piquant fortunes, in a manner to enlist the reader's ardent attention. He was an Ayrshire man, and Burns became to him an object of idolatry. He followed him as closely as it is safe for one of much positively original powers to do. His most considerable work is the "Pilgrimage"—written long ago, in 1820, before he ever left Scotland; and though neglected in that brilliant time in which it appeared, it has gradually acquired an interest to the lover of Scottish literature, which is destined to increase rather than diminish. It abounds in fine observations, strikingly, often humorously expressed; in quietly delightful bits of scenery-painting, and in interjected songs and poems, some of which are the best he ever wrote. Witness this exquisitely pathetic thing, found in almost any collection of Scottish songs:

Its dowie in the hist o' hairst,  
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,  
When the wind grows cauld, an' the burns grow bauld.

An' the winds are hingin' yellow;  
But, oh! it's dewier far to see  
The wa'-gang o' her heart gae wi'—  
The dew-set o' a shining e'e  
That darkens the weary world on thee.

There was muckle love atween us twa—  
Ah! twa could ne'er be fonder;  
An' the thing on yin was never made  
That could hae gart us under.  
But the way of Heaven's aboon a' ken,  
An' we manna bear what it likes to sen—  
It's comfort, tho' to weary men,  
That the warst o' this warl's waes manna en.

There's nae things that come and gae,  
Just ken an' syne forgotten;  
The flowers that bask a bonnie brae  
Gin anither year lie rotten.  
But the last look o' that lovin' e'e,  
An' the dying grip she gied to me,  
They're settled like eternitie—  
Oh! Mary that I were wi' thee!

All the sorrow of a death-bed, the passion of a last parting, are there! "Not many Scottish poets of minor rank come so near the absolute gracefulness of the master-singers," one of his critics has asserted. "He has rare sweep of vision, while compactness and point distinguish his execution and his language. He sees also with singular truth. The personality of the writer gives additional charm to his work. Of broad and masculine yet genial temperament, Ainslie appears to have ever attracted esteem. In the land of his adoption, as well as in Scotland he gained friendships peculiarly strong. . . . Perhaps the poet never wrote anything better than the melodious and impressive 'Dowie in the Hint o' Hairst,' but in the 'Bourgeois o' Bargeny' his power is also well manifested. . . . These lines afford a good instance of his delicacy of touch, in addition to his fine conception of a song."

I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair,  
"Mong the bourgeoises (cottages) o' Bargeny;  
I've found ye on the banks o' Ayr,  
But sair ye're alter'd i' Jeanie.

I left ye 'mong the woods sae green,  
In rustic weed be fitting;  
I've found ye busk like a queen,  
In painted chambers sitting.

I left ye like the wanton lamb  
That plays 'mong hedges heather;  
I've found ye noo a sober dame,  
A wife and eke a milner.

Ye're fairer, stouter, I can see,  
Ye're wiser, nae doubt Jeanie;  
But ah, I'd rather meet wi' thee  
"Mong the bourgeoises o' Bargeny.

Lato say: "We were talking one day, and I hazarded the assertion that the gem of his collection was 'The Bourgeois of Bargeny.' He looked a little surprised when I ventured this remark. I said that the theme had been taken up by Robert Chambers in 'Young Randal,' and later by Robert Nicoll in 'Bonnie Bessie Lee,' but that me judge, it had not been handled by either with such delicacy and power as had been evinced in his own simple lines. After some consideration he seemed inclined to defer to my opinion."

Lato had a great fund of reminiscences, not a little of which, it is to be feared, has passed with him beyond our reach,—and the anecdotal parts of his Memoir of Ainslie are not the least delightful, by any means. We consider, as of especial interest the account of Ainslie's visit to Burns' widow, just before his departure for America. He went to Dumfries, brooded over the primitive monument then marking Burns' grave, and then repaired to the "humble cottage" where Jean "lived in comparative comfort and unquestioned respectability supported to a great extent by the bounty of Lord Panmure, who, though he refused to contribute more than a paltry pittance for the maintenance of his son and

heir, the Hon. Fox Maule, was pleased to indulge one of his crochets by donating £100 per annum to Robert Burns' struggling, half destitute widow." Ainslie had a reception which warmed his then pensive heart. This is Lato's account, as honest Hew communicated it to him:

She was over run with visitors, but the stranger introducing himself, she received him in her kind, motherly way. His manner was very winning when not oppressed by a sense of condescending patronage, and of that Jean had none. They got "unco pack and thick together" in less time than it takes to tell it, and of course the dead poet formed the staple of their "two-handed crack." She communicated to him a good deal that has now passed from a usually retentive memory. "Fow oors" was just approaching, and the venerable dame proceeded to "mask" her tea, and courteously invited him to stay and take with her a refreshing cup. They talked of relic hunters, and she professed herself to be utterly a-weary of them and their pertinacity. She spoke almost cheerily of the "roup" [auction] of their furniture after the great man's death, and of the "twit" prices "chairs, pangs, griddles," etc. "But oh!" she said jokingly, "if they were to be sell't noo they'd be bring twenty times mair." Hew wanted to take a short walk in some of the bard's haunts, and she immediately looked for a shawl to accompany him. "I'm thinkin'," remarked our young man, "that can hardly be the shawl ye got frae George Thompson." "No quite," was her simple reply, "that would need to have been weel [saved] to last sae long. It's sax an' threety years sin' he made me that present." They walked together to Lincluden Abbey, I think—at any rate to a ruin—and she stood for a moment on a certain sheltered and lovely spot. "It was just here," she observed, "that my man often paused, and I believed made up mny a poem an' sang ere he cam' in to write it down. He was never fractious—aye gude natured and kind baith to the bairns and to me." Hew felt then, as he did long afterwards, that Jean, of all the women in the world, was the one specially fitted to be the poet's lifelong companion. Clarinda had a dangerous "spunk" about her and would have stood no nonsense nor tolerated his admitted aberrations. Mary Campbell, though gentle and amiable, had yet Highland blood in her veins, and the ire of the sons of Macallum is sometimes easily roused, and sometimes not so easily laid. But Jean was indulgent, patient, affectionate, gentle, good, and above all, most forgiving. She was by no means the untidy woman she has been represented. Her skin and complexion, even in advanced age, were fine, and she might be considered a comely, as she was unquestionably a pleasant woman. When they returned from the trip, Ainslie proposed taking his immediate departure, but before leaving, grasping her hand, he said: "I was like weel ere I gae, if ye wad permit me to kiss the cheek o' Burns faithfully." Jean to be a reminder to me o' this meetin' when I was far awa." She laughed, held up her face to him and said: "Aye lad, an' welcome." So he printed a kiss on her yet unwithered lips and that was the last he saw of Jeanie Armour.

It is touching, and we think, ennobling to mark how the hearts of these two men kept turning to the haunted majestic land that gave its ineffable stamp to their souls. She was never so dear as when this America, of which they were also fond and proud, had been made their home. And where is the Scot, in America, or India, or Australia, or wherever he may be, whose heart does not turn warmly, often longingly, to the motherland? Ainslie found life-long hard work and a home in this new land,—he found more than Scotland could give him,—but this is his poetic testimony:

Thee's braver countries on the map  
An' richer, too, in kind an' crap,  
But while this heart contains the sep  
O' life, by jing!

And Scotland manna stan' at the tap  
O' the bing.

The sorrow of the sea, and the pensive-ness of the shore, that are found breathing through the Tantramar poems of Prof. Roberts, find expression in a little lyric,—"The Deserted Wharf,"—which recalls one of his finest sonnets, "The Deserted City," in which "the wharves are idle fallen,"—and which we like so well we are disposed to copy it, from Massey's Magazine, for the pleasure of our readers,—sorry that we cannot reproduce the illustrations:

The long tides sweep  
Around its sleep,  
The long red tides of Tantramar  
Around its dream  
They hiss and stream,  
Sad for the ships that have sailed afar.

"How many lips  
Have lost their bloom,  
How many ships  
Gone down to gloom,  
Since keel and sail  
Have fled out from me  
Over the thunder and strain of the sea."

Its kale-dark sides  
Throb in the tides;  
The long winds o'er it spin and hur;  
Its timbers ache  
For memory's sake,

And the throngs that never again will come.

"How many lips  
Have lost their bloom,  
How many ships  
Gone down to gloom,  
Since keel and sail  
Have fled out from me  
Over the thunder and strain of the sea."

We have received from some courteous friend, documents relating to Henry Howe, the historian of the State of Ohio, recently deceased; a man of substantial attainments and accomplishments whose portraits present a face of singular attractiveness. Reading the editorial entitled, "Posterity will do him justice," in the Ohio State Journal, and the Memorial to the House of State Representatives, petitioning that copies be provided at public expense for public schools and academies, as well as Gen. Beatty's address, in moving and recommending this, filled us with the surprise and chagrin that always possesses us when worthy and gifted men are treated in a manner unworthy their character and talents. "Posterity will do him justice," indeed! What of that! It is not so much, after all that posterity does justice to the dead, as that Posterity felicitates itself on the possession of a tree ure for which the giver was never repaid, and now never can be. There is often an unselfish soul who delights in his exceptional work, and is apt to count it reward enough, if he can be of service to others; but is that reason for wholesale neglect and ingratitude on their part whom he has aimed to benefit? This thing, repeated again and again, is one of the shames of every country under heaven, and we know not how it is to be remedied. It is a good deal the same in a Legislature as in a Town Meeting; there is always enough philistinism, sectarianism, and outlandish selfishness to defeat any broad-minded generous measure. This indifference of his state to so monumental a work—the care and labor of many years,—clouded his closing days; and yet we are told— "His laugh was as cheery, his heart was as light, and his conversation as happy, as at the sun of his life was going down in a cloudless sky. . . . 'Ah!' said he, as he took his leave, 'My life has been a busy one, but I have enjoyed it. It has had much of sunshine and shadow, but I am glad to have been able to complete the task before me. It has been accomplished through vicissitudes of which no one except myself and family know anything; but now, that the work is ended, and I am able to say 'finis,' it is a source of the greatest felicity to me." We should be glad to learn more of Henry Howe and of his work.

Our good friend Hon. Charles H. Collins writes in just appreciation of a little poem, which sometime ago appeared in Progress,—"My Lady Birch," by Ralph H. Shaw, of Lowell. He expresses his admiration warmly!

His little poem, "My Lady Birch," is one of the sweetest, daintiest things! Charming in conception, beautiful in execution. That one poem stamps Mr. Shaw as the true gentleman,—pure in mind, thought and deed. No other could have written it. The man's intense love of graceful forms and his high ideals of woman speak in the lines. Who but Shaw could have seen in the white, ghost-like birch trees skirting the streams of the Adirondacks and the white hills of New Hampshire such forms of beauty? To most persons the birch represents a chewing gum, birch-bark, Indian canoes, logs etc. C. F. Lummis had many of his poems printed on birch bark. You should read Lummis. Shaw is the first to defy My Lady Birch, and he is right. I see a beauty unseen before, and can repeat his charming thought. I shall hereafter lift my head in respect to "My Lady Birch, so fair, so coldly chaste and beautiful." "A lady wholly beautiful," a mute Diana of the woods and wild. My Lady Birch has no dogs to fear and rend intruders, as did the Huntress of the Thesalian plains.

Mr. Collins expresses his admiration in an address in verse, which, by favor of the editor, may be found in another column of Progress.

We have, from the hand of Dr. John D. Ross, a copy of the Prospectus, containing a portrait-plan of the proposed statue to "Highland Mary," referred to in our last paper. The rustic maiden is represented standing, her gown gathered up in her left hand, her right hand pressing a book against her bosom—presumably the Bible Burns gave her,—her draped head and pensively beautiful face turned toward Ayrshire. Wallace Bruce expresses all the public will feel of admiration in the following note to the Sculptor, D. W. Stevenson, R. S. A., of Edinburgh, who is highly reputed as an artist and a Burns student:

New York Nov. 7th 1894.

My Dear Mr. Stevenson: I must congratulate you upon your beautiful design of the "Highland Mary" statue to be erected at Dunoon. I received it recently from our good friend, Colin Rae-Brown. It is a noble presentation of the one maiden above all other enshrined in sweetest poetry. It is an inspiration. Yours sincerely, Wallace Bruce.

(Late U. S. Consul for Edinburgh.)  
Mr. Colin Rae-Brown, is Vice-President of the Federation of Societies under which this work is to be accomplished, and is President of the Robert Burns Club of London, G. B. The Treasurer of the Fund for the erection of the Statue is Mr. Daniel Anderson, a banker at Dunoon. The names of those active in the promot-

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tion of this enterprise are among the most celebrated in Gr. Britain,—such as Lord Rosettery, Marquis of Lorne, Earl of Dufferin, Lord Colin Campbell, Prof. Masson, Dr. James McGregor, Sir Theodore Martin, etc.—and the interest in it is expected to be world-wide. To the long Committee list in this country have lately been added the names of John D. Ross, L. L. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. R. Thayer, N. Y. City, and Douglas Stewart, of Philadelphia, Pa. PATERREFX.

## NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the clapping of the time limited for its existence. Saint John, N. B., Jan. 23d, A. D. 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD. S. HAYWARD.

## NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY:—

- (1) That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.
- (2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold, by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c.
- (3) That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are as follows:—  
Ward C. Pitfield who resides at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hamilton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner.
- (4) That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock.
- (5) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1899.

Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896.  
Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD.  
Signed, S. HAYWARD.

## PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED that on this second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, before me, James A. Belyea, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick by Royal authority only appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practicing at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared at the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, the co-partners named in the foregoing and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, sealed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Co-partnership as their respective act and deed, and to and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January, A. D. 1896.  
J. A. BELYEA,  
Notary Public.

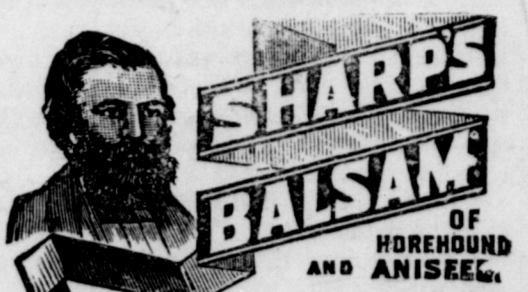
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H. NOTMAN, District Pass'r Ag't, St. John, N. B.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th Septem ber 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

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Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
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Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 11.30  
Express for Sussex..... 12.40

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Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.20  
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.30  
Express from Halifax..... 11.30  
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.30  
Accommodation from Montreal..... 12.40

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D. POTTINGER, General Manager,  
St. John, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

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Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 5.15 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a.m.

Leave Annapolis daily at 7.4 a.m.; arriving Digby 8.20 a.m.  
Leave Digby daily 3.20 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William street, St. John; 126 Hollis street, Halifax; 228 Washington street, Boston. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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