

## A YARN.

Mid-winter't was in Australian seas,  
But Victoria, fair and gay,  
Look down on the cutters that rode at ease  
Twist the low sandy heads of the bay.  
Riding at ease till the signal gun  
Boomed from the harbor bar  
For a pilot craft; and on board of one  
Was a man they called Jem Mar.

Beyond the heads raged a furious gale,  
Waves massed in a leaden form.  
The word went forward to back fore-sail  
And make all 'sant for the storm.  
But something jammed in the sharp down haul,  
They hardly knew how to steer;  
The halcyons somehow had gotten foul,  
And Jem went aloft to clear.

But a huge green sea o'er the bulwarks rose,  
The masts and rigging all broke;  
A red sea surface—and over the goos,  
Turned right on her side by the stroke.

Three men were carried clear off the craft  
With a cry of anguish—their last!  
But Jem sat steady astride the gull,  
Just clear of the shattered mast.

They cut away boldly with axe and knife  
The tangled masses of gear,  
But they knew right well what to them was life  
Must be certain death to Mar.  
He saw it—and spite of the blinding drift  
And the furious roar of the sea,  
They heard his strong brave voice uplift  
As he sagged out lustily—

'Chop away, mates! But a stroke or two,  
And the cutter came up like a bird.  
For they did it as they were bound to do,  
As soon as he gave the word.  
And slowly away dove the broken spar  
With the masts and rigging all broke;  
And the last of Jem that his mates saw,  
He was cheerily waving his hand!—Argosy.

## Mrs. Merrydew's Resignation.

It's just what I always predicted,' groaned Mrs. Merrydew; 'I knew this sort of thing with a glance around her cool, airy kitchen, where the ball-fringed curtains fluttered in the breeze and the tall clock told off the seconds with leisurely deliberation, 'was a deal too good to last! I dreamed last night that I saw Sam in his winding sheet, and this morning when the letter came I knew what was in it, word for word, before ever I broke the seal!'

'What has happened?' eagerly questioned Hetty Johnson, the village gossip, who had stopped on her way to the place where she was engaged for a day's work at dress-making to ask how Mrs. Merrydew's rheumatism was. 'He ain't—dead?'

'Dead!' croaked the old lady, 'what a start you do give one, to be sure! Dead—of course he ain't dead! He's only—married!'

'Well, I declare,' said Hetty, 'if that don't beat all! Your Sam married!'

'Married last week,' said Mrs. Mary Merrydew, 'and going to bring his bride to see me to-day. What am I going to do, I'd like to know, with a daintily fine lady from the city, who don't know a spinning wheel from a clothes press, and never put her hands into a pan of good scalding dishwater in her life?'

'Well, but,' said Hetty Johnson, 'it seems to me as if that was horrier trouble afore it's due! How do you know but what you'll like her?'

'Did you ever know one of these city girls that was worth her salt?' contemptuously demanded Mrs. Merrydew. 'Not everybody knows what my luck has been, all my life long. It was a bad egg in the bin! I was always certain sure to get it; I bought ticket No. 7 in the raffish at a church fair, No. 8 was always the always the ticket to draw the prize. I didn't expect anything better, and I'm resigned to the Lord's will! Oh, dear, dear this is a hard world to live in!'

'A queer kind of resignation,' thought Miss Hetty, as she hastened on, leaving Mrs. Merrydew wiping her eyes with a yellow silk pocket handkerchief and sighing like any turnace. 'And if Sam Merrydew really has got married, I hope to goodness he's got a woman who won't take the world quite so hard as his mother does!'

'Yes, I'm resigned,' said Mrs. Merrydew, as she cut the white, crisp apples into juicy slices for a tart, and mournfully filled the stove with fresh wood. 'Though I don't s'pose Sam's wife will keep the old china and the silver candlesticks and the Bough-ten carpets as I've done; no, and she won't set no store by the old furniture that has been in the Merrydew family for a generation and a half. She'll set and told her hands, and let everything go to wrack and ruin—but I'm resigned. And Sam he'll be neglected, and his shirts will be destroyed, and his stockings won't be mended—who ever heard of a city lady taking the trouble to mend stockings? But I ain't one to grumble, and I always did say that, what-ever happened, I would try to be resigned!'

The baking was all done—the table was set for tea, and the firelight gleaming through the cracks of the stove danced merrily up and down on the yellow-washed walls, and Mrs. Merrydew was alternately dozing over her knitting and wiping surreptitious tears from her spectacle glasses, when there came a loud, insistent knocking at the floor, and in walk-d a tall, un-d young woman in a cheap blue silk dress, whose mangy train drew itself over the floor, and a black lace hat overloaded with ragged artificial flowers.

'Bless me!' said Mrs. Merrydew, only half awake, 'who are you?'

'I'm Sam's wife,' said the young woman, looking round her with indolent interest. 'And I s'pose you're my mother in law?'

'You?' gasped the poor old lady, scarcely able, at first, to realize the meaning of the handsome slattern's words. 'You Sam's wife! It can't be possible!'

The young woman untied the strings of her bonnet with a laugh and flung it carelessly on the table.

'I guess I ain't good enough for you,' said she. 'Sam said his folks wouldn't just fancy me at first, but we're tight married and there's no help for it; so you'll just have to make the best of things.'

'You—you are from the city?' hesitated poor Mrs. Merrydew, not knowing what else to say.

'I waited in a restaurant,' said Sam's wife. 'That's where he first saw me, in New York.'

'He never told me that,' said Mrs. Merrydew, faintly.

'I s'pose it's dreadful dull and poky out here,' said the young woman, with a shrug of her pretty tawdry shoulders. 'Do the crickets always keep on cheep—cheeping, like this? And don't the wind ever stop moaning through the trees? Dear me, what a crazy looking old clock! Why don't you change it off for something modern? Tea? No, I don't care for tea. I'd a deal rather have a glass of beer. Beer always sets me up when I feel faint. Or p'raps you might put just a drop of gin or spirits in the tea?'

Mrs. Merrydew grew sick at heart—she leaned up against the wall and closed her eyes.

'Is this my only son's wife?' she asked herself. 'This coarse, untidy, half-educated creature? Oh, what have I done to be punished like this? Sam's wife! In all the pictures of her that I had painted to myself there was never one like this. No, never!'

And the picture of her boy's blighted life, her own desolate future, rose darkly up before her mind's eye with sickening distinctness.

'I can't be resigned to this!' she uttered aloud.

Sam's wife eyed her with lazy indifference, mingled with rising dislike and prejudice.

'Humph!' said she, 'I don't see how you're going to help yourself, mother-in-law. What's done can't be undone. Sam's sick of this bargain, and you're sick of yours, but I ain't tired of mine! With a sinister chuckle. 'It may be dull and stupid here, but it's a peg higher up than waiting in a fifteen-cent restaurant anyhow.'

'Where's Sam?' Mrs. Merrydew asked abruptly.

'Ain't he here?' said the young wife, opening her china-blue eyes. 'Why, he came yesterday!'

'Sam?' 'Yes, Sam. Sampson Parley Parkins, Esquire!' with an insolence which was heightened by a defiant toss of the head, 'if you want the full name and all particulars, old lady!'

'There's some mistake,' said Mrs. Merrydew, with a sudden sensation of grateful relief at her heart. 'My son's name is not Sampson Parley Parkins, although I believe there is a young man of that name living at the grist mill, four miles up the road. My son is called Samuel Merrydew.'

'Good gracious!' cried the bride, starting to her feet in a scrambling terrified sort of way, and making a vague clutch at a shabby bonnet. 'Then I've made a mistake and come to the wrong place! They told me it was a red house, back of four big willows!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Merrydew, 'it is a red house behind four large willow trees, but there's (with conscious pride) 'the likeness ends, Perkins' Mill House is not by any means such a place as this!'

At the same moment an open wagon, well besplashed with liquid mud, clattered up to the door and a shrill voice was heard crying out:

'Evenin', Mis' Merrydew! Seen anything of a young 'oman in a blue gown and red shawl hereabouts? I've somehow missed my wife at the depot, and—why there she is now! How on earth come you here, Louisa Jeannette? You might ha' knew I'd come arter you, if you could ha' waited a spell!'

And Mrs. Sampson Parley Perkins, a long-climbed Yankee, in a blue checked shirt and a suit of pepper-and-salt cloth, helped his wife into the vacant seat of the muddy wagon and rattled away, leaving Mrs. Merrydew standing staring on the door step.

'I am resigned now!' said that matron aloud, apparently addressing herself to the crows and crickets. 'Good land o'liberty it was just exactly like a bad dream!'

But Mrs. Merrydew had hardly returned to the cozy sitting room again, when a second sound of wheels broke upon the fragrant stillness of the October evening, the door was flung open and a cheerful voice:

'How d'ye do, mother, dear? Here's my wife! Give her a kiss, for she is prepared to love you dearly!'

And a sweet, child-like young face, framed in by smooth bands of shining hair, was lifted to hers, while a soft voice whispered:

'Dear mother, do try and like me a little, for Sam's sake.'

'My dear,' said the old woman, with tears in her eyes, 'do you think you can get along in this old-fashioned place with only me for a companion?'

And Sam's wife answered: 'Oh, mother, it is so beautiful and quaint and quiet here, and during all those years that I taught in the city I have so longed for a home—a real home, like this!'

Hetty Johnson looked in the next morning, just for a minute again, as she trudged by.

'Feel any more resigned, Mrs. Merrydew?' she asked, in a voice of carefully attuned sympathy. 'Of course, it's a drefful trial, but—'

Mrs. Merrydew smiled broadly.

'Resigned?' said she. 'I never was so resigned in my life. Lily is a gem of the purest water. Sam is the luckiest fellow in the world, and I well, I couldn't have suited myself better if I'd looked all creation over for a daughter-in-law! Don't talk to me about resignation! Folks don't need to be resigned when a golden streak of good fortune comes to 'em!'

'Do tell!' said Hetty Johnson. 'Well, I never did!'—New York Ledger.

## WOMAN'S STATUS IN JAPAN.

Conditions That Permit an Elder Daughter to be a Christian.

In spite of the rapid strides Japan has been making toward civilization, her women are still in a very different position from those in Christian countries. An example of the lack of advancement among Japanese women may be found in the following quotation from an article in a recent issue of the Church in Japan, a magazine published at Tokio by the Episcopal mission:

'The family of the Public Prosecutor in Hara are Christians—or more correctly, the two oldest daughters are, and the mother wants to be. There are no sons. The girls went to St. Agnes's school, Osaka and were baptized there. They have not been confirmed as yet. The mother wants to be baptized, but Mr. Nishimura, while he does not object to a moderate attendance at church, or to her believing Christianity and following its teaching, will not give his consent to her being baptized.

As a public official, he considers it right to keep himself and his family entirely separate from any parties among the people. He has no objections to urge against Christianity. It is with him only a matter of policy. He has given his consent to the elder daughter continuing to attend church, but has positively forbidden the younger to do so. The grounds for this are as follows: The elder daughter is the heir of the house, and as such on her marriage will not change her name, but her husband will be adopted into her family and will take her name. This being the case, she will not be under her husband's rule, as will be the case with the younger sister, who will become a member of her husband's family and therefore the elder sister can be a Christian, if she likes, and if her husband doesn't like it, he can lump it.

'It is quite possible that the younger daughter's chances of making a good match (according to her father's reasoning) might be seriously marred by her continuing to be a Christian, or it might lead to her being returned to her father after a short trial. The mother-in-law is notoriously hard to get along with even in America, and it is not at all likely that in Japan a zealous Buddhist would tolerate very long a Christian daughter-in-law. Mr. Nishimura has, therefore, forbidden O Yone San to attend church, and has laid his commands on her that she shall give up Christianity, while her elder sister, O Tsu, San, may do as she pleases.

'A couple of months ago Mr. Nishimura came to call on Mr. Yamada and talk with him about O Yone San. He said that he was negotiating with a certain party with reference to arranging for her marriage (She will be 17 on June 26) He was afraid, however, that the other side would decline because she was a Christian. He wished to ask Mr. Yamada to erase Mr. name from the church register. On Mr. Yamada's explaining that this could not be done, he asked, as a favor to him, that if the other side should ask any questions Mr. Yamada would deny that she was a Christian. He was much crestfallen when he learned that this was as much out of the question as was his other request.'

## BORN.

North Sydney, Nov. 16, Peter McNeil, a son.  
Truro, Nov. 22, to the wife of C. W. Kelley, a son.  
Paradise, Nov. 10, to the wife of H. A. Longley, a son.  
Clementsport, Nov. 12, to the wife of Dexter Hill, a son.  
Truro, Nov. 25, to the wife of George L. Fisher, a son.  
Williamston, Nov. 19, to the wife of John Barbour, a son.  
Cariboo River, Nov. 16, to the wife of Henry Bray, a son.  
Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of Richard B. Crocker, a son.  
Cornwallis, Nov. 25, to the wife of Walter Mitchell, a son.  
Upper North Sydney, Nov. 18, to Mr. Jackson a daughter.  
Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of Norman White, a daughter.  
Salem, Nov. 13, to the wife of W. O. Logan, a daughter.  
Port Louis, Nov. 7, to the wife of Arthur Neaves, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Nov. 15, to the wife of Peter McNeil, a son.  
Amherst, Nov. 10, to the wife of Bernard A. Black, a daughter.  
Sandy Cove, Nov. 18, to the wife of Horatio Smith, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Oct. 23, to the wife of Wm. T. Daley, a daughter.  
Westville, Nov. 17, to the wife of Struan G. Robertson, a son.  
West Merigish, Nov. 20, to the wife of John McVicar, a son.  
Petitcodiac, Nov. 27, to the wife of Pastor H. G. Estabrook, a son.  
Port Louis, Nov. 24, to the wife of Capt. S. M. Beaudry, a son.  
Petitcodiac, Nov. 27, to the wife of Rev. H. G. Estabrook, a son.  
Somerville, Mass., Nov. 5, to the wife of Chas. S. Furdy, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Nov. 3, to the wife of Arthur McDermitt, a daughter.  
North Sydney, Nov. 8, to the wife of Arthur McDermitt, a daughter.  
Upper North Sydney, Nov. 13, to the wife of Mr. Jackson, a daughter.  
Tatamascouche, Nov. 9, to the wife of William Campbell, a daughter.  
Fifteen Point, P. E. I., Nov. 20, to the wife of F. E. Allen, twins—son and daughter.

## MARRIED.

Amherst, by the Rev. V. E. Harris, Susan Arseneau to L. O. Gouche.  
Truro, Nov. 8, by Rev. H. H. Saunders, Edward Goss to Eva Fisher.  
Truro, Oct. 26, by Rev. Dr. Hemphill, George Longhead to Belle Langille.  
Bear River, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. Lockwood, Edith Chute to Edwin Harris.  
Liverpool, Nov. 10, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Stephen Meisner to Carrie W. Lee.  
Springhaven, Nov. 18, by Rev. M. W. Brown, H. A. Girdley to Maud Treffy.  
Dorchester, Nov. 24, by W. B. Thomas, W. Justin Milton to Lydia Doherty.  
Overton, Nov. 14, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, J. W. Palmer to Mrs. Mary Crowell.  
Sandford, Nov. 12, by Rev. G. W. McDonald, Ralph Rodney to Grace Edridge.

Amherst, Nov. 22, by Rev. V. E. Harris, S. H. Whitton to Maggie Moore.  
Mahon, Bay, Nov. 13, by Rev. F. Friggens, Chas. F. Zwickler to Edith Lake.  
Princeton, Oct. 28, by Rev. Dr. Hemphill, George Loughhead to Belle Langille.

Lower Seimab, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Arthur B. Gould to Etta M. Waller.  
Parrsboro, Nov. 24, by Rev. Fasher Butler, James Connors to Maggie Murray.  
Oxford, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Josephine M. Treven to Geo. J. Waite.

Westport, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. W. Bolton, James Buchanan to Alice Haycock.  
Glencoe, Nov. 16, by Rev. L. McDonald, Angus McIsaac to Mary McDonald.  
Bathurst, Nov. 24, by Rev. W. Harrison, Thomas S. Treen to Thos. McCarthy.

Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. F. H. Murphy, George A. Kline to Mrs. J. Murphy.  
Annapolis, Nov. 17, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Geo. M. Daniels to Eva A. Daiton.  
Annapolis, Nov. 8, by Rev. Father Summers, Samuel Tallinger to Mary Amro.

St. Stephen, Nov. 17, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Edmund Little to Ellen Maxwell.  
Milltown, Nov. 17, by Rev. E. Doyle, Charles Curran to Maggie Fitzsimmons.  
Antigonish, Nov. 25, by Rev. D. Clisholm, John Beaton to Elizabeth McDonald.

Pictou, Nov. 16, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, William R. Munro to Mary J. McIsaac.  
Lockport, Nov. 20, by Rev. L. F. Browne, Jas. Peiser Harlow to Lillian Allen.  
New Glasgow, Nov. 23, by Rev. G. P. Raymond, Alexander Reid to Belle Poisson.

Scutthampton, by the Rev. D. W. Johnston, William McLean to Eunice Newcomb.  
Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. Dr. Murphy, Emile Levesque to Anna Macdonald.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., by Rev. J. T. Bryson, Chas. Leigh, Jr., to Laura Edna Brecken.  
Halifax, Nov. 20, by Rev. John McMillan, Charles F. McDonald to Emma B. Murdoch.  
St. John, Nov. 24, by Rev. G. W. Weddall, William G. Foster to Maudie McDonald.

Lower Seabrook, Nov. 18, by Rev. Father Cronzier, Melbourn Currie to Adele Currie.  
Brook Village, Nov. 23, by Rev. L. McDonald, Dan S. Campbell to Mary Campbell.  
Bear River, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. Lockwood, Edith Marie Harris to William Oscar Chute.

Boston Mass., by Rev. Chas. R. Powers, Mr. Lewis D. Thorpe to Miss Alice I. Messenger.  
Halifax, Nov. 24, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Howard J. Osborne to Rebecca Burrie.  
Acadia Mines, Nov. 14, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, Henry M. Carson to Sarah A. Buzzam.

Springhaven, Nov. 18, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Howard A. Girdley to Maud L. Treffy.  
Sandy Cove, Digby, Nov. 17, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Lillian Goss to Mrs. B. Saunders.  
New Glasgow, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, Robert D. Chisholm to Jessie E. Fraser.

Brook Village, C. B. Nov. 2, by Rev. L. McDonald, Dan L. Campbell to Maggie McIsaac.  
St. John, Nov. 24, by Rev. C. A. S. Wainford, Leslie Boyd to Isabella Maud T. Simpson.  
Lower Seabrook, Nov. 18, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Collie C. Carter to Mrs. Josephine Boone.

Parrsboro, Nov. 17, by Rev. Robert Johnson, Gerard J. McNamara to Florence May Baxter.  
Acadia Valley, Nov. 16, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Charles E. Warrus to Mrs. Mary J. Corning.  
Nictaux Falls, Nov. 12, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Mr. Vernon W. Messenger to Martha Etta Larue.

New Prospect, Nov. 16, by Rev. H. K. Maclean, Hugh Robinson Perry to Sarah Eleanor MacAloney.  
Tiverton, Nov. 10, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, assisted by Rev. H. A. Devoe, Mr. Howard A. Osinger to Miss Myra E. Walker.

## DIED.

Halifax, William Sloan, 76.  
Pictou, Nov. 19, Susan La bot 4.  
Westport, Nov. 19, Alma Peters.  
Truro, Nov. 18, Frank Waller, 21.  
Halifax, Nov. 26, Daniel Ross, 68.  
Halifax, Nov. 25, John Leitch, 4.  
Truro, Nov. 21, Mrs. McLellan, 58.  
Lucasville, Nov. 26, Iris Oliver 56.  
Amherst, Nov. 25, Charles Bent, 86.  
Halifax, Nov. 2, Charles Demone.  
Halifax, Nov. 24, Mary E. Baconn.  
Halifax, Nov. 17, William Sloan, 76.  
St. John, Nov. 27, Patrick McIsaac 77.  
Halifax, Nov. 23, Mary A. Smith 63.  
Halifax, Nov. 23, Mrs. Harriet Allen.  
Parrsboro, Nov. 15, Mrs. Winter, 63.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 25, Anna Pau 19.  
Digby, Nov. 10, John O. Woodman 63.  
Halifax, Nov. 25, William H. Locke, 50.  
Port Hood, Nov. 22, Ronald McIsaac 20.  
Port Medway, Nov. 24, George Mack, 41.  
Springhill, Nov. 15, Daniel McSwain, 18.  
Parrsboro, Nov. 14, Mrs. John Smith, 40.  
Advocate, Nov. 15, Havelock Moore, 24.  
Halifax, Nov. 26, Elizabeth Matthews, 62.  
Lunenburg, Nov. 24, Flora M. Crawford.  
St. John, N. S., 27, Alberta Flewelling 46.  
Melrose Mass., Nov. 20, James Stratton 82.  
Montevideo, Captain Leander Hatfield, 66.  
Colchester, Nov. 13, Mr. Robert J. Moore.  
Grand Pre, Nov. 20, Otis W. Trenchum, 43.  
Windsor, Nov. 18, Mrs. Jessie A. Wile, 31.  
Halifax, Nov. 26, Mary Elizabeth Davis, 13.  
Halifax, Nov. 14, Archibald Guitrie Gray, 55.  
Boston, Nov. 13, Mr. Jas. M. McDonald, 49.  
Belle River Nov. 16, Christina C. Stewart 40.  
Lassdowne, Sept. 24, Margaret McLeod, 75.  
Chebogue Point, Nov. 23, John McKinnon 62.  
Boston, Nov. 23, James Herbert Sprague, 23.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 25, Mrs. L. C. Worthy 43.  
River John Road, Nov. 14, William Stevenson.  
Green March, Nov. 17, Mrs. Edith McDonald 55.  
Melrose, Mass., Nov. 20, Mr. James Gratto, 82.  
Marquodol Harbor, Nov. 11, George Mosher 75.  
Selkirk Road, P. E. I., Nov. 13, Norman McLeod.  
Hyde Park, Mass., Nov. 7, Catherine McDonald 72.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 20, Sarah, wife of Clement Solows.  
Pictou, Nov. 18, Jessie widow of John K. Fraser.  
Truro, Nov. 20, Mary Ann wife of John W. Thorpe 61.  
Truro, Nov. 23, Christie Ann wife of Lemuel Fisher, 64.  
Halifax, Nov. 23, Isabella, widow of Peter Crichton, 77.

Back Meadows, Oct. 26, Mary, wife of John McKay, 24.  
Halifax, Nov. 27, Margaret, widow of the late Robt. Guess, 90.  
Newfoundland, Nov. 20, Rosa Marion wife of F. H. Arnaud, 43.  
Campaign City, Ill., Nov. 18, Alexander McKelvey, 89.  
Blue Mountain, Nov. 16, Helen Ross wife of Donald Austin.  
Cape John, Nov. 14, Willie Gray son of John Sutherland, 1.  
Eagle Head N. S., Nov. 21, Lucy wife of William Wentzell, 78.  
Little River, Nov. 10, Margaret, widow of the late Peter McVab 89.  
Bridgetown, Nov. 20, Sarah J., widow of late Charles Hoyt, 76.  
Bridgetown, Nov. 11, Mary, daughter of George and Helen Taylor, 19.  
Truro, Nov. 21, Priscilla May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer R. Nutt, 3.  
Halifax, Nov. 23, James Foley infant son of James W. and Charlotte Foley, 2.  
Halifax, Nov. 26, James, infant son of Thomas and Matilda McDonald, 10 days.

Everett Mass., Nov. 7, Ralph D., son of Mr. and Mrs. Loring Elliott, 2 years.  
Shag Harbor, Nov. 21, Walter Wyman infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Smith.  
Grand Pre, Nov. 15, Mona Kathleen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brown, 15.

## RAILROADS.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st., 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

## Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday  
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 12.00 p. m.  
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.  
S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

## EXPRESS TRAINS.

Daily (Sunday excepted).  
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 3.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.46 p. m.  
Mon and Thurs.  
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m.  
— Mon, Tues, Thurs, and Fri.  
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullan Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth.

## S. S. Prince Edward,

## BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains, and "lying B. N. S. Express", arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unqualified cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.  
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Manager  
P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

## Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax.....7.40  
Express for Halifax.....7.50  
Express for Sussex.....8.10  
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10  
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30  
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30  
Express from Halifax.....16.00  
Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....18.30  
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

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., 4th October, 1897.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## The Short Line

.....TO.....

## Montreal, Ottawa,

## Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4.10 p. m. for and arriving in Sherbrooke 5.30 a. m. Montreal 8.45 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m. making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wed. today's train connect Thursday with weekly Tourist Sleeping Cars Montreal to Victoria. For fares of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at Station.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,  
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## 2—Trips a Week—2

## THE STEEL STEAMER

## BOSTON

## UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth