

When I Was a Barefoot Rover.

Oh, the spoil and greed in the world of men
And the strife that lives for ever.
Are lost in the ways and dear old days
That the years can never sever.
I'd pass the haunts and marts of men
And all its joys, moreover,
To live and dream one boyish dream
When I was a barefoot rover.

The shoddy lane, by the rippling grain,
And the meadows again to wander;
The willow'd run beyond the hill,
To the picket pond "down yonder."
To lie in the cool of the shade and dream
My boyish dreams all over,
I'd give all the world has doled to me
To be a barefoot rover.

The bees and birds, the lowing herds,
The muddy cattle wallow;
The hollow stump where squirrels slunk
And the nuts in "chipmunk hollow."
The faint, sweet smell from the ferny dell
Where the wild flowers used to hover,
And the woods, the brooks, the secret nooks
Were mine—a barefoot rover.

The chirp of birds, the lowing herds,
And the hum of bees' dull droning
In music waif'd from the surging throng
With its never ceasing moaning.
And I'd pass the haunts and marts of men,
And its joys and joys, moreover,
To lie and dream one boyish dream
When I was a barefoot rover.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Clinton' Mysterious Juror-Doctor.

Even as far back as 1870 Clinton was one of the most important interior towns of Missouri. Its people have always been hospitable to the stranger and encouraging to 'newcomers.' Therefore, when D. T. H. Morrison, young, handsome and skilled in his profession, sought a home in Clinton in the fall of 1870 and hung out his shingle, he was not pestered by the usual questions of curious old women as to whether or not he was married, nor by the often embarrassing inquiry of garrulous old men about his antecedents and prospects. In fact, nobody bothered Doctor Morrison with prying questions of any nature when he rented and handsomely fitted up an office in the principal building of the town. Everybody he met extended a warm welcome to him and hoped he would do well. Even the medical fraternity, headed by Doctor Britz, joined in welcoming Doctor Morrison to Clinton, and besides manifesting a natural interest to know from what college he had obtained his diploma, none of the doctors in competition with whom he was bound sooner or later to come annoyed him with questions about his former home or how long he had been practicing.

From the very first there was an air of mystery about Doctor Morrison which less gentle people than those of Clinton would have insisted upon penetrating. He was reserved in manner, answered politely but in monosyllables all questions asked of him, showed neither interest nor contempt for the affairs of others, kept a light burning in his office hours every night after even the night owls of the town had gone to bed, formed no companionships, yet was agreeable and always approachable, and in a thousand other ways deported himself in such a manner as would have excited to the point of frenzy the curiosity of the ordinary country town. Some of the more gossiping Clintonites predicted when Doctor Morrison first hung out his shingle that he wouldn't stay in the town long, for the reason that nearly all of the doctors there except Dr. Britz 'were almost starving to death.' One of them tentatively remarked this to Doctor Morrison one day, and the Doctor only smiled and said something about 'the supposed he would manage some how to live.'

Weeks rolled into months, and still not a citizen of Clinton or of Henry County called Dr. Morrison to attend a case of sickness. Still he continued to live at the principal hotel and to be the best dressed man in town. He wore a Prince Albert suit of black and a shimmie ring silk stove-pipe hat. He paid all his bills promptly, and asked nobody for the loan of a dollar. If he had an account at the bank there is no record of it. It is remembered that he bought four new suits a year, one for each season, though he always dressed in solemn black, and that the boy who cared for his horse and buggy always got his pay promptly. He attended all the meetings of the town and district medical societies and discoursed learnedly on the various phases of therapeutics. He was a regular attendant at church, showing no denominational bias and patronizing the fairs of all churches alike. His conduct was so gentlemanly in all respects as to disarm prying curiosity, even if the people of Clinton had possessed their full share of that common human trait. His walk and talk were too conventional to give rise to unusual comment or to excite undue interest in him.

Doctor Morrison was permitted to live his life in Clinton as he saw fit to live it. As before remarked, nobody bothered him with questions about his past or future. Not a soul in the town except himself knew where he came from. In the course of a year Major Salmon observed that Doctor Morrison managed to get on every jury, except the grand jury, summoned in Henry County. He also noticed that every jury of which Doctor Morrison was a member returned verdicts that were declared by the lawyers to be the most surprising in the history of jurisprudence. The Major remarked this to Doctor Britz one day and that worthy gentleman said he was going to make a quiet investigation of Morrison 'to see if anything was wrong.' Both Major Salmon and Doctor Britz were busy men and didn't meet often. And so it happened that six months passed before the two were again brought together where it was convenient to discuss the case of Doctor Morrison. Then, when Major Salmon asked Doctor Britz if he had made any discovery with regard to Morrison the old doctor simply shook his head in oracle fashion and walked away without giving an answer.

A queer old character was Judge McBeth, who presided over the Common Pleas court. Judge McBeth was rugged and brusque and direct of speech. He did not permit the lawyers to circumlocute when examining a witness in his court. He made them go after the testimony by direct methods, and he put used the same course in his examination of jurors. An important case, involving thousands of dollars, was before Judge McBeth for trial. When the jury was impaneled and sworn in Doctor Morrison was a member of it. When it was organized he was elected foreman. Nearly all of the juries on which he had previously served had honored him with the foremanship. The leading coun-

sel for one side of the suit was Judge James B. Gantt, now a justice of the State Supreme Court. Judge Gantt had an acknowledged advantage over his adversary in having all of the evidence and the law on his side. Three days were consumed in the trial of the case. The jury deliberated on it twenty-four hours, and then returned a verdict against Judge Gantt's client. The court room was jammed when the verdict was announced, and everybody was astonished by it. Judge Gantt sat for a moment appalled. He was absolutely certain of winning the suit. So was everybody else who followed the trial. Judge McBeth had practically induced the jury to find for Gantt's client. Nobody seemed more surprised than the trial judge, not even excepting Judge Gantt, when the verdict was announced the other way.

Behind Judge Gantt in the courtroom that morning sat Dr. Britz. 'That verdict is atrocious,' said Gantt to Britz in desperation, 'and I cannot understand it.'

'I understand it,' replied Dr. Britz stoically.

'Then, in heaven's name, what is it?' replied Gantt.

'Why,' nonchalantly responded Dr. Britz, 'the foreman of the jury is crazy.'

'Do you mean that?' anxiously inquired the lawyer.

'I do,' solemnly answered the doctor.

Without any more ado, Judge Gantt sprang to his feet and started the crowded courtroom still more by moving for a new trial on the ground that the foreman of the jury was insane.

The motion was so unexpected that even Judge McBeth lost his equilibrium and asked Gantt if he meant what he said, and if he really knew what he had said.

'I do,' replied Gantt. 'I know exactly what I have said and I mean every word of it. I again charge that the foreman of the jury just discharged, Dr. T. H. Morrison, is insane.'

Judge McBeth could not conceal his excitement. He quivered uneasily in his big armchair for a moment, and then blurted out: 'Dr. Morrison, come to the bar.'

Slowly, and with measured, dignified tread, Dr. Morrison approached the bar. A cynical smile played over his immobile face. He stood like a statue, while Judge McBeth eyed him coldly for a minute.

Without any preliminaries, Judge McBeth brusquely inquired: 'Are you crazy?' Not a muscle of the accused man's face twitched. The smile left his countenance with the asking of the question and an expression of solemn dignity took its place.

'Certainly, I am not crazy, your Honor,' calmly replied the strange young doctor.

'Morrison,' again squealed the harsh voice of Judge McBeth, 'what do you do for a living in this community, anyway? You say you are a doctor, but nobody has heard of you having a case since you came to Clinton, nearly two years ago. You are a mystery, and I want to know what your business is.'

'Well, your Honor since that question has been asked me from the bench, I suppose I will have to answer it,' was Morrison's unconscious comment. 'If you demand officially to know what my business is, I don't mind telling you that I am a United States detective on the trail of a band of murderers, I have rounded four of them up here in Clinton, and am ready to put them in jail. I will have all the others within a week if you don't expose my mission here.'

By this time Morrison's face was ashen and his eyes had in them that unmistakable glare of insanity. His splendid form was squiver with excitement, which increased as he warmed up his subject. Judge McBeth was quick to set aside the verdict of the jury and hastily adjourn court. Morrison retired to his office and locked himself in. That night he left Clinton as quietly and unostentatiously as he had entered it two years before. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since. That afternoon Dr. Britz told a crowd in the drug store of how a few months previously he had examined Morrison and discovered his insanity by asking him the very question which, when put by Judge McBeth, had set the strange young doctor off on a hobby.

And to this day the old citizens of Clinton who remember Morrison are still wondering how it was that he, being insane, exercised such a remarkable power over the minds of the jurors with whom he served. Some of them think that despite this insanity he was a hypnotist.

NEW GLIMPSE OF CHARLES LAMB.

Some Reminiscences of the Great Writer and His Sister.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the Shakespearean scholar, in her sunny reminiscences of her long life, devotes two or three of her pleasantest pages to Charles and Mary Lamb. She was in her childhood, for some time the pupil of the latter, who was called by her much loved brother—so he humorously informed Mr. Clarke—'Marie when we are alone together, Mary when we are with friends, and Moll before the servants.' In later life Mrs. Clarke and

her husband visited for a week in the home of the famous brother and sister; a week of delightful society and quiet country pleasures.

'Charles Lamb,' she writes 'was as fond of long walks as we were, and had an admiration for Enfield and its environs equal to ours. He showed us one day the very spot where a dog that had been pertinacious in following him, and which he thought to get rid of by trying him out, had at last given up the contest of perseverance, and had dropped down under a hedge, dead beat!'

A man who could tire out a lively dog must assuredly have been a good walker; but Mrs. Clarke does not state whether or no Lamb stammered in relating the anecdote. It is, perhaps, doubtful if he did; for he once confided to her that, notwithstanding his usual hesitancy of speech, he never stammered when he was telling a yarn. The final glimpse which she gives of the charming essayist is just such as his admirers will enjoy.

His hospitality was characteristically manifested one day by his own peculiarly whimsical way, by his starting up from dinner, hastening to the front garden gate and opening it for a donkey that he saw standing there, and looking, so Lamb said, as it wanted to come in and munch some of the grass growing so plentifully behind the railing.

Who but the gentle and genial Charles Lamb would have thought to be hospitable to a donkey!

Worldly Wisdom.

A relative whom Mrs. Uppenupp had not seen for many years came one day to visit her.

'Maria,' said Mr. Uppenupp, after the family had retired to rest that evening, 'it seems to me you weren't any too cordial to Cousin Harriet, considering the fact that this is the first time you and she have met for nearly a quarter of a century. You didn't even smile when you greeted her.'

'Henry,' replied Mrs. Uppenupp, 'have you noticed that when I smile it wrinkles my face all over? Well, I don't want the wrinkles of twenty-five years to take effect on her all at once.'

A Georgia jury recently brought in the following extraordinary verdict: 'We, the jury, find the defendant almost guilty.'

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of Jas. F. Whelan, a son.

Moncton, Nov. 1, to the wife of Philip Cormier, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 27, to the wife of John McQuarrie, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 29, to the wife of Walter Nolis, a son.

Tiverton, Oct. 24, to the wife of Livingston Sollows, a son.

Central Grove, Oct. 23, to the wife of Chas. Powell, a son.

Dartmouth, Oct. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Notting, a son.

Bridgewater, Oct. 31, to the wife of H. T. Ross, a daughter.

Shediac Mills, Oct. 19, to Mr. and Walter Trail, a daughter.

Daigton, Oct. 31, to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter.

Maitland, Oct. 30, to the wife of Stephen Oickle, a daughter.

Amherst, Oct. 31, to the wife of Walter Dewar, a daughter.

Halifax, to the wife of George Harris, Gabarus, C. B. a son.

Woodstock, Oct. 31, to the wife of Dr. G. B. Manzer, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 26, to the wife of James McGowan, a daughter.

Freeport, Oct. 26, to the wife of Albert Thompson, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Oct. 25, to the wife of Arthur Palfrey, a daughter.

Campbellton, Oct. 29, to the wife of W. D. Duncan, a daughter.

St. John, Nov. 4, to the wife of Capt. E. W. Brown, a daughter.

Dequise Corner, Oct. 28, to the wife of A. T. LeBlanc, a son.

Hopewell Cape, Oct. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Amos Joyce, a son.

Pockwock Mills, Nov. 1, to the wife of Lindsey Moren, a son.

Springhill, Oct. 27, to the wife of the late Robert Jewkes, a son.

Canning, Oct. 29, to the wife of R. V. A. B. Higgins, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Oct. 23, to the wife of Spurgeon Harlow, a daughter.

Halls Harbor, Oct. 2 to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roscoe, a daughter.

Campbellton, Oct. 29, to the wife of Walter Thompson, a daughter.

Kenyon, Oct. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. John Publicover, twins, a boy and girl.

Lornevale, Oct. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Spencer, Jr., a daughter.

MARRIED.

Estonsville, Oct. 26, William Parsons to Titile Ellis.

Montana, Oct. 31, Harry V. Lane to Margaret M. Wink.

Calgary, Oct. 20, Theophilus Thompson to Margaret Keen.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 26, J. Alden Goodwin to Ella M. Clark.

Halifax, Nov. 2, by Rev. J. F. Duxton, John Spears to Minnie Eston.

Halifax, Nov. 3, by the Rev. N. LeMoine, Ananias Miller to Eliza Butt.

Milltown, N. B., Oct. 22, by Rev. S. H. Rice, John C. Gibbs to Mary Niles.

Pictou, Oct. 27, by the Rev. T. D. Moss, Edward Carson to Susan Czerar.

Lawrencetown, Oct. 23, by Rev. J. Sharp, W. P. Morse to Carrie Paul.

Oxford, Nov. 3, by Rev. J. L. Davidson, Lyde Cochran to James Ross Smith.

Yarmouth, Oct. 18, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Geo. F. Pitman to Sophy Reeves.

Shubenacadie, Oct. 25, by Rev. R. M. Jost, Fred A. McLeod to Alice I. Todd.

Auburn, Nov. 2, by the Rev. W. Ryan, Harry W. Coleman to Ellen M. Luffs.

Forest Glen, Sept. 16, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, M. S. Harding to M. S. Gravel.

Sussex, Nov. 3, by the Rev. J. B. Champion, John Cunningham to Clara Geldart.

Windsor, Oct. 22, by Pastor Shaw, Thomas L. Brennan to Rachel Burbridge.

Lorne, Oct. 27, by the Rev. J. P. McPhie John T. Dunbar to Annie A. McCarty.

Harcourt, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. K. McClure, James McPherson to Marion A. Ward.

Fairville, Nov. 3, by the Rev. Arthur S. Morton, Walter Treacartin to Lucy Lamb.

West Northfield, Oct. 23, by Rev. L. M. McCreery John M. May to Augusta Hurlie.

Carlton Co., Oct. 25, by Rev. S. J. Verry Rev. J. Perry to Mrs. Sarah Wolverson.

Amherst, Nov. 3, by the Rev. W. H. Evans, Thomas A. Ripley to Ollie Cameron.

Gloucester Co., N. B., by Rev. W. Harrison, Willard B. Chapman to Lucy Willis.

Oxford, Nov. 3, by the Rev. J. L. Dawson, James R. Smith M. D., to Lady Cochran.

Marquedoboth, Nov. 3, by the Rev. Edwin Smith, George Wilson to Francis Morris.

Bear Point Oct. 28, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Martin Brannen to Miss Maggie Stoddart.

Deep Brook, Oct. 20, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Byron R. Robbins to Margaret E. Carty.

Scottern, Oct. 30, by the Rev. J. T. Forbes, Emily C. McDonald to Alex. J. McCush.

Acadia, Oct. 27, by Rev. P. R. Foster, Reginald W. Perry to Miss Julia C. Brayne.

Halifax, Nov. 3, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Richard Yeadon to Miss Maggie Drysdale.

Lech Lomond, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Alex. J. McCush to Miss C. McDonald.

Lunenburg, Sept. 29, by Rev. Benjamin Hills, Ann B. Beck to Bertha J. Lobnes.

Milltown, N. B., Sept. 26, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Frederick M. Luby to Bessie P. Ke.

Bu'arderie, Nov. 2, by the Rev. D. Drummond, Malcolm McAlusay to Flora McAlay.

Westville, Oct. 30, by the Rev. Thomas D. Stewart, James D. Nicholson to L. n. McDonald.

Fourchu, Oct. 25, by Rev. Dr. Jost, David McCannary to Margaret Emma Armstrong.

Lower Perth, Aug. 31, by the Rev. S. J. Perry, George F. Moehouse to Annie M. Modist.

Lowell, Mass., Oct. 19, by Rev. D. A. MacPhie, J. Robert Sutherland, to Miss Polly Thatcher.

Vernon River, Oct. 27, by Rev. J. W. McConnell, Robert M. McMillan, to Tillie T. Vickerson.

Salina, King's Co., Nov. 4, by the Rev. A. D. Archibald, Joseph H. Vanehan to Jennie Beckford.

Shelburne, Oct. 26, by Rev. Archd. Williamson, Nelson Wallace Warner, to Annie Isabe la McDonald.

Jacksontown, N. B., Oct. 13, by the Rev. F. U. Atkinson, Spurgeon S. Seiridge to Dora B. Connolly.

Grand Harbor, Grand Maun, Oct. 28, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Captain George H. Foster to Miss Mabel McDonald.

North Kingston, Oct. 27, by the Rev. J. B. Morgan assisted by Rev. A. A. E. Baker, Rev. W. J. Rutledge to Jessie B. Eaton.

DIED.

Parrsboro, Nov. 3, Edward Worth.

Bridgewater, Oct. 31, Jas. Hurtle, 77.

Truro, Oct. 31, Daisy L. McNutt, 16.

Sussex, Oct. 29, Robert G. Proctor, 33.

Boston Nov. 3, Charles E. Hilyard, 52.

Black Rock, Nov. 1, Charles Phinney.

St. John, Nov. 4, Wm. T. E. Doyle, 27.

Carlton, Maine, Oct. 17, Mrs. G. Gogate.

Sussex, Nov. 2, Alexander Whittiers, 85.

Halifax, Nov. 2, Chas. H. Harshman, 71.

Boston, Oct. 21, Thomas Alvin Reid, 34.

St. John, Nov. 6, Minnie L. Agerley, 76.

New York, Oct. 25, Ephraim C. Gates, 80.

St. John, Nov. 6, Samuel Cunningham, 74.

Keitville, Oct. 11, Little Clive Landry, 7.

Thurso, New York, Edith Paquharson, 15.

College Grant, Sept. 15, Robt. Sutherland 72.

Port Williams, Oct. 29, Joseph N. Wood, 60.

Upper Newport, Oct. 22, Richard Verge, 84.

Sydney, Oct. 24, Seward A. Rudderham, 29.

Stintons, Nov. 1, William G. Horseman, 68.

Pictou, Oct. 30, Mary, wife of F. J. Tobin, 26.

Lower Hillsboro, Oct. 29, Malcolm Cardile 77.

Groveland, Mass., Nov. 2, Harry Hopkins, 29.

Lower Pexeaux N. S., Oct. 22, Colby Balour, 22.

Lunenburg, Sept. 18, Kate, wife of Lemuel Wambolt.

Plympton, Mass., Oct. 23, James G. Lorimer, 90.

Millstream Kings Co., Nov. 2, Havilah Hutchins 49.

Brockville, Oct. 31, Gertrude Alice M., wife of W. J. Wallace.

St. John, Nov. 6, Mary, widow of the late William Butcher, 84.

Bucouche, Oct. 21, Lydia Amelia, wife of John Campbell, 63.

Dorchester, Nov. 1, Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Israel Noodle.

Boston, Oct. 23, Rebecca, wife of Frederick Biggs of Halifax N. S.

St. John, Nov. 5, Margaret A., wife of Robert McConaghy, 63.

Chicago, Oct. 19, Mary A., widow of the late Horatio N. Hays, 73.

Scott's Ridge, Oct. 14, Christina, widow of the late Donald Sinclair, 82.

Halifax, Nov. 1, Patrick Flynn, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Flynn, 6.

Moncton, Oct. 4, Winnie, child of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boyce, 4 months.

Fairville, Nov. 6, Georgina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tuppitt, 3.

St. Andrews, Oct. 25, Isabella, widow of the late Capt. David Green, 78.

Wood's Harbor, Oct. 10, Golden Rosemont, child of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Sears, 6.

Bridgewater, Oct. 21, Wallace Roy, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Archibald, 8.

Lorneville, Oct. 29, Susie Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Jones, 2 years and 11 mths.

St. Leonard's, England, Nov. 2, Caroline B., only daughter of Caroline R. M. and the late Brenton Archibald, 18.

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., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. 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., arr. in Digby 12.50 p. m.

Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.

Tu. & Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 12.30 p. m.

Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 11.10 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.45 p. m.

Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 10.00 a. m., arr. Digby 10.09 a. m.

Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.30 p. m.

Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr. Digby 8.50 a. m.

Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

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Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

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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. Man'gr.
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1897.

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COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Pictou, Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY at 3 p. m. connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, Returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, H. F. Hammond, Agent, Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Yarmouth, N. S. Nov. 5th, 1897.

On and after Monday, Nov. 1st,