

THE STAR OF THE BOG OF ANNEN.

Twilight was falling, and Michael O'Neil, behind his load of turf, was driving up the steep hill this side of the bog of Annen. Tired, after his hard day's work in the bog, Michael put his hand on the load, and, looking down on the ground, as the cart moved up the hill, held his whip over his right shoulder.

"Poor John," he said to himself; "so I'll never see you again!" He was thinking of his eldest son who, five years before, had left home for Australia, and last night came the news of his death. And Thomas, too, the youngest who had gone to America, the pet of his father and mother, but ungrateful, had taken the price of two fat bullocks that he sold at the fair, the day he left, and never returned even to say goodbye. The thought of a child's ingratitude always hurts a father's heart, and Michael was thinking of this when he came to the top of the hill, and, as a sod of turf falling, he stopped the horse to throw it up on the load. As he reached down for the sod the light of the public house across the way flashed out into the road, the publican, Martin Haney, just lighting his lights.

There was a time in his young days when Michael O'Neil drank hard. But he had changed, and not tasted spirits for twenty years, never, since the day he walked fifteen miles to Moate, to take the pledge from the hands of Father Matthew, had he drunk a drop of strong drink. So much of a dislike had Michael for a public house where drink was sold that he would not now, nor for the world, have stopped the horse; even for a sod of turf, before the door of Martin Haney. It is always good to break from a bad habit, but better not to fall into one, for a road once walked on is easy to tread again, especially if it was traversed at first when we were young. And so with Michael O'Neil now. For a score of years he had not been tempted, but this night he had been feeling bad, and could he not go in and drown his sorrow in at least one glass? As he thought of this he put his hand into his pocket for the money to buy the dram. But there was none there. He was walking up to the door while doing this, and was near the step when he found himself pulled from behind. Three down-jerks of his coat made him look around, and he found that his horse and load of turf were gone. He had heard no noise, and it was all done in a moment.

Michael was startled. He did not know what to do. He stepped a few paces further on and climbed up a big rock on the side of the road that was on the top of the hill, the light of Martin Haney's windows all the time upon him. It was now very dark, and the bog-land below and Hill of Hart beyond were quite lost to his sight.

He stood there looking into the night for a moment, when there came a bright light from out of the sky that lit up all the scene—the bog of Annen, the River Doun and the Hill of Hart. It was a blazing star that came down from the sky, and shooting to the centre of the bog beside the dead water made from the digging on the peat, where was his horse and cart, the whole bog was alive with fairies. They were running for the cart, as the star lighted them, and it falling, rested a dazzling thing of light on the load of turf. As it did so the heavens darkened again, but the star kept bright the bog. Now the fairy king, sitting upon his little horse, cried to his men, "It must be done quickly, before the moon rises! And with that he jumped from his horse's back right into the centre of the star. As he did so, there was less light, and now Michael thought it was time to run for his cart and horse.

Down the steep hill and across the bog at full speed he went, the light of the star all the time growing less and less, and the fairy king growing smaller and smaller, until, as he reached the cart and the bright edge of the moon came over the hill, it lit only a small piece of silver on the top sod of turf—perhaps the very sod that Michael had flung up when at the top of the hill. He stood on the wheel, and reaching for it found it very hot in his hand. Tossing it from one palm to the other, however, while it cooled, he found it was a crown, and, putting it in his pocket, thought again of the drink. For now had he not the money to buy it?

It was well known to Michael—his mother had told him of it when he was learning to walk—that the fairies never did anything that was wrong; that the name given them long ago, 'the good people,' was given in 'earnest,' and no one ever yet was hurt, or led astray or to do a wrong act by a fairy.

So now, when he felt himself helped up on the cart and the reins put into his hands, and the horse was moving slowly along to the road without a word from him—when he saw all this he felt that the fairies were doing it for a good purpose.

Why the horse should go easy over the bog surprised him, until he looked back and saw that there were, perhaps, a hundred little men pushing at the cart—the first against the cart and the rest against him. At the road a voice came out of the thicket which said: 'Turn him to rights, Nobbs!' Then as the horse went up the hill, the little claps would jump on to the spokes of the wheels when they came up over the center, and ride down on them thus helping the horse.

Michael was growing more thirsty every minute, and he was glad when he reached the top of the hill, and again the horse stopped before the door of Martin Haney's.

The publican was alone when Michael entered; but he did not want to show his surprise to see Mr. O'Neil, the model man of the parish who never drank, coming into his place, so he stepped back to wait on his customer. As he did so Michael lay down on the counter the bright new crown. Its light was so bright that the

drink merchant stepped up to it before getting the dram, only to find he could not lift it from where it was.

"What do ye mane," he said, looking up with a frown, 'puttin' money on me counter that I can't take up from it?"

"It's good money," answered Michael, at the same time turning his eyes to the coin and noticing that instead of the queen's head upon it was that of the fairy king.

"It's not! it's counterfeit!" replied the man, with anger. "Sure, that's not the queen's head at all, at all!"

"Well, it's all the money I have," answered Michael.

"Well, then, you'll get no liquor here without ye bring the queen's coin!"

All this time Michael was stepping back and he now heard the door open behind him, and knew it was the fairies telling him to get away.

He would have done so without the hint, for he saw that only his money was wanted where he was. As he turned around, while the coin was lighting up the whole place, while 'Nobbs,' the fairy that drove the horse, was blowing out the lamps. At this he ran for his cart as quickly as he could, for something told him he could not be too quick; and jumping on the load of turf—the horse was already turned toward home—he dashed down the hill at an awful rate.

And he was none too soon; for he had hardly reached the corner, where lived Lord Darcy's gamekeeper, when there was an explosion behind that shook all Ireland. A bright light, and the same star shooting back up into the heavens, showed out the hill behind, the public house of Martin Haney blown to atoms, and around it the fairies and fairy king were marching, the latter waving his sword, and shouting at Michael: 'Hurry home! hurry home!'

And so he did; and what was his surprise and joy to find his oldest son, whom he thought had died in Australia, back again and a rich man. But more than this, was a letter from Thomas, in America, writing his sorrow for the wrong he had done his father.

It was always a mystery to the people around the bog of Annen what became of Martin Haney. The next morning, his shop all broken and wrecked as it by an earthquake, was seen on the hill; but that was all. But Michael O'Neil, although he said nothing, and had no desire again in life for drink, while he remembered the good fairies, yet thinking something dark might have happened to Martin Haney, never forgot to pray for the poor man's soul.—New York Independent.

ENGLISH GIRLS' GAMES.

They Play Almost Everything Except Football and Leap Frog.

An attempt, very properly squashed, was made to introduce football as a game for women, says the London Mail. It was seen to be a most unlikely and impossible pastime for them and though a team of brawny ladies persevered in this course for a season or so through the country, laughter and derision were their main guerdons, and the rest of their sex held themselves severely aloof from following their example.

At the women's colleges and schools hockey is becoming more and more the favorite winter pastime. The Royal Holloway College team is famous, and plays in its own splendid field every afternoon this term and next. The students engage in games against the Oxford and Cambridge women's colleges, but they do not play golf at all. Neither do they boast seriously. The Thames is quite half an hour's walk from the college, and time is precious, so, though they hire when they want boats, there is not one now apportioning to the college. But they swim in the glorious bath in their equally glorious grounds, and are ardent cyclists.

Many of the high school girls in London proceed to Neasden and other outlying fields near London for their hockey, possessing no facilities in town for such exercise. At aristocratic Gorton—the first women's college established at either of the 'Varsities—they have golf links of their own, as well as a hockey field. They also indulge in a little mild cricket during the summer term and constantly meet Newnham in open contest, or join with that abode of learning to meet the Oxford women's college at hockey matches.

At Somerville Hall, Oxford, there is a regular Summer term institution on Saturday afternoons of tennis and lemonade to which brother undergraduates of the 'sweet girls' are invited. Asphalt courts are played on vigorously during the winter at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where there are also college boats, the vicinity of the river Cherwell rendering boating possible.

Golf and the new-fashioned game of croquet are regarded by damsels of seventeen as slow and frumpish. But when they arrive at years of discretion they admit that there is something in both, and that they are "jolly difficult" to play well. Croquet does not flourish much, therefore, in scholastic realms, though its vogue has increased a hundredfold during the past summer in other circles.

Gymnasium work and dancing are both extremely popular among school girls, and college ones also. At Holloway college there is a superb floor in the galleries devoted to library purposes and here sometimes the students are permitted to trip to gayly.

Fencing is another exercise to which women are becoming more and more devoted but it does not seem to appeal to the women's colleges as yet. It is popular in art circles, for it has more than a favor of

Paris about it, and besides, is most advantageous to those whose occupations are sedentary. Literary women and journalists are keen on the foils, and there are clubs in London where women may meet men in mimic combat sometimes.

Disowned.

A certain young man is said to be chafing considerably because of a little episode that signalled his first day in the world of business. His father, the chairman of one of the leading insurance companies in the kingdom, had contrived to make a snug little berth in his office for his son, and the young fellow, nothing loth, accepted it immediately. It so happened that the insurance novice took his first dip into the great sea of worldly ambition on the very day during which a meeting of the directors of the well-known corporation was being held. While the meeting was in progress the young hopeful was sent on an errand to the chairman, and bursting into the room where the magnates of the business world were assembled, he forthwith began, in the familiar parlance of home—

"Papa—"

The august chairman, with a look of absolute horror, turned to the messenger, and to the intense amusement of the others present, and to the everlasting chagrin of his offspring roared:—"I'm not your father—at least in business hours!"

'Not now.'

One of the door-keepers of a venerable old minister in the north has some amusing stories of people he has met. On one occasion a stylish young fellow endeavored to push his way into the sacred edifice with a huge St. Bernard at his heels. 'No dogs admitted, sir,' said the official at the door.

'Pooh!' was the rejoinder. 'Where's the harm, I'd like to know? Rover won't worry the place.' 'Can't help it, sir. It's the rule. No dogs admitted.' 'You're getting mighty particular with the old show,' was the next remark. 'My dog's as intelligent as half the people who come here to walk round. Besides, you appear to forget that this building has been used as a stable before now. Cromwell, you know, crammed the place with horses and men.' 'Quite so,' calmly replied the door-keeper. 'In that day it is very probable asses were also admitted—but not now, not now!' And the young man gave up the attempt.

Persistence Cures.

The most chronic case of Dyspepsia or Indigestion will succumb to the all-healing power of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. What this wonderful medical discovery has done for the thousands of proclaimed hopeless, helpless stomach invalids it can do for you. One Tablet will relieve—and persistence will cure. 35 cents.

It Didn't Work.

A Georgia (U. S. A.) paper tells how a magistrate tried with poor success to imitate the judgment of Solomon. He was perplexed by the claims of two women for a baby, each contending that she was the mother of it. The judge remembered Solomon, and, drawing a bowie knife from his boot, declared he would give half to each. The women were shocked, but had no doubt of the authority and purpose of the judge to make the proposed compromise. 'Don't do that,' they both of them screamed in unison; 'you can keep it yourself.'

A: Do you know that poor fellow who asked me for a penny?

B: 'No; who is it?'

A: 'He is the man who wrote 'The Battle Life, and How to Win It.'



Truro, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. A. B. Cox a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. A. G. Phinney, a son.
Tatamagouche, Nov. 26, to the wife of Dr. Roach, a son.
Windsor, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Fred Lavers, a son.
Sackville, Nov. 30, to the wife of Mr. J. R. Ayer, a son.
Wassawas, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. A. J. Watts, a son.
Freeport, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Jas. Outhouse a son.
Parrboro, Nov. 25, to the wife of Capt. S. T. Salter a son.
Ferrona, Dec. 4, to the wife of Rev. W. H. Smith, a son.
Springhill, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. H. Green, a daughter.
Monroon, Dec. 5, to the wife of Mr. Bliss Sears, a daughter.
Amherst, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Peter Moran, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. S. E. Gourley, a daughter.
Hantsport, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Pulsifer, a daughter.
Falmouth, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Canavan, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Edward Bruce, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 9, to the wife of Mr. W. B. Simmons, a daughter.
Springhill, Nov. 28, to the wife of Mr. Robert Hall, a daughter.
Dorchester, Dec. 4, to the wife of Mr. James Friel, a daughter.
Windsor, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Fred Cochran, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 28, to the wife of Mr. Albert Rogers a daughter.
Windsor, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. J. W. Lawson, a daughter.
Lower Selma, Nov. 7, to the wife of Mr. A. M. Anthony, a son.
Windsor, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Dudley Beazanson a son.
Aylesford, Nov. 25, to the wife of Mr. Norman I. Bowby, a son.
Great Village, Nov. 26, to the wife of Mr. Jas. M. Spencer, a son.
Springhill, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. James Pettigrew a daughter.
Colchester, Nov. 27, to the wife of Mr. Thomas Higgins, a daughter.
Lower Selma, Nov. 5, to the wife of Mr. R. M. Anthony a daughter.
South Uxbridge, Nov. 26, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Rice, a daughter.
Upper Selma, Nov. 7, to the wife of Mr. William Sterling a daughter.
Annapolis Royal, Dec. 2, to the wife of Mr. H. M. Bradford, a daughter.
Lawrence Station, Dec. 3, to the wife of Mr. Arthur M. Taylor, a daughter.
Chalmersford, N. B., Nov. 19, to the wife of Mr. Chambers, twins—daughters.

MARRIED.

Boston, Nov. 24, Fred W. Schultz to Alice M. Splane.
Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 26, Leon Donette to Amy C. Deveau.
Lynn, Mass., Nov. 23, Winifred E. Steeves to Annie L. Tilgner.
Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 23, Elvin H. Hauber to Ella P. Mosher.
Joliet, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Chapman, Ansley H. Oulton to Evelyn Oulton.
Lowell, Mass., Dec. 3, by Rev. Dr. Chambers, S. W. Conrad to A. M. Reid.
Oxford, Nov. 23, by Rev. C. C. Monroe, Fred Van-Buren to Mabel Stewart.
Fredericton, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. B. Payson, Frank R. Smith to Lizzie Quigley.
Truro, Nov. 29, by Rev. Mr. Geggie, D. J. McLeod to Florence McKinnon.
Richmond, Nov. 30, by Rev. A. W. Teed, Osburn L. Toms to Camilla M. Gentry.
Pubnico, Nov. 16, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Charles Amiro to Annie Amiro.
Nelson, N. B., Nov. 30, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, Alvan Vye to Maggie H. McLeod.
Shag Harbour, Nov. 29, by Rev. Wm. Halliday, Elizabeth Smith to Carrie Sears.
Waltham, Sept. 9, by Rev. F. B. Grant, Hiram B. MacDonald to Adelia F. Harris.
Nelson, N. B., Nov. 30, by Rev. D. Mackintosh, Edgar Vye to Barbara E. McLeod.
Albert, N. B., Nov. 30, by Rev. Chas. Comben, Claud D. Connor to Ada T. Dixon.
Roxbury, Mass., Nov. 23, by Rev. A. S. Gumburt, Chas. E. Slocomb to Sara J. Fatten.
Pubnico, Nov. 16, by Rev. L. E. Duchesneau, Louis LeBlanc to Mrs. Modesta D'Eon.
Fredericton, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, William N. Farrier to Lizzie M. Hughes.
Albany, N. Y., Nov. 14, by Rev. Ronald McKillop, Gordon Robertson to Bertie Dimock.
Westchester Station, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. Clark, Thomas E. Brown to Rose M. Adams.
Port Hawkesbury, Dec. 1, by Rev. L. J. Slaghenwhite, W. F. Mills to Annie J. Campbell.
Hillsboro, Nov. 30, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, George H. Rogers to Catherine D. Duffy.
Newelltown, Cape Island, Dec. 3, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Israel A. Smith to Edith W. Smith.
Centreville, Cape Island, Nov. 12, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Howard Newell to Nettie Renneham.
Chatham, Dec. 7, by Rev. D. Henderson assisted by Rev. J. M. Allen Thomas H. Feiger to Isabella J. Letson.

DIED.

Tabusintac, Nov. 27, David Gay, 75.
St. John, Dec. 7, John J. Walsh, 32.
Halifax, Dec. 2, Philip J. Howe, 22.
South Bay, Dec. 10, George M. L. 62.
Chatham, Dec. 7, Joseph McIntyre, 21.
Two Islands, Nov. 17, Alex. Wasson, 73.
Pictou, Nov. 19, John A. McDonald, 27.
San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 10, Elijah Lord.
Yarmouth, Nov. 30, Ingram B. Hersey, 49.
Port Medway, Nov. 26, Eldred Cohoon, 82.
Salem, Mass., Nov. 24, Mrs. Jane Colburn.
Eel Creek, Nov. 28, Margie A. Fraser, 18.
Biltown, Nov. 16, Eldred E. Rockwell, 46.
Margaree, Nov. 28, Lauchlin McDonald, 84.
Parrboro, Nov. 29, Mrs. Perry Winters, 29.
Halifax, Dec. 5, Abigail Eliza McMillan, 77.
Middle Stewiack, Nov. 29, Mrs. Wm. Teas.
Yarmouth, Dec. 1, Mrs. Zilpha Rymond, 80.
Baddeck, Nov. 27, Miss Elizabeth McRae, 65.
Woodfield, Nov. 28, Marcus S. McDonald, 55.
DeWolfe Corner, Nov. 26, Isabelle Conrick, 68.
North Sydney, Nov. 25, Mrs. S. H. Crowell, 37.
Yarmouth, Dec. 7, Percy Herbert Smith, 1 year.
Lynn, Mass., Nov. 25, Mrs. Robert Campbell, 82.
Elmsdale, N. E., Dec. 7, J. K. Andrews, J. P., 66.
St. John, Dec. 12, Flora, wife of Geo. F. Straight, 33.
Worcester, Mass., Dec. 1, Gertrude C. Creelman, 21.
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 30, Michael A. McDonald, 40.
St. John, Dec. 7, Lina, wife of William H. Horn.
New Glasgow, Nov. 24, Christie Isabella Browning, 18.
Hillsboro, A. Co., Dec. 11, Ellen, wife of James T. Ward.
Halifax, Nov. 28, Margaret Jane, wife of Nathaniel Dooks, 63.
St. John, Dec. 6, Margaret, wife of William McKinley, 63.
Upper Burlington, Hants Co., Nov. 18, Michael Sanford, 95.
West Berlin, Queens, Nov. 24, Wm. Thos. Kemoun, 65.
Pleasant Harbor, Nov. 25, Ella May, wife of John Glasgow, 24 months.
Clark's Harbor, Dec. 1, Matilda, wife of Capt. J. E. Brown, 42.
Onslow, Nov. 15, Sarah Dickson, wife of John B. Faulkner, 83.
Hart's Lake, Georgetown, N. B., Dec. 6, William McAllister, 72.
South Brook, Dec. 4, Clifford Roy, son of James Smith, 12 years.
Great Village, Nov. 29, infant son of James M. and Helen Spencer.
Noel Shore, Nov. 29, Katherine, widow of the late Geo. Miller, 86.
Tatamagouche, Nov. 24, Effie M., wife of David A. Cunningham.
Milton, Quebec, Nov. 24, Maria, widow of Ebenezer Cooch, 90.
St. John, Dec. 7, Clarissa, widow of the late Richard McInnes, 49.
Carnoustie, Forfarshire, Scotland, Oct. 17, R. v. Frederick Home.
Charlestown, Nov. 30, Susan R., widow of the late Charles E. Ward.
Canling, Dec. 5, Sarah Ellis, widow of the late Levi W. Eaton, 75.
Port Maitland, Dec. 6, Milly, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Forbes, 1 year.
Humphrey's Mills, Dec. 4, Mrs. Amelia Mushall, wife of Peter Dugie.
Gagetown, Dec. 6, Ellen Jane, daughter of the late James McAllister, 54.
Tatamagouche, Mass., Nov. 23, Ann Eliza, wife of J. Warren Scidmore, 49.
Pictou, Dec. 1, Bessie Ramsay, daughter of Rev. James and Mrs. Sinclair.
McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 6, R. Livingston, son of R. A. H. and J. A. Morrow, 24.
Berwick, Dec. 1, Margaret, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John M. Smith, 3 months.
St. John, Dec. 11, Guy Alton, infant son of Samuel and Agnes J. Emery, 3 weeks.
Hillsboro, A. Co., Dec. 10, Rosannah, widow of the late Capt. James Gillespie, 77.

STEAMERS.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,
R. H. FLEMING, Agent.
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Oct. 3rd, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

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.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.
Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., arr. Digby 12.45 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 6.45 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m. Mon. and Thur.
Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.32 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arr. Digby 8.40 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying B-tuene express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince George,

BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 16.30
Express for Sussex, 16.40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 22.10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex, 8.30
Express from Halifax, 16.00
Express from Pictou, Quebec and Montreal, 19.25
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton, 11.25
Accommodation from Moncton, 23.4
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets.

on sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principal, between stations in Canada, East of Port Arthur, December 10th to 31st, good for return passage until January 31st.
To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificates in territory as above, December 16th to 26th, good for return passage until January 7th, and To the Public, between all stations on line East of Port Arthur, December 21st, to January 2nd, good for return until January 7th.

all at One Way First Class Fare for the Round Trip.

Further particulars of Ticket Agents.
C. E. E. USSHER, A. H. NOTMAN,
Genl. Passr. Agent, Asst. Genl. Passr. Agent
Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Coleman's Salt

THE BEST
Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt
Is the neatest package on the
market. For sale by all first
class grocers.