

## Aunt Patsy's Proposal.

"I was never a strong advocate of the idea that women ought to propose," said the man of experience. "It seems as though it were a reversal of the proper order of things. Still, I know one woman who took matters neglected by a bashful suitor into her own hands, and she wound up the business so neatly and in so novel a manner that she won plaudits from everybody who heard of the incident. This woman was known the country over as Aunt Patsy Mitchell. As I remember Aunt Patsy, she was decidedly a character. When I was a youngster she must have been in the neighborhood of fifty. She was very tall and very homely—with one exception. She had the prettiest soft white hair I ever set eyes on. Harum-scarum school boys seldom take much interest in old ladies' hair, no matter how soft and white it may be, but that case was an exception, and there was nothing in the world that seemed quite so fine to me, at that time, as Aunt Patsy's head, which for fluffy daintiness could out rival any basket of wool fresh from the carder's hands.

"Partly because of her hair and partly because of her natural goodness of heart all we youngsters loved Aunt Patsy, yet in spite of our affection, the fendish impulses latent in the hearts of all children would creep to the service every little while and we would torment her with all sorts of impudent questions. Our favorite query was: 'Aunt Patsy, don't you ever intend to get married?' Instead of sending us about our business at those times as most women would have done under similar circumstances, Aunt Patsy would let her most prominent peculiarity come to the front and invariably she would make answer; 'Yes when I get ready.' This answer would always stagger inquisitive visitors, but it never intimidated us into silence, and, 'When are you going to get ready?' Aunt Patsy would come blundering along presently. To this second question Aunt Patsy also had a set reply. 'I can't just tell,' she would say gravely. 'But I've got my man picked out. He doesn't know I've fixed my mind on him. Nobody knows it. But everybody'll know who it is by and by. If he don't find out who I mean by the time I get ready, why I'll have to study up some way to tell him.'

"These dialogues were of never failing interest to youthful inquirers and they were rehearsed on an average of three times a week. Our conversations were always repeated verbatim, far and wide they kept the curiosity of the neighborhood keyed up to a high pitch. Every man known to Aunt Patsy, eligible or otherwise, was subjected to a critical examination in the hope of discovering who was the lucky one Aunt Patsy had fixed her mind on; but as she never showed the slightest preference either in manner or word, for any particular man, the neighbors were at a loss to come to a decision and it finally devolved upon Aunt Patsy to indicate the man of her choice. This she did in a characteristically peculiar way.

"Aunt Patsy lived alone in a big red brick house situated on the New Richmond turnpike about half way between New Richmond and Batavia. This house was surrounded by an immense yard. The yard at one time was well shaded, but the trees had been felled one by one until nothing remained standing but a few cedar trees and one monstrous oak. This oak stood in a corner not far from the front fence. It was the most perfect specimen of fine, symmetrical forest trees to be found in that part of the country and Aunt Patsy had always been very proud of it. 'It's a grand type of endurance,' she had often been heard to say. 'Why, perfect as that tree is, it ought to be still standing five hundred years from now.' Knowing those to be her sentiments the surprise of the neighbors was unbounded when it was learned that Aunt Patsy had sent for two wood-cutters and ordered them to chop down the oak tree three feet from the ground.

"This destruction of the great tree in its prime naturally caused much comment. A few days after it had been felled and dragged away it was walking past Aunt Patsy's house in company with Walter Craig. Craig was a man who had managed our farm for several years. Taken in his entirety Craig presented a very odd appearance, but his most striking single feature was his mouth. This organ was kept wide open day and night, sleeping or waking, Craig really had very good, sound sense, especially in all matters pertaining to the management of a farm, but his gaping mouth gave him an appearance of idiocy which greatly belied him in the opinion of the neighbors. But, however much he might be ridiculed by others I had firm faith in his judgment, so when he proposed that day that we stop and see Aunt Patsy a minute, I assented quite willingly. As we neared the house we saw Aunt Patsy, herself, standing at the front gate. We went up and stopped on the other side.

"Aunt Patsy," said Craig, "I don't want to be pryin', but I would like to know what you had that tree whacked over for?"

"For a moment Aunt Patsy seemed embarrassed.

"'I reckon,' she said, 'there's a whole raft of people hereabouts that'd like to know that very same thing.'

"'I reckon,' said Craig, 'there is.'

"Well, returned Aunt Patsy, 'I don't wish any of 'em any harm, so I do hope they won't hold their breath till they find out. Not but what they're goin' to know some day, for they are, but they'll have to bide my time.'

"Craig nodded respectfully. 'And what you goin' to do with the stump, Aunt Patsy?' he asked. 'You ought to have that dug up by the roots.'

"'I oughtn't to do anything of the kind,' retorted Aunt Patsy. 'I've made all my

callations regardin' that stump, an' I certainly don't callate to have it dug out.' 'Well, then,' suggested Craig, 'I'd train honey-suckles or something round it next summer. It don't look very well standing up there, rough and uneven, like that.'

"Aunt Patsy looked at Craig quizzically, 'I've made my callations,' was all she said. 'That was in the fall. All winter the oak stump stood in Aunt Patsy's front yard, bleak and drear, but early in the spring two men who were used to 'cleanin' off' were called in for a consultation, and Aunt Patsy gave them instructions to burn out the heart of the stump. A week later the only thing remaining of the prize oak was an outer shell about three inches thick.

"'I'm goin' to get some bees,' said Aunt Patsy, when Craig and I stopped at the gate soon afterward and asked her about the skeleton. 'I've always wanted a swarm an' I callate to turn this stump into a hive for 'em. I'll have the top all rooted over. It seems to me it'll be a real handy place for 'em.'

"The following day Aunt Patsy went in to town. She was gone a week, and when she returned she was provided with a box full of chisels and other tools, of whose use even the village carpenter was ignorant. When the first warm spring days came Aunt Patsy began her work on the unique beehive. For two weeks she labored diligently, cutting and chiseling the hard wood with rare skill and patience. By and by it became apparent that the side of the hive facing the turnpike was taking on the semblance of a human face. Aunt Patsy smiled grimly when Craig leaned over the fence one night and asked her whose portrait she was carving.

"It's the face of the man I'm goin' to marry," she said, succinctly.

"This report spread rapidly and thereafter Aunt Patsy's open-air studio was thronged with people anxious to discover through the lineaments of the sculptured face some clue to the identity of the intended husband. I don't know anything about the work of professional sculptors, but I will venture to say that there isn't an artist in New York who could bring his work so near to completion that it would require but a few finishing touches to produce a most striking likeness, and yet keep people in the dark as to who the model was. But that was what Aunt Patsy did. One day when the twilight came Aunt Patsy laid aside her chisels and the crowd went home as much at sea as ever as to whom she intended to marry. The next morning there were a few deft touches and we saw before us as if in life, the squinting eyes, the flaring ears the high forehead and the gaping mouth of Craig. I had been sent down to the village store for some groceries and was one of the first persons to make the wonderful discovery. My bare feet scarcely touched the turnpike as I ran home to tell the news. I found Craig out back of the orchard ploughing. 'Craig,' I gasped, 'it's you, Aunt Patsy was carving your face. It's you she's going to marry.'

"Craig dropped the lines and his mouth flew wider open than ever. I laughed like a little fiend. 'She's left your mouth open just like that,' I went on. 'She says that where the bees are to go in at.'

"Craig said never a word even then. He led the horses standing in the turrel and ran out to the pike and started towards Aunt Patsy's on the lops. I fairly ached to follow, but for once I considered prudence a good guide and stayed and watched the horses.

"It was past noon when Craig returned. 'It's all up with me,' he said, solemnly. 'It does look like me. It really was me she had fixed her mind on. If I'd only known—'

"What would you have done, Craig? I asked, filling in the pause.

"'I guess mebbe I'd asked her first,' said Craig. 'That was real cute of Aunt Patsy to come around it that way, wasn't it? But somehow I don't like it. It makes a fellow feel kind of queer to have such questions put to him before the whole town. I wouldn't care so much for that, though, if it wasn't for the bees flyin' through my mouth.'

"I sympathized with Craig on that point then, and I sympathize with him to this day, but taken all in all, Aunt Patsy's proposal was so unique that I can't help but throw her bouquets for her originality."

### A Modern Gideon.

Sir Harry Lumsden, a brilliant British officer whose career in India is related in a recent biography, was a fierce and dashing fighter, he was also good at strategy, when discretion seemed the better part of valor. One of his earliest successes of this sort has been handed down as a tradition among the hill tribes that he defeated, and is still a popular story among them. He was at the time a young lieutenant, in charge of a small detachment of troops, and was confronted by an army of superior numbers. This hostile force was concentrated on the top of a steep mountain, where it seemed impossible to dislodge it.

"At last," Lieutenant Lumsden wrote, "a villager came in and told me that although the enemy occupied the mountain top all day, they were in the habit of coming to springs half way down to cook and rest at night."

"Acting on his information, I sent for some herdsmen of the district, and showing them a handful of gold coins, promised to pay them well if they would take a bugler and some odds and ends up to the top of the hill after the enemy had retired for the night."

"A bargain was made, and next evening my little party was ready. The bugler was disguised as a shepherd, and the villagers—three in number—carried each half

a dozen pots filled with powder, with fuses attached. These they were to take to the top of the hill and lay out in a row, and at nine o'clock, on a signal rocket being fired from camp, they were to light all the fuses. The bugler was to blow all the calls he knew, and then the whole party were to make the best of their way back to camp.

"When the time came, a star rocket shot up into the cloudless sky. Bang! bang! bang! went the powder-pots, the sound reverberating through the hills, in the still air, like salvos of artillery; while the shepherds sent some large stones bounding down the hillside.

"The enemy, concluding that by some mysterious agency the whole of our force had been conveyed up the hill above them, instantly took to flight, those in front firing back on later starters, and each little party thinking the neighbor a pursuing Sikh. We, in camp, were too much convulsed with merriment to attempt to follow, even if we had had any intention of doing so."

He gives one other curious detail of this clever little affair. When he told his native subordinate to call for a volunteer bugler for the attempt, the man answered, 'No, you would then get a really good man. Let me pick you out a good-for-nothing, and then it will not matter if he is killed!'

Volunteer or good-for-nothing, however, the bugler was certainly good for something as it proved, and he escaped alive and exultant, to receive the praises of his comrades.

### According to Pay.

A builder engaged half a dozen laborers to dig cellars and put in the foundation of a house, the rate of wages being 6d. an hour. About three or four days after the builder's son came and told the men that their wages would be reduced to 5d. an hour.

The men said nothing at the time, but the next morning every man appeared at work with two shovels, one the ordinary full size, and the other the smallest he could possibly find.

When the builder appeared, every man was using the small shovel (which was in fact, little larger than a toy). Directly the builder saw what they were doing he wanted to know the reason, and the leader of the men replied, 'Well, master, you paid us 6d. an hour, but your son knocked us down to 5d. per hour. These small ones are the 5d. and the large ones are the 6d. shovels; which are we to use?'

The builder, seeing the novelty of the situation, paid the men the 6d. an hour as before.

### "I Give it Up."

A lively sally may produce discomfiture if it comes at an inappropriate moment. This was so in the case of a noted transatlantic lady lecturer. She was pouring out an impassioned harangue, and to all appearance carrying her audience with her.

But suddenly bathos was obtruded into her glowing periods, and a wave of inopportune laughter went through the hall. The lecturer, in ringing tones, appealed against the alleged injustice of events and asked—

"Ah! why was I born?"

She paused. Then she repeated the perilous question. And from the gallery came the thin, piping voice of a mischievous boy.

"I give it up," he said.

## BORN.

Maplewood, Mass. to the wife of Wm. Poole, a son.  
Farrboro, Nov. 2, to the wife of J. Kearney, a son.  
Bookville, Nov. 2, to the wife of John Dow, a son.  
Amherst, Nov. 2, to the wife of Geo. Carter, a son.  
Port Lorne, Nov. 11, to the wife of John Graves, a son.  
Windsor, Nov. 13, to the wife of Philip Knowles, a son.  
Riverside, Nov. 2, to the wife of James Northup, a son.  
Springhill, Nov. 9, to the wife of Saml. Bunton, a son.  
Guyaboro, Nov. 21, to the wife of Frank Sweet, a son.  
Springhill, Nov. 7, to the wife of Jim Urquhart, a son.  
Halifax, Nov. 13, to the wife of Geo. McNamara, a son.  
Halifax, Nov. 13, to the wife of J. Cunningham, a son.  
Annapolis, Nov. 13, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son.  
Amherst, Nov. 1, to the wife of Frank Dixon, a son.  
Truro, Nov. 14, to the wife of W. Goodwin, a daughter.  
Port Lorne, Nov. 11 to the wife of Arthur Neaves, a son.  
Summersville, Nov. 13, to the wife of Capt. Wilkins, a son.  
Hillsdale, Oct. 14, to the wife of Herbert Parker, a daughter.  
Springhill, Nov. 8, to the wife of Frank Nelson, a daughter.  
Springhill, Nov. 9, to the wife of John Oakley, a daughter.  
Steveston, B. C. to the wife of H. McElhinney, a daughter.  
Pictou, Oct. 26, to the wife of Alex. Leslie, a daughter.  
Parrsboro, Nov. 13, to the wife of C. Langill, a daughter.  
Fort Lawrence, Nov. 6, to the wife of Fred Thompson, a son.  
Amherst, Nov. 5, to the wife of Stanley Chapman, a daughter.  
Springhill, Nov. 3, to the wife of Simpson Rushton, a daughter.  
Springhill, Nov. 6, to the wife of James Harroun, a daughter.  
Hants, Oct. 15, to the wife of Commander Troubridge, a son.  
New Glasgow, Nov. 13, to the wife of Rev. A. Rogers, a son.  
Central Economy, Nov. 6, to the wife of Haliburton Hill, a son.

## MARRIED.

Windor, Nov. 15, Chas. W. Chandler to Miss B. Wilcox.  
Tignish, Nov. 13, Andre Blanchard to Mrs. J. S. Gailant.  
Windsor, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. Shaw, John Coon to Eva M. Zwicker.  
Tancock, Oct. 28, by Rev. H. S. Erb, Jas. Langill to Adelaide Levy.  
Halifax, Sept. 14, by Rev. Fr. McCarthy, F. Flinn to Maggie Martin.  
Malpeque, Nov. 8, by Rev. J. Fisher, John Clark to Martha Bealston.  
New Annan, Nov. 8, by Rev. Dr. Sedgwick, Robert Baxter to Agnes Bell.  
Georgetown, Nov. 7, by Rev. T. Phelan, Dennis Callup to Ada Mahar.  
Bridgetown, Nov. 1, by Rev. F. Young, Nelson Barnes to Lalla Hicks.  
Elgin, N. B., Nov. 8, by Rev. I. Thorne, B. Walter Stevens to Laura Parkin.  
Tussock Wedge, Nov. 14, by Rev. Fr. Fay, Mr. S. Ri hard, to Mary Surette.  
Newton Mass., Nov. 7, by Rev. D. Evans, George White to Ina Macpherson.  
Tancock, Oct. 28, by Rev. H. S. Erb, Stanley Mason to Rhoda Stevens.  
North Wiltshire, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. B. Reid, W. A. Cullen to Katie Trainor.  
Camung, Oct. 22, by Rev. W. Hutchins, Justus Taylor to Mrs. Nellie West.  
Gag town, Nov. 16, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Rassia Williams to Maud Crothers.  
Boiestown, Nov. 14, by Rev. H. Montgomery, W. Sharpe to Josephine Fairley.  
Grand Forks, B. C., Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Wright, John Cox to Mrs. Woodford.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 12, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Oliver Welch to Miss Annie Gates.  
Fredericton, Oct. 16, by Rev. Mr. Freeman, John R. Stennick to Miss E. Nason.  
Georgetown, Nov. 7, by Rev. S. Phelan, Neil Merison to Christina MacDonald.  
Sturgeon, Nov. 14, by Rev. Wm. Phelan, J. MacDonald to Annie Kearney.  
Jernsant, Nov. 15, by Rev. S. B. Gough, Walter Francis to Margaret A. Walker.  
Groshaut, Nov. 14, by Rev. Dr. Walker John FTS Kelly to Miss May J. Macdonald.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 14, by Rev. J. W. McConnell, John Dalziel to Mary Ann Besso.  
Grand Forks, B. C., Oct. 22, by Rev. Mr. Wright, John Cox to Mrs. Belle Woodford.  
Clark's arbor, Nov. 11, by Rev. A. McNinch, Timothy Smith to Emma Williams.  
Tussock Wedge, Nov. 15, by Rev. Fr. Gates, Simon Le Blanc to Miss Francis Le Blanc.  
Little Bras d'Or, Nov. 1, by Rev. F. M. Grant, Mary E. Mcfitt to Peter McKenzie.  
Egmont Bay, Nov. 14, by Rev. S. Boudreault, Placide Gaudet, to Miss M. Arsensuit.  
Massena, N. Y., Nov. 2, by Revs. Bez and Robinson, Ralph J. Messinger, to Ellen C. Begg.

## DIED.

Neel Road, Oct. 9, Isaac White.  
Truro, Nov. 14, Martin Clyke, 71.  
Halifax, Nov. 13, H. H. Harris, 56.  
St. John, Nov. 20, Catherine Fisher.  
St. John, Nov. 20, Wm. Hamlyn, 73.  
Halifax, Nov. 14, Sylvester Connors.  
Hantsport, Nov. 9, Mrs. Whitman, 71.  
Halifax, Nov. 14, Patrick Lanigan, 69.  
New Perth, Nov. 15, Edmond Cain, 78.  
Cornwall, Nov. 11, George Pethick, 73.  
Cape Gnome, Oct. 1, Wm. T. Prosser, 33.  
St. John, Nov. 11, Margaret McGrath, 70.  
Cornwall, Nov. 12, Elizabeth Leonard, 94.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 17, Maggie E. Murphy, 17.  
Lockhartville, Nov. 5, John Fitzgerald, 71.  
Colchester, Nov. 10, Mrs. Jane S. Davis, 83.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 16, Mrs. Nellie Naples, 20.  
East Miram, Nov. 13, Isabella Hamilton, 72.  
Cornwall, Nov. 11, George Ellen Trainor, 55.  
Rockville, Nov. 15, Mr. Ralph D. Killam, 34.  
Halifax Nov. 11, Rosa Mildred, Thompson, 4.  
East Bridgewater, Nov. 11, James Ramey, 78.  
Ashby, C. B. Nov. 11, Agnes A. McDonald, 60.  
Bangor, Nov. 5, Louise, wife of Frank J. Pollard.  
Boughton Island, Oct. 31, Benjamin E. Allen, 75.  
Colchester Co., Nov. 8, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, 93.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 15, Mrs. John Macauland, 38.  
Lunenburg, Nov. 12, Mary, wife of Elias Crouse, 50.  
St. John, Nov. 20, Mary, wife of Robert Ritchie, 41.  
Lorway Mines, C. B. Nov. 2, Robert J. McDonald, 28.  
Halifax, Nov. 14, Caroline, wife of Jas. McAndrew 76.  
Scott's Bay, Oct. 27, Aisley, son of Owen and Gracie Steele, 4.  
Somerville, Nov. 4, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Macumber.  
Pittfield, Nov. 9, Florence Irene, daughter of David Armstrong, 15.  
Hardwood Hill, Nov. 12, Isabella, widow of the late, Alexander Ferguson, 55.  
Charlottetown, Nov. 16, Henrietta Mackenzie, relict of the late John Rendle, 63.  
Annapolis, Nov. 5, Arthur deBlas McCormick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McCormick, 31.  
India, Oct. 1, Francis Ridley Haveragel, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Morse.

### STEAMERS.

1899. 1899.

## THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO., LIMITED.

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STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH" One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Ry. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO" Leaves Canada's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston. Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

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## Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 (trains will run daily, Sunday excepted.)

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax..... 7.25  
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.05  
Express for Sussex..... 16.40  
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17.30  
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.  
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.  
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 6.30  
Accommodation from Moncton..... 11.45  
Express from Halifax..... 16.40  
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.35  
Accommodation from Moncton..... 21.45  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

## Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Nov. 13th, 1899, the Steamship at Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

### Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 9.30 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

### Steamship "Prince Arthur."

St. John and Boston Direct Service.

Leave St. John every Thursday, 4.30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday 10 a. m.

## EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.43 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.50 p. m.  
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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YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

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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, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.  
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Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

JAMES MANCHESTER, Manager, Freeport.

## Change of Sailing.

On and after Monday, Nov. 6th,

## STEAMER

## ..Clifton

will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a. m. for Indianown. Returning will leave Indianown on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.