

Big Ann.

When I was twelve years of age my brother Elmer was two years older, and Alice and Nannie were our two little sisters when our parents moved with us from Pennsylvania to a part of the West which was then almost a wilderness. My father's log cabin of one room stood where there is today an imposing court house, and a showy opera-house stands on our former 'truck-patch.' The forest in which the Indians lurked back of our house has disappeared, and the whole face of nature has been changed. In some ways this change has not been for the better, for the forests were full of beauty and the grassy slopes and levels were far more pleasing than the paved streets and piles of brick and mortar that occupy their place.

Living with us in our Pennsylvania home had been a large and masculine woman of about fifty years of age, named Ann Bump, — a queer character strangely compounded of womanly kindness and masculine roughness, — who was overflowing with energy, and a very great help to my mother. When we decided to go West Ann Bump begged that we would take her with us, as she had no home of her own and not a relative in the world. So to the West she went with us, and many a time during the long journey in a covered wagon we rejoiced that she was there.

In stead of going with any of the long wagon-trains, then moving westward, we journeyed alone, and as father was ill for two or three weeks and mother never very strong, big, homely, faithful Ann had to meet every emergency, which she did with untiring courage, cheerfulness and capability. She could wield an axe like a man, she could prepare a most excellent dinner out of scant materials, and she often surprised us by revealing some accomplishment we had not known that she possessed.

For instance, one evening we had camped on the bank of a wide stream swollen to a great depth by three days of pouring rain, and Ann was walking near the edge gathering fire-wood, when a sudden gust of wind blew the man's straw hat from her head and far into the strong current.

"My land o' massy!" exclaimed Ann. "I ain't going to lose that hat," and she leaped into the swift water, swam in pursuit with strong, bold strokes, and came to the shore about fifty yards down stream with the brim of the hat between her teeth.

"Why, Ann," said father, "I did not know that you could swim."

"Well, you see I can," she replied. "I wasn't going to lose that hat."

At another time she leaped from the wagon and trampled the life out of a huge rattlesnake with her number nine brogans saying as she kicked the reptile into the bushes, "If there is anything I jest despise it's a snake."

The cabin father and Ann finally built was three miles from our nearest neighbors, and stood in a natural clearing of about two acres, around which there was a dense forest, in which were wolves, panthers and bears.

Near us were a few encampments of lazy and shiftless Indians, whom we had little reason to fear except when 'fire-water' made them bold and sometimes threatening in their demeanor. Under this influence they occasionally gave the settlers a good deal of trouble, and just before our arrival they had quarrelled with a settler a few miles from our clearing, burned his cabin, driven off his stock, and at one time appeared bent on killing him and his family.

My mother had an unconquerable fear of the Indians, and was very nervous whenever they came around our cabin even with the most friendly bearing, but Ann Bump regarded them with the utmost contempt, and it was sometimes with difficulty that we restrained her from 'sailing into them,' as she expressed it, and compelling them to 'clear out' when they were lazily loitering and squatting around our doorway. One day after a phlegmatic and corpulent old squaw had been sitting on our doorstep for two full hours, wrapped in her filthy dirty blanket, Ann wanted to leave the cabin with a tub of dirty wash-water.

"Get out of the way you lazy heep!" cried Ann boldly to our "lady caller."

The squaw continued to sit stolidly in the middle of the door step.

"Get up, old Miss Shiftlessness!" screamed Ann, and as the squaw did not move, Ann poured the entire contents of the tub over her.

"There! You need every drop of it and ten times as much!" said Ann, grimly.

With a yell the squaw fled, amid the loud laughter of five or six other Indians who were sprawled out in our doorway, and great was our relief that they took the matter as a good practical joke.

When the first Thanksgiving in our new home came we were all in the best of health, and the weather was still mild and agreeable as in early October, with the exception of cold nights. Not a single snowflake had fallen, and father rode thirty miles on horseback to purchase good things for the feast.

My parents had no intention of overlooking Thanksgiving day, even in the wilderness. Father had shot a large and plump wild turkey, and mother and Ann had inspected the large and spicy fruit cake which they had made in our old home three weeks before we had started for the West in accordance with their theory that it would improve with a few months of age. Certainly we children thought that our locked none the worse for its long journey.

The weather was still delightfully warm on Thanksgiving morning, and we were having a religious service after breakfast, when a man came riding to tell father that a settler he had known in our Eastern home and who now lived about ten miles from us was at death's door. His wife

with four little children about her had sent for my father to come to her in her time of sore need. He was not the man to ignore such an appeal on any day, and he went at once to the stable to saddle his horse. Mother would have gone with him if our other horse had not been badly lamed by a fall.

"Now go right ahead and have your Thanksgiving dinner exactly as it I were here," said father. "And don't be uneasy if I do not come home to night. I shall not leave poor Mrs. Hilton if she needs me. Be just as merry and happy as you can be."

But we were gloomy over his departure and at the prospect of having him away all night, for he had not been absent from home a whole night since our coming West. "La! I ain't afraid," said Ann. "Don't worry none with me on deck," and she went on preparing the dinner and guttural singing and whistling between her songs. In Ann's performance there was something so grotesque, comic and cheerful that mother soon rallied from her feeling of depression and set forth about tattering our Thanksgiving pleasure.

The big turkey, the cranberry sauce, a huge pie and all of the other good things were on the table, and we had just seated ourselves when we heard wild yells in a distance and ran to the door to see a small party of Indians riding toward the house whooping in a manner that was new to us. Even big Ann seemed startled for a moment, and my mother was in a frenzy of fright.

"To the loft to the loft!" she cried, seizing my young sister and running toward the ladder.

"And leave all this good dinner to them dirty things!" said Ann, with fury in her eye.

"Oh, what does the dinner amount to compared with losing our lives?" said mother. "We must go to the loft! Come at once, all of you!"

Our cabin, like most log houses, had a loft in which some of the family slept, and it was reached by a ladder in a corner. Moved more by mother's pleadings than by any real fear, Ann followed us up and drew the ladder up after us. She had hardly done so when four Indian men and two squaws, one of them with a papoose on her back, came into the cabin. One of the squaws was the woman to whom Ann had given the unexpected bath, but the other one and two of the men we had never before seen.

Evidently they had been imbibing 'fire-water,' for they were in a most bilious state, but we knew that their hilarity would change to evil temper before long, particularly if any attempt was made to thwart them. We could see all that was going on below between the cracks in the loose boards of the floor of the loft.

The sight of the well spread dinner-table was evidently a pleasant one to our unwelcome guests. One of the old squaws gave a cry of wild delight, and seizing the big pie, began to devour it speedily. One of the men had evidently had a liking for pie himself, and tried to possess himself of a part of it. Now it was custard pie and would not stand much rough usage. Seeing that she could not retain possession, the irate squaw raised it on the palm of her hand and dashed it, soft side out, full into the face of her adversary. The effect was so ludicrous that even big Ann's grim features relaxed into a smile.

A bottle of strong pepper-sauce was on the table, and one of the men, perhaps thinking that it was 'fire-water,' seized it and took a full drink. Then he danced up and down with his hands on his stomach, making wry grimaces and howling until Elmer fairly laughed aloud.

The little papoose was set down in the middle of the table, where it amused itself by dabbling its brown fists in a bowl of gravy. Then it emptied the contents of a molasses pitcher into its lap, and finally fell over with its head in a dish of mashed potatoes. The men and women, meanwhile, were devouring the turkey, — tearing it apart with their hands and gouging out the dressing with their fingers, — greatly to the wrath of Ann Bump. Nothing but mother's pleadings and actual commands kept Ann from descending into the room, and, as she expressed it, 'cleaning out the whole mess of them.'

One of the 'braves' had his entire fist thrust into the turkey for the last of the dressing, when the Indian opposite him did something to arouse his displeasure and he raised his fist with the turkey still on it and brought it down in rebuke on the head of the offender.

The one assailed, retaliated by seizing the gravy-covered platter and bringing it down on the head of his assailant, whereupon the stricken man thrust one long leg under the table, upset the chair of his foe and so threw him flat on his back on the floor. While he was still lying there one of the squaws playfully emptied the contents of a pitcher of milk on him.

A general scrimmage seemed imminent, and Ann said, "They'll break every dish on that table if they ain't got out some way."

Just then one of the squaws walked over toward the big fruit-cake on the side-table, and Ann could endure no more.

"They shan't have that cake and shan't spoil it so that we can't eat it; now they just shan't!" she growled. She rose from her stooping position with a grim smile and threw open a trunk in which there were a number of sheets. Of these she took three.

Hanging by a cord that was run through one of its eyes and tied to a nail on a rafters was a most frightful false face that Elmer had had a lot of fun with on the last Fourth of July in our old home. Ann clapped on this mask.

There was a small window in either end of the loft Ann went to one of these with the sheets in her hands. The sash was hung on hinges. She opened the window, dropped the sheets out and then dropped out herself, heedless of mother's remonstrances. The cabin was so low that she ran no danger of injury, and as there was no window in that

end of the room below, the Indians could not see her descent.

Elmer and I ran to the window to see what she would do next. She threw a sheet over the top and back part of her head and fastened it under the chin of the exposed mask. Next she draped sheets around her. Then she got up on one of the two pairs of stults that were leaning against the cabin, and which she herself had made for Elmer and me. The sheets were pinned around her so that they fell from her waist to the ground. The false face she wore could not have been surpassed in hideousness, and Ann looked ten feet tall in her flowing white draperies. She was truly a fearful looking object.

Stalking around in front of the open door she gave a blood curdling scream, and at this strange sound the Indians ran toward the door. Instantly they raised wild yells of horror. Ann kept on screaming and stalked them. There was another door opposite the one before which she stood, and out of this the Indians fell with a howl, and rushed for 'fall timber.' The frightened squaw even left the poor papoose behind her, and we had to keep it until father could take it to its mother the next day. Father came home late that night with the good news that Mr. Hilton had rallied and that he would probably recover. How he laughed over our account of Ann's heroism!

"I'll kill another turkey," he said, "and we will have our Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. I doubt if we have unwelcome guests again."

Not one of those five Indians ever appeared at our house again, and they had evidently told a fearsome tale to their tribe, for it was many months before any of them visited us.

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BORN.

Amherst, Nov. 17, to the wife of Abner Smith, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov. 13, to the wife of Herbert Ross, a son.
St. John, Nov. 28, to the wife of A. E. Prince, a son.
Tignish, Nov. 15, to the wife of Charles Dalton, a son.
Halifax, Nov. 23, to the wife of Arthur J. Davis, a son.
Lunenburg, Nov. 15, wife of George Rindland, a son.
Lunenburg, Nov. 18, to the wife of Gabriel Parks, a son.
East LaHave, Nov. 6, to the wife of Albert Corkum, a son.
Lunenburg, Nov. 1, to the wife of Capt. S. Walters, a son.
Avondale, Nov. 18, to the wife of Melton Huggan, a son.
North Sydney, Nov. 17, to the wife of Thomas Mauger, a son.
Truro, Nov. 18, to the wife of George Hill, a daughter.
Truro, Nov. 16, to the wife of H. S. Pentz, a daughter.
Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of H. F. O'Brien, a daughter.
Clearland, Nov. 11, to the wife of Jos. Sawler, a daughter.
Mahone Bay, Nov. 12, to the wife of John Albrach, a daughter.
Maiden Cove, Nov. 8, to the wife of Geo. Maider, a daughter.
North Sydney, Nov. 20, to the wife of J. J. Coppin, a daughter.
Ritcey's Cove, Nov. 5, to the wife of Charles Ritcey, a son.
Ritcey's Cove, Oct. 21, to the wife of Edward Cresser, a son.
East LaHave, Nov. 20, to the wife of Howard Corkum, a son.
Conquerall Bank, Nov. 3, to the wife of Jacob Whitman, a son.
Amherst Point, Nov. 20, to the wife of F. E. Layton, a daughter.
Middle LaHave, Oct. 31, to Capt. and Mrs. Leam Shadle, a son.
Lunenburg, Oct. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Mosman, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Yarmouth, Nov. 14, Frank Boudreau to Rose Babine.
Windsor, Nov. 15, Chas. W. Chandler to Bertha Wilcox.
Sydney Mines, Nov. 15, Hubert Harley to Frances McNeil.
Milville, Nov. 22, Stanley H. Patterson to Blanche E. Welton.
Meteghan, by Rev. Fr. LeBlanc, Thomas Frautein to Lucy Duggan.
Gabarus Lake, C. B., Nov. 21, Donald McIntire to Kate A. McLeod.
Lequille, by Rev. H. How, Nov. 22, Edgar E. Orde to Eva Corbett.
Halifax, Nov. 21, by Rev. Mr. Smith, William J. Davis to Edie Wood.
Westport, Nov. 15, by Rev. H. Murray, James Spurr to Lucile Welch.
Yarmouth, Nov. 14, by Rev. Benj. Hills, Oliver J. Welch to Annie Gates.
Lunenburg, Nov. 15, by Rev. Geo. Haslam, Geo. H. Love to Bessie Blair.
Halifax, Nov. 27, by Rev. Gerald Murphy, Robert Downie to Annie Watkins.
Nelson, C. B., Nov. 21, by Rev. Robt. Frew, A. E. Taylor to Ada Davidson.
Truro, Nov. 15, by Rev. Ralph Stratton, Wiebert Rath to Louise J. Burgess.
Amherst, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. L. Batty, John M. Bishop to Lucie M. Mason.
Windsor, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, John E. Coyn to Eva May Zieker.
Yarmouth, Nov. 14, by Rev. Fr. Dupuis, James Bourque to Sadie Saulnier.
Boston, Mass., Nov. 1, by Rev. Jos. Dizay, Mr. Hinkley to Josephine Coip.
Tusket Wedge, Nov. 14, by Rev. Fr. Gay, Stephen Rich-rd to Mary N. Sureta.
Tusket Wedge, Nov. 15, by Rev. Fr. Gay, Simon LeBlanc to Frances LeBlanc.
Truro, Nov. 15, by Rev. James W. Falconer, William Brown to Arabella Bliss.
Truro, Nov. 22, by Rev. A. D. Morton, Archibald Pinney to Emma A. McKay.
Springhill, Nov. 4, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Thos. McKay to Edna M. Westberry.
Halifax, Nov. 15, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning, Herbert Pollitt to Annie Curtis.

North Sydney, Nov. 23, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Daniel W. McLeod to Annie McLeod.
St. Stephen, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Colman Shields to Agnes R. McDonald.
Pugwash, Nov. 15, by Rev. G. H. Haverstock, Percy French to Hattie F. Hollis.
Halifax, Nov. 22, by Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning, Fred C. Baines to Jessie O. Way.
Antigonish, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. R. Munro, John K. Cameron to Isattie Archibald.
Cape Sable Island, Nov. 18, by Rev. A. D. Stirling, Maurice Smith to Lizzie Stoddart.
Port Greenville, Nov. 15, by Rev. Chas. Cummings, James Gahnie to Mrs. A. Wilson.
Port Lorne, N. S., Nov. 23, by Rev. Dr. Hartley, Ernest McLellan to Louie Fabian.
Clark's harbor, Nov. 11, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Timothy Smith to Emma Williams.
Lunenburg, Nov. 11, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, Simeon Kedy to Maggie M. Hyson.
Port Morin, Nov. 15, by Rev. W. Grant, Charles A. McNeill to Martha C. McAnny.
North Sydney, Nov. 23, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Samuel Scott to Mary A. Musgrave.
Yarmouth, Nov. 22, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Edward S. McNutt to Fannie McKenzie.
Aylesford, Nov. 16, by Rev. John Bartt Morgan, Joseph Cleveland to Elanice Patterson.
Eagle Head, Queens Co., Nov. 22, by Rev. F. C. Barry, James Wentzell to Lena Hemen.
Eagle Head, Queens Co., Nov. 22, by Rev. F. C. Barry, Wm. Haughton to Eleanor Hemen.
Chegezein, Yarmouth, Nov. 11, by Rev. E. Crowell, Arthur Wyman to Laura B. McCrae.
Cape Sable Island, Nov. 22, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Thos. Howard to Nancy Nickerson.
Dillingham, Nov. 20, by Rev. Chas. R. Cummings, Thomas I. Post to Alice M. Warren.
Georgetown, Nov. 8, by Rev. A. R. McDonald, Alex. J. McDonald to Christina L. Chisholm.
New Glasgow, Nov. 22, by Rev. Samuel Woodroffe, Alphonso Simpson to Feudore A. Vanstone.

DIED.

Pictou, Mrs. K. H. Munro 45.
Halifax, Nov. 26, Joseph Spruh 77.
Pictou, Nov. 18, John Arbuckle, 74.
California, Nov. 2, Mrs. Oliver Fox 78.
Utah, James Patterson Foeie, of Pictou.
Halifax, Nov. 25, Lucy W. Campbell 23.
Little Narrows, Nov. 19, Nor McAnuly.
Colchester, Nov. 11, Ethel May Boomer, 5.
Windsor, Nov. 19, Wm. Patrick Tierney, 21.
Tusket Wedge, Nov. 11, Charlotte LeBlanc.
Shubenacadie, Nov. 23, John Y. Laidlaw 73.
Newburyport, Mass., Nov. 10, John Collier 67.
Springhill, Nov. 18, Mrs. Fred Fullerton, 60.
Broad Cove Chapel, S. p. 19, J. H. McDonald.
Clam Harbor, Nov. 18, Mrs. Sarah Webster, 98.
Halifax, Nov. 24, Frank, son of Jonas Furrill 45.
St. John, Nov. 25, Grace, wife of George Peor, 45.
Diligent River, Nov. 10, Mrs. Rebecca York, 97.
Broad Cove Chapel, Sept. 17, John A. McLellan 22.
Pictou Landing, Nov. 15, William McKee 26.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 24, Joseph F. Whitaker, 44.
Truro, N. S., 14, Annie, daughter of Wm. McKee, 2.
Bridgewater, N. S., Nov. 20, Charles T. G. Taylor, 47.
Guysboro Road, Nov. 15, Mr. J. A. McDougall, 43.
St. John, Nov. 23, Annie N., wife of Robert Scott 71.
Stellarton, Oct. 14, Catherine A. wife of D. Murphy 50.
Lake Horton, C. B., Nov. 5, Lauchlin MacQuarrie 71.
Bacgor, Me., Nov. 5, Louis, wife of Frank J. Polard.
Bay Shore, Nov. 24, Hazel, daughter of John J. Kane, 9.
Dongastown, Nov. 15, Chas. J. S., son of John Spencer.
Loggieville, N. B., Nov. 20, Mary I., wife of Robert Loggie.
St. John, Nov. 27, Francis A. wife of Frank B. Carter, 43.
St. John, Nov. 26, Isabella, wife of William E. Moore, 65.
Watertown, Nov. 16, Sister Mary of St. Luke's, 61.
Boston, Oct. 30, Estler Tena, wife of J. W. Murray, 35.
Roxbury, Nov. 17, Mary Catherine, wife of Patrick Broderick.
St. John, Nov. 23, Nellie M. wife of Charles Ledford, 45.
East Cambridge, Mass., John F., son of John Douglass 8 months.
Pictou, Nov. 18, Agnes Teresa, eldest daughter of Thomas Butler, 19.
Yarmouth, Nov. 17, Maggie E. daughter of Norman Murphy, 17.
Yarmouth, Mrs. Nellie Napier, daughter of Mrs. Emily Jacquard, 20.
Bass River, Nov. 14, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Fulton.
Black Settlement, Arnsag, Nov. 16, Catherine, widow of John McDonald 70.
Middle River, C. B., Nov. 13, Mary McKenzie, widow of Donald McDonald 84.
At W. C. Chazotte, Nov. 11, Maud A. daughter of Prosper and Emma Murphy 15.
Rimlipatan, Ladis, Oct. 7, Francis Ridley Haverlag, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Morse.

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For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.
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Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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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, Pugwash, 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..... 6.20
Accommodation from Moncton..... 11.45
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 16.00
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.
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Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arrive St. John, 3.35 p. m.

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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., arrive Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arrive Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arrive Halifax 5.50 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.50 a. m., arrive Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

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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 Indianow. Returning will leave Indianow on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.

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