

A YOUNG HERO.

Mother why are you always so sad about Xmas, when everyone else is so bright and jolly?

'Because my dear boy, the saddest events of my life have occurred at this time of the year; and as each Xmas returns it brings me my saddest memories.'

'Tell me about them mother, and let me help you to bear them. I share all your joys why should I not also share your sorrows?'

'I have often thought of doing so, Harry but did not like to bring even a shadow on your bright young life. However I think you are old enough now to appreciate this great sacrifice and let it influence your character; so this Xmas eve I will tell you the story of noble boy hero.'

'Oh mother! A real true hero? Tell me quickly!'

'Yes, dear, as true a hero as was ever burned at the stake. My first sorrow came on Xmas eve, for twelve years ago to-night your father died suddenly in the full prime of his manhood and left me with two children—Fred a boy of twelve, and you a baby of a few weeks old. I had lost several children between you two, so consequently Baby Harry seemed a precious charge to be guarded and watched over with more than ordinary care. When dying your father said to Fred, 'I leave your mother and baby brother in your charge, Fred; promise me that you will guard them well and prove yourself the manly boy I think you.' Fred took it to his father's death in the eyes and gave the required promise. Fred was proud of his charge and very fond of little brother Harry, as he always called you; and no one could have been more faithful in looking after you. He was always ready to amuse you when I was busy, and would leave his play or the most attractive book at your slightest call. He was such a help and comfort to me that sad and trying year.'

'We lived on a new farm about ten miles from my father's farm, and the road lay through a thick woods which was infested by wolves, and dangerous at night, and even in daylight if the fierce brutes chanced to be particularly hungry. A few days before Xmas mother sent word by a neighbour who was passing—letters were rare in those days—for me to divide the boys over and stay till over Christmas with them. She thought it would cheer me to get away from my home at that sad anniversary, and mingle with those who were bright and happy. We went and Fred enjoyed his visit amazingly; he was the life of the family party of aunts, cousins and grand-children. But he never neglected you. No fun or pleasure could draw him away if you seemed to wish him to stay. The day after Xmas we started for home, as I was afraid to trust the man who was looking after the stock any longer. It was very cold and I thought he might neglect them. Fred drove and I carried you in my arms. We had dallied at the last till it was late in the afternoon when we got started, and the dusk soon overtook us. 'Drive fast,' I said to Fred, 'for we may be followed by wolves, and my heart sank as I thought of the last time I had driven through these woods after dark; my strong, brave husband was by my side and I had no thought of fear. Now, alas I had only a boy for a protector, a brave, reliable boy, yet only a boy in strength and judgement.'

'Was Fred afraid mother?'

'I don't know, dear, he did not say. We were speeding along, the bells jingling, the horse's feet crunching the hard snow, when suddenly out on the clear frosty air rang that deep creaking bay which once heard can never be forgotten. The wolves were on our track, God help us, and we were just in the thickest part of the wood, with no house within sight or hearing. Fred had heard them once and instantly recognized the terrifying sound. He turned white, but did not seem to lose his courage or presence of mind. 'They seem a long way off, mother, we may beat them yet,' said he. Then lashing the horse to its fullest speed he kept a sharp watch behind. Not a word more was spoken, but the fearful bay gradually came nearer and more distinct. Suddenly the leader of the pack appeared in full view and as he sighted his prey he leaped into the air and gave one fierce, resounding howl to signal the pack to hasten forward to the banquet.'

My mother had loaded the sleigh with Xmas cheer of all kinds—a large piece of meat, fowls, mince pies and cakes. I suddenly thought of them, and setting my baby down between us I dragged the piece of meat from under the seat. This was difficult to do and took time as the sleigh was rocking with the galloping of the horse and I could hardly keep my balance. 'Hurry mother!' shouted Fred, 'they are nearly here.' When I raised my head and looked behind the sleigh, what a sight met my eyes! The whole pack had reached us their eyes glaring like balls of fire, their fierce hungry jaws open with sharp, white teeth shown, and all seemingly ready for the expected feast. I steadied myself as well as I could and making a big effort, threw the meat back as far as my strength would let me. The horse rushed madly on his nostrils dilated and snorting with terror such snarling and growling, and fire fighting for the treasure! We could hear the crunching of the ribs bones, and the sound filled me with horror as to our probable fate. 'Get out the turkeys mother,' shouted Fred above the noise of the snarling and growling, 'but only throw one; we can keep them off as long as the food lasts.'

We were going at great speed—your father always loved a good horse and this had been his favorite—and were fast increasing the distance between us and the ravenous wolves, but we knew the meat must be nearly consumed. I rose again

and threw out the large turkey which my dear mother had destined for our New Year's dinner, little dreaming of its fate. On we flew, taking eager glances backward. We soon saw the yelping pack of demons again on the move, but once more their wild progress was arrested by the second turkey whose bones they stopped to snarl and wrangle over. This gave us another respite. Then the pies and doughnuts followed the turkeys, and were snatched up almost in falling. On they came, fierce and more eager even than at first, their ravenous appetites seemingly only whetted by what they had devoured. I was in despair, for we had nothing more to throw; we were at last at their mercy and we knew what that was. I took my baby again in my arms clapping him closely to my heart, trying to soothe his terrified crying; for the snarling of the sleigh and the howling of the wolves had awakened him. Closer and closer they came, their wild eyes glaring, their white teeth gleaming, their red tongues lolling; we could feel their hot breath as two of the largest springs at the back of the sleigh. Like a flash Fred struck at the first one and then the other with the butt end of his whip, causing them to drop back among the others. Then he snatched the Buffalo robe and threw it among them. This caused some confusion and Fred took advantage of it to lash once more the panting, galloping horse, and we gained a few paces on the wolves. Then Fred turned to me, his young face like death, his jaw rarely set, and said, in a strange, quiet tone, 'Mother there is only one thing more to be done, and I am going to do it, God helping me. Here, take the reins quick! Then, before I had the least idea of what he intended, he jumped from the sleigh and ran out. 'Good bye, mother! it is the last chance of saving you and little brother Harry. Father will know I did my best.'

'Oh my God, the horror of that moment! I can see the awful scene now as it was actually present. The gleaming joy of those cruel beasts as they rushed to meet their victim. The howls of anticipation! The snarls of greediness! Fred had taken his whip with him, bent on selling his life as dearly as possible. He laid about him with all his boyish might, rushing this way and that to elude their snapping teeth. Oh, how noble he looked, his stern white face bravely fronting his savage foes! It only took a few seconds, for while he was fighting several wolves in front a large one leaped up on his back and in the dusk and fast increasing distance all became indistinct confusion. I gave one last despairing scream as I lost sight of him, and mercifully I knew no more till I opened my eyes in a kind friend's house. They had heard my screams and come out to find an exhausted horse, a fainting woman and a crying baby.'

'But dear mother, was Fred saved?'

'Not saved, Harry, but safe with his father in heaven. He had given his young life for yours and mine, and more than redeemed his promise.'

Couldn't Fool Inspector Byrnes.

When former Superintendent Thomas Byrnes was the celebrated Inspector Byrnes of the New York detective force, he occupied a queer suite of rooms in one corner of the old marble police headquarters in Mulberry Street. It was always a place of mystery. The Inspector sat at a flat table at one end of the room. It was frequently covered with papers. On the walls in glass cases were odds and ends of criminology, bits of ropes that had hanged notorious murderers, black caps, revolvers that had figured in infamous cases, and other depressing objects.

One day the Inspector left a new reporter at his table and went into another room. He was gone half an hour. When he came back the reporter said:

'Inspector did you have me watched while you were gone?'

'No. Why?'

'There are some pretty interesting papers on your desk, aren't there?'

'Nothing of any great value. Why do you ask?'

'What was to prevent my reading some of those letters and getting a mighty good story for my paper?' asked the reporter.

Two reasons, answered the Inspector. 'In the first place I never leave a scrap of paper on my desk that the whole world is not welcome to read. Secondly you couldn't have touched a sheet without my knowing it. Look at that penholder,' pointing to a cheap affair laid carelessly across a bundle of papers. 'Notice the direction in which it points. One end points at the door knob and the other at the black cap. Now you never would have noticed that, but I did before leaving the room, and if you had touched a single paper you would have displaced that penholder and I would have known it.'

Versatile Minister Declares.

If versatility be an American trait, Theophile DeCasse, the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, ought to have been a native of the United States. He is not yet fifty, but has already attained distinction in many fields of intellectual effort. His first venture was in journalism and literature, where he made his mark. From the press he went into politics, and was elected a deputy in 1899. Here he made his influence so felt that he became Under Secretary for the Colonies in 1893, Colonial Minister in 1894, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1898. While in the last named position he settled the Fashoda affair with Great Britain. Last year he

was a special commissioner, or envoy, to St. Petersburg, representing French investors who desired to utilize the financial opportunities presented by the Siberian and other Asiatic railways. To M. DeCasse the Bourse ascribes the credit of having perceived the financial as well as the political and strategical value of these projected roads. Either through diplomatic channels or through a careful study of the Russian fiscal system, he realized that though Russia might start these roads, its treasury was too weak to finish them.

Testimonium Paupertatis.

Doctor: 'Do you know that the majority of physicians are comparatively poor men?'

Gibbs: 'No, I wasn't aware of that; but I know some of them are awfully poor doctors.'

Unwelcome Confirmation.

'Only a fool would argue with a woman!' said he, in disgust, after a hour's hot contest with his sister.

'Precisely!' was her dry answer.

ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND
Is the World's Greatest
Medicine To-day.

Canada's Best People Say It Is a
Marvelous Health Giving
Prescription.

It Keeps People Strong and
Well in Winter Time.

Paine's Celery Compound is truly nature's remedy; it cures when all other medicines fail.

Paine's Celery Compound is prescribed every day by our ablest Canadian physicians.

Our best druggists recommend Paine's Celery Compound to their patrons without the slightest hesitation; they know it possesses life-saving virtues; they have noted remarkable cures from its use, and its immense sales prove its popularity.

Canadian clergymen of all denominations speak of Paine's Celery Compound with enthusiasm and gladness, and recommend it to their parishioners.

Paine's Celery Compound purifies and enriches the blood, regulates the nervous system, promotes perfect digestion, gives sound and refreshing sleep, healthy appetite, and that regular life which guarantees contentment and happiness.

The use of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound will convince any sufferer that it is a banisher of disease that has no equal.

Mrs. Gabbie—You don't seem to consider my opinions very valuable.

Mr. Gabbie—My dear, I consider them so valuable that it shocks me to see you giving them away so promiscuously.

'Dauber says he is wedded to his art.' 'He evidently thinks he is, or he wouldn't mistreat her so shamefully.'

When a man gives ear to gossip,
He with a smiling face
Is sure to make remarks about
The woman in the case.
But he overlooks the fact
That since the world began
There's been no woman in a case
In which there was no man.

BORN.

Halifax, Dec. 28, to the wife of G. Vail, a son.
Amherst, Jan. 9, to the wife of E. McEfat, a son.
New York, Jan. 3, to the wife of L. Lewis, a son.
Amherst, Jan. 8, to the wife of Richard Soy, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 8, to the wife of T. Ridgeway, a son.
Parsons, Dec. 27, to the wife of T. Sullivan, a son.
New Sydney, Jan. 7, to the wife of Joe Salter, a son.
Bear River, Jan. 5, to the wife of Wm. Branton, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 2, to the wife of Herbert Krox, a son.
Hants Co., Dec. 3, to the wife of George Pineo, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 5, to the wife of Rupert Kaulbach, a son.
South Altou, Jan. 6, to the wife of Albert Corcoran, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, to the wife of Joseph LeBlanc, a son.
Lunenburg, Jan. 5, to the wife of Archie Kaulbach, a son.
Kentville, Jan. 9, to the wife of James Rooney, a daughter.
Bear River, Jan. 4, to the wife of Wm. Miller, a daughter.
Moncton, Jan. 8, to the wife of Philip M. Gaudet, a daughter.
Dorchester, Jan. 12, to the wife of James Friel, a daughter.
Bedford, Jan. 11, to the wife of Geo. Roche, a daughter.

Hantsport, Dec. 30, to the wife of Murry Salter, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Jan. 8, to the wife of Lewis Michie, a daughter.
Truro, Dec. 21, to the wife of Wm. McKinlay, a daughter.
Weston, Jan. 4, to the wife of Capt. R. Payne, a daughter.
Digby, Dec. 24, to the wife of Eri McGregor, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Dec. 14, to the wife of Wm. Smith, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Jan. 7, to the wife of Alvin Himmelman, a son.
Tiverton, Dec. 11, to the wife of Munrel Outhouse, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Jan. 1, to the wife of James Dodge, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Dec. 16, to the wife of Wm. Crowell, a son.
Lower Stewiacke, Jan. 5, to the wife of J. Sutherland, a son.
Clark's Harbor, Dec. 23, to the wife of David Crowell, a son.
Medford, Mass. Nov. 30, to the wife of Wm. Trevis, a daughter.
Tiverton, Dec. 10, to the wife of Joel Blackford, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Jan. 6, to the wife of Twining Rodenhizer, a daughter.
New Richmond, P. Q., Dec. 23, to the wife of Rev. Jas. McGurdy, a son.
Harrowfield, Ont., Dec. 26, to the wife of Rev. David Fleming, a son.

MARRIED.

Bellisle, Jan. 3, Fred Walker to Jessie Dodge.
Pugwash, Jan. 1, John Nicolson to Zilla McLean.
East Chazycook, Dec. 26, Wm. Misener to Jessie Conrad.
Weir, Dec. 23, by Rev. D. Simpson, Rufus Mira, C. B. Dec. 19, Hugh McDonald to Flora McDonald.
Point Wolfe, N. B., Dec. 23, Harry Wilbur to Bessie Hickey.
Mobile, Ala., Dec. 14, Capt. N. V. Munro to Della May Robb.
Windsor, Dec. 21, by Rev. A. Shaw, Fred Riley to Onissa Davison.
Truro, Dec. 27, by Rev. R. Strathie, John Dunbar to Janie McKee.
Picton, Jan. 10, by Rev. T. Cumming, Jas. Hirtle to Agnes Young.
Truro, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. McLeod, Scott Clifford to Lillie Taylor.
Digby, Dec. 25, by Rev. B. Nobles, C. Morrill to Adelbert Bishop.
Sydney, Jan. 6, by Rev. J. Forbes, Alex. Buchanan to Annie Waddon.
Lunenburg, Jan. 4, by Rev. H. Dickie, Jas. Faulkner to Minnie Legg.
Tusket, Jan. 11, by Rev. J. Freeman, Aaron Blauvelt to Lillian Moore.
Springhill, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. Bancroft, Jas. Donkin to Maggie Slack.
Beaver Brook, Col., by Rev. F. Coffin, Alfred Watson to Lina Sanderson.
Lower Sleigh, Jan. 9, by Rev. J. Cox, David Pratt to Mrs. Harriet Evans.
Halifax, Dec. 27, by Rev. R. Smith, David Hartling to Clarissa Hartling.
Boston Dec. 23, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, R. L. McCabe to Helen T. Clark.
Boston, Dec. 18, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, Frank Hoak to Flora McLean.
Westville, Jan. 1, by Rev. R. Cummings, James Goy to Henrietta Oliver.
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, by Rev. E. Allaby, Gilbert Crosbie to Stella Launders.
New Glasgow, Jan. 3, by Rev. A. Rogers, John Smith to Malinda Bowden.
Boston, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, Wm. Young to Carrie Ferguson.
Gore, Hants, Dec. 20, by Rev. W. McKay, John Gustafson to Helen Grant.
Westville, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. R. Grant, Charles Castley to Charlotte McKay.
Bridgetown, Dec. 27, by Rev. F. Greafores, Jesse Hoyte to Minnie Messenger.
Newport, Jan. 3, by Rev. R. Armstrong, Mark Scott to Elsie Fleming.
Springhill, Dec. 23, by Rev. John Gee, Robert McAloney to Lucinda Teed.
Orangeton, Dec. 12, by Rev. J. Rose, Duncan McKee to Maggie Gila.
Lunenburg, Dec. 22, by Rev. G. Leck, Selena Koukey to Ambrose Oxner.
Parsons, Jan. 3, by Rev. W. Lane, Rev. Chas. McKee to Annie Falleron.
Roxbury, Dec. 20, by Rev. A. MacKinnon, Chas. Rogers to Cassie MacKinnon.
Parsons, Dec. 20, by Rev. D. MacQuarrie, Elwin Carver to Martha Holmes.
Sydney, Dec. 20, by Rev. J. Forbes, Murdoch Gentry to Katie McDonald.
West Dover, Jan. 3, by Rev. W. Arnold, Benjamin Cleveland to Bernice Moresash.
Merigomish, Dec. 23, by Rev. A. Campbell, John McLean to Jessie McGlashan.
Windsor, Jan. 1, by Rev. H. Dickie, Henry MacKerzie to George R. Caldwell.
Harford, Conn., Jan. 2, by Rev. W. Breckenbridge, Belle Shields to Harris Akers.
Cambridge, Hants, Jan. 1, by Rev. G. Wethers, Joseph Smith to Emma Starratt.
Richibucto Village, Jan. 8, by Rev. Fr. Hudson, John LeBlanc to Maggie Cormier.
Georgetown, P. E. I., Jan. 10, by Rev. A. Herdman, Thos. Gaspie to Annie Jewers.
New Island, A. C., Jan. 7, by Rev. A. Smithers, Wm. Williamson to Miss Lena Cairns.
Great Village, Dec. 27, by Rev. James MacLean, Frank Reed to Margaret MacCulloch.
Westville, Picton, Jan. 1, by Rev. A. Bowman, Philip Monoranville to Mary Wilson.
Mill Village, Queens, Dec. 27, by Rev. Jas. Lumsden, Jennie Wadsworth to Benjie Melson.
Melburne, Yarmouth, Dec. 28, by Rev. Joseph Murray, George McDonald to Josie Murray.
North River, Colchester, Co., Dec. 28, by Rev. R. Strathie, Clarence McNutt to Melissa McNutt.

DIED.

Wilmot, Jan. 2, Chas. White, 89.
Westville, Dec. 31, Mary Porter.
Newport, Jan. 4, Betsy Keir, 78.
Digby, Jan. 3, J. F. Saunders, 55.
Picton, Jan. 3, Finlay Cameron, 90.
St. John, Dec. 26, Wm. D. McVey.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Garrett Cotter, 81.
Picton, Jan. 7, Wm. Mackenzie, 74.
East Puntico, Jan. 3, John Amiro, 70.
Moncton, Jan. 12, Thos. L. Nixon, 68.
Minasville, Dec. 26, John Mosher, 79.
Newport, Jan. 6, William Canavan, 82.
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Port George, Dec. 30, Wm. Daniels, 71.
Halifax, Jan. 11, Ediz Jane Logan, 78.
Digby, Dec. 31, Mrs. Rebekah Stark, 67.
Truro, Jan. 5, George H. Archibald, 26.
Yarmouth, Jan. 7, Nathaniel Pitman, 63.
Springhill, Dec. 26, Frederick Payne, 63.
Bridgetown, Jan. 7, John McCormick, 90.
Lower Stewiacke, Dec. 7, Jas. Follock, 72.
Truro, Jan. 1, Alice, wife of Alex. Ross, 38.
Dartmouth, Jan. 2, Mrs. Wm. Clark, 77.
Prince Albert, Jan. 4, Mrs. Wm. Clark, 77.
New Mexico, Dec. 18, Mrs. Chas. Ronnasell.
North Sydney, Dec. 23, Ronald Johnson, 66.
Fall River, Mass., Jan. 1, William Davis, 65.
East New Annsa, Dec. 29, Easter Fields, 64.
Sydney Mines, Dec. 30, Donald McMullin, 78.
Somerset, Jan. 5, Mrs. Lovina Clure, aged 85.
California, Jan. 2, Douglas B. Woodworth, 68.
Hants, Dec. 30, Ann, widow of Wm. Douglas, 87.
Cambridge, Dec. 26, Mrs. Norman McLeod, 82.
Sydney Mines, Dec. 16, Mrs. Allan MacAskill, 83.
New London, P. E. I., Dec. 25, Wm. Johnston, 79.
St. John, Jan. 2, May C. wife of Rev. W. Keith, 22.

London, Ont., Dec. 21, Sarah, widow of John Craig 81.
Yarmouth, Dec. 28, Eleanor, widow of Smith Atkinson 78.
Sydney Mines, Jan. 5, Annie, relict of Donald McAnlay, 70.
Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 4, Sarah L., wife of Gasper Drillo, 62.
West Pabodie, Dec. 24, Eugenie, wife of Armand F. Surete.
Moncton, Dec. 31, Elizabeth, widow of Anthony Woods, 78.
Yarmouth, Dec. 23, Willard Farish, son of Edward Bridge, 2.
Digby, Jan. 3, Lena, youngest daughter of Alfred Handsaker.
Halifax, Jan. 10, Elizabeth Hilton, widow of T. A. Edwards, 61.
Loch Lomond, C. B., Dec. 19, Ann, wife of Philip Chisholm, 58.
Hants, Jan. 4, Mary Ann, daughter of late John McDougall, 77.
Hyde Park, Mass. Jan. 6, Harriet, widow of Campbell Wyman, 80.
Harmory, Queens, Dec. 29, Annie B. wife of Z. both F. Amard 49.
Hants Eng., Jan. 10, Edith Mary, wife of Commander Troubridge.
Halifax, Jan. 5, Agnes M., infant daughter of E. Y. and Allie M. Langdon.
Cheverie, Dec. 29, Francis M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodrick Rose, 2.
Yarmouth, Dec. 31, Ediel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Crosby, 20.
Halifax, Jan. 6, Isabel Munro Fitzgerald, widow of late John Fitzgerald, 80.
Halifax, Dec. 31, Gilbert James, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Ring.
Yarmouth, Jan. 5, William Willard, only son of W. and Elizabeth Dunderdon, 2.
Digby, Jan. 3, Harold Richard, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGrath.
Fawcett Hill, Westmorland Co., Jan. 9, Grete, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Fawcett, 4.

RAILROADS.

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Travel in Comfort
—ON THE—
Pacific Express.

A TOURIST SLEEPER!

On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to BATTLE, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$5.50; Calgary, \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. & C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.
ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Live. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., ar. 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).
Live. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Live. Digby 12.45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.
Live. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Live. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.50 p. m.
Live. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Live. Digby 8.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaving Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby, Street, at the wharf 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.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent,
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

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

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

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

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 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.....12.05
Express from Moncton.....12.05
Express from Halifax.....16.40
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....16.40
Accommodation from Moncton.....22.10
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time
Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.